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A Good Word for the CIA

by George Crile III

January 1976 $1.00

Harper's

Magazine

The Third World's Flight from Freedom and Reason

CAGED REVOLUTION

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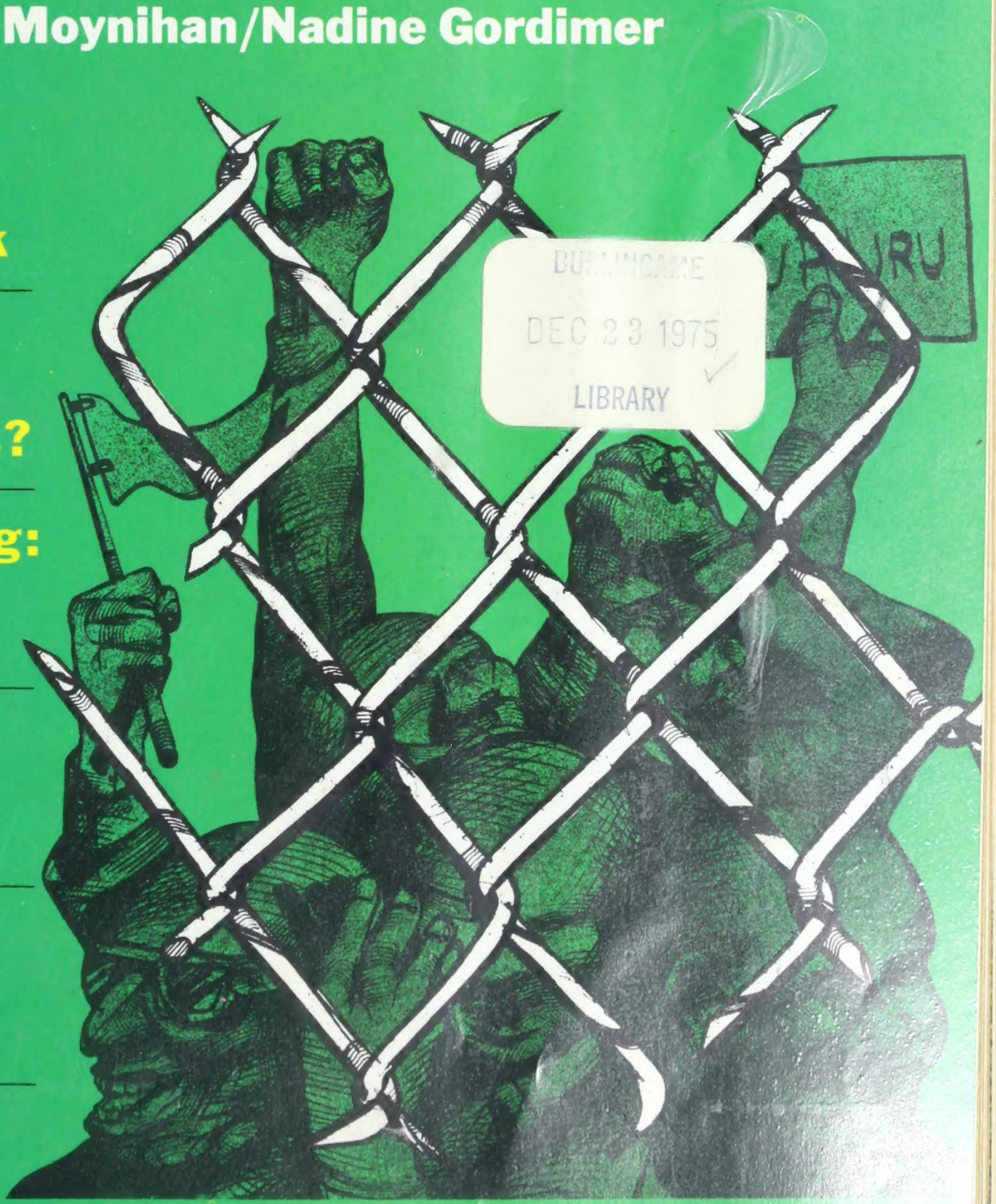
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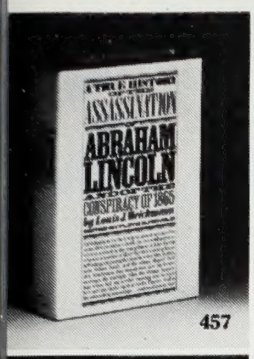
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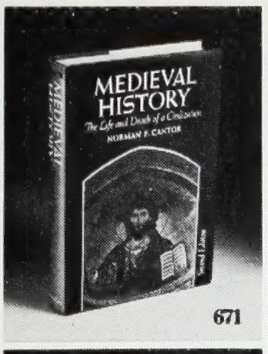
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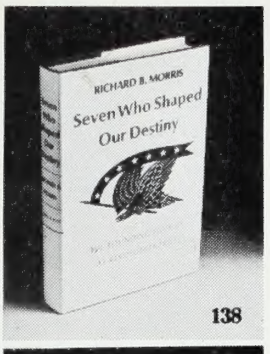
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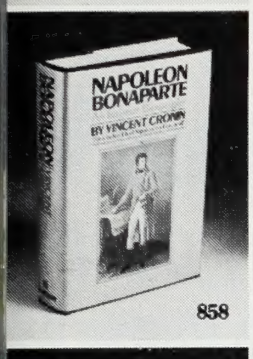
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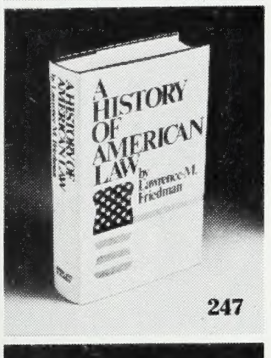
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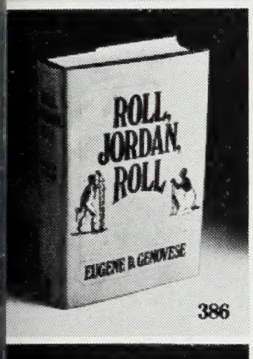
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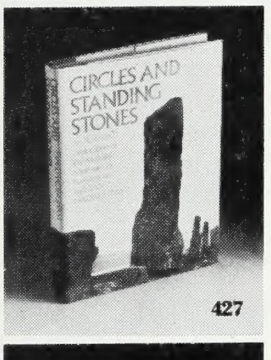
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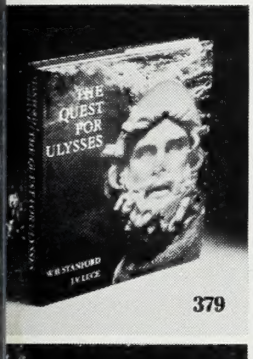
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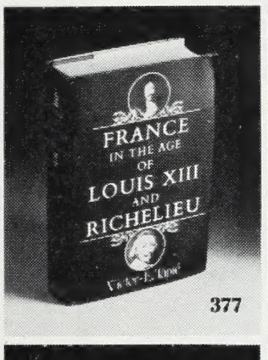
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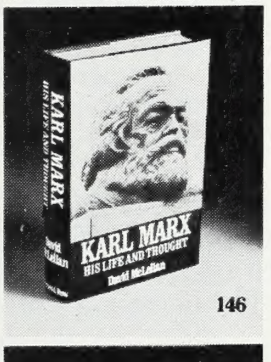
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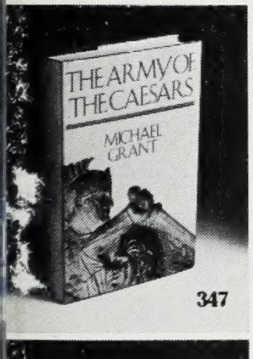
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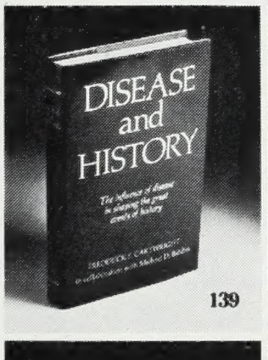
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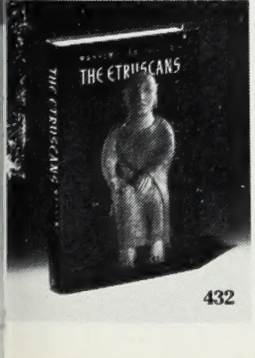
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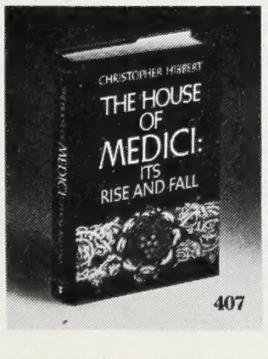
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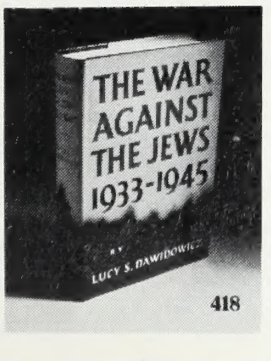
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WRAPAROUND	**3**	**What's in a Name?**	**88**	Tools for Living
	85	The Harper's Puzzle	**90**	Classified
Frank Mankiewicz	**14**	WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DEMOCRATS? Wandering down the road to defeat in November		
Edward Hoagland	**18**	A PARADOX AMONG US Pragmatism and generosity as saving graces		
Alan Harrington	**20**	DEUS EX MACHINA An Arizona drag race inspires thoughts on proletarian religion		
George Crile III	**28**	THE FOURTH ESTATE: A GOOD WORD FOR THE CIA In which the press assigns to oblivion a spokesman for the currently unfashionable		
	39	CAGED REVOLUTION The Third World votes in favor of its own oppression		
Daniel P. Moynihan	**40**	A DIPLOMAT'S RHETORIC The U.N. Ambassador speaks up for democracy		
Nadine Gordimer	**44**	A SOLDIER'S EMBRACE A short story		
Annie Dillard	**58**	A CHRISTMAS STORY Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!		
M. J. Rossant	**62**	HOW ROCKEFELLER DESTROYED NEW YORK As a monument to his reign, the former Governor leaves a Great Pyramid Scheme		
Richard Selzer	**75**	THE ART OF SURGERY The surgeon as priest		
Michael Wood	**79**	THE MOVIES: HOLLYWOOD'S LAST PICTURE SHOW Contrary visions of the city of dreams		
Ernest van den Haag	**83**	BOOKS: STRAIGHT TALK FOR HOMOSEXUALS A review of *The Homosexual Matrix*		
		VERSE		**LETTERS**
Patricia Goedicke	**24**	Meeting Goodness	**93**	On the technology debate and Latin lover
Don Gordon		Excavations		

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WRAPAROUND



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What's in a Name?

There was a time when nothing on earth had a name. Rivers flowed, jungles teemed, hurricanes came and went. But a world unnamed is a world untamed. To wander through a land of mountains that merely stand, of rivers that simply rush, with no imputations of personality, exposes one a bit too directly to the nonhumanness of nature. Enter the wand of language.

So now it is Mont Blanc and the Amazon, the Black Forest, the Red Sea, Pike's Peak, Harper's Ferry, the Van Allen belt, Medicine Hat, the Milky Way. The universe has been subdued and catalogued in twelve volumes sold door to door. Let your fingers do the wandering.

Names always start out to do something: express a hope for a child's future, commemorate a likeness or homeown, impart strength of virtue. The magical element quickly deteriorates. The more a name is repeated, the more its original meaning is leached away. Does anyone still think of packing up his goods and seeking refuge in New Haven? How many black women have named sons after U.S. Presidents and later brought them cookies in prison? Is there anyone under twenty for whom "blood, sweat, and tears," suggests Churchill and not David Frayton-Thomas?

The power of names is indisputable. One falls in love with a girl named Brenda, and forever after the name *Brenda* scrawled on the wall of a telephone booth produces a millisecond of bodily chaos. Parents spend hours debating names for babies—believing, perhaps correctly, that to name something is to shape its destiny. Corporations sue one another to safeguard a name, or spend millions of dollars test-marketing new ones. Nations argue over the correct name of a territory or treaty. So sensitive are names in political affairs that in 1965 Dean Rusk can casually refer to the capital of China as Peiping, and in one word bespeak two decades of American foreign policy.

Names for children go in and out of fashion. Where are the Neds, the Ednas? What, asks a Jewish comic, happened to the good old names like Max and Harry? The future, it seems, belongs to the Lisas and Erics, the Laurens and Jasons, at least for a while. Pundits write articles citing Hollywood's influence in name selection; the flood tide of Debbies in the Fifties is laid to Debbie Reynolds, of Barbaras in the Forties to Barbara Stanwyck. But when it comes to choosing names for punk heroes, Hollywood shows a remarkable lack of imagination. How else explain the issuance between 1940 and 1969 of such titles as *Johnny Allegro, Johnny Angel, Johnny Apollo, Johnny Belinda, Johnny Come Lately, Johnny Concho, Johnny Cool, Johnny Dark, Johnny Eager, Johnny Guitar, Johnny Holiday, Johnny in the Clouds, Johnny Nobody, Johnny O'Clock, Johnny Stool Pigeon, Johnny Tiger, Johnny Trouble,* and *Johnny You're Wanted*?

"Destinies were superstitiously, by onomancy, deciphered out of names."
—William Camden
(1551-1623)

One's own name is his most crucial symbol of identity. Often it precedes him in the world, fixing an impression in the minds of those it reaches, an impression that is sometimes confirmed and sometimes belied by the face and bearing of the person it represents. But does one ever fully apprehend the sound of his name? The experience of hearing it can be unnerving, as when it is spoken by a disembodied voice on a public-address system in an airport. It takes a second to register "that's me," and in the space of that second all manner of fears and excitements may erupt. (Someone is after me. I have won an award. I am about to be scolded. My high-school sweetheart has reappeared. The grim reaper awaits at gate 12W.)

Hearing one's name spoken on the radio or from a podium is slightly different, usually because one has been told in advance to expect it. Nonetheless, the sound of it will be strange and will produce visceral reactions that probably would show up on an EEG or polygraph.

Names carry immense emotional freight, and it is not the intention of this WRAPAROUND to embarrass any readers whose names might be offered in the following pages as examples of fate's cruelty or parental misjudgment. We seek only to have fun with names, to show how names are a treasurehouse of lore as well as a record of human idiosyncrasy and aspiration. One plays games with names essentially for amusement. How apt, for example, that a distinguished American diplomat is named Phelps Phelps, that the past president of the American Credit Corporation is Reece A. Overcash. Closer to home, we note that a staffer on the news desk at *Time* for twenty years is named Minnie Magazine, and that a book called *The Art of Editing* is co-authored by Jack Sissors and Floyd Baskette.

—Michael Aron

Michael Aron is editor of WRAPAROUND.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

From One Spot in Utah

In the old days the pioneers named spontaneously the places that they settled. Their initial anger, passion, laughter, irreverence, or quixotic associations are reflected, particularly in the West, in names such as Eureka, Calamity Mesa, Mexican Hat, Hailstone, and Dandy Crossing. The folk poetry of the pioneers lies all around if you stand on top of Mount Tukuhnikivats ("where the sun lingers" in Ute) in the Sierra La Sal range of southern Utah. Down below, spread out like a smorgasbord of aural cornbread and ham hocks, are landforms with mysterious, lusty, and strangely apt names:

Goblin Valley, Druid Arch, Jacob's Ladder, Devil's Backbone, Sinbad Valley, Cleopatra's Chair, and Upheaval Dome.

Cigarette Spring, Onion Creek, Arsenic Spring, and the Dirty Devil River.

Cohabitation Canyon, Matrimony Spring, Squaw Spring, and Mary's Tom (a hamlet, but folks suspected the widow and her hired man).

Kaiparowitts, Hovenweep, Dot Klish, Tes-Nos-Pas, Dinnehotso, and Keet Seel (comparable profundities in Navajo).

Bedrock, Bluff, Paradox, The Maze, The Needles, The Fins.

Woodenshoe Butte, Hooray Pass (we made it!), Pucker Pass (where the canyon puckers up).

Ruin Park, Desolation Canyon, Forbidden Canyon, Land's End, and Island-in-the-Sky.

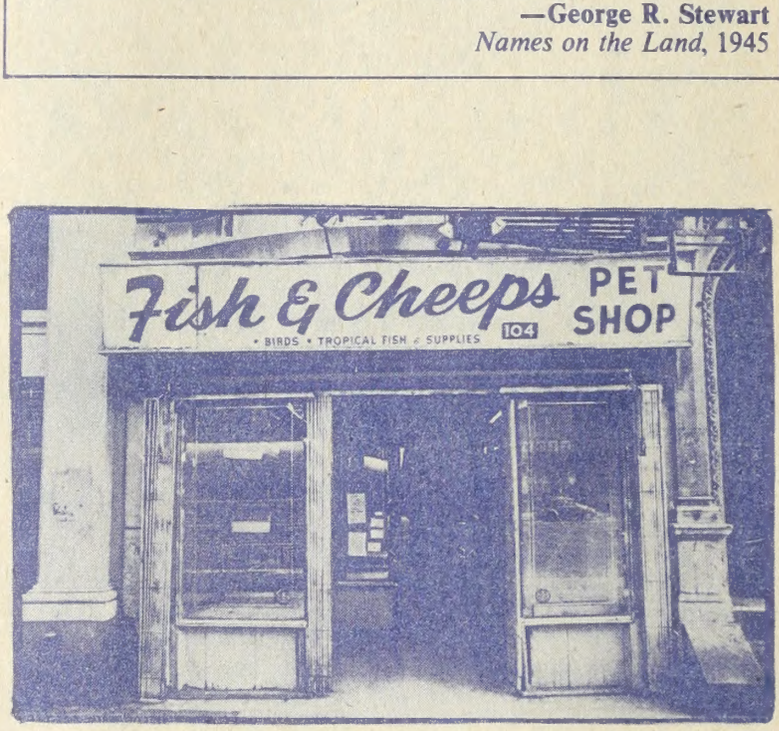
Wolf Hole and Poverty Knoll and Dead-horse Point. Nor can you overlook the more startling, somewhat risqué landforms. Some associations are inevitable:

Mollie's Nipple, The Bishop's Prick, Queen Anne's Bottom, the Son of a Bitch Rapids, Sadie's Tit, and Nigger Bill Canyon.

Wit, after all, was the only wall between a pioneer and the dark.

In this heritage of names the Americans were fortunate, for in general the names were good, and they were closely bound with the land itself and the adventures of the people. In older countries the story of the naming was lost in the ancient darkness. But in the land between the two oceans much of the record could still be read—who gave the names and when, and even why one name was chosen rather than another.

—George R. Stewart
Names on the Land, 1945



John Diele © 1975

One further feature I would call to your attention: from atop Tukuhnikivats you can see an obscure gulch which a friend of mine, who was on the survey crew and somewhat stumped for a name, called Of-the-What Canyon. Even Flaubert had such days.

Today, sadly, the naming process is more formal. The Board on Geographic Names, an interdepartmental agency created by federal statute, has been charged with "standardizing" all names for federal use. Though fewer and fewer new areas are discovered, the board keeps busy. It does not create names, but merely approves them in accordance with local usage and the desires of residents. Vast stretches of the West need names for specific landmarks, not to mention Alaska (which occupies much time presently). The board has only one rule, really: no geographic feature in the fifty states may be named for a living person. The "dead man only" rule seems arbitrary, but it prevents maps from reading like a list of Presidential campaign contributors.

—William Marling
William Marling is a reporter/researcher for Fortune Magazine.

A Car Is Born

A Japanese automobile firm decided that they needed a completely new vehicle. So, putting all their technological heads together, they came up with one within the amazingly short time of one week.

But they had no name for it. They knew the Germans were good at descriptive names, so contact was made. They emphasized how quickly they had put their car together, so could the Germans come up with an answer within the day? "Ach, my goodness!" replied one of the Germans. "Datsun?"

—Reader's Digest
April 1974

The name Paul Bunyan was created as an advertising gimmick by the Red River Lumber Company in 1914.

Readers

Traveling? Arkansas is all you need. For instance, one can easily visit England, Egypt, Scotland, Sweden, or Formosa with a side trip to Jersey without ever seeing an ocean. On the way, the Arkansas traveler can stop off in London, Aberdeen, Paris, Havana, Stuttgart, Ulm, Hamburg, Belfast, Genoa, Manila, Melbourne, Victoria, Dover, Moscow, Waterloo, Damdanelle, Brighton, Carthage, Palmyra, Tokio, and Athens with or without a stop at Parthenon. A religious driver can see Jerusalem, Damascus, Mount Olive, Bethel, Siloan Springs, Mount Judea, Gethsemane, Antioch, Canaan, Zion, Patmos, Jericho, and even Ben Hur. And he can let his dog run in Rover, King, or Marmaduke.

—M.W. Schoppmeyer

Two months ago, while attending California State College at Sonoma, I lived in an overcrowded suburb called Rohnert Park. My hatred of that name was a factor in my moving to Santa Rosa.

Whenever I listed my address I put down "Roden Park" and snickered. Don't get me wrong—I love animals, especially my two pet rats Rico and Matisse—but why couldn't Waldo Rohnert have been less selfish and given an Indian name to the place, like Cotati or Petaluma?

Incidentally, the *D* in my name stands for Deborah, a name my mom tells me was uncommon twenty-three years ago. Hah! I now go by Alyce (A-lease), a name I always say is in my family, but I confess, I borrowed it from a waitress at Samba's in El Cajon.

—D. Alyce Fo
Santa Rosa, Cal

Standard Oil Co. (Ne Jersey) spent about $1 million in changing its co porate name to Exxon.

Handle With Flair

For those of you wondering what to give me for my birthday, the perfect answer is daughter. The way the world is arranged, most of the people with whom I have come into contact during my long and arduous life have been male, and I am fed up with it. What I want is a nice little girl who calls me "Fah-thah" and is very clean and wants to grow up to be a ballerina. Sons are all right, but frankly I have always hated roughhouse and spitballs, and I could not care less who stole the most bases in the 1936 World Series. No, I am looking for someone whose chin will never become flubbly and whose voice will never change. I simply must have a daughter of my own.

Positive of getting the present I want—after all, last year I wanted a seersucker suit, and I got that—I have been deciding on a name for her. This is no easy task. For instance, girls ought never to be inflicted with names they must grow into; one must be at least sixteen to be a Gladys, thirty to be a Cornelia, fifty-five to be an Edna. On the other hand, an eighty-year-old Heidi is pretty ridiculous. No infant should be named Gertrude unless she seems destined for a ponderous, intimidating adulthood.

In my case, there is the added problem that no name really goes with Platt. It sounds like a tomato that has rolled off a table. The name I pick must act as a counterbalance, so that my daughter will not run off to get married at seventeen merely to change her last name.

The selection of boys' names is infinitely wide, since they can be not only conventional ones, such as Tim, Rick, and Larry, but also family names, such as that of Farnsworth Noel, a friend of mine who claims five people in six get his name backward. Girls, however, seem restricted to a small group of ordinary names—Linda, Dorothy, Patricia, Nancy, Melpomene. I want a more original name for my daughter, and besides, if I named her Patricia, that would make her Pat Platt, and she would elope at fifteen.

While I object to rhyming names, I rather like alliterative ones, such as Lorna Luft and Lucia di Lammermoor. So it was that I came upon the name Panache. Quite an aristocratic air about it, don'cher know? There might be some objection among the relatives that Panache is not a human name, but my search has convinced me that some of the most beautiful names are being squandered on things.

Consider the name I came upon in the last place you would expect to be inspired: the dental chair. After poking around beneath my nose, the dentist announced he would at the next visit perform a gingivectomy. I was so taken by the possibilities of Gingivectomy as a name for my daughter that I neglected to ask what it meant. I still have not found out what a gingivectomy is, except expensive. We could call her Ginger for short.

My favorite name so far is that of an ancient Roman province in northern Africa. It even supplies not a first name alone, but a middle one into the bargain. Are you ready? Mauretania Tingitana. How poetic! How majestic! Other names will have to work hard to top that one.

Last night I told all this to Farnsworth Noel, who has three daughters. According to him, my idea of the nature of girl children ain't necessarily so, and after hearing my potential names, he said it was probably just as well I do not have a daughter. No point in inviting him to my birthday party. **—Frederick Platt**

Frederick Platt is the author of America's Gilded Age: Its Architecture and Decoration *(A.S. Barnes). He lives in Philadelphia.*

According to one estimate there are 75 million people in the world named Chang, as compared with 3.2 million Smiths.

That's Show Biz

Entertainers usually change their original names, making them prettier, snappier, and less ethnic. Read and take heart. You may have been born a Tula Finklea, but there's no saying you can't end up a Cyd Charisse.

Larushka Skikne (Laurence Harvey); Alexandra Zuck (Sandra Dee); Issur Danielovitch Demsky (Kirk Douglas); Julius Garfinkel (John Garfield); Frances Gumm (Judy Garland); Archibald Leach (Cary Grant); Theodosia Goodman (Theda Bara); Aaron Schwatt (Red Buttons); Lucille LeSueur (Joan Crawford); Muni Weisenfreund (Paul Muni); Ivo Levi (Yves Montand); Burl Icle Ivanhoe (Burl Ives); Marion Morrison (John Wayne).

Readers

My name is Geri Ford. People laugh when I introduce myself. As if this weren't bad enough, I also share the birthday of our President. On July 14, I turned twenty years old, and Gerald R. Ford became sixty-two. I sent him a birthday card with my best wishes for the year. To my surprise, I received a personal letter back. So far, this has been the nicest thing about being named Geraldine Ford. **—Geri Ford**
New Haven, Conn.

The only time I had ever seen my name used elsewhere was in stray references to the eighteenth-century reformer John Thelwall. Imagine my surprise, then, when in Warrington, England, I saw a double-decker bus bearing down on me with THELWALL emblazoned across its front. I thought I was a victim of some monstrous practical joke. It turned out that in the outskirts of Warrington there is a Thelwall village, founded over 100 years before the Norman conquest.

As for other people's names . . . in the late 1930s I worked for the California State Relief Administration, and one of our clients was Snooky Bippus. It's hard to beat that for bounce. During my stint in the Army, I encountered the name Helmut Schnak. The airy lightness of the sound of the given name brought down with a bump by the last name produces a phonetic bathos I've always treasured. **—Thelwall Proctor**
Arcata, Calif.

My name is pure Hungarian, of pagan origin, with no English equivalent. I have not found it to be a handicap in this Southern city. However, in my youth, I found that during intimate moments girls found it difficult to whisper, "Oh, Zoltan!" **—Zoltan Salkay**
Jacksonville, Fla.

Powerful Toenails

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lolee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.

She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly at school. She was Dolores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita. **—Vladimir Nabokov**
Lolita, 1955

RAPAROUNDWRAPAR

How They Do It in Atlanta

Some people put their trust in professional opinion pollsters to ascertain what is on the public's mind. A friend of mine has a more sensitive gauge. She monitors the birth rolls at the large Atlanta hospital where she works.

She discovered this technique at the time of the John F. Kennedy assassination. People, she affirmed, were deeply moved by the tragedy, as borne out by the creative ways they named their newborn for the President, his family, the supporting players, even the circumstances.

There was, quite naturally, a spate of variations on the President's name, all the way from Gerald Fitzgerald to Joan Eff Kennedy. The first lady's valor inspired a rush of Jacka Lyons and Jackalettes. My friend hopes it was simply the lyrical quality of the sounds, rather than their portents, that sent other innocents abroad as Lee Harvey, Ozzwald Fitzgerald, Ruby Arlington, Parkland Ann, and Flame Eternal.

One mother will recall the flag-draped bier whenever she thinks of her daughter, Rotunda Cortege.

When a killer hurricane decimated the Gulf Coast in 1968, Atlanta blossomed with Camilles. The previous year, in the spirit of the Glassboro Conference, Alex (and Alexa) Kosegan went forth concurrently with Linden Alex, Banes Alexander, and Alexi Banes.

Mrs. Kennedy's betrothal to Mr. Onassis in 1968 struck a romantic chord in mothers who responded with Airy Onassa, Jackie Canasta, and a plethora of Aristotles, Athenas, and Olympias. There was one Scorpia Troy. (At the same time, three Greek restaurants opened in a city where there had been only one.)

With the world's attention fastened on Watergate, there had to be a Ricky and a Vickie Nixon, an Earlic Ann Mann. But the consensus was quite obviously against the White House, for many more were named in honor of Senate and House Judiciary Committee members. Rodino Talmadge, blending a New Jersey Congressman and a Georgia Senator, was one of several combinations.

No sooner did Mr. Nixon abdicate than Atlanta was overrun with Jeri, Jerry, and Gerry Fords, a Gerald Phord, and a Gary Fjord (obviously Norwegian).

Now that Arabs and their oil are such a prominent feature of the six o'clock news, Jordan and Alexandria are back in vogue. The originality award in this particular category, however, goes to the mother who responded to the energy crisis by naming her daughter Orla Cartel. **—Bill Schemmel**

Bill Schemmel is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Georgia.

Common law grants any adult the right to adopt any name he wishes so long as he is not trying to defraud anyone (such as to escape debts) or is not using it for unfair competition (such as naming himself Sears and opening a department store).

Burdened For Life

"There's no use beating around the bush," he said, "You know you're to get the award, don't you?"

"I don't think I deserve it, Ernest," I said, enjoying using my own name, that I hated, to him. "Besides, Ernest, it would not be ethical, Ernest."

"It's strange that we have the same name, isn't it?"

"Yes, Ernest," I said. "It's a name we must both live up to. You see what I mean, don't you, Ernest?"

—Ernest Hemingway
A Moveable Feast, 1964



More Readers

I have been trying to figure out what percentage of my life I have spent talking about my name or actively avoiding conversation about it. Usually, when I introduce myself, the other person will say, "Oh, what a cute name," or, "It sounds like you're a stripper." Telephone operators get angry when people ask for my number—they think it's a joke. Employers will throw my job application form away. It's tough cashing a check. Still, I have no desire to change my name. If nothing else, it keeps me from taking myself too seriously. **—Candy Kanes**
Spring Valley, Ohio

I've always been fascinated by the name of a man who once worked with me at the State Department—Outerbridge Horsey. Can you imagine saying, "I love you, Outerbridge"?

At HEW, I worked with Mayhew Derryberry.

In April 1974, when reading some legal notices, I saw that Pothuvilage Babyhamy had asked the Montgomery County (Maryland) Court to change her name to Ramya Briget Pothuvilage.

—Rita Delmont
Gaithersburg, Md.

Why is it that Parkers, who were originally officials in royal forests, are always portrayed as servants? Last year alone, *The New Yorker* had three cartoons in which Parkers were flunkies. No one has butlers anymore, but in a Lorenz cartoon the boss behind the large, clean desk says to the clerk who is too blah to be terrified or angry "Parker, you have exhausted my reservoir of good will." In another cartoon, a harmless looking guy is introduced as "Gil Parker, one of the Administration's leading apologists."

Then there are those pen and-pencil sets and all those children's games. . . .

—Graham Parker
Toronto, Ont.

GOOD LUCK

DEAR ABBY: My family name is Gay. My ancestors have been traced back to France in the early 1600s.

I am writing this in hope that the Gay Liberation Society will see it and realize how unfair they are being in using our name for their organization.

—Los Angeles Times
October 22, 197

NDOWRAPAROUNDOWR

Heavenly Father

He started out as George Baker, then became "The Messenger," then "Major J. Devine." When he was arested for vagrancy, he informed authorities that he was John Doe, alias God." But he world knew him best as Father Divine." He claimed o be God. One of his firmest eliefs, though he undoubtdly never expressed it in uite this way, was that a rose y any other name wouldn't mell nearly as sweet. Therefore, his followers, upon bandoning their lives of sin nd joining his Peace Mission Movement, where there is no rinking, smoking, sex, or wearing (to the point where Hello" is replaced by "Peace" nd Grand Cooley Dam would e Grand Cooley Bless), acuire names that match heir newfound righteousess, names such as Buncha Love, Sincere Satisfying, Job Patience, Nicey Love, Rapid ntegration, Celestial Virgin, Longevity Joy, Snow White, oy M. Joy, Cheerfulness Good, Happy Star, and Sober Living. The first- and lastame principle operates (Miss Charmed Life would be "Miss ife," or, to intimates, simply Charmed"), although it is ifficult to tell how one would plit names like Smile All the While, Sunny Side Up, or Daniel in the Lion's Den. The ames also carry the force of legality—in voting, for instance, or on real-estate deeds.

The names not only signify followers' impeccable new personae; they guarantee immortality. So convinced, and convincing, was Father Divine on this issue that whenever a follower dared to contradict him by becoming critically ill or actually dying, he would be disowned. Death or illness was a sure sign of hypocrisy on the part of the unhappy follower. Naturally, when Father died in 1965, his flock faced a real moral (not to say, mortal) dilemma, which they solved by rationalizing that God has traditionally materialized here on earth for brief periods throughout human history. Father Divine's appearance and disappearance was just one of those things. He was still with them in spirit. **—Elin Schoen**

Elin Schoen is writing a book about Brooklyn, Illinois.

Name	Number of Persons in U.S.
Smith	2,238,400
Johnson	1,684,300
Williams	1,348,000
Brown	1,268,400
Jones	1,230,500
Miller	1,076,100
Davis	972,500
Wilson	737,300
Anderson	712,500
Taylor	648,400

Source: American Surnames, *by Elsdon C. Smith (Chilton, 1969).*

Thanks, Dad

For in the dim beginnings, before I ever thought consciously f writing, there was my own name, and there was, doubtless, a ertain magic in it. From the start I was uncomfortable with it, nd in my earliest years it caused me much puzzlement. Neither ould I understand what a poet was, nor why, exactly, my father ad chosen to name me after one. Perhaps I could have underood it perfectly well had he named me after his own father, but hat name had been given to an older brother who died and thus as out of the question. But why hadn't he named me after a ero, such as Jack Johnson, or a soldier like Colonel Charles oung, or a great seaman like Admiral Dewey, or an educator ke Booker T. Washington, or a great orator and abolitionist like rederick Douglass? Or again, why hadn't he named me (as so any Negro parents had done) after President Teddy oosevelt?

Instead, he named me after someone called Ralph Waldo merson, and then, when I was three, he died.

—Ralph Ellison

Shadow and Act, 1964

A Case of Name-ism

Children with unusual names are discriminated against in school. At least that is the conclusion drawn from a test conducted in 1973 by Herbert Harari, a psychologist, at the University of California at San Diego.

Eight essays of identical quality by fifth- and sixth-grade students were handed to eighty elementary school teachers for grading, the only variable factor being the students' names. Four of the essays were signed with common names—Michael, David, Karen, and Lisa—and four were signed with unconventional names—Elmer, Hubert, Bertha, and Adelle. The results: Michael and David scored an average of a full letter grade higher than Elmer and Hubert, while Karen and Lisa beat Bertha by a point-and-a-half. Adelle's grades were not significantly lower.

The explanation for the results, said Dr. Harari, was that students with unusual names are teased and picked on by other students, develop negative or hostile attitudes, and usually fail to give superior performances in the classroom. Teachers come to assume that children with these names will perform less than satisfactorily. When less is expected, the students produce less. Failure then becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

An ancient Broadway theater custom is to include, for good luck, the name of "George Spelvin" in the cast.

Kings and Their Courts

The baptismal name *William* was a favorite with the followers of the first two Norman Kings. Of this the early records supply abundant evidence. One of the most popular surnames derived from it is *Williams*, which is borne today by many thousands of people, and enjoys special popularity in Wales. Other familiar derivatives are *Williamson*, *Will*, *Wilson*, *Willson*, *Willis*, and *Wills*. There are also from pet forms *Wilkins*, *Wilkes*, *Wilkinson*, *Wilcox*, and *Wilcockson*. . . .

After the death of William II the name William declined in popularity and John became first favorite with the English people. If evidence of this were wanting it would be abundantly supplied by the number of people who at the present day answer to the surname *Jones*.

—William Dodgson Bowman

The Story of Surnames, 1932



Catherine Ursillo

My Boy Adolf

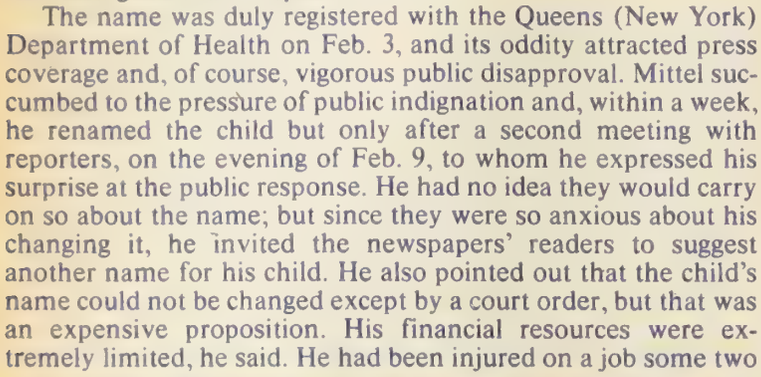
In 1943 Joseph Mittel of Astoria, New York, named his newborn son Adolf Hitler. The father later assured reporters that it was no joke; nor did it involve a snap decision for the thirty-seven-year-old disabled woodworker had been thinking seriously of doing this for several months. "The real Adolf Hitler doesn't mean a thing," he insisted, "but I'm of German-Austrian descent, and that's one reason why I picked the name. I don't think the name would be a handicap because, after all, there are lots of people named after persons in the same category as Hitler, such as Napoleon, Caesar, and others. He'll grow up and be a good man despite the name."

The name was duly registered with the Queens (New York) Department of Health on Feb. 3, and its oddity attracted press coverage and, of course, vigorous public disapproval. Mittel succumbed to the pressure of public indignation and, within a week, he renamed the child but only after a second meeting with reporters, on the evening of Feb. 9, to whom he expressed his surprise at the public response. He had no idea they would carry on so about the name; but since they were so anxious about his changing it, he invited the newspapers' readers to suggest another name for his child. He also pointed out that the child's name could not be changed except by a court order, but that was an expensive proposition. His financial resources were extremely limited, he said. He had been injured on a job some two years before and his sole means of support was the $14 work men's compensation check he received every week. If the public was so interested in the name he gave his child, he suggested that they contribute to his efforts to change it.

Change it he did, with or without their help, to Theodore Roosevelt, a name he had little reason to suspect would offend or antagonize anyone at that time.

What happened to Theodore Roosevelt Mittel? According to later reports, young Mittel may be said to have lived up to the example of his original protoname. At the age of nine he was arraigned in the Jamaica (New York) Children's Court for having pushed a six-year-old child off a pier. The body was found several days after the deed. When he was sixteen, he was arrested as the ringleader of a gang of teenage burglars. As he was being arrested, he pointed a Belgian automatic at the officer another policeman had to disarm him. The youth also had a zip gun in his belt. He was charged with eighty-five burglaries and given a three-to-fifteen-year sentence in the Elmira Reformatory. In 1964, while on parole, he stole a truck from a Hertz rental lot and, after a one-mile pursuit, was captured when the vehicle crashed. Later that year he was indicted on two counts of first degree grand larceny in the second degree, and was sentenced to Sing Sing for two-and-a-half to six years.

—Robert M. Rennick
Bulletin of the American Name Society
December 1972
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WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, RALPHIE?

Is it my imagination, or is the name Ralph truly one of the least-loved names in circulation? Granted, the sound is not particularly euphonious. But, for reasons that remain a mystery, Ralph has come to be associated, at least in some minds, with oafishness, denseness, and homosexuality. To say that one's friend Ralph is in town is to invite snickers from the immature and insensitive. Also, among schoolchildren in certain parts of the country, *ralph* is slang for vomit, as in "After *that* lunch, I want to go back to homeroom and ralph." But how has this come about when there have been so many notable Ralphs? Here are some of them. Can you match the name with the role?
Answers on page 10.

—Gary Blake

1. Emcee
2. Character on *The Honeymooners*
3. Novelist
4. Reformer
5. Starred in *Sunrise at Campobello*
6. British actor
7. Hero of *H.M.S. Pinafore*
8. Former Dodgers pitcher
9. Title character of sixteenth-century English comedy
10. Statesman
11. Transcendentalist
12. Car salesman in L.A.

Gary Blake is a free-lance writer in New York City.

A ten-year survey of mortality statistics at a London hospital, reported to the British Medical Association, concluded that people whose last names begin with the letters between S and Z are twice as likely as others to develop ulcers and three times more prone to heart attacks.

Grooving on Eponyms

An eponym is a person whose name gets attached to a nation institution, thing, or idea. To wit:

Chauvinism—from Nicholas Chauvin of Rochefort, a soldier wounded seventeen times while serving under Napoleon.

Craps—from Johnny Crapaud, the nickname of Bernard Marigny, a New Orleans gambler who introduced dice games to that city circa 1800.

Decibel—from Alexander Graham Bell.

Draconian—from the Athenian legislator Draco, who in 62 B.C. promulgated a set of severe laws.

Graham crackers—named for the Reverend Sylvester Graham (1794-1851), a temperance advocate who preached whole-wheat flour as a cure for sexual excess and alcoholism.

Hoodlum—apparently first used when a San Francisco reporter, afraid to mention the real name of a local gangster, inverted the spelling of *Muldoon* to *Noodlum*; a typographical error changed the *N* to *H*.

Leotard—from Jules Léotard, a famous nineteenth-century French aerialist best remembered for the costume he designed for himself.

Mesmerize—from Franz Anton Mesmer, an eighteenth-century Austrian physician who hypnotized his patients.

Pickle—possibly derivative of William Beukel, or Beukelz, fourteenth-century Dutchman who is said to have been the first to pickle a fish.

Shrapnel—from Henry Shrapnel, a British artillery officer of the late eighteenth century who invented antipersonnel weapons.

Source: Human Words, *by Robert Hendrickson (Chilton, 1972).*

OWRAPAROUNDOWRA

Who's Who in Fairyland

Perhaps you thought everything that could be written about Watergate had been written. But there is more. Below are the names of some of the Watergate principals and the true meaning of each name, as given us by Elsdon C. Smith, the foremost authority in this country on surnames and the author of several books on the subject. Most of the names are of Anglo-Saxon or European origin and probably came into being between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries.

Richard Nixon—the son of Nick, a pet form of Nicholas, which translates to "people's victory."

John Mitchell—descendant of Michael, which translates to "who is like God."

John Ehrlichman—the honest servant.

H.R. Haldeman—dweller on the mountainside; one who came from Halden, the name of several places in Switzerland.

Charles Colson—the son of Cole, another pet form of Nicholas.

Donald Segretti—dweller near a prison.

Dwight Chapin—one who made and sold low shoes.

Alexander Butterfield—dweller in or near a good pasture providing food for cows.

Jeb Magruder—the son of Bruadar.

John Dean—dweller in the valley or woodland pasture; the head of a body of canons of a cathedral church.

Rose Mary Woods—dweller in, or near, a grove or dense growth of trees.

G. Gordon Liddy—descendant of Lideath.

E. Howard Hunt—one who hunted game, a huntsman.

James McCord—the son of Muircheartach, which translates to "navigator."

John Sirica—the father of Ricca, a pet form of Ricardo, which translates to "rule, hard."

Ronald Ziegler—one who built with, or made, bricks or roof tiles.

Egil Krogh—dweller in a corner or nook; dweller near, or worker at, an inn.

Richard Kleindienst—One who occupies a minor post or office; the small or young servant.

Maurice Stans—one who came from Stans in Switzerland.

Fred Buzhardt—descendant of Bosshart, a nickname for Bolckhart, which translates to "the hitter or kicker."

Bebe Rebozo—the muffled man.

Leon Jaworski—one who came from Jaworow, which translates to "maple tree," in Poland.

Archibald Cox—dweller at the sign of the cock, a common signboard; dweller near a small hill or clump of trees.

Spiro Agnew—dweller at the sign of the lamb; one who was angelic or lamblike; the former Vice-President's original name was Anagnostopoulos, which translates to "son of an ecclesiastical acolyte."

The First Last Name

The custom of using surnames began in England after the Norman Conquest. This significant change was not brought about solely by the invasion, for it was a movement that was already spreading through the more populous countries of Europe. The rise of the large towns, and the growing populations in country districts made it increasingly difficult to identify an individual who bore only one name. When as often happened this individual bore a common name like John or Thomas, confusion arose and it had been found convenient to confer a nickname on him. A nickname is originally an eke name, or an additional name *agnomen*, that supplements the information given in the font-name. In this sense all surnames are nicknames.

—William Dodgson Bowman
The Story of Surnames, 1932

Nouns of Multitude

A foreigner looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance, in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and that a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

—Anonymous nineteenth-century English writer, quoted in *Etc.*, June 1975

"MAO NOW TSE TUNG AND NOT TSE-TUNG
Deletion of Hyphen Puzzles Experts in Hong Kong"
—Headline in the *New York Times*
April 19, 1969



Mama

It is said that after a new member had finished his Maiden Speech W.S.C. inquired of a colleague the speaker's name and was told it was Alfred Bossom.

W.S.C.: Bossom, Bossom, that's an odd name! Neither one thing nor the other.

—Kay Halle
Irrepressible Churchill, 1966

Names That Hurt

Every immigrant people has been branded with a derogatory name in America. Scandinavians were called squareheads. Irishmen have been called micks and—most commonly around 1925, according to the *Dictionary of American Slang*—harps, a name which came from the harp on the old Irish flag. *Frog*, slang for Frenchman for over a century, may have come from the toads on the Parisian shield, or it may have come from the fact that Frenchmen eat frogs. Chinese have been called Chinks, Poles have been called Polacks, an undignified name despite Shakespeare's usage in *Hamlet*—"He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice." Unskilled laborers from Central Europe—Hungarians, Lithuanians, Poles, or Slavs—have been called hunkies or bohunks, the latter a combination of *Bohemian* and *Hungarian*. French Canadians have been called Canucks.

Italians have been called guineas, dagos, wops, ginzos, and greaseballs. *Guinea* dates from about 1885. *Dago* is at least that old. *Wop*—which comes from the Spanish *guapo*, meaning a tough, brave man—dates from about 1915. It was common in the Twenties, when it usually implied an Italian immigrant digging ditches. *Ginzo* probably came from *guinea*. *Greaseball* was applied to anyone with thick, black, oily hair, whether he was an Italian, a Spaniard, a Greek, or a Latin American. (*Greaser*, which dates from the mid-nineteenth century, has also been an epithet for Mexicans.)

One epithet—*spic*—has lived a life of its own. It used to refer to Italians or Americans of Italian ancestry. It was an alternative form of *spig*, which was shortened from *spaghetti*. *Spig* became obsolete. *Spic* survived, perhaps on account of the phrase "No spika da English." Around 1915 the meaning of the word changed. Since then *spic* has referred to Spaniards or Americans of Hispanic ancestry (cf. the song title, "Spic and Spanish," from the 1939 Rodgers and Hart musical, *Too Many Girls*). In different parts of the country, the word has taken on specific meanings. On the East Coast, with the large influx of Puerto Ricans since about 1940, *spic* tends to mean "Puerto Rican." In the Southwest, it means "Mexican."

Jews have been called Yids, kikes, sheenies, mockies, Hebes, and, in the Oval Office not so long ago, Jew-boys. In *Our Crowd*, Stephen Birmingham writes that *kike* was coined in the late 1800s by the established German Jews in New York to refer to the recently arrived Russian Jews, many of whose names ended in *-ki*. *Yid* predated *kike*, writes the lexicographer Eric Partridge. According to the *DAS*, *sheeny* implied someone who couldn't be trusted or who always put his own interests first. It probably came from the German *schin*, meaning a petty thief, chiseler, or miser. It was most common from 1910 to 1925. Also dated is *mockie*, which referred to a Jew who spoke English with a heavy accent. Archie Bunker favors the milder *Hebe*.

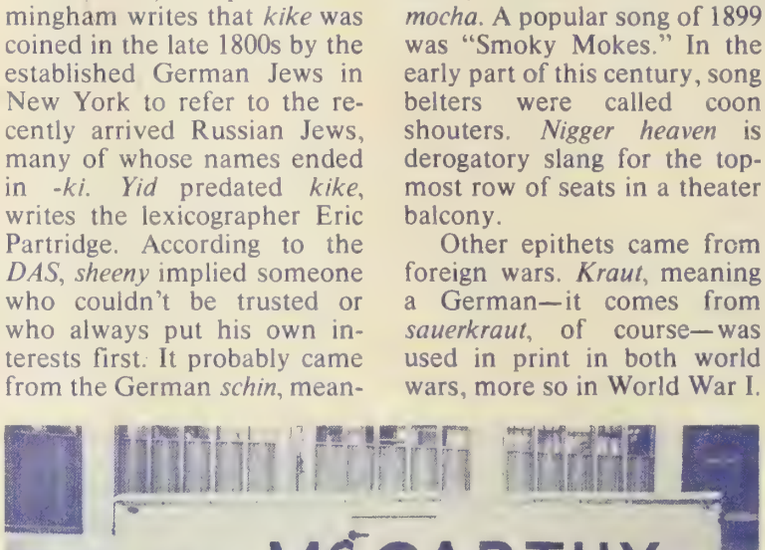
Nigger, one hardly needs to be reminded, is a derogatory name, especially when used by whites. Some white Southerners affected a pronunciation—*niggra*—that is even more derogatory. Blacks have been called coons, from *raccoon*, which Southern blacks hunted and ate. An obsolete name for a black is *moke*, which came from *mocha*. A popular song of 1899 was "Smoky Mokes." In the early part of this century, song belters were called coon shouters. *Nigger heaven* is derogatory slang for the topmost row of seats in a theater balcony.

Other epithets came from foreign wars. *Kraut*, meaning a German—it comes from *sauerkraut*, of course—was used in print in both world wars, more so in World War I. *Heinie* and *Hun* were also common during the first world war, as was *limey*, meaning an Englishman. *Slope* was used in the Pacific theater in World War II. According to Partridge, *gook* dates back to the Filipino Insurrection of 1899; Americans used it in World War II, applying it to Pacific islanders; it was used again during the Korean war among United Nations troops and in Vietnam by Americans.

Hatred and fear gave birth to most of these names. Hardly surprising, then, that homosexuals have not been spared. *Fag* has been in general usage since about 1920, *queer* since about 1925. The word *fag*—used by English schoolboys for at least a century-and-a-half to refer to boy servants and lackeys—seems to have become associated with male homosexuals after World War I, when cigarettes, also called fags, were introduced. Their use was considered effeminate by cigar and pipe smokers. *Dike*, a newer name, is said to have come from *hermaphrodite*.

Most of these names have appeared in the work of American authors—James T. Farrell, Damon Runyon, Raymond Chandler, Eugene O'Neill, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur—who reproduced the unvarnished slang of the first half of the twentieth century. Today, we hear some of them on television and read some of them in mass-circulation magazines, but no one in the mass media uses them casually. While CBS claims no word is absolutely forbidden, every program (with the exception of a couple of soap operas, newscasts and sports events, all of which go on live) is prescreened by the Program Practices Department for word usage on the basis of taste and context. *Time* magazine, to take another example, will use a racial or ethnic epithet only if it is necessary to a story. The reason for this caution is obvious. These words still hurt—and when people are hurt they strike back. —**Myer Kutz**

Myer Kutz, a New York-based free-lance writer, is the author of Rockefeller Power.



John Diele © 1975

Some employees at Bank of America in San Francisco have been whiling away their coffee breaks thinking up national anthems for the smaller nations. A few samples of their genius: "I'm Ghana Wash That Man Right Outta My Hair," "Over Zaire," "I Left My Heart in Lesotho-Botswana," "Singing in Bahrein," "Mairzy Doats and Doazy Doats and Little Abu Dhabi," "Rwanda Who's Kissing Her Now," and "There's No Place Like Dahomey."

—*Reader's Digest*
July 1973

Answers to quiz on page 8.

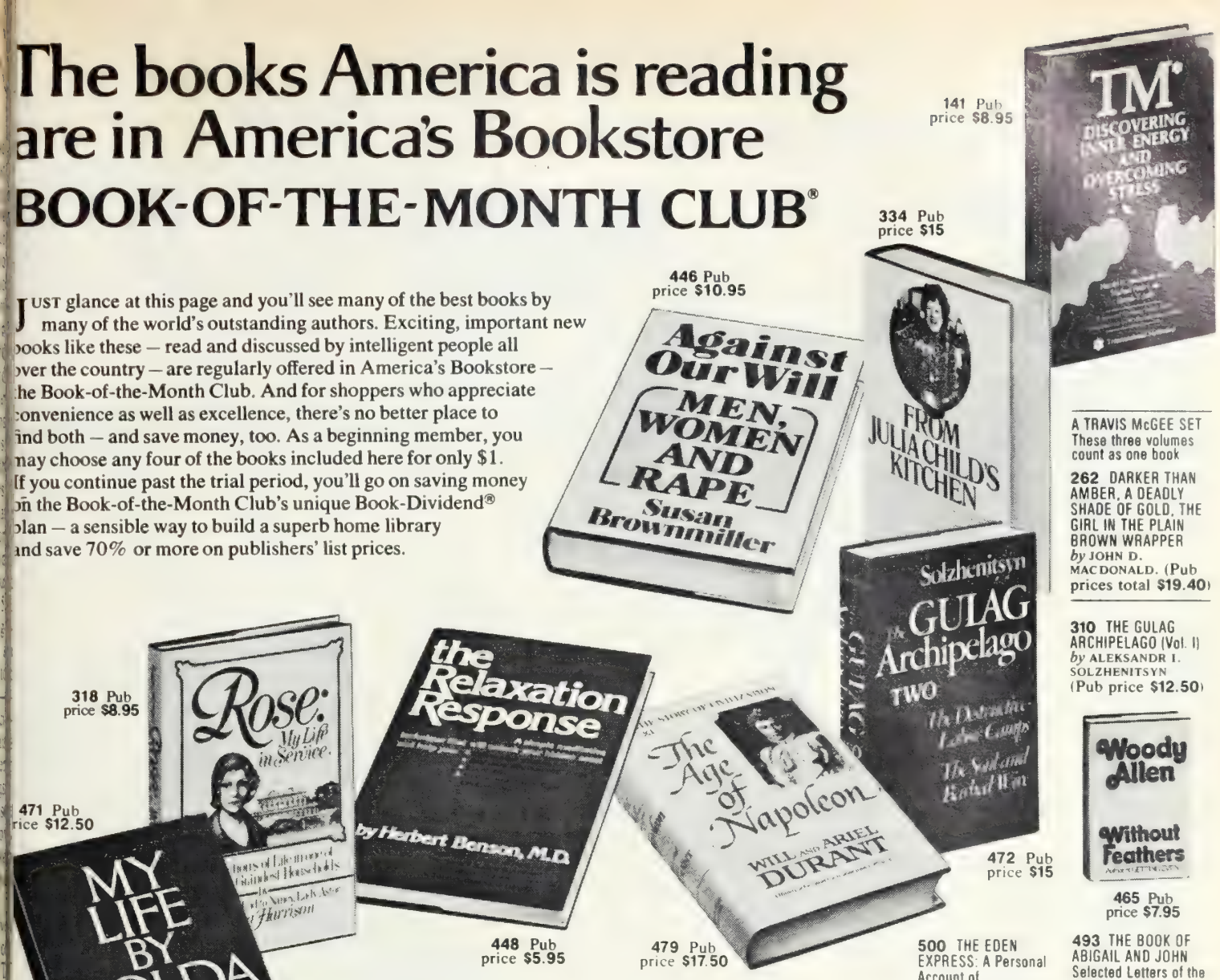
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2. Ralph Cramden
3. Ralph Ellison
4. Ralph Nader
5. Ralph Bellamy
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WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DEMOCRATS?



Arslin

For one thing, they don't know how to upstage Republicans

by Frank Mankiewicz

WHEN THE HISTORY of the Republic comes to be written (by liberals, presumably, as it usually is), the fortnight beginning October 6, 1975, will probably not be listed as one of the decisive periods in which great events were decided or even adumbrated. One can search the public record of those two weeks in vain to find a Saturday-night massacre, a great Constitutional confrontation, a missile crisis.

But a lot *did* happen. The politics of the Bicentennial year were certainly foreshadowed, widespread impressions that Gerald Ford and his advisers lacked even elementary political intelligence were dispelled—at least temporarily—and Congressional Democrats took the first tentative steps toward their quadrennial goal of finding the precise stance which could cost them the Presidential election.

Things began quietly enough. On Monday, October 6, public debate, such as it was, had centered on just how long a suspended sentence Patty Hearst would receive when she was restored to her previous life, and whether or not the two assassination attempts against President Ford had made it imperative to revise our notions of appropriate campaigning. Neither issue had much steam.

Then, that afternoon, the White House press office asked the three networks for one-half hour of prime time for a Presidential statement about taxes. For some time, Mr. Ford's advisers had been considering whether he should move to make permanent the $12 billion temporary tax cut the Democratic Congress had voted earlier in the year. That tax measure, enacted over Ford's strong opposition and signed by him with great and public reluctance, cut personal and corporate taxes as an anti-recession measure. Most economists outside the Administration agree that, to the extent there has been recovery from the 1974-75 recession, the tax cut has been chiefly responsible. If continued in 1976, it would reduce taxes by $17 billion.

By October 6 it seemed clear in Washington that Ford would propose that the cut be made permanent, or at least as permanent as these things ever are in Washington. (In the case of tax legislation, "permanent" means "until the membership of the Ways and Means Committee changes substantially.") Still, there was the thought that something was afoot beyond a mere extension. The Whi House spokesmen were talking of "major address" on taxes, and the was something about the story th didn't quite ring true—nobody h been *told* that Ford would propo an extension, and, in the candid a open White House operation we ha had since August 1974, *everything* known in advance, usually in two three versions.

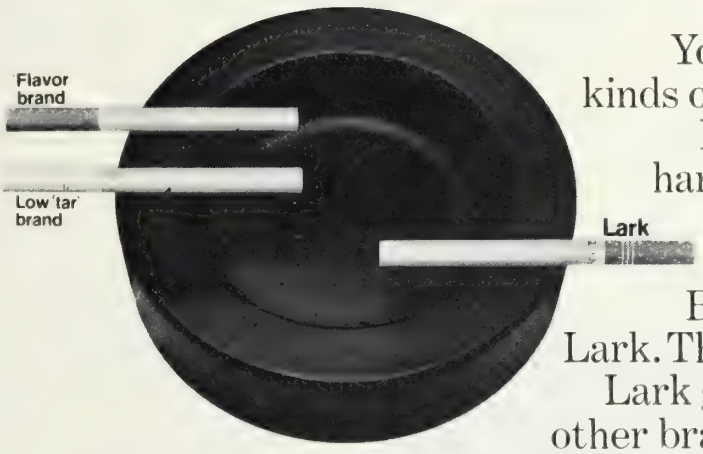
THE NETWORKS respond curiously to the Ford quest. In the past, a Pre dent—any President—h only to suggest that would like time, for any purpo and CBS, NBC, and ABC would r over like well-trained spaniels. (On they even gave time to a Presider attorney, James St. Clair, for a pr conference at San Clemente, but t was long ago.) But on October 6 networks acted like anything their usual roundheeled selves. Al after thinking the matter over, cided to carry the Ford speech, li on the ground that it was "ne worthy." It was not a hard decis for ABC to reach. The network's fering at 8:00 P.M. Monday *Barbary Coast*, a show whose rati were so low as to guarantee its appearance before the end of season. In addition, ABC had strong entry at nine o'clock, N football, and the judgment that Ford speech was newsworthy doubtedly contained another ju ment—that the President, whate he said about taxes, would deliv larger audience to the football g than would *Barbary Coast*. So was on board.

At CBS, however, there was a ferent story. On Monday night, w out any help from the White Ho CBS is supreme, with three sh *(Rhoda, Phyllis,* and *All in the F ily)* regularly in the Nielsen ten. The ratings alone almost g anteed that CBS would fail to the Ford address newsworthy, there was another, better reaso keep the President off the air. year CBS is campaigning hard t peal the equal-time requirement posed by the Federal Commu tions Act. The law now requires when a candidate for public offic ceives free time on a station or work—for a speech or a news

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ference—his opponents must be offered the same amount of free time—at a comparable hour.

The networks, led by CBS, have always been for repeal of this requirement, using the curious argument that it limits free speech. In fact, of course, it *expands* free speech, by guaranteeing either that opposing candidates will have as much access to television as their more powerful or wealthy rivals, or that no candidate shall be shown. The act, of course, limits not free speech but network revenue, since it requires the donation of time which could otherwise be sold, either to another candidate or to a purveyor of bathroom tissue.

CBS seized on the equal-time provision to turn down the White House request, although in this case it was a very thin excuse. The reason it was thin—and the reason ABC disregarded the equal-time problem—is that Ford, as of this writing, has no opponents. He is running, not for the Presidency, but for the Republican nomination, and he is virtually unopposed. (There is an obscure fellow in Massachusetts who has said he will run against Ford in that state's primary, but he has not filed for that purpose, and ABC's attorneys felt safe in ignoring him.) NBC followed the CBS lead and stayed with its regular programming.

So when Ford spoke on Monday night, appearing only on ABC, he drew barely a 20 percent share of the TV audience. What he said, however, was worth a great deal more attention. He proposed not only to continue the $17 billion tax cut, but to add $11 billion to it, making an offer to the people of what seemed to be a giant $28 billion tax reduction.

There was, said the President, only one catch, and that catch (Catch 28?) set in motion the 1976 campaign. The $28 billion tax reduction would be offered and made, he said, only if Congress agreed to cut federal spending by the same amount. That was a little tricky, too, since he wasn't really asking for a $28 billion cut in spending any more than he had been offering a $28 billion tax cut. Under present budget planning, Ford claimed, the budget for fiscal year 1977, which begins on October 1, 1976, will call for $423 billion of spending. Ford, t wanted Congress to set a ceilin *that* budget at $395 billion.

Nevertheless, it was easier to the thing an offer for $28 billio tax reductions if Congress woul spending by the same amount, that is the way it was reported next day. Ford had got in the shot and, except for the limited audience, it proved an effective White House mail began run heavily in favor of the proposal can trust those counts now), an did the early editorial comment

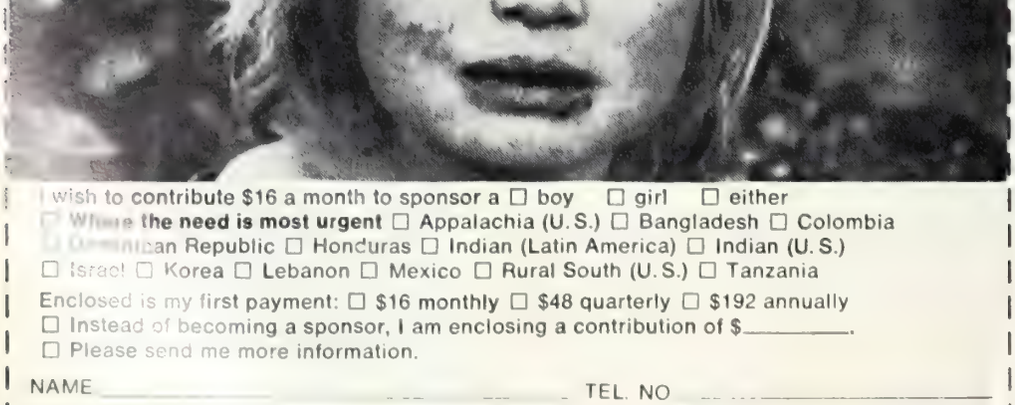
THE DEMOCRATS' resp was predictable, if you into account that the Democratic response to Presidential idea will Congressional response. The was negative, and on grounds to unrelated to the issues Ford raised. Ford had talked of the cr ing burden of taxation, on the hand, and of uncontrolled spending" on the other. Both highly popular issues. The D crats pointed out, first, that the plan was "political"—which it c ly was, but so is almost everythi President says or does. To but their argument, they pointed out the tax cuts would take effect in diately, in time for 1976 payn but the budget cuts would not b to be felt until several months after the fiscal year began, and the Presidential election.

Second, the Democrats—lec Chairman Edmund Muskie of new Senate Budget Committee—the Ford proposal would under Congressional budget proced Since the President has not yet sented his 1977 budget, they how could the Congress proce cut it? "Do you mean to say," asked Treasury Secretary Wi Simon the next day, "that you us to establish a general spen ceiling before we know the sp amount the President is reques In other words, are you asking cut something called 'federal s ing' without knowing which o favorite programs may have t fer?" Simon, who knows more politics and less about econo than he is given credit for, h straight answer: yes.

Simon then took something

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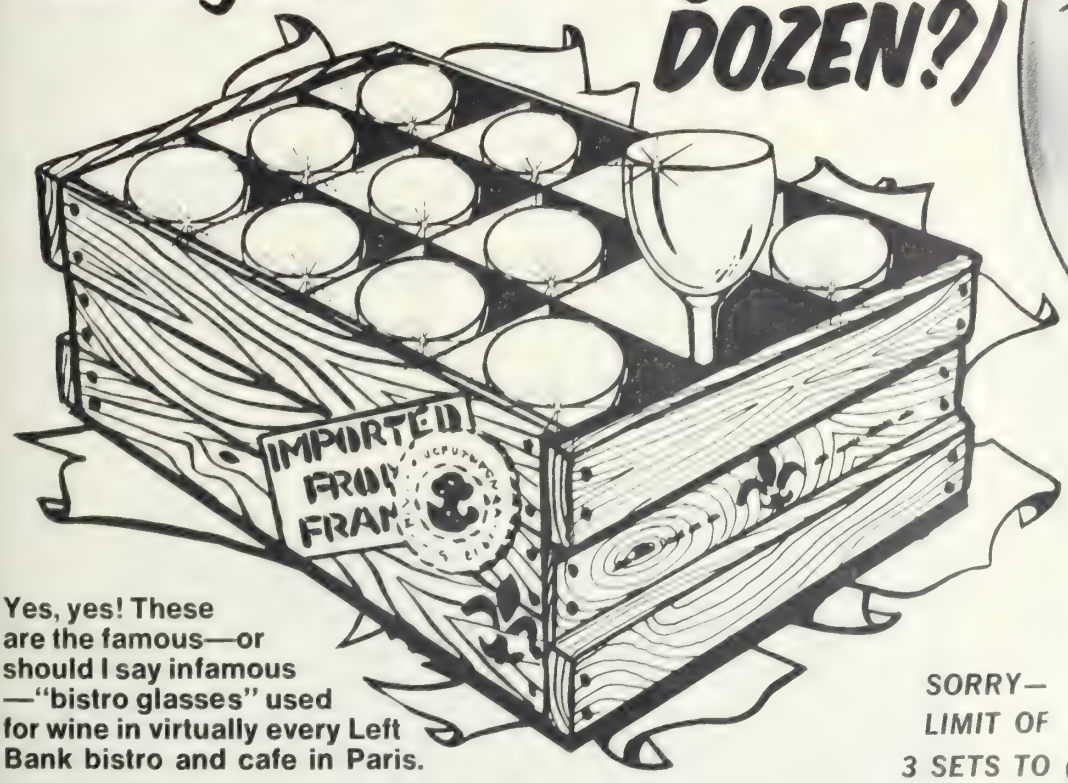
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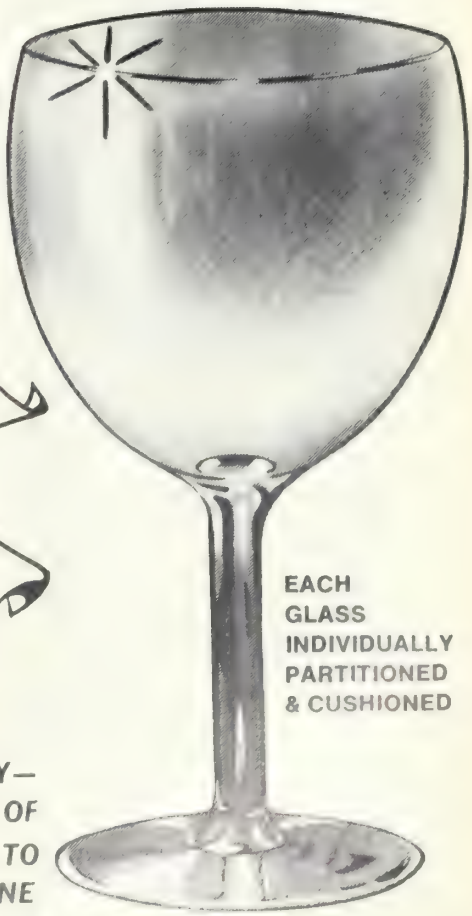
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fast ball, however, by adding that the whole matter came down to a question of whether or not we were going to become "socialistic." That changed the argument somewhat, because if there is anything Americans have learned, it is that when a Republican brings up socialism, he is proposing a cut in unemployment insurance.

There the matter rested until Thursday, October 9. Ford and his people continued to hit the main theme—you can have a big tax cut if only the Congress will cut government spending—and made it seem quite attractive. The Democrats were talking about political machinations and Congressional budget procedures, subjects dear to no one's heart once you leave Capitol Hill.

On Thursday the White House announced a press conference on the tax issue for prime time, and once again asked for network cooperation.

This time the network response was reversed, and for the same reasons which had animated the Monday decisions. Thursday night, as the White House must have known, is ABC night in the ratings. ABC therefore concluded that the press conference was not newsworthy, although it would involve the same subject which had been so highly newsworthy Monday night.

But CBS was now hoist by its own equal-time petard. The FCC, largely at CBS's urging, had, a few weeks before, specifically exempted Presidential press conferences from the equal-time rule. Consequently, since CBS had publicly put its refusal to run the speech on Monday on the high Constitutional ground of free speech rather than the low commercial ground of ratings, it had to give the time to Ford. NBC, with its two lowest-rated shows being badly beaten every Thursday by ABC anyway, again went along with CBS.

Thus, as a result of this change of heart on the news value of tax cuts, the issue became widely known and discussed. In response to a question expressing the Democratic objection to the timing of the two proposals—cut taxes now, expenses later—Ford was the soul of graciousness. If that was what was bothering Congress, he said, he would be happy to accept the spending cuts now, out of this year's budget. So much for Congressional procedures.

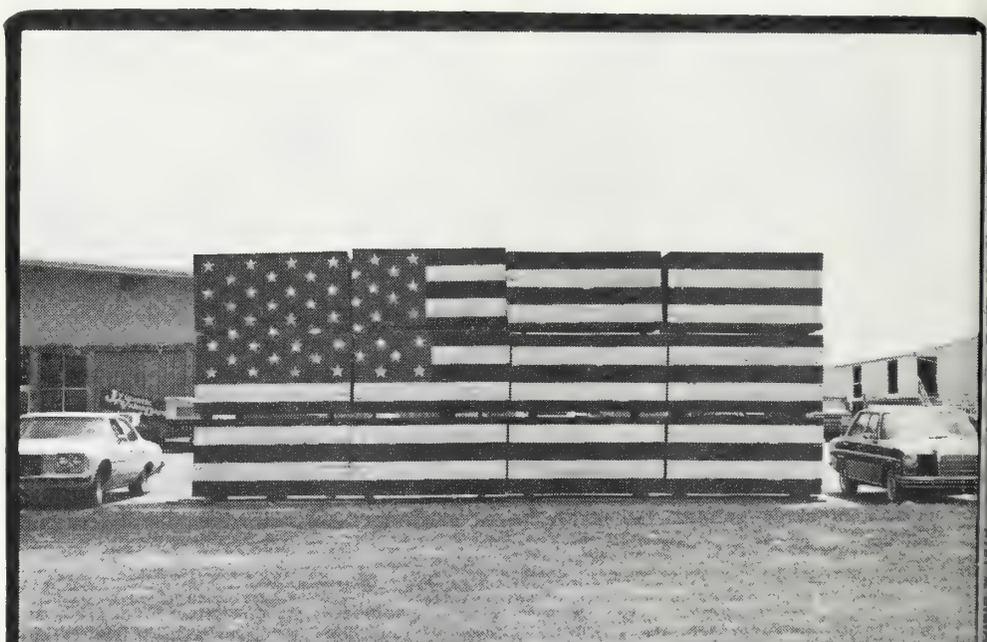
Two weeks later, the Democrats in Congress gave their final answer. The Ways and Means Committee ignored the extra tax-cut sweetener, voted down the budget cuts on a straight party-line vote, and returned to the House a straight extension of the income-tax cut of 1975 for one more year. There were rumblings from the White House that, without the spending cuts, there might be a veto. We shall see.

But what emerged from all this is that the Congressional Democrats (and, for that matter, almost all of the Democratic Presidential aspirants) missed the point. The spending issue could easily have been theirs for the rest of the campaign. All they had to do—and if they had tested the sentiment in the country, what they might very well have done—was to *accept* the Ford proposal. "Very well, Mr. President," the answer might have gone, "we like t idea of a $28 billion tax cut and $28 billion spending reduction. W will vote the tax cut now. As for t spending cuts, we will immediate reduce the Pentagon budget by $ billion, since spending there is most exactly half of all controll spending. As to the remaining $ billion, we await your pleasure as which other federal programs y wish us to cut. We will guarant you $14 billion, but we may diff as to where those additional cu will come."

Now *that* would have been an a swer, but such an answer would h speak a two-party system, and in 2 years we have evidently not pr gressed that far.

Frank Mankiewicz is the author of Perfec Clear: Nixon from Whittier to Waterg *and* The Final Crisis of Richard Nix *(both Quadrangle).*

A PARADOX AMONG US



Divorce at forty and murder at any time

by Edward Hoagland

I HAVE A HARD TIME remembering whether the great man said, "Happy families are all alike; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," or the reverse. It was of course the first, but Tolstoy may have had more happy families to go by, whereas we see so many of the opposite kind that we find unhappiness commonplace. People put up with less rockiness a marriage now, and the opportun to dissolve a bad marriage rath easily tips plenty of marriages th are really not all that bad into cou they're *perceived* as bad. Dad, vorced, searching the movie page some place to roost with the k next Sunday afternoon: it's hard calculate any way that any good

me of this for anybody concerned. ıe New Life constructed at forty is a lvage operation, a desperate prop- ition, and when all of the roman- :izing of desperate propositions is er with, there remains for most of the distinct feeling that a good e on this earth should not need to reconstructed at such a late date. The aphorism which might apply that everybody eventually gets, not cessarily what he deserves, but hat he wants. This notion would rike many people as an absurdity they were asked if it applied to em, and yet it's usually about as ose as we are going to come to see- g justice done. So many individ- ıls who lead lives fast and loose, hen they confess in a rueful mo- ent how they expect everything will ıd for them, say they think they ill wind up "all alone." Alone is ɔw they've operated, at any rate; ɛt, still, they're likely to escape that ıte simply because it isn't what they ant.

Our difficulty, as well as our sav- ıg grace, is that most of us want ɔntradictory things. We could be- in, for example, by circling on a ollster's sheet one of the four tra- itional goals ambitious souls are ıid to hanker for: power, fame, wimmin," or wealth. We might, too, ccept the idea that power travels arallel to, instead of hand in hand ith, fame, that wealth is a law unto self, that "wimmin" may be at- acted to but are not held by wealth, ower, or fame. And so, perceiving ur goal, we would renounce the oth- r three where they seemed to con- ict—except we'd weaken, natural- , just as the politician does who ants his "wimmin" and flirts with candal, or wants more money and udges up his income taxes; like the ich man collecting art at the ex- ɔense of his business in order to per- ɔetuate his name, the artist growing ick of being poor even as he begins o win some straightforward fame.

There's a saying, though, that you can't be too rich or too thin." here are people who are congen- tally cheerful, who can turn their ıand to almost anything, who "know ıow to live": people who manage quite happily to do contradictory hings. In school they realized right ıway that in order to be popular you ıave to attract attention, but if you ıttract too much attention you will be unpopular. They have excellent marriages that afford them a great deal of happiness, yet enjoy an occasional amorous affair. They know that if a man lies dying fierce as a hawk, angry at his illness, people will remember him affectionately, but if he dies lovingly and uncomplainingly, they will remember him fondly also. At a party I once met an astronaut who was famous for his flights through space but had just bicycled for 140 miles through the hills of Vermont—a high executive at Space Headquarters, though he was coiffed and costumed like the weaver dropouts who were there; all that was different about him was his determined eye.

TO LIVE SMOOTHLY is to hold to a course of decency but not idealism, and such people are in their element amid the paradoxes that make for good living. They abound in public life and the upper echelons of the professions and, apart from their tailoring, cannot be told from their Soviet counterparts in the group photographs that are taken to commemorate an exchange tour or state visit, because the same sort of person, fitting himself to the circumstances, will hold exactly the same position in a dictatorship as in a democracy. But, as it happens, what we need at the moment is for these many leaders—or at least a few of them—to enunciate plainly and publicly the paradoxes the country lives with, speaking gaily and even confidently, as men of affairs do when they speak among themselves of the sea of paradoxes through which they swim in their own lives and in their decision-making. Instead of the sort of resilient candor one would get from the best of them in conversation, they divide up when speaking for public consumption and either tell us that everything important is the same as it always was for America or, on the contrary, that nothing will ever again be the same.

Two freedoms were emphasized at the time of our founding, freedom of speech and the freedom to get rich. This set up a permanent torsion in our foreign policy—our wish to get rich at the expense of freedom in other countries—and, here at home, a comic incompatibility between the contingent of souls who have done rather well for themselves and those who haven't and who exercise their right to complain. As such a surpassingly mercantile country, we know how to abide by a written compact, which gives the Constitution its remarkable force, and yet here, as elsewhere, democracy travesties itself even in purest form —as any New Englander who goes to town meetings knows. A revolutionary country no longer in need of a revolution, we have inevitably forgotten our beginnings, and have other pungent legends—mountain men, rivermen—that we don't know what to make of now. We shoot at our public figures, but somehow this practice is less disturbing than our habit of voting landslide victories to Presidents who thereupon must be forced out of office. Our famous ethnic condiments have turned rather lumpy in the cooking-pot, confusing the traditionalists among us, and when we stop advocating busing to eliminate racial segregation in the public schools, our minds are sufficiently single-track that we're likely to stop being in favor of integration itself.

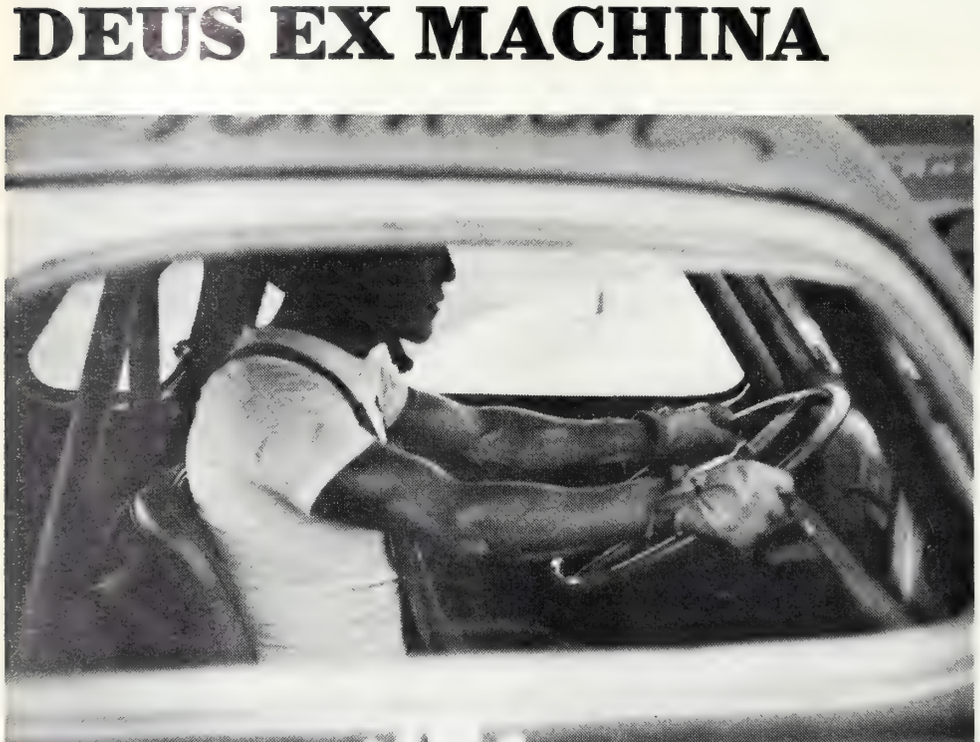
The country is big enough that within a single state New York City is partly countervailed by Homer and Rome, New York, which over the years has helped to absorb some of the shocks. The North has been a corrective to the South and the East to the West, but we have expanded west and south. Loathing our penchant for violence yet loyal to our violent myths, we nurse our bruises from the decade just past and, as these start to heal and itch, want to repudiate the whole reformist endeavor—we hardly need to mock the remaining mugwumps of the Left, they so often parody themselves, converting to some new panacea or trotting off to the jailhouse for shoplifting or a drug bust. As a nation we need to idle and recharge, but there seems to be no time to do this. Part of a writer's job is to swim upstream, much in the way that a trader does who buys when prices are low and sells when they are high and so keeps the world going around. Writers unearth ideas that have been laid aside, reaffirm the unfashionable, on this same principle that we swim in a sea of paradoxes among which we snatch up first one, then

another, being unable to chew gum and scratch ourselves at the same time. But with no consensus about what is generally held to be true, writers have no back wall to toe off from.

So, we wanted a rest, and we aren't going to get a rest, and what we need now is a politician who can say just exactly that with a laugh. He ought to say that every which way that we're being pulled may wind up being useful if we remember the generosity and spirit of pragmatism in which we originally started. He should be, not many things to different people, but many things within himself. Pragmatism and generosity, too, are contradictory qualities, and yet they're the hope of the world. □

Edward Hoagland is the author of the forthcoming Red Wolves and Black Bears *(Random House).*

DEUS EX MACHINA



George Gardner

Worshiping divinity at an Arizona dragway

by Alan Harrington

A FULL MOON has risen above the wooden stands, and glows down on the Tucson Dragway on a cool evening in May. It lights up a forest of organ-pipe cactus, mesquite, and palo verde trees along a dry arroyo, and shimmers on Mica Mountain in the Rincon range to the south. At dawn we've glimpsed coyotes roaming in that sagebrush, a deer and jackrabbits, quail, doves, and roadrunners. That couldn't happen tonight, though; they must be escaping to the north and east, anywhere.

You simply can't believe the noise of these engines. Stockers, motorcycles, needle-nosed dragsters, and especially four gigantic Funny Cars shedding sparks with jets flaring out of their sides give off roars that, ascending, dying, and building again, will tear the night apart for hours. No sooner will two matched cars or bikes hammer down the quarter-mile strip than two more will have blatted to the starting gate. Here they maneuver backward and forward until the light turns green, then fire out in their turn into the dark portion of the strip beyond the guide lights—and these are the racers doing their time trials.

Around the edges of the strip, drivers psych themselves and send messages to the competition by intimidating tune-ups. Huge vrooms shake the desert, burners flash. On top of this the public-address announcer keeps our crowd tuned into every vibration:

"Traction is really good tonight. No problems. Those people on the track out there, they're just sweeping up bits of metal from that last blowout. Now Joe Moscow in the Chevy. He had all kinds of problems. Clutch too tight? If we don't look out, we're going to burn those tires, Joe. Hear that, friends? The snap, crackle, and pop of Lou Creighton's spider gears!"

High up in the stands an outsider at first experiences battered eardrums. We feel in the presence of a ghastly, air-fouling aesthetic. Yet after thirty minutes or so our sensibilities begin to accommodate themselves to these outrageous ceremonies, and we're drawn in.

The name of this game, of course, is not to achieve an enduring level of speed. Never mind wasting your substance racing for hundreds of miles around dusty tracks, crowd-lined European roads, or the saucer at Indy. No, get straight to the point. Kill time instantly. We have the supreme aesthetic of pure acceleration itself, lasting six or seven seconds, no more, down the drag strip. An ideal perhaps shared, on earth as it is in heaven, by dragsters and intergalactic astronauts: someday to go from stop to the velocity of light in *no time.*

EVERYBODY AROUND US standing up. The weirdest vehicle we have ever laid eyes on moves through the crowds toward the starting line aboard a large pickup truck. Its hood yawns. We have, emblazoned in gold and black flowing letters, *Kiss Of Death.* Four dudes in gold-and-black uniforms run alongside, gathering an increasing swarm of followers. This may be a Funny Car, but there's nothing much funny about it. I see the juggernaut of the Robot God being borne in on a litter. But also a beast with shiny entrails hanging out, spitting and flaring.

"Don Braxton, friends, and the Kiss Of Death. *No, not running for the bucks right now. We just want to show it to you!"*

GO BACK TO THE vastness of Aravaipa Canyon in remote central Arizona. On a ridge we've moved away from the clanking wind-l, past the water hole, and look over the yellowstone gorges ere, a century ago, caves sheltered laws of the Apache nation. Far ow we can make out deep blue eks. Javelinas and cougars can be found here. Wild stallions e came down to run off a settler's tive mares. Now in a high mead- with wildflowers all around we're tter silence. A breeze touches us, l the young traveler beside me is: "Man, what a place! If I ld only get to crash around here alone on my Harley!"

TILTED BACK LIKE an astronaut, *Kiss Of Death*'s driver wears a skeleton costume. They lower the hood down over him, and, kamikaze-, he's clamped in. Except that this d won't die tonight, and there's way he will be traveling much re than 440 yards.

'Just checking traction, friends. n scored seven-eleven last week, a y, very fine time. And he has run -two-two before here on Tucson igway."

The driver's gone, locked in. *Kiss Death* inches forward, ready to when we notice on all sides, and ether feel within us, something npletely unexpected. The rolling, ring waves of sound, the gunning all those engines rising and falling hout end has aroused everyone ually. Our neighbors in the grand-nd are hugging and groping each ier, and so, we realize, are we.

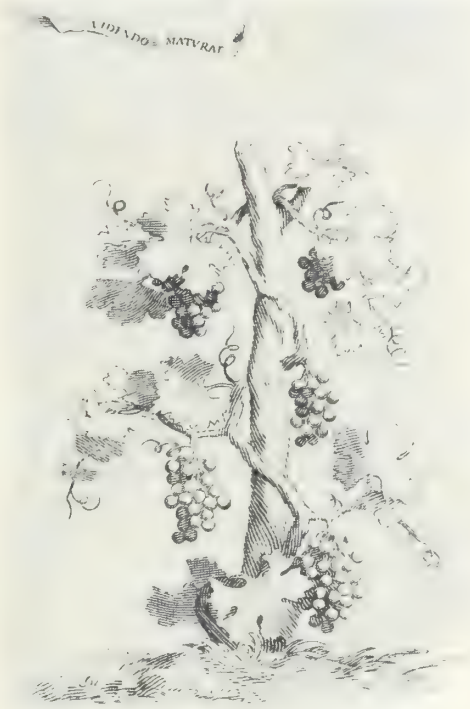
Not only rough country studs and ir women out of pickup trucks, d tattooed, bearded bikers and ir old ladies, but Chicanos, too, few blacks, and Papago Indians; arly all these are here family style h Kentucky Fried Chicken or co Box suppers; kids running ound, their parents aroused, kiss-, hugging, waving cans of beer. Good Lord, and now, if possible, blatting builds up, and just as it es I'm aware of laughter coming through my spine and out of me, art from me, out of control. At s point the vibrations have be-me unbearable. Everybody in the

Brother Timothy's Napa Valley Notebook

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Now Crispina enjoys the support of a Foster Parent in Tennessee whose contribution of sixteen dollars a month assures Crispina and her entire family of better food and health care. And, when Crispina is old enough, the help of her Foster Parent will give her a chance for an education, an opportunity to realize whatever potential she has to offer to this world.

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stands, parents and children, sta
covering up his ears. The only o
with their hands free are the mecha
ics and others down or near t
strip with great earmuffs clapped

Then, with a blast and crackle
its jets, *Kiss Of Death* comes out
the gate, and seven seconds later
watch it spitting and sparking at t
dark end of the dragway. Fum
drift over the drag strip. We see
haust trails in the moonlight, sm
burning rubber, cigarette smoke, a
here and there in patches a spi
fragrance of marijuana. I feel daz
and weak, aware of the sudden sti
ness. The engines are silent, but t
inside of my head still vibrates u
controllably.

We turn to each other wonderi
where does it all come from, th
smashing and insulting low-gra
beauty? It's ecologically disgracef
I recall the horror of snowmobil
churning through pure white dri
in a pine forest; dune buggies bla
ing along dry riverbeds, and sma
animals running.

Yet now in the stands I'm throw
Not so much my mind but my ne
vous system has been blown, a
I'm on the verge of awe.

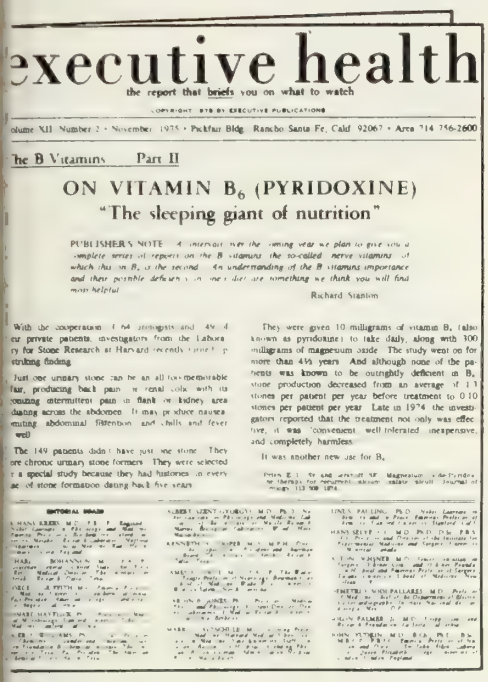
GO BACK, and this isn't ve
farfetched, to Paris, Fe
ruary 20, 1909, and *Le F
garo*'s publication of *Th
Futurist Manifesto*. Out
Italy the poet Marinetti and tho
with him who have been described
"literary rioters" (including event
ally such as the far greater Russia
poet Mayakovsky) announce ne
and annihilating ideals. Amo
these:

> *We declare that the world's splendour has been enriched by a new beauty, the beauty of speed. A racing motorcar, its frame adorned with great pipes, like snakes with explosive breath . . . a roaring motorcar, which looks as though running on shrapnel, is more beautiful than the* Victory of Samothrace.
>
> *We shall sing of the man at the steering wheel, whose ideal stem transfixes the Earth, rushing over the circuit of her orbit.*

We want to move, and come do
from the stands and walk at grou
level by the low fence at the side
the drag strip. The engines are b

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– doesn't it make sense to find out how to take the best care of it you can?



executive health

the report that briefs you on what to watch

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The B Vitamins Part II

ON VITAMIN B_6 (PYRIDOXINE)

"The sleeping giant of nutrition"

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Richard Stanton

With the cooperation of 64 urologists and 43 of our private patients, investigators from the Laboratory for Stone Research at Harvard recently made a striking finding.

Just one urinary stone can be an all too memorable affair, producing back pain, renal colic with its pounding intermittent pain in flank or kidney area radiating across the abdomen. It may produce nausea, vomiting, abdominal distension and chills and fever as well.

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It was another new use for B_6.

Prien E. J., Sr. and associates, "Magnesium and the Pyridine Derivatives for Prevention of Calcium Oxalate Urinary Stones," *Journal of Urology*, 113: 809, 1974.

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by Patricia Goedicke

Meeting goodness in the street
How sudden!

Fresh as a corncob, a boy
Pitching health in air
Like a wand of sunshine, a reed . . .

Standing there before him with your mouth open
Something you never knew was yours

Long ago forgotten, now wakes up,
Quakes in its slippers like a rabbit

Caught in the act, in broad daylight
Startled, red-faced, stammering.

EXCAVATIONS
by Don Gordon

I am haunted by the futile sound
Of digging in the buried cities
Of the world.
By the intent face of the science
Of bones, stones, and feathers.

Vainly the heart of a people
Is sought in the kitchen midden.
It vanishes whether the end comes
As smallpox, or lava flow, or drought.
Or the barbarian riding his stallion
Up the mosaic stairs.

Discover in what artifacts
The boy's love or fear of his father,
The girl diminished by the mother,
The man and the woman in the solitude
Of the stars of the historic night:

Or the exercise of the power
Of the paramount chief,
Or the relation between the entrails
And the beginning of wars
And the drowning of virgins.

It existed for a fragment of time
In an ambience of its own desire.
Who digs in the curious plateau
Releases it forever like myrrh
Escaping with a sigh
The gold coffin of the king.

tering the night air again. Smoke an exhaust clouds of nitromethane dri across the moon's face. Our cer mony has turned into a lightwork and fashion show. We pass by *Su dance* and *Winemaker*, and com upon a Funny Car in the shape of flame, and another called *Rhino* wit an ivorylike horn. All around us ar bright red and blue plastic helmet and helmets of gold, and black he mets with silver streaks and stars an flames painted on them.

We're back in the stands. A stu in silver lamé coveralls waits by th "Christmas Tree" starting gate wit its flashing lights, joined by som body whose coveralls, also silve sparkle with black sequins.

"*Hey!*" the public-address a nouncer comes on. "*And now, an now, friends, would you believe? W didn't plan it. We didn't advertis this, 'cause we didn't know, but To Bedloe is here! He is here, he ha come!* The Streak *has come, an with Tom Bedloe at the wheel! Le the crowd part there! Now you se it!*"

And the crowd does part, and w stare at the Funny Car and its occu pant. The driver inside lies back i his silvery asbestos spacesuit. H seems wrapped in foil. And he jus sits in his machinery. Tom Bedlo sits within a tangle of raw machiner with no form whatever enclosin him.

"There is no more beauty excep in strife," cried out *The Futuris Manifesto* in 1909. "No masterpiec without aggressiveness. Poetry mus be a violent onslaught upon the un known forces, to command them t bow before man. . . . Why should w look behind us, when we have t break in the mysterious portals o the Impossible? Time and Spac died yesterday. Already we live i the absolute, since we have alread created speed, eternal and ever-pre ent."

So too, who knows again, in Tu son tonight.

The hood comes slowly down, an they lock Bedloe in.

Then we see her. The blonde gi steps out all alone on the drag stri She moves close to *The Streak* an begins coaxing it forward. She bec ons to the Funny Car shaping di tances with her hands. This girl dressed in a bare-midriff. barebac red halter, hip-hugging blue jean

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

THIS IS HARPER'S ($8.97 per year)

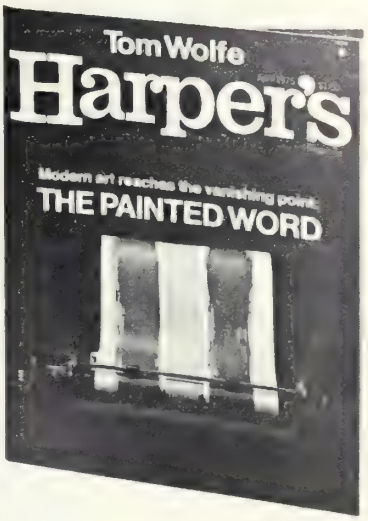
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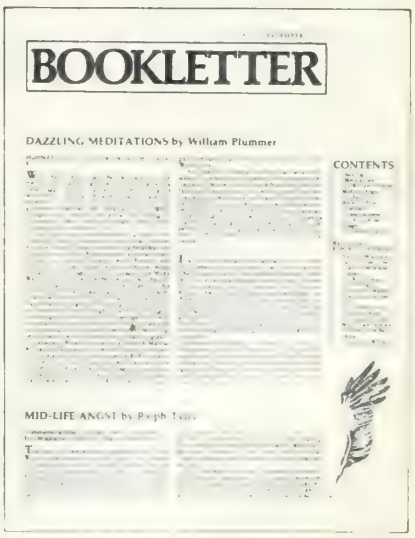
An introduction is certainly in order for this brilliantly edited, twice-monthly newsletter for avid book-buyers and serious readers – anyone deeply concerned about the quality and direction of current literature.

Bookletter brings you original reviews of all the best sellers, new releases and significant revivals. Special sections on the good, bad and inexcusable in children's, reference and craft books. Advance notice when costly hardcover books become cheaper paperbacks. Corridor chatter from the publishing palaces: why great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month. Which editor-in-chief has moved where and taken which authors with him. A special issue on West Coast publishing, the Eastern Literary Establishment's upstart rival.

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HAR

wide silver-studded belt, and boots.

In front of us a big Chicano man lifts his beer can to the moon, calling out, "It's Bonnie, Bonnie!" He throws one arm around his wife and another about his little son's shoulders, and, still managing a swig of beer, he points for the boy. "Bonnie!"

The Streak has started to blast, its jets flaring. Beckoning still, the blonde girl calls the monster slowly forward, then thrusting her palms out orders it, stop, stop.

"You'll notice, friends, Funny Cars normally have Chrysler hemis, 'cause the hemisphere head gives you more power, that's all there is to it. A supercharged, fuel-injected Chrysler will blow the doors off anything that Chevy makes."

Patting the Funny Car, she walks away to uproarious applause.

"Bonnie, Bonnie!"

We're on our feet. Halfway down the track he's going to do the Funny Car's equivalent of a biker's wheelie —in full career lifting up the front wheel or wheels in bronco-busting style. A few months ago the *Arizona Daily Star* published a church appeal: "DO A WHEELIE FOR JESUS!"

"Titanium skid plates on the rear of the car, and he'll make a real loud burnout for you. Those long smoky burnouts are to heat up the tires, you know. And when he raises up, oh, Tom is going to raise up for you! White hot sparks come out of those titanium plates, and it's got to be the greatest show in drag racing. And notice, notice, as The Streak *passes you, the lettering on this car changes from red to green to blue under the lights! Man, oh man, that's real wild custom work! Beautiful, beautiful!"*

And in front of us the Chicano man turns about and reeling in glory shouts to everybody in the stands: "I *plated* that son of a bitch! Oh yes, man! *In my shop!"*

OUT OF THERE, in the parking lot, we drive off and all those roaring engines recede into the night. Have we just come from the camp of the enemy? How to sort out one's enemies, that's the problem. A dear friend has said: "Don't knock the way the other guy swings." (She more or less excepts the Marquis de Sade, et cetera.) This would mean that one ought not to disapprove of others' sense of beauty, such as the awesome and horrible beauty we have just shared.

For it was that, and we did share it. We were drawn into the lightworks and—in Marinetti's terms, the poetry—of shattering, smelly machines. (For what it's worth, we may note that at one point Marinetti, an early friend of Mussolini's, at least played at supporting Fascism.) Two hours went by and we sat, as his manifesto put it, "transfixed," forgetting to wonder about the percussive effects on nearby animal life, and the grievous environmental insult that will always follow from this sort of thing.

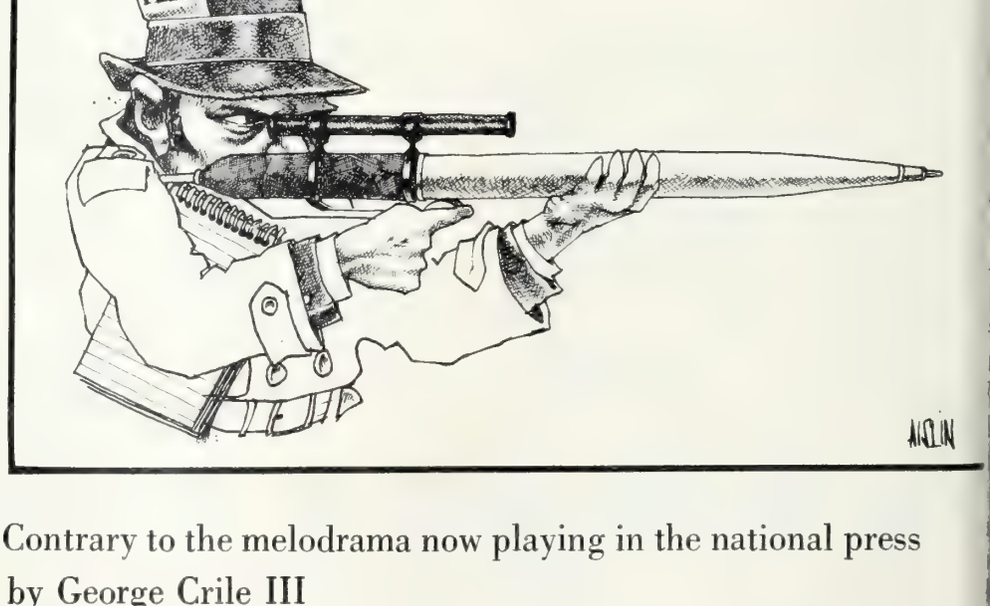
We sat in on a continuously reverberating insult to the spring night and all plant and animal life it migh contain. We had then shared in th Joy of Vandals, was this not true?

But had this insult been intende as such, Marinetti's way? What ma be worst of all, I don't think so. Wit what loving care the assault on wha we hold dear is managed. In front o us the Honcho of the Conquistado Garage, wild with pride, clutches hi little boy's hand as *The Streak* tha he plated blasts off from the Chris mas Tree. And all over this land ma be seen the devotions of dudes i greasy coveralls, down on their knee in body shops. My cultural enem worships too.

Alan Harrington is the author, most recentl of Psychopaths *(Simon and Schuster) an with Dan Sakall,* Love and Evil: From a Pr bation Officer's Casebook *(Little, Brown).*

THE FOURTH ESTATE

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CIA



Contrary to the melodrama now playing in the national press

by George Crile III

IN THE CURRENT welter of reporting about the CIA, the press once again displays its talent for the obvious. By and large the press has chosen to write a straightforward melodrama that amplifies the political passions of the moment and makes little attempt at subtlety, understanding, or critical reasoning. Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than a comparison of the theatrical roles a signed to two CIA agents who recer ly came in from the cold to tell the stories. One of the stories has be accepted as revealed truth; the oth has been all but ignored.

Consider first the experience of t man identified as the true prophe Philip Agee had been a zealo middle-level CIA agent in Lat America for twelve years when,

ells us, he discovered that a man
ad caused to be arrested by Uru-
yan officials was tortured. He had
arently been unaware of this
n-American police tradition, and
incident triggered a convulsion
is thinking. He soon came to
the CIA as the chief force of
in the world and resolved to
e a book telling all. In his *In-
the Company: CIA Diary*, Agee
indeed seem to tell all that
nows, including names of CIA
ials and foreign leaders who co-
ated with them.

he book appears clearly to vi-
e the Espionage Act (which no
ot explains his self-imposed ex-
, and he makes no bones about
new loyalties. He wrote much of
book in Cuba, and he reports
ting regularly with Cuban intel-
ice and embassy officials in Par-
d London. He describes himself
socialist with aspirations, as he
e in *Esquire*, to become a Com-
ist and a revolutionary, and he
ses the KGB as an organization
aps repressive in Russia, but
porting the right causes and
ements abroad.

is current efforts are devoted to
roying the CIA by exposing the
tities of as many CIA agents
ad as he can. A traitor? A Rus-
or Cuban spy? Far from it. "The
ny of my enemy is my friend"
gee's motto, and in this era when
rmed opinion is focusing its con-
s on internal threats, he is ac-
ed as a crusader against evil. He
equently interviewed on televi-
, and many journalists turn to
as an invaluable and reliable
ce of information on the true
re of the CIA.

Why did you decide to blow the
tle on the CIA?" he was asked
lengthy interview that appeared
he August issue of *Playboy*.
e: "I finally understood after 12
s with the agency, how much
ring it was causing, that mil-
s of people all over the world
been killed or at least had their
destroyed by the CIA and the
tutions it supports. I just couldn't
y and do nothing."

LAYBOY: "Millions of people?
't you overstating the case?"

EE: "I wish I were."

hile *Playboy* was running this
view, its sister publication, *Oui*,
running a short story of Agee's

Won't you help us buy food for hungry children this Christmas?



Your $10 gift—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean hundreds of dollars worth of bread, meat and milk to thousands of families in the rural South.

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in which the United States is saved from a CIA putsch by a clean-limbed KGB hero.

JOURNALISTS ARE EMPLOYED to cast a cold eye on such passionately partisan sources. But the *Playboy* interviewer tells us of Agee's hotel room, which he describes as being "crowded with TV and newspaper reporters, publishers' representatives, leaders of citizens' groups, former intelligence officers, historians in search of CIA data."

Although Agee is the most conspicuous, he is only one of a number of CIA demonologists often accepted as straightforward muckrakers. The other two principal figures in this endeavor are John Marks and Victor Marchetti, two former intelligence officers who coauthored the best-seller *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence.*

Together Agee, Marks, and Marchetti have considerably influenced the public perception of the CIA—through their books, TV and speaking appearances, and especially as sources for reporters. Here they sometimes rely on mutual corroboration.

Thus Agee quotes Marchetti in his *Playboy* interview as predicting "some revelations that will chill your spine, really grisly things. And some of them," he said, "may be connected with the assassinations of President Kennedy, Senator Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and other well-known individuals, both at home and abroad."

There is no empirical reason to choose between the quality of Agee's unsupported assertions and those of CIA spokesmen, and yet today's reporters choose to lap up the cant of one and don't bother even to submit the other to skeptical questioning.

The explanation lies in the nature of the political drama now playing. Since it seeks catharsis, its actors are permitted to don terrible masks, and to ad lib lines more horrifying than those in the script—the more horrifying, the better: *Playboy* thus assigns Fred Branfman, codirector of the Indochina Resource Center and as zealous an antiwar, antimilitary and anti-CIA activist as can be found, to describe the CIA's secret war in Laos. No longer is the journalist just an advocate: the advocate becomes the journalist and cites anonymous sources to document grisly stories of CIA agents carrying bags filled with Laotian ears or air-freighting a sawed-off human head as a practical joke. All of this is permitted—at times encouraged—in the morality play.

But if a man does not follow the approved script, perhaps even going so far as to question the validity of the stock figures in the touring repertory company, he finds himself consigned to oblivion. Consider in this regard the experience of David Atlee Phillips, the other CIA operative who recently emerged from the shadows of the Agency. Phillips was the CIA chief of covert operations for Latin America. In the midst of a successful career, he announced his retirement, explaining that he could no longer in good conscience sit back and watch the CIA assailed from all quarters without anyone presenting the Agency's case. He would, therefore, become the CIA's public defender.

Phillips began his career as a junior case officer in the 1954 overthrow of the Arbenz government in Guatemala. He had been in Lebanon the night before the U.S. Marines landed in 1958 and in Havana in 1959, when Batista fled Cuba; he was a high-ranking official at the time of the Bay of Pigs and played an even larger role in the Agency's massive effort during the 1965 U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. Finally, as CIA chief in the Western Hemisphere in 1973, he had been in charge of the last stage of the Agency's efforts to "destabilize" the Chilean government.

The press room at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel in Washington was overflowing with reporters and TV camera crews for Phillips's first press conference last May, but they didn't quite know what questions to ask. Several sought assurances that Phillips was not undertaking an official propaganda mission; another asked him to describe all covert actions he had knowledge of. Everyone seemed disappointed that he didn't volunteer secrets embarrassing to the CIA.

Nonetheless, the story of Phillips's retirement was dutifully reported; he was asked to appear on several TV talk shows, and was given an opportunity to write an article for the O Ed page of the *New York Times.* A then Phillips dropped from sight. F porters stopped calling for int views, and he wasn't asked to appe on television. He spent the summ organizing an association of retir CIA agents—460 of them—and he the group's first meeting in Was ington in September. An account w run the next day on the obitua page of the *Washington Post.*

Phillips had assumed that, even no college community wanted to he a defense of the CIA, it might w come the opportunity to subject o of the Agency's foremost covert o erators to questioning or debate. I sent a brochure containing his of to 586 colleges. After five mont during which time he received sev al invitations from patriotic clu VFW halls, and the like, not one c lege expressed an interest. Equa disturbing to Phillips as his sw assignment to oblivion was the sk ticism of such reporters as did d with him. His first experience of t occurred during ABC's account Frank Sturgis.

STURGIS WAS ONE of the W tergate burglars and befo that a Marine, gunrunn soldier of fortune, and a round adventurer. He w also something of a publicity hou who had a history of telling l stories to Jack Anderson. It was r remarkable that the New York *Da News* should print a series of artic on his alleged past exploits: wh was slightly more surprising w Sturgis's boast that he had been CIA "triple agent," involved in su sinister plots as the assassination foreign leaders and the overthrow governments in Cuba, Panama, G temala, the Dominican Republic, a Haiti. Shortly after making th allegations, he was summoned bef the Rockefeller Commission, which he swore that he had ne worked for the CIA. But then ca ABC with its celebrated *Close-* documentary team to produce hour special "to review the rec of the Central Intelligence Agenc

Sturgis presented the document ians with a dilemma: off camera alluded to involvement in all sorts CIA ventures, but on camera wouldn't say that he had participa



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in CIA assassination plots; worse, he wouldn't even say that he had been a CIA agent. ABC solved the problem by saying it for him. ABC reporter David Schoumacher: "Frank Sturgis first came to our attention when he was arrested in the Watergate break-in. He first came to the CIA's attention many years before, one of Fidel Castro's trusted security men, but an agent working for the CIA. Did you, Frank, ever participate in any plots to kill Castro?" Sturgis: "Yes, I participated in several plots in Havana. Yes."

The CIA, learning of the interview a few days before the documentary's scheduled broadcast, asked ABC for an opportunity to disprove the Sturgis allegations. ABC, claiming satisfaction with its documentation, declined the offer. In the meantime, the *Close-Up* team had already sent a reporter and camera crew to Phillips's first press conference, the idea being to include portions of his remarks in its CIA special. The camera crew was there when Phillips emphatically asserted that "Frank Sturgis never worked for the CIA for one minute." When the documentary was finally broadcast, Sturgis was identified without qualification as a former CIA agent, and his allegation served as the show's most dramatic indictment against the CIA.

THINGS WERE MUCH the same, though in a more exaggerated form, during the McCarthy era, and we are just now seeing some of its victims such as John Paton Davies and John Henry Faulk emerging at long last from the cloud that was cast over their lives in that particular melodrama. The object then was to rid the country of the supposed malignancy of presumed Communist infiltration. In today's drama, the new enemy is seen as the secret powers of government, and the CIA is the symbolic target. The first clear-cut victim of this crusade is Alexander Butterfield.

Butterfield is the man whose candor led to the discovery of the tapes, and, some would say, ultimately to the ruin of Richard Nixon. This no doubt stimulated the imagination of Col. Fletcher Prouty, the elaborator of one of the more baroque complexes of conspiracy currently to hand. Colonel Prouty, a former Air Force officer, served for a time as a liaison officer with the CIA. From that experience comes his book, *The Secret Team,* which endeavors to prove that the CIA runs the United States.

Colonel Prouty's theories attracted no serious attention until the wave of CIA revelations began to mount. Last July Prouty told Daniel Schorr of CBS and Ford Rowan of NBC that the CIA had placed a "contact officer" in the White House during the Nixon years, who was none other than Alexander Butterfield. And who had told Colonel Prouty? It was, he said, E. Howard Hunt.

Now, anyone who has followed Howard Hunt's statements throughout Watergate realizes that his record of veracity is questionable, and anyone who has read Colonel Prouty's book is aware that his theories of CIA influence are extreme. Nonetheless, NBC and CBS rushed accounts of the eerie disclosure onto the July 11 *Today* show and the *CBS Morning News;* soon the story was appearing throughout the country.

Neither network had called Butterfield or Hunt before rushing onto the air. Two days later, Butterfield went on CBS's *Sixty Minutes* and indignantly denied the allegation. Howard Hunt then denied having ever told any such story to Prouty, and Senator Church added that his committee had no evidence for it. By that time, however, Butterfield, CIA officer or not, had been stigmatized.

The Butterfield episode is the most glaring exercise in unchecked credulity to date in the press's CIA coverage, but the country's papers seem to launch minor flights of fancy virtually every week. Stories of CIA laser bugging devices painted onto the White House walls, of CIA officials having sat in on meetings with Oswald in which Kennedy's assassination was discussed, stories which surface for a day, register in readers' minds and then disappear from sight. Most anything that will add to the drama yet not deviate from the story line is admissible for a walk-on part.

But why is this necessary? Is it not gilding the lily to try to improve on the CIA's own venality—in its Mafia contracts to assassinate Castro, its machinations to poison Lumumba, its domestic spying, its drug testing, poison-caching, and who knows wl else? There is mischief in all of t as well, for in escalating a legitim controversy into political theater becomes far less likely that a s sible course of action will be p sued to correct the abuses being vestigated. What is emerging is picture of the CIA as an almost pernatural power, able to work will on the nation and the world. T obvious corrective to this perceiv reality would be the liquidation the beast. But what if the CIA has along been an instrument and flection of Presidential policy? T corrective might then only yield a new monster with a different na —such as the Plumbers.

There is a final irony to the ture and style of the press-CIA c frontation that is taking place tod The James Bond heroes of the p ular spy thrillers of the early 19 captured the imagination of American reading public as the mantic saviors of liberty in the wo Like the investigative journalist today, the Bond-type spy opera alone and in secret, infiltrating p erful and sinister organizations w the willingness to use unsavory me ods if necessary to subvert their intent. Now Bond has beco the enemy, and the investigat journalist, his spiritual successor, charged with the task of rooting power-drunk spy out of his lair a exposing his corruption to the wo

It is worth recalling, as the p pursues this latest of its crusad the fate of the CIA. It isn't in tr ble today because of the ends sought. Those were, more often t not, noble ones, such as making world safe for democracy. It w rather, the means it chose to use for too long was allowed to use checked either by its political m ters or by press inquiry. The p now adopts the same tone of unc promising and embattled ideali with which young agents went i secret battle a generation ago. T world is not so simple and eas place that any enterprise as s righteous as the CIA or the Am ican press will long be honest w itself. Christian and Moslem al came to curse the Crusades.

George Crile III, a contributing editor Harper's, is at work on a book about CIA, to be published in the spring by H er's Magazine Press.

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AGED REVOLUTION

riations on a modern theme

N NOVEMBER 10 the General Assembly of the United Nations, by a vote of 72-35 with 32 abstentions, passed a resolution defining Zionism as a "form of racism and racial discrimiion." Intended as an attack against Israel id by extension against the ideas associated h democracy, civil liberties, and human hts), the resolution was introduced in the ial, Cultural, and Humanitarian Committee the U.N. by the bloc of Arab nations. It ourages the member states to look upon port for Israel as a criminal act. If enforced literal-minded governments (or by governits choosing to be literal-minded as a pretext miscellaneous depredations) the resolution ld transform anti-Semitism into a noble se. The majority voting in favor of its pase consisted of the Communist countries mak alliance with those nations of Africa, Asia, Latin America that conceive of themselves he vanguard in the revolution said to be reming the Third World from ignorance and pair.

The furious and impotent rage that animates much of their rhetoric suggests that their olution has failed. The cheering that accomied the counting of the votes in the General embly contained the mockery of self-defeat. e conceived as the last, best hope of peace the world, the U.N. appeared to have nged itself into a headquarters tent convet for plotting wars and demolitions, an mbly that reserved its warmest applause Yasir Arafat with a gun under his coat.

When it was organized in San Francisco in 5, the U.N. envisioned an entirely different l of transformation. For a number of years, sibly as many as fifteen, the U.N. attempted nbue the words of its charter with meaning political structure. It did so with the cusary failures and hypocrisies, but a surpris number of its members worked to extend the fragile lines of civil liberty across the old colonial frontiers. In the early 1960s a host of new nations clamored for admission into the U.N., all of them struggling to let fall what their orators invariably described as "the shackles of imperialism." As a correspondent assigned to the U.N. in those days, I remember their excitement with the spaciousness of their newfound freedom. They spoke in a sudden rush of words, as if unaccustomed to speaking to anybody of whom they were not afraid. Hoping to redress the balance of accumulated wrongs, they sought to form a coalition of the weak against the tyranny of the strong.

Within a decade most of them had been killed or forced into exile. Their revolutions passed through brief periods of representative government and then subsided into the primitive lethargy of military despotism. Nothing was ever enough. The poor nations looked into the shop windows of the West and wanted more of everything—more money, more guns, more medals, more of what they came to believe was owed to them for the years of breaking stones. If it was true (as the smiling enthusiasts in the West so often and so easily said) that the imperialist nations had plundered the wealth of the subcontinents, then was it not also true that those nations would restore the value of everything that had been made into jewelry and automobiles? No, it was not true; neither was it convenient or possible. The promises of the 1960s expired (in New York as well as in Saigon and New Delhi), and the currency of inflated expectation collapsed under the weight of bad debts. So much had been hoped for, and as little had come to pass as in the days of Caesar Augustus. If in 1961 the U.N. seemed to offer the means by which the strong might make the world a paradise for the weak, by 1971 it provided the armaments with which the weak might reduce the strong to an equality of misery.

Roll Call on Resolution Classifying Zionism as a Form of Racism

IN FAVOR—72

Afghanistan
Albania
Algeria
Bahrein
Bangladesh
Brazil
Bulgaria
Burundi
Byelorussia
Cambodia
Cameroon
Cape Verde
Chad
China
Congo
Cuba
Cyprus
Czechoslovakia
Dahomey
Egypt
Eq. Guinea
Gambia
Germany, East
Grenada
Guinea
Guinea-Bissau
Guyana
Hungary
India
Indonesia
Iran
Iraq
Jordan
Kuwait
Laos
Lebanon
Libya
Madagascar
Malaysia
Maldives
Mali
Malta
Mauritania
Mexico
Mongolia

(Continued on next page

Morocco
Mozambique
Niger
Nigeria
Oman
Pakistan
Poland
Portugal
Qatar
Rwanda
Sao Tome
Saudi Arabia
Senegal
Somalia
Southern Yemen
Soviet Union
Sri Lanka
Sudan
Syria
Tanzania
Tunisia
Turkey
Uganda
Ukraine
United Arab Emir.
Yemen
Yugoslavia

OPPOSED—35

Australia
Austria
Bahamas
Barbados
Belgium
Britain
Canada
Cen. Afr. Rep.
Costa Rica
Denmark
Dominican Rep.
El Salvador
Fiji
Finland
France
Germany, West
Haiti
Honduras
Iceland
Ireland
Israel
Italy
Ivory Coast
Liberia
Luxembourg
Malawi
Netherlands
New Zealand
Nicaragua
Norway
Panama
Swaziland
Sweden
United States
Uruguay

MORE THAN ANYTHING else it is the impotence of the Third World that reveals itself in the Zionism resolution. Having failed in its attempt to vote Israel out of the U.N., the Arab bloc settled for the gesture of contempt and for the insult of inviting the Palestinian Liberation Organization to the Middle East peace talks in Geneva. Both actions presumably suited the policy of the Communist countries. If the U.N. can be discredited, if the cause of revolution can be seen to have been lost, then so much the better for the interests of the totalitarian state. The Arab nations no doubt believe themselves magically protected by their newly appropriated Aladdin's lamp (witness the ease with which OPEC can raise the price of oil), and it is probable that they can buy as many votes as they need in the impoverished market of the Third World. Had the anticolonialist revolution succeeded, the smaller nations might have had the strength to refuse the bribe. Because the revolution failed they could only express their weakness by performing the fantasy of omnipotence. Their revolutions have been put back in the cage. The keepers somehow acquired new uniforms, exchanging the muted gray of the imperialist civil service for the brightly colored epaulets of the indigenous dictator, but the old rules remain in force. Of the seventy-two nations voting in favor of the Zionist resolution, the majority are tyrannies.

On the day after the vote, the United States Congress resolved to question the usefulness of continued American support to the U.N.; elsewhere in the world the general opinion tended toward equally bleak prophecies. Among the people commissioned to maintain a level of reason in international affairs the General Assembly of the U.N. has long since been recognized as a theater of the absurd. The trouble with the vote against Israel is the harm that it does to the good opinion of the U.N. still clung to by the world at large. The heaviest losses will be incurred by precisely those nations that have the most to gain from the continued existence of the U.N., not only as a place of business but also as an idea. As the wealthier states come to conduct their business in isolated luxury (cf. the recent economic summit at Rambouillet), so also will the poor nations forfeit the dignity of being asked about the disposition of their geography and political aspirations.

A sense of the rising storm of the world shows through the recent speeches of Daniel P. Moynihan, the United States Ambassador to the U.N. The text proceeds along the line of his developing argument during the few weeks prior to the vote in the General Assembly. Official papers seldom correspond to the imaginative literature of their time, but it so happened that copies of Mr. Moynihan's speeches arrived in the offices of *Harper's* in the same mail with Nadine Gordimer's story "A Soldier's Embrace." They make a striking juxtaposition, the public and private voices converging at the point of argument between man as an individual and man as a possession of the state.

—L. H. I.

A DIPLOMAT'S RHETORIC

Public abstractions in a major key

by Daniel P. Moynihan

San Francisco, October 3

A CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE is evident, is it not, in the present plight of New York, the capital of the country in most respects, certainly our first city, and the one where a sickness of overgovernment brought only a sickness of unemployment. No one wants to do anything about it—because no one is confident that what would be done would make things any better. We no longer think that we know what to do.

Abroad our situation is no better. The realities of power are in the first instance economic. The industrial world—the United States included—is in the midst of the worst recession since the 1930s. This time, however, we suffer not only from internal disorders, but from external attack. It is hard, I suppose, for us to understand this. Too easy perhaps to ascribe it to the wrongdoings of democracy itself, to mistakes that we have made that have brought inevitable, justified, even admirable retaliation. Again, this is a crisis of confidence: the trouble we have in trusting ourselves. But let

y that we distrust ourselves to our utmost. For emocracy is indeed under increasing attack, e West is under increasing attack, and increasingly the attack succeeds. Increasingly the tack is *seen* to succeed.

I see it every day at the United Nations. Every day, on every side, we are assailed. There e those in this country whose pleasure, or ofit, it is to believe that our assailants are otivated by what is wrong about us. They are rong. We are assailed because of what is *right* out us. We are assailed because we are a emocracy.

A quarter-century ago the future looked good ough for democracy, at least in most parts of e world. The old democracies of Europe were viving. Old autocracies, such as Japan, seemed be following the evolution that had given way democracy in Western Europe, and would ve done so in Eastern Europe had not the olsheviks seized power. One by one the colies of Africa and Asia were becoming indendent. And one by one they were establishing emocratic regimes.

All this has changed. One by one the new emocracies have disappeared, and even some the old ones. In the United Nations today ere are in the range of two dozen democraes left. Totalitarian Communist regimes and sorted ancient and modern despotisms make all the rest. And nothing so unites these nans as the conviction that their success ultiately depends on our failure. . . .

It is no accident that His Excellency Field arshal Al Hadji Idi Amin Dada, President of e Republic of Uganda—to give him his U.N. le—has called for "the extinction of Israel as state." And it is no accident, I fear, that this acist murderer"—as one of our leading newspers called him—is head of the Organization African Unity. For Israel is a democracy, and is simply the fact that despotisms will seek atever opportunities come to hand to destroy at which threatens them most, which is demcracy.

THERE WILL BE MORE campaigns. They will not abate, for it is sensed in the world that democracy is in trouble. There is blood in the water, and the sharks grow frenzied. They commence, of course, to consume one another, and e chaos mounts. Let me offer a statistic. ere are 142 members of the U.N. We calcued the length of time in which the typical N. member had enjoyed a relatively stable vernment without violent overthrow or usurtion, including revolution. We put ourselves wn for 199 years, Belgium for 144, France 127, Australia for 74. And what did the dian come out to be? Eleven years. Eleven years since the last overthrow of government in the median member of the U.N.

A year ago I was far more optimistic about all this than I am today. It seemed to me then that many of the new countries of the world had inherited, mostly from Western Europe, a decent and honorable tradition of democratic socialism which, if it had a certain anti-American bias, was nonetheless a tradition we could work with and respect. A year later I am not at all sure about that. Such has been the success of Communist arms, Communist intrigue, Communist treachery in Asia and Africa that the reputation of democracy in those regions has all but collapsed.

Certainly it has done so where I work. There is much that the United Nations has done in its thirty years that is honorable and good. But it has done damn little for democracy. All that talk of freedom gets frighteningly close to the Orwellian inversion: War is Peace; Slavery is Liberty; Injustice is Justice. What the U.N. has done is simply to extend the nation-state to the farthest reaches of the inhabited world. Now that was going to happen, I assume, and the U.N. is hardly to blame if it happened under its auspices. But let there be no illusions: most of the new states and most of the old ones have ended up enemies of freedom as we know it and as we have tried to preserve it.

What is going on is a systematic effort to create an international society in which government is the one and only legitimate institution. The old dream of an international economic order in which one single nation dominated is being replaced by a not so different vision of the domination of a single idea, the idea of the all-encompassing state, a state which has no provision for the liberties of individuals. □

"What we have at stake here is not merely the honor and the legitimacy of the State of Israel, but the integrity of that whole body of moral and legal precepts which we know as human rights."

ABSTENTIONS—32

Argentina
Bhutan
Bolivia
Botswana
Burma
Chile
Colombia
Ecuador
Ethiopia
Gabon
Ghana
Greece
Guatemala
Jamaica
Japan
Kenya
Lesotho
Mauritius
Nepal
Papua N. Guinea
Paraguay
Peru
Philippines
Sierra Leone
Singapore
Thailand
Togo
Trinidad-Tobago
Upper Volta
Venezuela
Zaire
Zambia

Not Voting—
Rumania,
South Africa,
Spain.

New York, October 21

THERE CAN BE FEW persons who follow the affairs of the United Nations who have failed to note that on October 17, 1975, the Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Committee of the General Assembly adopted a resolution equating Zionism with racism. Specifically, in a one-sentence "operative paragraph," the committee adopted a resolution which states: "Zionism is a form of racism and racial discrimination."

The language is notable because it really is language. A clear meaning is clearly stated. A rare event in the political diction of the United Nations, an organization now much given over in its language to the concealment of meaning.

James Joyce hit upon the term *epiphany* for such moments of showing through. "Its soul," he wrote, "its whatness leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. . . . The object

Daniel P. Moynihan
A DIPLOMAT'S RHETORIC

achieves its epiphany." This is what happened in the Third Committee of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Self-destruction is what first showed through. For some time now the United Nations has been showing a seemingly compulsive urge to outrage those very principles on which it was founded. Things like that happen. How else to explain the incessant quest for yet new devices for scandalizing the good opinion on which the survival of the institution depends? The United Nations has become a locus of a general assault by the majority of the nations in the world on the principles of liberal democracy which are now found only in a minority of nations, and, for that matter, a dwindling minority. It was not Zionism that was condemned at the United Nations, it was Israel; and not the State of Israel nearly so much as the significance of Israel as one of the very few places, outside of Western Europe and North America and a few offshore islands, where Western democratic principles survive. . . .

THE RESOLUTION EQUATING Zionism with racism cites a passage from a resolution adopted by the Assembly of Heads of State and Government of the Organization of African Unity held in Kampala from July 28 to August 1 which considered "that the racist regime in occupied Palestine and racist regimes in Zimbabwe and South Africa have a common imperialist origin, forming a whole and having the same racist structure and being organically linked in their policy aimed at repression of the dignity and integrity of the human being." Now, while utterly rejecting the charge concerning the nature of the society of the State of Israel, surely one can also acknowledge that there is indeed a common origin of the state systems in both those regions of the world. It is common to them, to the United States, to Fiji, to Bangladesh, to Guyana. It is a fact, which none need deny. The map of the world is a dense overlay of such facts. Thus the International Court of Justice has just handed down an opinion on the status of Spanish Sahara which ranges over centuries of not very different imperialisms, seeking an answer to a complex matter of sovereignty. We learn from Justice Ammoun, for example, that the historian Vernet notes that "after the Arab conquest of Morocco by Okba in 681, Moussa ben Nosair (a Lebanese chief converted to Islam, who was the companion of Tarek ben Ziad in the passage of the Straits of Gibraltar and in the conquest of Spain) sent his son Merouana to the furthest Souss. We know that the furthest Souss, or Sous al-Aksa, is situated within the boundary of the Sakiet El Hamra." All the familiar stuff of history.

Given this, is it not possible for nations caught up in the latest aftermath of the latest world movement to see, at very least, that the condition is not peculiar to one region or another, or one era or another, but rather is very much the stuff of history and the experience of almost the whole of mankind? Is it not possible that those nations not directly affected by the particular dispute before us will see that matters can only be made worse by taking sides? For in this kind of dispute, the more the dispute is pressed, the worse must be its outcome. No matter who prevails in the disputes that so very much absorb us in the world, the result in every instance seems to be the victory of the state and the state system, and the increasing forced identity of the individual with the state and its fortunes. □

U.N. General Assembly, November 10

IT IS PRECISELY a concern for civilization, for civilized values that are or should be precious to all mankind, that arouses us at this moment to such special passion. What we have at stake here is not merely the honor and the legitimacy of the State of Israel—although a challenge to the legitimacy of any member nation ought always to arouse the vigilance of all members of the United Nations. For a yet more important matter is at issue, which is the integrity of that whole body of moral and legal precepts which we know as human rights.

The terrible lie that has been told here today will have terrible consequences. People have already begun to say that the United Nations is a place where lies are told. Far more serious, grave, and perhaps irreparable harm will be done to the cause of human rights. The harm will arise first because it will strip from racism the precise and abhorrent meaning that it still precariously holds today. How will the peoples of the world feel about racism, and about the need to struggle against it, when they are told that it is an idea so broad as to include the Jewish National Liberation Movement? . .

As this lie spreads, it will do harm in a second way. Many of the members of the United Nations owe their independence in no small part to the notion of human rights, as it has spread from the domestic sphere to the international sphere and exercised its influence over the old colonial powers. We are now coming into a time when that independence is likely to be threatened again. There will be new forces, some of them arising now, new prophets and new despots, who will justify their actions with the help of just such distortions of words as we have sanctioned here today. Today we have drained the word *racism* of its meaning. Tomorrow

terms like *national self-determination* and *national honor* will be perverted in the same way to serve the purposes of conquest and exploitation. And when these claims begin to be made —as they already have begun to be made—it is the small nations of the world whose integrity will suffer. And how will the small nations of the world defend themselves, on what grounds will others be moved to defend and protect them, when the language of human rights, the only language by which the small can be defended, is no longer believed and no longer has a power of its own?

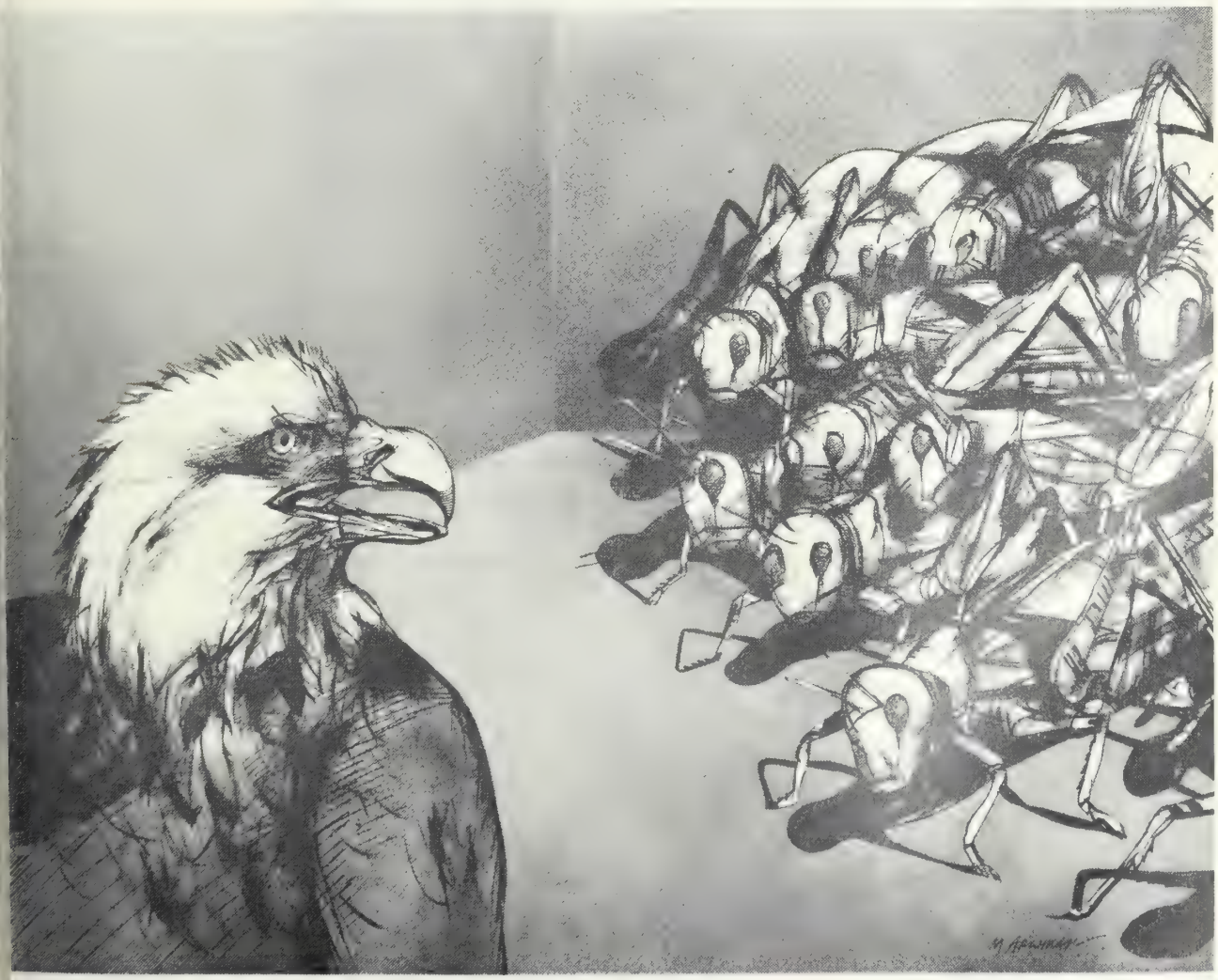
There is this danger, and then a final danger that is the most serious of all. Which is that the damage we now do to the idea of human rights and the language of human rights could well be irreversible. The idea of human rights as we know it today is not an idea which has always existed in human affairs. It is an idea which appeared at a specific time in the world, and under very special circumstances. It appeared when European philosophers of the seventeenth century began to argue that man was a being whose existence was independent from that of the state, that he need join a political community only if he did not lose by that association more than he gained. From this very specific political philosophy stemmed the idea of political rights, of claims that the individual could justly make against the state; it was because the individual was seen as so separate from the state that he could make legitimate demands upon it.

That was the philosophy from which the idea of domestic and international rights sprang. But most of the world does not hold with that philosophy now. Most of the world believes in newer modes of political thought, in philosophies that do not accept the individual as distinct from and prior to the state, in philosophies that therefore do not provide any justification for the idea of human rights and philosophies that have no words by which to explain their value. If we destroy the words that were given to us by past centuries, we will not have words to replace them, for philosophy today has no such words.

But there are those of us who have not forsaken these older words, still so new to much of the world. Not forsaken them now, not here, not anywhere, not ever.

The United States of America declares that it does not acknowledge, it will not abide by, it will never acquiesce in this infamous act. □

"The United Nations has become a locus of a general assault by the majority of the nations in the world on the principles of liberal democracy."



Marshall Arisman

Nadine Gordimer

A SOLDIER'S EMBRACE

A story in the related minor

THE DAY THE CEASE-FIRE was signed she was caught in a crowd. Peasant boys from Europe who had made up the colonial army and freedom fighters whose column had marched into town were staggering about together outside the barracks, not three blocks from her house, in whose rooms, for ten years, she had heard the blurred parade-ground bellow of colonial troops being trained.

The men weren't drunk. They linked and swayed across the street; because everything had come to a stop, everything *had* to come to a stop: they surrounded cars, bicycles, vans, nannies with children, women with loaves of bread or basins of mangoes on their heads, a road gang with picks and shovels, a Coca-Cola truck, an old man with a barrow who bought bottles and bones. They were grinning and laughing amazement that it could be: there they were, bumping into each other's bodies in joy, looking into each other's rough faces, all eyes crescent-shaped, brimming greeting. The words were in languages not mutually comprehensible, but the cries were new, a whooping and crowing all understood. She was bumped and jostled and she let go, stopped trying to move in any self-determined direction. There were two soldiers in front of her, blocking her off by their clumsy embrace (how do you do it, how do you do what you've never done before) and the embrace opened like a door and took her in—a pink hand with bitten nails grasping her right arm, a black hand with a big-dialed watch and thong bracelet pulling at her left elbow. Their three heads collided gaily; musk of sweat and tang of strong sweet soap clapped a mask to her nose and mouth. They all gasped with delicious shock. They were saying things to each other. She put up an arm around each neck, the rough pile of an army haircut on one side, the soft Negro hair on the other, ar kissed them both on the cheek. The embra broke. The crowd wove her away behind back arms, jogging heads; she was returned to ar took up the will of her direction again—sl was walking home from the post office, whe she had just sent a telegram to relatives abroa ALL CALM DON'T WORRY.

THE LAWYER CAME BACK early from h offices because the courts were not s ting, although the official celebrati holiday was not until the next da He described to his wife the rally b fore the town hall, which he had watched fro the office building balcony. One of the guerril leaders (not the most important; he on who head the biggest price had been laid would n venture so soon and deep into the territory newly won) had spoken for two hours from t balcony of the town hall. "Brilliant. Their ja dropped. Brilliant. They've never heard ar thing on that level: precise, reasoned—none them would ever have believed it possible, o of the bush. You should have seen de Poortee face. He'd like to be able to get up and op his mouth like that. And be listened to li that." The governor's handicap did not ev bring the sympathy accorded to a stammer: paused and gulped between words. The blac had always used a portmanteau name for h that meant "The-crane-who-is-trying-to-swallo the-bullfrog."

One of the members of the black und ground organization that could now come o in brass-band support of the freedom fighte had recognized the lawyer across from the o cial balcony and given the freedom fighte salute. The lawyer joked about it, miming, f of pride. "You should have been there—shou

Nadine Gordimer lives in South Africa. Her most recent book is The Conservationist *(Viking).*

A new television series on PBS

THE ADAMS CHRONICLES



Photo: Carl Samrock

"The story of the Adams family runs like a scarlet thread of moral courage and strength of character through the whole fabric of American history."

John F. Kennedy

Beginning on January 20, 1976, the Public Broadcasting Service will present a series of 13 hour-long television episodes dramatizing 150 years in the lives of America's history-making Adams family.

The series will bring to life the ambitions and desires and tragedies and triumphs of four generations of Adams men and women. Through these events we will discover how this unique family helped shape the destiny of our nation

Tune in January 20. Make sure you see this engrossing TV drama from the very beginning.

The outstanding cast includes (above, clockwise from upper left) Steven Grover (John Quincy Adams), Lisa Lucas (Nabby Adams), Kathryn Walker (Abigail Adams), J. C. Powell (Charles Adams), George Grizzard (John Adams), and Asher Pergament (Tommy Adams). An original production of WNET/13, New York.

The Adams Chronicles has been made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, The Andrew W Mellon Foundation, and Atlantic Richfield Company

ARCO
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have seen him, up there in the official party. I told you—really—you ought to have come to town with me this morning."

"And what did you do?" She wanted to assemble all details.

"Oh, I gave the salute in return, chaps in the street saluted me . . . everybody was doing it. *It was marvelous.* And the police standing by; just to think, last month—only last week—you'd have been arrested."

"Like thumbing your nose at them," she said, smiling.

"Did anything go on around here?"

"Muchanga was afraid to go out all day. He wouldn't even run up to the post office for me!" Their servant had come to them many years ago, from service in the house of her father, an official in the Treasury.

"But there was no excitement?"

She told him: "The soldiers and some freedom fighters mingled outside the barracks. I got caught for a minute or two. They were dancing about; you couldn't get through. All very good-natured—oh, I sent the cable."

AN ACCOLADE, one side a white cheek, the other a black. The white one she kissed on the left cheek, the black one on the right cheek, as if these were two sides of one face.

That vision, version, was like a poster; the sort of thing that was soon peeling off dirty shop fronts and bus shelters while the months of wrangling talks preliminary to the takeover by the black government went by.

To begin with, the cheek was not white but pale or rather sallow, the poor boy's pallor of winter in Europe (that company must have only just arrived and not yet seen service) with homesick pimples sliced off by the discipline of an army razor. And the cheek was not black but opaque peat-dark, waxed with sweat round the plump contours of the nostril. As if she could return to the moment again, she saw what she had not consciously noted: there had been a narrow pink strip in the darkness near the ear, the sort of tender stripe of healed flesh revealed when a scab is nicked off a little before it is ripe. The scab must have come away that morning: the young man had picked at it in the troop carrier or truck (whatever it was the freedom fighters had; the colony had been told for years that they were supplied by the Chinese and Russians indiscriminately) on the way to enter the capital in triumph.

According to newspaper reports, the day would have ended for the two young soldiers in drunkenness and whoring. She was, apparently, not yet too old to belong to the soldier's embrace of all that a land mine in the bush might have exploded forever. The opportunity taken by a woman not young enough to be clasped in the arms of the one who (the same newspaper, while the war was on, expressing the fears of the colonists for their women) would be expected to rape her.

She considered this version.

She had not kissed on the mouth, she had not sought anonymous lips and tongues in the license of festival. Yet she had kissed. Watching herself again, she knew that. She had—God knows why—kissed them on either cheek, his left, his right. It was deliberate, if a swift impulse: she had distinctly made the move.

She did not tell what happened not because her husband would suspect license in her, but because he would see her—born and brought up in the country as the daughter of an enlightened white colonial official, married to a white liberal lawyer well known for his defense of blacks in political trials—as giving free expression to liberal principles.

She had not told, she did not know what had happened.

She thought of a time long ago when a school camp had gone to the sea and immediately on arrival everyone had run down to the beach from the train, tripping and tearing over sand dunes of wild fig, aghast with ecstatic shock at the meeting with the water.

DE POORTEER WAS RECALLED, and the lawyer remarked to one of their black friends, "The crane has choked on the bullfrog. I hear that's what they're saying in the Quarter." The priest, who came from the black slum that had always been known simply by that anonymous term, did not respond with any sort of glee. His reserve implied it was easy to celebrate; there were people who "shouted freedom too loud all of a sudden."

The lawyer and his wife understood: Father Mulumbua was one who had shouted freedom when it was dangerous to do so, and gone to prison several times for it, while certain people now on the Interim Council set up to run the country until the new government took over, had kept silent. He named a few, but reluctantly. Enough to confirm their own suspicions—men who perhaps had made some deal with the colonial power to place its interests first, no matter what sort of government emerged from the new constitution? Yet when the couple plunged into discussion their friend left them talking to each other while he drank his beer and gazed, frowning as if at a headache or because the sunset light hurt his eyes behind his spectacles, round her huge-leaved tropical plants that bowered the terrace in cool humidity.

They had always been rather proud of their friendship with him, this man in a cassock who

ore a clenched fist carved of local ebony as ell as a silver cross round his neck. His black ce was habitually stern—a high seriousness lanced by sudden splurting laughter when ey used to tease him over the fist—but never attentively ill at ease.

"What was the matter?" She answered her-lf; "I had the feeling he didn't want to come ere." She was using a paper handkerchief pped in gin to wipe an aphid off the back a pale new leaf that had shaken itself from folds like a cutout paper lantern.

"Good Lord, he's been here hundreds of nes."

"—Before, yes."

WHAT THINGS WERE THEY saying? With the shouting in the street and the swaying of the crowd, the sweet powerful presence that confused the senses so that sound, ght, stink (sweat, cheap soap) ran into one emendous sensation, she could not make out ords that came so easily.

Not even what she herself must have said.

A FEW WEALTHY WHITE MEN who had been boastful in their support of the colonial war and knew they would be marked down by the blacks as archexploiters, left at once. Good rid-unce, as the lawyer and his wife remarked. any ordinary white people who had lived con-ntedly under the colonial government with-t questioning its actions now expressed an thusiastic intention to help build a nation, as e newspapers put it. The lawyer's wife's neigh-rhood butcher was one. "I don't mind blacks," was expansive with her, in his shop that he d occupied for twelve years on a license avail-le only to white people. "Makes no difference me who you are so long as you're honest." ext to a chart showing a beast mapped accord-g to the cuts of meat it provided, he had hung picture of the most important leader of the edom fighters, expected to be the first pres-ent. People like the butcher turned out with eir babies clutching pennants when the leader ove through the town from the airport.

There were incidents (newspaper euphe-ism again) in the Quarter. It was to be ex-cted. Political factions, tribally based, who d not fought the war, wanted to share power th the freedom fighters' party. Muchanga no nger went down to the Quarter on his day off. is friends came to see him and sat privately their hunkers near the garden compost heap. he ugly mansions of the rich who had fled od empty on the bluff above the sea, but it s said they would make money out of them yet—they would be bought as ambassadorial residences when independence came, and many black and yellow diplomats. Zealots who claimed they belonged to the party burned shops and houses of the poorer whites who lived, as the lawyer said, "in the inevitable echelon of colonial society," closest to the Quarter. A house in the lawyer's street was noticed by his wife to be accommodating what was certainly one of those families, in the outbuildings; green nylon curtains had appeared at the garage window, she reported. The suburb was pleasantly overgrown and well to do; no one rich, just white professional people and professors from the university. The barracks was empty now, except for an old man with a stump and a police uniform stripped of insignia, a friend of Muchanga, it turned out, who sat on a beer crate at the gates. He had lost his job as night watchman when one of the rich people went away, and was glad to have work.

The street had been perfectly quiet; except for that first day.

THE FINGERNAILS she sometimes still saw clearly were bitten down until embedded in a thin line of dirt all round, in the pink blunt fingers. The thumb and thick fingertips were turned back coarsely even while grasping her. Such hands had never been allowed to take possession. They were permanently raw, so young, from unloading coal, digging potatoes from the frozen Northern Hemisphere, washing hotel dishes. He had not been killed, and now that the day of the cease-fire was over he would be delivered back to the docks, the stony farm, the scullery of the grand hotel. He would have to do anything he could get. There was unemployment in Europe where he had returned, the army didn't need all the young men anymore.

A GREAT FRIEND of the lawyer and his wife, Chipande, was coming home from exile. They heard over the radio he was expected, accompanying the future president as confidential secretary, and they waited to hear from him.

The lawyer put up his feet on the empty chair where the priest had sat, shifting it to a comfortable position by hooking his toes, free in sandals, through the slats. "Imagine, Chipande!" Chipande had been almost a protégé—but they didn't like the term, it smacked of patronage. Tall, cocky, casual Chipande, a boy from the slummiest part of the Quarter, was recommended by the White Fathers' Mission (was it by Father Mulumbua himself?—the lawyer thought so, his wife was not sure they remembered correctly) as a bright kid who

"Their three heads collided gaily; musk of sweat and tang of strong sweet soap clapped a mask to her nose and mouth. They all gasped with delicious shock."

Nadine Gordimer

A SOLDIER'S EMBRACE

wanted to be articled to a lawyer. That was asking a lot, in those days—nine years ago. He never finished his apprenticeship because while he and his employer were soon close friends, and the kid picked up political theories from the books in the house he was made free of, he became so involved in politics that he had to skip the country one jump ahead of a detention order signed by the crane-who-was-trying-to-swallow-the-bullfrog.

After two weeks, the lawyer phoned the offices the guerrilla-movement-become-party had set up openly in the town but apparently Chipande had an office in the former colonial secretariat. There he had a secretary or receptionist of his own; he wasn't easy to reach. The lawyer left a message. The lawyer and his wife saw from the newspaper pictures he hadn't changed much: he had a beard and had adopted the Muslim cap favored by political circles in exile on the East Coast, that's all.

He did come to the house eventually. He had the distracted, insistent friendliness of one who has no time to reestablish intimacy; it must be taken as read. And it must not be displayed. When he remarked on a shortage of accommodation for exiles now become officials, and the lawyer said the house was far too big for two people, he was welcome to move in and regard a self-contained part of it as his private living quarters, he did not answer but went on talking generalities. The lawyer's wife mentioned Father Mulumbua, whom they had not seen since just after the cease-fire. The lawyer added, "There's obviously some sort of big struggle going on, he's fighting for his political life there in the Quarter." "Again," she said, drawing them into a reminder of what had only just become their past.

But Chipande was restlessly following with his gaze the movements of old Muchanga, dragging the hose from plant to plant, careless of the spray; "You remember who this is, Muchanga?" she had said when the visitor arrived. yet although the old man had given, in their own language, the sort of respectful greeting even an elder gives a young man whose clothes and bearing denote rank and authority, he was not in any way overwhelmed or enthusiastic perhaps he secretly supported one of the riva factions?

The lawyer spoke of the latest whites to leave the country—people who had got themselves quickly involved in the sort of currency swindles that draw more outrage than any other kind of crime, in a new state fearing the flight of capital: "Let them go, let them go. Good riddance." And he turned to talk of other things —there were so many more important questions to occupy the attention of the three old friends

But Chipande couldn't stay. Chipande could not stay for supper; his beautiful long velvet



black hands with their pale lining (as she thought of the palms) hung impatiently between his knees while he sat forward in the chair, explaining, adamant against persuasion. He should not have been there, even now; he had official business waiting. Sometimes he drafted correspondence until one or two in the morning. The lawyer remarked how there hadn't been a proper chance to talk; he wanted to discuss those fellows in the Interim Council Mulumbua was so warily distrustful of—what did Chipande know?

Chipande, already on his feet, said something dismissing and very slightly disparaging, not about the council members but of Mulumbua—a reference to his connection with the Jesuit missionaries as an influence that "comes through." "But I must make a note to see him sometime."

It seemed that even black men who presented a threat to the party could be discussed only among black men themselves, now. Chipande put an arm around each of his friends as for the brief official moment of a photograph, left them; he who used to sprawl on the couch arguing half the night before dossing down in the lawyer's pajamas. "As soon as I'm settled I'll contact you. You'll be around, ay?"

"Oh, we'll be around." The lawyer laughed, referring, for his part, to those who were no longer. "Glad to see you're not driving a Mercedes!" he called with reassured affection at the sight of Chipande getting into a modest car. How many times, in the old days, had they agreed on the necessity for African leaders to live simply when they came to power!

On the terrace to which he turned back, Muchanga was doing something extraordinary—wetting a dirty rag with Gilbey's. It was supposed to be his day off anyway; why was he messing about with the plants when one wanted peace to talk undisturbed?

"Is those thing again, those thing is killing the leaves."

"For heaven's sake, he could use methylated for that! Any kind of alcohol will do! Why don't you get him some?"

There were shortages of one kind and another in the country, and gin happened to be something in short supply.

WHATEVER THE HAND had done in the bush had not coarsened it. It, too, was suede-black, and elegant. The pale lining was hidden against her own skin where the hand grasped her left elbow. Strangely, black does not show toil—she remarked this as one remarks the quality of a fabric. The hand was not as long but as distinguished by beauty as Chipande's. The watch a fine piece of equipment for a fighter. There was something next to it, in fact looped over the strap by the angle of the wrist as the hand grasped. A bit of thong with a few beads knotted where it was joined as a bracelet. Or amulet. Their babies wore such things, often their first and only garment. Grandmothers or mothers attached it as protection. It had worked; he was alive at cease-fire. Some had been too deep in the bush to know, and had been killed after the fighting was over. He had pumped his head wildly and laughingly at whatever it was she —they—had been babbling.

"Whatever the hand had done in the bush had not coarsened it. Strangely, black does not show toil—she remarked this as one remarks the quality of a fabric."

THE LAWYER HAD MORE free time than he'd ever remembered. So many of his clients had left; he was deputed to collect their rents and pay their taxes for them, in the hope that their property wasn't going to be confiscated—there had been alarmist rumors among such people since the day of the cease-fire. But without the rich whites there was little litigation over possessions, whether in the form of the children of dissolved marriages or the houses and cars claimed by divorced wives. The Africans had their own ways of resolving such redistribution of goods. And a gathering of elders under a tree was sufficient to settle a dispute over boundaries or argue for and against the guilt of a woman accused of adultery. He had had a message, in a roundabout way, that he might be asked to be consultant on constitutional law to the party, but nothing seemed to come of it. He took home with him the proposals for the draft constitution he had managed to get hold of. He spent whole afternoons in his study making notes for counter or improved proposals he thought he would send to Chipande or one of the other people he knew in high positions: every time he glanced up, there through his open windows was Muchanga's little company at the bottom of the garden. Once, when he saw they had straggled off, he wandered down himself to clear his head (he got drowsy, as he never did when he used to work twelve hours a day at the office). They ate dried shrimps from the market: that's what they were doing! The ground was full of bitten-off heads and black eyes on stalks. His wife smiled. "They bring them. Muchanga won't go near the market since the riot." "It's ridiculous. Who's going to harm him?"

There was even a suggestion that the lawyer might apply for a professorship at the university. The chair of the Faculty of Law was vacant, since the students had demanded the expulsion of certain professors engaged during the colonial regime—in particular the fuddy-duddy (good riddance) who had gathered dust in the law chair, and the quite decent young man

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(pity about him) who had had political science. But what professor of political science could expect to survive both a colonial regime and the revolutionary regime that defeated it? The lawyer and his wife decided that since he might still be appointed in some consultative capacity to the new government it would be better to keep out of the university context, where the students were shouting for Africanization, anyway, and even an appointee with his credentials as a fighter of legal battles for blacks against the colonial regime in the past might not escape their ire.

Newspapers sent by friends from over the border gave statistics for the number of what they termed "refugees" who were entering the neighboring country. The papers from outside also featured sensationally the inevitable mistakes and misunderstandings, in a new administration, that led to several foreign businessmen being held for investigation by the new regime. For the last fifteen years of colonial rule, Gulf had been drilling for oil in the territory, and it was certain that all sorts of questionable people, from the point of view of the regime's determination not to be exploited in ideological or economic terms, would try to gain concessions.

His wife said, "The butcher's gone."

He was home, reading at his desk; he could spend the day more usefully there than at the office, most of the time. She had left after breakfast with her fisherman's basket that she liked to use for shopping, she wasn't away twenty minutes. "You mean the shop's closed?" There was nothing in the basket. She must have turned and come straight home.

"Gone. It's empty. He's cleared out over the weekend."

She sat down suddenly on the edge of the desk; and after a moment of silence, both laughed shortly, a strange, secret, complicit laugh. "Why, do you think?" "Can't say. He certainly charged, if you wanted a decent cut. But meat's so hard to get, now; I thought it was worth it—justified."

The lawyer raised his eyebrows and pulled down his mouth: "Exactly." They understood; the man probably knew he was marked to run into trouble for profiteering—he must have been paying through the nose for his supplies on the black market, anyway, didn't have much choice.

Shops were being looted by the unemployed and loafers (there had always been a lot of unemployed hanging around for the pickings of the town) who felt the new regime should entitle them to take what they dared not before. Radio and television shops were the most favored objective for gangs who adopted the freedom fighters' slogans. Transistor radios were the portable luxuries of street life; the new regime issued solemn warnings, over those same radios, that looting and violence would be firmly dealt with but it was difficult for the police to be everywhere at once. Sometimes their actions became street battles, since the struggle with the looters changed character as supporters of the party's rival political factions joined in with the thieves against the police. It was necessary to be ready to reverse direction, quickly turning down a side street in detour if one encountered such disturbances while driving around town. There were bodies sometimes; both husband and wife had been fortunate enough not to see any close up, so far. A company of the freedom fighters' army was brought down from the north and installed in the barracks to supplement the police force; they patrolled the Quarter, mainly. Muchanga's friend kept his job as gatekeeper although there were armed sentries on guard: the lawyer's wife found that a light touch to mention in letters to relatives in Europe.

"Where'll you go now?"

She slid off the desk and picked up her basket. "Supermarket, I suppose. Or turn vegetarian." He knew that she left the room quickly, smiling, because she didn't want him to suggest Muchanga ought to be sent to look for fish in the markets along the wharf in the Quarter. Muchanga was being allowed to indulge in all manner of eccentric refusals; for no reason, unless out of some curious sentiment about her father?

SHE AVOIDED WALKING past the barracks because of the machine guns the young sentries had in place of rifles. Rifles pointed into the air but machine guns pointed to the street at the level of different parts of people's bodies, short and tall the backsides of babies slung on mother's backs the round heads of children, her fisherman's basket—she knew she was getting like the others: what she felt was afraid. She wondered what the butcher and his wife had said to each other. Because he was at least one whom she had known. He had sold the meat she had bought that these women and their babies passing her in the street hadn't had the money to buy.

IT WAS SOMETHING quite unexpected and outside their own efforts that decided it. A friend over the border telephoned and offered a place in a lawyer's firm of highest repute there, and some prestige in the world at large, since the team had defended individuals fighting for freedom of the press and militant churchmen upholding freedom of conscience on political issues. A telephone call

as simple as that. The friend said (and the lawyer did not repeat this even to his wife) they would be proud to have a man of his courage and convictions in the firm. He could be satisfied he would be able to uphold the liberal principles everyone knew he had always stood for; there were many whites, in that country still ruled by a white minority, who deplored the injustices under which their black population suffered, et cetera, and believed you couldn't ignore the need for peaceful change, et cetera.

His offices presented no problem; something called Africa Seabeds (Formosan Chinese who had gained a concession to ship seaweed and dried shrimps in exchange for rice) took over the lease and the typists. The senior clerks and the current articled clerk (the lawyer had always given a chance to young blacks, long before other people had come round to it—it wasn't only the secretary to the president who owed his start to him) he managed to get employed by the new Trades Union Council; he still knew a few blacks who remembered the times he had acted for black workers in disputes with the colonial government. The house would just have to stand empty, for the time being. It wasn't imposing enough to attract an embassy but maybe it would do for a chargé d'affaires—it was left in the hands of a half-caste letting agent who was likely to stay put: only whites were allowed in, at the country over the border. Getting money out was going to be much more difficult than disposing of the house. The lawyer would have to keep coming back, so long as this remained practicable, hoping to find a loophole in exchange control regulations.

She was deputed to engage the movers. In their innocence, they had thought it as easy as that! Every large vehicle, let alone a moving van, was commandeered for months ahead. She had no choice but to grease a palm, although it went against her principles; it was condoning a practice they believed a young black state must stamp out before corruption took hold. He would take his entire legal library, for a start; that was the most important possession, to him. Neither was particularly attached to furniture. She did not know what there was she felt she really could not do without. Except the plants. And that was out of the question. She could not even mention it. She did not want to leave her towering plants, mostly natives of South America and not Africa, she supposed, whose aerial tubes pushed along the terrace brick, erect tips extending hourly in the growth of the rainy season, whose great leaves turned shield to the spatter of Muchanga's hose lancing off in a shower of harmless arrows, whose two-hand-span trunks were smooth and grooved in one sculptural sweep down their length, or carved by the drop of each dead leaf-stem with concave medallions marking the place and building a pattern at once bold and exquisite. Such things would not travel; they were too big to give away.

The evening she was beginning to pack the books, the telephone rang in the study. Chipande—and he called her by her name, urgently, commandingly—"What is this all about? Is it true, what I hear? Let me just talk to him—"

"Our friend," she said, making a long arm, receiver at the end of it, toward her husband.

"But you can't leave!" Chipande shouted down the phone. "*You* can't go! I'm coming round. *Now*."

She went on packing the legal books while Chipande and her husband were shut up together in the living room.

"He cried. You know, he actually cried." Her husband stood in the doorway, alone.

"I know—that's what I've always liked so much about them, whatever they do. They feel."

The lawyer made a face: there it is, it happened; hard to believe.

"Rushing in here, after nearly a year! I said, but we haven't seen you, all this time . . . he took no notice. Suddenly he starts pressing me to take the university job, raising all sorts of objections, why not this . . . that. And then he really wept, for a moment."

They got on with packing books like builder and mate deftly handling and catching bricks.

And the morning they were to leave it was all done; twenty-one years of life in that house gone quite easily into one van. They were quiet with each other, perhaps out of apprehension of the tedious search of their possessions that would take place at the border; it was said that if you struck overconscientious or officious freedom fighter patrols they would even make you unload a piano, a refrigerator, or washing machine. She had bought Muchanga a hawker's license, a pushcart, and stocks of small commodities. Now that many small shops owned by white shopkeepers had disappeared, there was an opportunity for humble itinerant black traders. Muchanga had lost his fear of the town. He was proud of what she had done for him and she knew he saw himself as a rich merchant; this was the only sort of freedom he understood, after so many years as a servant. But she also knew, and the lawyer, sitting beside her in the car knew she knew, that the shortages of the goods Muchanga could sell from his cart, the sugar and soap and matches and pomade and sunglasses, would soon put him out of business. He promised to come back to the house and look after the plants every week; and he stood waving, as he had done every year when they set off on holiday. She did not know what to call out as they drove away. The right words would not come again; whatever they were, she had left them behind. □

"It was necessary to be ready to reverse direction, quickly turning down a side street if one encountered disturbances while driving around town. There were bodies sometimes."

The world
in a bowl of soup

by
Annie Dillard

A CHRISTMAS STORY

ONCE THERE WAS a great feast held in a banquet hall of such enormous proportions that you could not believe men built such a thing. Two thousand chandeliers hung from the ceiling; lumber cut from all the world's forests made the vast and parti-colored floor. Great loose areas of the hall were given to various activities: there were dances and many kinds of gaming; a corner was devoted to the sick and injured, and another to the weaving of cloth. Children chanted rhymes wherever they gathered, and young men sought pretty girls in greenhouses or behind the damask hanging of booths and stalls.

The feast lasted all night long. Guests sat at a table as long as a river that stretched down the middle of the hall. No one cloth could cover such a table, nor could one centerpiece suffice. So the table was decorated in hundreds of different themes, with different combinations of colors and kinds of tableware, with various carved figures and various drinks, and with lively musicians in costume playing to each set of guests a special music.

There was only a single course served to the guests, but that was a soup made of so many ingredients it seemed to contain all other dishes. The soup was served continuously, all night long, and there were so many guests that all the places at the table were always taken, and the benches always full, when the servants ladled the soup into the endlessly decorated array of metal, glass, wood, and pottery bowls.

NOW, THE HOST of this feast was a young man of tremendous wealth and power who stood behind a curtain on a balcony above the great hall, and watched the guests as they ate and drank at the long table. He thought: "All night long people have been eating as much soup as they wanted, and then coming back to the table for more. It is good that they enjoy themselves. But not one person has seen or really understood the excellence of that soup."

So the host parted the curtain a crack more and let his gaze fall. It fell directly on an old man who happened to be sitting at the table in his line of vision, looking about and thinking of nothing at all. At once the old man felt an overwhelming sense of power, an impact as if his spirit had been struck broadside and wakened to a flood of light. He bowed his head and saw, through charged eyes, his bowl of soup that had come alive and was filled to endless depths with wonderful things.

There were green fields in his soup bowl, with carrots growing, one by one, in slender rows. As he watched, transfixed, men and women in bright vests and scarves came and pulled the carrots, one by one, out of the soil, and carried them in baskets to shaded kitchens, where they scrubbed them with yellow brushes under running water. He saw white-faced cattle lowing and wading in rivers, with dust on the whorled and curly white hair between their ears. He saw tomatoes in kitchen gardens set out as seedlings by women in plaid shirts and by strong-handed men; and he watched the tomatoes as, before his eyes, the light from the sun blew each one up like a balloon. Cells on the root hairs of beans swelled and divided, and squashes grew spotted and striped in the fall. Wine aged in caves, and the barrel-maker went home to his wife through sunlight and shade.

He saw the ocean, and he seemed to be in the ocean himself, swimming over orange crabs that looked like coral, or off the deep Atlantic banks where whitefish school. Or again he saw the tops of poplars, and the whole sky brushed with clouds in pallid streaks, under which wild ducks flew with outstretched necks, and called, one by one, and flew on.

All these things the old man saw in his soup. Scenes grew in depth and sunlit detail under his eyes, and were replaced by ever more scenes, until, with the flight of wild ducks, the worlds resolved into one blue sky, now streaked, now clear, and, at last, into soup again, dark soup, fragrant in its bowl. The host had let the curtain fall shut.

The man blinked and moved his head from side to side. "I see now," he said to himself, "that this is truly an excellent soup, praise God." And he ate his bowlful, and joined the dancers in a daze, a kind of very energetic daze. □

Annie Dillard is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning Pilgrim at Tinker Creek *(Harper's Magazine Press).*

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M. J. Rossant

HOW ROCKEFELLER DESTROYED NEW YORK

By subverting the Democratic process, even a mediocre politician can build monuments to his own foolishness

M. J. Rossant is director of the Twentieth Century Fund, a foundation which conducts economic and social research.

ONE

THE FINANCIAL RUIN of the nation's greatest city is the kind of event that inevitably gives rise to a festival of recrimination. South and west of the Hudson River, where the common attitude toward New York shifts between awe, hostility, and envy, most people seem to regard the city's plight as self-inflicted, the result of the excessive pride and profligacy for which the city's residents supposedly display so expensive a preference. Thus President Ford and his popular denunciations of liberal politicians who know nothing of the frugal way of life, as practiced by clean-living Republicans in Grand Rapids. In New York itself everybody looks for someone else to blame. Ever since last spring, the municipal unions have said that the city has been done in by a "bankers' plot"; bankers, in turn, have remarked on the overly generous wage boosts and pension benefits awarded to the unions. Other critics attribute the debacle to the city's inept and inflated bureaucracy, its welfare cheats, and its talent for corruption. Among individuals, Mayor Abraham Beame, who was supposed to "know the buck"; ex-Mayor John Lindsay, who is alleged to have given the city away; and former Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, who combined the grandiose with the inane, have attracted the most enthusiastic notice. However satisfying these beliefs may seem, particularly to their proponents, they do not explain the ills that have befallen New York.

But if there is no one villain, a number of individuals are clearly much more culpable than others. Some were motivated by good, even noble, intentions, others by self-interest or political ambition. Invested with the authority of government or possessing the reputation of financial acumen, they misled the public, sometimes wittingly, sometimes not. In other circumstances, a number of them might have been charged with crimes.

Intellectual bankruptcy

TO BE SURE, there were extenuating circumstances. Larger, impersonal forces were at work. New York had no defenses against inflation or recession, or against federal policies that promoted the exodus of middle-income taxpayers and an influx of poor and unskilled minorities, or against the Southern and Midwestern coalition that has consistently maldistributed federal funds. It was not responsible for the deterioration of its once healthy economic structure, and it did not invent the beguiling notion that money could bring about social change.

But the fact remains that the city's principal citizens—its politicians, its bankers, its union leaders, merchants, and sages of the press—were guilty of serious misjudgments and misdeeds. They increased spending not merely to alleviate the lot of the poor, but to buy peace in the city, which obliged them to pay hush-money to almost every street crowd threatening disruption. This forced them to increase taxes, which accelerated the loss of residents (both corporate and individual) who could pay those taxes, and so they had to resort to massive borrowing. Because New York could not repay its debts, the borrowing demanded a growing reliance on subterfuge. As a consequence, New York ceased to operate as an open, democratic government. Long before its credit collapsed, the city was intellectually and politically bankrupt.

As of this writing, Ford's position appears to be undergoing a transformation, the result of a sobering reappraisal of the economic and political consequences likely to follow from the destruction of New York. The sacrifices undertaken by the city and state have had an effect on Washington and elsewhere in the country. Perhaps because he so obviously lacks slickness



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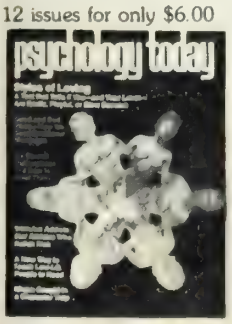
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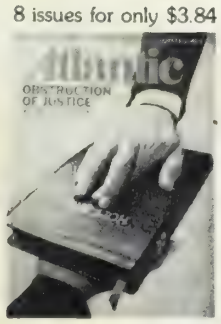
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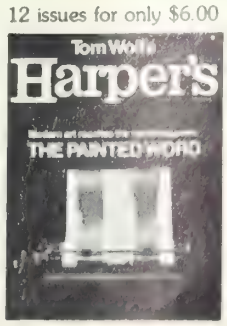
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M. J. Rossant

HOW OCKEFELLER DESTROYED NEW YORK

ONEHUNDRED

or guile, Gov. Hugh Carey has managed to convince a growing number of politicians that he means to do whatever is necessary to preserve the city from default, even to the point of forcing unions to put a big share of their pension-fund assets in city and state securities. There is a certain rough justice in such an arrangement; the rich benefits won by the unions might well be modified or even eliminated if New York defaults. Justice would also be served if the banks, which profited so handsomely from the sale of the city's securities, agree to keep the obligations they still hold until all other purchasers are paid off.

For well over a decade the city and state have been ruled in large part by a coalition of publicly elected officials, their appointed executives, and a select cadre of investment and commercial bankers (including Treasury Secretary William Simon, then a leading figure in the municipal market), who borrowed huge amounts of money from private investors rather than raising it—if it should have been raised at all—through increased taxation. Most of their work was done in secret. Because units of government are the borrowers, the municipal-bond market escapes almost all the rules and regulations that prevail in other markets; this enabled New York City to borrow without full disclosure and permitted New York State to evade constitutional restrictions against increasing its indebtedness without the approval of the voters. The public policy resembled the shoddy pyramids of financial promoters who borrow money on the promise to repay out of future income, and then must keep on borrowing because the income never materializes. In New York (both the city and the state) the scheme worked far longer and more successfully than ever before, partly because no one could believe that legitimate governments would engage in such dubious operations, partly because of the ingenious and creative forms employed in the financings, and partly because so many people were making so much money. The deception required the active participation of the banking community, which invested in and promoted the sale of city- and state-backed securities. At the end, when the risks became apparent, and the profits turned into losses, the banks remembered fiscal responsibility and stopped the credit.

NEITHER THE STATE nor the city started out with the intention of bilking investors or conning the electorate. Rockefeller, who first planted the seeds of future trouble in 1960, saw himself as responding to the growing public clamor for better housing, more schools and hospitals, bigger welfare payments, higher salaries and pension benefits for public employees, and a variety of other public needs. But he faced the problem of how to satisfy rising expectations without overburdening—and alienating—the voters.

He soon realized that his grandiose plans to remake the state called for much more money than he could ever safely raise by taxation or by referendums to increase the state's direct debt, although he made use of both. His solution was to rely on private investors for the financing of public projects. Fortunately for him, the banks were more than willing to find the investors. Their eagerness to promote the sale of state and local tax-exempt obligations was then relatively recent; tempted by the lure of quick and easy profits, they were just beginning to shorten their time horizons and soften their standards. They also were intent on buying tax-exempt securities for their own portfolios as a means of offsetting their growing profits.

The union between the banks and the state was made profitable by an innovation credited to John Mitchell, then known as a shrewd specialist in the legal intricacies of municipal finance. Mitchell's contribution was a promise—as distinguished from an official pledge—that the state legislature would appropriate whatever was required if the borrowing authority did not earn enough to pay debt service on its securities. Variously described as a "moral commitment" or "moral obligation," it was exploited to spawn a whole series of new public authorities developed by the Rockefeller entourage. With this commitment, which the bankers regarded as insurance that the state would make good any bad debts, Rockefeller could give the appearance of fiscal probity while borrowing and spending at a prodigious rate.

Public authorities were not new in the early 1960s. Their usefulness had long been apparent in the successful operations of the Port of New York Authority, which had been established by New York and New Jersey in 1921, and in the string of agencies ruled over by Robert Moses. Theoretically independent and self-supporting, they raised private capital to build and operate public facilities, repaying their borrowings from the proceeds of tolls, fees, rents, and other charges. Because they enjoyed monopoly franchises, they generated so much revenue and wielded so much political power that, rather than liquidate their outstanding debt, they were always able to borrow more for building new highways and parks, airports, docks, power plants, and bridges. Robert Caro in *The Power Broker* provides a voluminous account of the ways in which Moses built up a shadow government out of sight of the public. Austin J. Tobin, the former head of the Port Authority, was an equally adroit if much less publicized political operator who, contrary to the provisions of the agency's charter, resisted making commitments

to mass transit. Both Tobin and Moses developed loyal constituencies in the construction industry, which profited from their steady expansions. The Port Authority built the highways and bridges that opened up the suburbs for development not because of what the public wanted but because of what the market would buy.

Yet the concept of public authorities has merit. Despite Moses' excesses, many public authorities provide efficient and effective service. But what Moses wrought Rockefeller transformed into a much more pervasive system of enterprises that, like the old authorities, were ostensibly self-supporting, but which, in the event of a shortfall, called for the provision of public funds.

In fact, public funds (termed "first-instance" appropriations) were needed to get the authorities started. Rockefeller had little trouble convincing the state legislature to authorize such payments. It also complied with his request to write the moral commitment into the legislation authorizing each new authority, accepting his view that this "bold new financing without expense to the taxpayer" would never have to be underwritten. Aware that public authorities had a good track record, the legislators, like bankers, thought that they had a lot to gain and little to lose.

For a time, they were right. The state Housing Financing Agency, which was the first authority created by Rockefeller to finance middle-income housing, was run on sound and conservative lines. Initially given a borrowing authorization of $500 million, the HFA's ceiling was progressively lifted to almost $5 billion—more than the total direct debt of the state. Rockefeller induced the HFA to assume responsibility for financing the transformation of the state's teachers' colleges into a full-fledged university system, bypassing the voters once again with a complicated lease-purchase scheme whose cost to date has totaled $1.8 billion. Other authorities subsequently were created with the moral-obligation provision to finance and build nursing homes, community colleges, and a host of other social facilities.

Once indirect financing proved salable, other creative devices were brought into play. The extravagant Albany Mall (now the Empire State Plaza) project was started when Rockefeller, while retaining supervisory powers, got Albany County to agree to its construction, then estimated at $250 million. The county was able to arrange financing without going to the voters because Rockefeller committed the state to lease its space on a flexible rent schedule that covers debt service and the inflation in building costs. With the state's guarantee, the county's bonds were easily sold. Begun in 1964 and still to be completed, the plaza's final costs are calculated at close to $1 billion, which the state—or, rather, its taxpayers—must pay for. In another deal, Rockefeller was instrumental in persuading the Port Authority to put up the $1 billion twin-towered World Trade Center in lower Manhattan. The original sponsor of the project was the Downtown-Lower Manhattan Association, headed by David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who wanted neighbors for his own expensive headquarters at a time when many other banks were moving uptown.

Creative financing

INDIRECT FINANCING seemed a magical system that benefited everyone. The public profited from new facilities without the imposition of higher taxes. Rockefeller could indulge his fondness for the grandiose while broadening his political support, especially among the normally Democratic building-trades industry. The banks, along with other rich individual and institutional investors, got fat commissions and tax-exempt income.

The rapid growth in the state's indirect debt did not seem to worry anybody. True, Arthur Levitt, the comptroller of New York State, who coined the term "backdoor financing" to describe the practice of circumventing the debt limit and the voters, argued that it was unsound as well as undemocratic. But in the heady atmosphere of the go-go years, when money was available for any new concept, hardly anybody listened to carpers and critics. Certainly, the public paid no attention.

Given the market's appetite for new issues, it would have taken superhuman self-restraint to limit borrowing. Rockefeller was not disposed to moderation. The payoffs were simply too great. The mushrooming growth of public authorities gave him what amounted to a second government almost entirely free of the restrictions inherent in democratic institutions. If Rockefeller could provide jobs and give the public what it needed, he also had a rich man's toy that permitted him to erect the glittering buildings that unabashedly exalted the role of big government.

Once the legislature approved their establishment and provided the initial funding, the authorities were answerable only to Rockefeller—and the market. The people he chose to run them were generally skilled and able executives. Their loyalties, reinforced at times by loans or bonuses, were to him. Chief among them was William J. Ronan, the current chairman of the Port Authority and the recipient of $625,000 in Rockefeller gifts. In 1956, when he was still dean of the New York University School of Public Administration and Social Service, Ronan directed an investigation of public authorities for the state legislature that still ranks as the

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M. J. Rossant

HOW ROCKEFELLER DESTROYED NEW YORK

most thorough analysis of their workings. His study complained that the state "knew nothing" about their operations and recommended that they be put under greater control. After joining the Rockefeller staff, Ronan became a fervent advocate of the authority concept, selecting a coterie of associates (the "Wholly Ronan Empire") who worked with him.

The state under Rockefeller was deep into creative financing long before the city got into the act. But this lag was not due to a heightened sense of rectitude on the part of municipal politicians. City Hall simply had less freedom of maneuver and none of the intellectual resources possessed by the governor. Following Johnson's landslide in 1964, which put the Democrats in control of the state legislature, Rockefeller helped repair these deficiencies. He struck a bargain with Mayor Robert F. Wagner in 1965 that provided the state with a sales tax, which was needed to balance its budget, and gave the city an increase in its existing sales tax and



Black Star [illegible]

new power to borrow against anticipated income. This deal led the city down the primrose path to insolvency by giving it the right to borrow in order to balance its budget. Wagner did not pause to cavil at this gift, insisting that "a good loan is better than a bad tax." John Lindsay, then a Republican Congressman running for the mayoralty as a fusion candidate, recognized the dangers of "credit-card budgeting" and promised a return to pay-as-you-go policies. After his election, however, when he was promptly confronted by a paralyzing transit strike that led to excessive wage boosts in the eventual settlement, Lindsay quickly began to think about fiscal sleight of hand.

He was pushed further by Washington, where the Johnson Administration had concocted a dazzling array of expensive new programs to combat poverty, beguiling the cities with offers of federal grants if they came up with something on their own. Anxious to broaden his political base in the heavily Democratic city, Lindsay yielded indiscriminately to temptation. He set up a Washington office to fish for grants on a major scale. In the short run, the impact was salutary for the city, which rapidly increased public employments, and for Lindsay, who not only had patronage to dispense but also won acclaim for calming New York. After 1969, when the Nixon Administration adopted automatic formulas for revenue-sharing that diminished the city's advantages, the swollen bureaucracy and the decline of federal aid placed further strains on the budget. The militancy among the city's trade unions compounded Lindsay's troubles, which he alleviated with expensive settlements that made things worse.

MEANWHILE, CONCERNED that Lindsay threatened his position as the state's—and the nation's—leading Republican liberal, Rockefeller designed a new public authority to deal with the "urban crisis." The legislature at first resisted the creation of the Urban Development Corporation, recalling that the electorate had previously rejected a $200 million referendum for low-income housing. Following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., the legislature capitulated. It established the UDC, and authorized it to borrow up to $1 billion under the moral-obligation provision.

In contrast to the HFA and other previous Rockefeller-created authorities, which did their financing on a project-by-project basis supported by precise revenue estimates, the UDC arranged for "general-purpose" borrowings that diversified the risk by lumping together more promising projects with uncertain ones. It was another bright innovation that was accepted without too much opposition by investors when the UDC provided a higher tax-free return than more seasoned authorities. But for the first time, the banks were less than enthusiastic about so risky an enterprise as low-cost housing, where rising land and construction costs or sudden boosts in fuel prices might mean that revenues would not cover expenses. Nor were they delighted with the UDC head, Edward Logue, who made no effort to cultivate the financial community. Chosen by Rockefeller to run things as he thought best, Logue had a constituency of one.

The authority held together as long as it could go constantly to the market for fresh funds to finance the units it had under way, but in January 1973 it was caught up short when President Nixon announced a moratorium on housing supplements and rent subsidies. The UDC had counted on both these sources of money to attract both tenants and buyers. It ran into difficulty trying to raise funds in the market, where the banks had begun to ask embarrassing questions. Logue, who believed that public policy ought not to be made by private bankers, struck an attitude of disdain. He survived as long as he had Rockefeller's support, but when the governor retired at the end of 1973, the UDC fell upon evil times.

At that point, Beame was finally installed at City Hall—a time, it now seems clear, which was the last opportunity for New York City to be protected from insolvency. As the city's comptroller, Beame had uttered some mild protests against Lindsay's fiscal policies from time to time, but he cooperated in overestimating revenues and underestimating expenditures, shifting operating costs into the capital budget and all the other juggling that produced spurious balances. In his later "confession," Beame claimed that his own mistakes were limited to this distant past, on which the statute of limitations presumably had run out, but he was most at fault after he achieved the mayoralty, when he alone had the knowledge and the authority to put things right. Instead, he increased the dependence on financial legerdemain, forcing the city to rely on short-term borrowing more frequently and more heavily than ever before.

The Watergate summer of 1974 wrecked both the UDC and the city. Stock prices collapsed; the emergence of double-digit inflation had as great an impact on fixed-income obligations; the banks, which had to cope with corporate loans that had turned sour, were further squeezed when the real-estate investments they had sponsored began to fail. Within a matter of months the moral-commitment obligation had lost its sacredness.

The elections of November 1974 ended the Rockefeller era in New York State. In his inaugural address Governor Carey, a Brooklyn Congressman unfamiliar with the financial

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M. J. Rossant

HOW ROCKEFELLER DESTROYED NEW YORK

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILLION DOLLAR CREDIT

affairs of the state and the city, proclaimed an end to the era "of wine and roses," but neither he nor his speechwriter could have appreciated the prescience in that trite phrase. The first proof was the news that the UDC had run out of funds. Carey tried to convince the legislature and the banks to raise money to keep UDC in operation, at least to the extent of finishing what it had started and getting the income that completed projects would generate. He managed to wrest a $30 million short-term loan from a consortium of banks, but they refused long-term funds unless the legislature lived up to its moral obligation. The new legislature, in which antibank sentiment was strong, did not feel bound by its predecessors. Without money, the UDC defaulted on $104.5 million in maturing notes and interest and the $30 million short-term loan.

Too little too late

THE UDC'S DEFAULT had immediate repercussions in the municipal market. Prices of all outstanding obligations of moral-commitment authorities declined sharply, and even bonds backed by the "full faith and credit" of New York State dropped in value. The city was compelled to pay a premium rate on its next borrowing, and when it approached the market a second time, it found the banks reluctant to promote a sale. Expressing dissatisfaction with the figures that the city presented, the banks insisted on more complete information. The banks that continued to cooperate did so only because they were convinced that the state's moral commitment would be honored.

But though the banks had sobered up considerably, they placed the city in a special category. They had too much at stake in its financial well-being to take the skeptical approach that they were then adopting toward individual and corporate borrowers. New York's major money-market banks have been subject to criticism for failing to exercise social responsibility and lending more generously to minority businesses and ghetto residents, but they were, if anything, too indulgent and too charitable in dealing with the city. It was only after the UDC's default that they began to make demands that they should have made much earlier. Beame interpreted their questions as insults, taking the position that the banks could not dictate to the city, which carried the implication that private investors had to continue to put up and shut up.

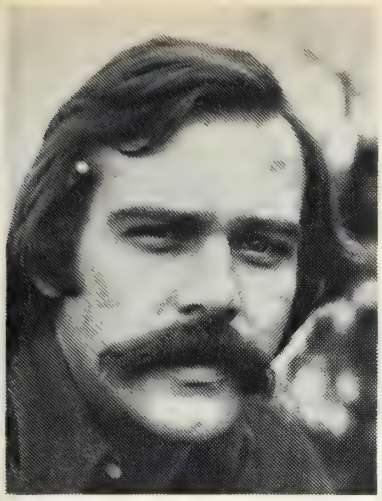
Last spring the banks decided, reluctantly and still tentatively, that they could not invest any more of their own or their clients' money in city obligations unless it reduced its spending. Beame prevaricated, promising cuts one day and restoring them the next. In July, default became a possibility that was avoided only when Carey, alarmed that the state would become engulfed by the collapse of New York City, won legislative approval for the establishment of the Municipal Assistance Corporation. Empowered to borrow up to $3 billion on behalf of the city, and backed by its sales and stock-transfer taxes, "Big Mac," a variant on the moral-commitment authority, was depicted as a temporary "bridge" to provide funds to the city until it straightened out its books and could return to the market on its own. It was originally assumed that the crisis would be over in six months, an estimate that not only displayed excessive optimism but also revealed an appalling ignorance about the true state of the city's affairs.

The most that MAC could do was to buy time, but the time was promptly squandered when Beame and his associates incited the unions with threats of wholesale firings and provoked MAC officials with their refusal to produce facts and figures. In part Beame was unwilling to admit the dimensions of the city's plight because to do so would have led to much more severe reductions in spending; in part, he was so used to hiding things that he knew no other way of doing the public business. His failure to make full disclosure ruined his own credibility and undermined the sale of "Big Mac" bonds.

BEAME WAS NOT ALONE in bringing about the final destruction of confidence in the credit of the city. The unions, the banks, and the officials of "Big Mac," all of whom engaged in open and unseemly squabbling about the extent of the city's difficulties, contributed to the chorus of mutual recrimination. The failures of MAC obliged Carey to arrange a complicated state financing that included investment in MAC obligations by state and city pension funds and direct state borrowing for the city. In weighing his choices, Carey decided that the incalculable costs of refusing help, which would have meant instant default, were greater than the costs of coming to the city's rescue.

But even the takeover by the state proved to be another holding action. Carey and his team of appointed business executives soon realized that they had misjudged the magnitude of the debacle. The rescue required much more money and time than they had anticipated. Enter the federal government.

By September the city's emissaries had become familiar supplicants in Washington, beseeching or threatening anyone who would listen to their sad story. Although sympathetic



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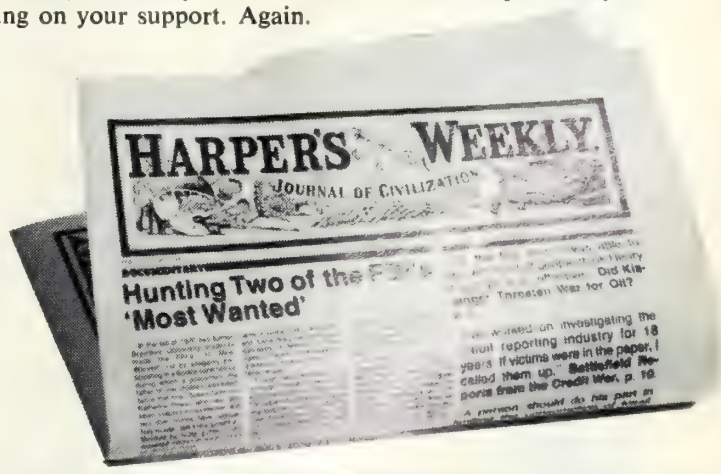
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M. J. Rossant

HOW ROCKEFELLER DESTROYED NEW YORK

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILLION DOLLAR BILL

audiences appeared in both houses of the Congress, the Administration listened in cold silence. President Ford promised to veto any Congressional attempt to pay the city's debts. Both Simon and Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns offered lectures about fiscal responsibility.

In retrospect the catastrophe in New York can be said to demonstrate the failure of liberalism, at least as it coincided with the social economics of affluence. But Ford's simpleminded response suggests an even greater failure of leadership. The fears voiced by Rockefeller and Beame and echoed by their financial accomplices in the big banks, may be the biased predictions of discredited authorities. Ford, however, is taking a dangerous gamble in assuming that default can be a neatly managed affair, a view that represents the speculation of another group of biased experts. The fact is that nobody can predict anything with any degree of authority. It is entirely possible that the immediate effect, as Simon argues, will be "tolerable and temporary" because the Federal Reserve will supply credit to the banking system, and the federal government will see to the maintenance of "essential" services. But it is ludicrous to suppose that the financial collapse of New York can be confined within its borders for very long. If the Ford formula is followed, the nation will eventually suffer severe and lasting damage that will not only jeopardize its economic recovery but weaken the fabric of our society.

An expensive mistake

NEW YORK IS NOT a rural school district or a small town. Its obligations are held by a huge array of banks, other institutions, and thousands of individual investors, many of whom already have suffered huge paper losses. Ford's proposal for giving over the administration of the city to a federal court, whose trustee would market certificates to finance the new arrangements, is hardly an exercise in responsible federalism. The bankruptcy of a huge metropolis, which supplies services to a vast multitude, bears no relationship to the bankruptcy of an industrial corporation. There are no legal or political precedents for a court takeover of the city, which entails the setting up of social priorities and the granting or denying of services without consulting the public or its elected representatives.

Ford's plan to back trustee certificates with the city's revenues violates the rights of present bondholders and the sanctity of contract. Investors who purchased New York securities in the belief that they were backed by the full faith and credit of the city have strong legal grounds for blocking the sale of the proposed certificates, which will probably mean that the federal government will be the only likely buyer. If, in the end, Ford is successful in pushing New York over the brink into bankruptcy, Washington—and the nation—will pay an exorbitant price.

Some Administration supporters, among them *The Wall Street Journal*, welcome bankruptcy because the city will then be forced to undertake "drastic or painful reorganization without making the city a ward of the federal government and stimulating a new round of inflation." Pain is unavoidable, but bankruptcy seems a needlessly cruel and expensive form of retribution. The stigma of bankruptcy cannot be eradicated even if the city is put on the rack and forced to take extreme measures to get back into the good graces of prospective lenders. Once judged a bankrupt, it will become dependent on a growing amount of aid from state and federal treasuries. The prospect for internal regeneration and the chance for the city to become more competitive economically will have been lost.

What is most at fault is that Ford is compounding the mistakes of his political rivals by continuing to abuse the processes of democratic government. Contrary to Ford's assertion, the city is not seeking charity. It does not need vast amounts of money; indeed, it has learned that the ready availability of money and credit feeds the improvidence of its leadership. The necessity now is time—time for the city and state to work out of their financial binds, time to formulate programs that provide evidence of responsible self-government. It is too late to demand stiff preconditions, which in any case are less important than firm guidelines and a realistic timetable for any federal assistance. But it is not too late for Congress to provide support, accompanied by tough conditions, to enable local government and the public to make their way back to financial respectability. It is the one way to build a more responsible as well as responsive electorate, willing to recognize that if it expects big things from government it must pay for them.

Under default, brought on by Ford, the voters and their putative leaders will always have somebody else to blame for their own failures. Given a chance, New York City possesses the resources needed to pull itself together, but transforming it into a permanent pariah under the rule of an autocratic court would shut off the chance of regeneration. Perhaps that is what Ford fears most. If the city can somehow profit from its mistakes and make the painful way back to open and responsible self-government, the negative policies of provincialism will go the way of the expansive policies of affluence.

Richard Selzer

THE ART OF SURGERY

Trespassing on sacred ground

IN THE FOYER of a great medical school there hangs a painting of Vesalius. Lean, ascetic, possessed, the anatomist stands before a dissecting table upon which lies the naked body of a man. The flesh of the vo is silvery. A concentration of moonlight, like strange rain of virus, washes them. The cadav- has dignity and reserve; it is distanced by s death. Vesalius reaches for his dissecting nife. As he does so, he glances over his shoul- er at a crucifix on the wall. His face wears an xpression of guilt and melancholy and fear. e knows that there is something wrong, for- dden in what he is about to do, but he can- ot help himself, for he is a fanatic. He is iven by a dark desire. To see, to feel, to dis- over is all. His is a passion, not a romance.

I understand you, Vesalius. Even now, after many voyages within, so much exploration, feel the same sense that one must not gaze to the body, the same irrational fear that it an evil deed for which punishment awaits. onsider. The sight of our internal organs is nied us. To how many men is it given to look on their own spleens, their hearts, and live? he hidden geography of the body is a Me- usa's head one glimpse of which would ren- r blind the presumptuous eye. Still, rigid les are broken by the smallest inadvertencies: pause in the midst of an operation being per- rmed under spinal anesthesia to observe the ce of my patient, to speak a word or two of assurance. I peer above the screen separating s head from his abdomen, in which I am most eply employed. He is not asleep, but rather ares straight upward, his attention riveted, look of terrible discovery, of wonder upon his ce. Watch him. This man is violating a taboo. follow his gaze upward, and see in the great operating lamp suspended above his belly the reflection of his viscera. There is the liver, dark and turgid above, there the loops of his bowel winding slow, there his blood runs extravagantly. It is that which he sees and studies with so much horror and fascination. Something primordial in him has been aroused—a fright, a longing. I feel it, too, and quickly bend above his open body to shield it from his view.

A miracle

WHAT IS TO ONE MAN a coincidence is to another a miracle. It was one or the other of these that I saw last spring. While the rest of nature was in flux, Joe Riker remained obstinate through the change of the seasons. "No operation," said Joe. "I don't want no operation."

Joe Riker is a short-order cook in a diner where I sometimes drink coffee. Each week for six months he had paid a visit to my office, carrying his affliction like a pet mouse under his hat. Every Thursday at four o'clock he would sit on my examining table, lift the fedora from his head, and bend forward to show me the hole. Joe Riker's hole was as big as his mouth. You could have dropped a plum in it. Gouged from the tonsured top of his head, was a mucky puddle whose meaty heaped edge rose above the normal scalp about it. There was no mistaking the announcement from this rampart.

The cancer had chewed through Joe's scalp, munched his skull, then opened the membranes underneath—the dura mater, the pia mater, the arachnoid—until it had laid bare this short-order cook's brain, pink and gray, and pulsating

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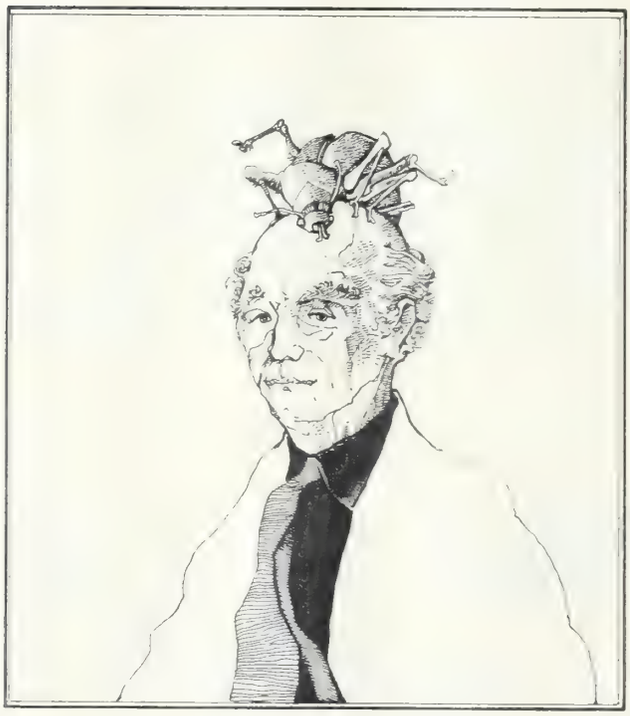
so that with each beat a little pool of cerebral fluid quivered. Now and then a drop would manage the rim to run across his balding head, and Joe would reach one burry hand up to wipe it away, with the heel of his thumb, the way such a man would wipe away a tear.

I would gaze then upon Joe Riker and marvel. How dignified he was, as though that tumor, gnawing him, denuding his very brain, had given him a grace that a lifetime of good health had not bestowed.

"Joe," I say, "let's get rid of it. Cut out the bad part, put in a metal plate, and you're cured." And I wait.

"No operation," says Joe. I try again.

"What do you mean, 'no operation'? You're going to get meningitis. Any day now. And die. That thing is going to get to your brain."



Martim Avillez

I think of it devouring the man's dreams and memories. I wonder what they are. The surgeon knows all the parts of the brain, but he does not know his patient's dreams and memories.

"No operation," says Joe.

"You give me a headache," I say. And we smile, not because the joke is funny anymore, but because we've got something between us, like a secret.

"Same time next week?" Joe asks. I wash out the wound with peroxide, and apply a dressing. He lowers the fedora over it.

"Yes," I say, "same time." And the next week he comes again.

There came the week when Joe Riker did not show up; nor did he the week after that, nor for a whole month. I drive over to his diner. He is behind the counter, shuffling back and forth between the grill and the sink. He is wearing the fedora. He sets a cup of coffee in front of me.

"I want to see your hole," I say.

"Which one?" he asks, and winks.

"Never mind that," I say, "I want to see it." I am all business.

"Not here," says Joe. He looks around, checking the counter, as though I have made an indecent suggestion.

"My office at four o'clock," I say.

"Yeah," says Joe, and turns away.

He is late. Everyone else has gone for the day. Joe is beginning to make me angry. At last he arrives.

"Take off your hat," I say, and he knows by my voice that I am not happy. He does, though, raises it straight up with both hands the way he always does, and I see . . . that the wound has healed. Where once there had been a bitten-out excavation, moist and shaggy, there is now a fragile bridge of shiny new skin.

"What happened?" I manage.

"You mean that?" He points to the top of his head. "Oh well," he says, "the wife's sister, she went to France, and brought me a bottle of water from Lourdes. I've been washing it out with that for a month."

"Holy water?" I say.

"Yeah," says Joe. "Holy water."

I see Joe now and then at the diner. He looks like anything but a fleshly garden of miracles. Rather, he has taken on a terrible ordinariness —Eden after the Fall, and minus its most beautiful creatures. There is a certain slovenliness, a dishevelment of the tissues. Did the disease ennoble him, and now that it is gone, is he somehow diminished? Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps the only change is just the sly wink with which he greets me, as though to signal that we have shared something furtive.

In the operating room

HOW CUT A PASTE that is less solid than a cheese—Brie, perhaps? And not waste any of it? For that would be a decade of remembrances and wishes lost there, wiped from the knife. Mostly it is done with cautery, burning the margins of the piece to be removed, coagulating with the fine electric current these blood vessels that course everywhere. First a spot is burned, then another alongside the first, and the cut is made between. One does not stitch—one cannot sew custard. Blood is blotted with little squares of absorbent gauze. These are called patties. Through each of these a long black thread has been sewn, lest a blood-soaked patty slip into some remote fissure, or flatter

ainst a gyrus like a starfish against a coral ef, and go unnoticed come time to close the cision. A patty abandoned brainside does not nefit the health, or improve the climate of e intelligence. Like the bodies of slain war- ors, they must be retrieved from the field, d carried home, so they do not bloat and ortify, poisoning forever the plain upon which e battle was fought. One pulls them out by eir black thread and counts them.

Listen to the neurosurgeon: "Patty, buzz, ck, cut," he says. Then, "Suck, cut, patty, zz." It is as simple as a nursery rhyme.

The surgeon knows the landscape of the ain, yet does not know how a thought is made. an has grown envious of this mystery. He ould master and subdue it electronically. He ould construct a computer to rival or surpass



e brain. He would harness Europa's bull to plow. There are men who implant electrodes to the brain, that part where anger is kept— e rage center, they call it. They press a but- n, and a furious bull halts in mid-charge, and oes amiably to nuzzle his matador. Anger has rned to sweet compliance. Others sever whole acts of brain cells with their knives, to mol- y the insane. Here is surgery grown violent rape. These men cannot know the brain. ey have not the heart for it.

I last saw the brain in the emergency room. wiped it from the shoulder of a young girl to ake her smashed body more presentable to r father. Now I stand with him by the stretch- We are arm in arm, like brothers. All at once there is that terrible silence of discovery. I glance at him, follow his gaze and see that there is more brain upon her shoulder, newly slipped from the cracked skull. He bends forward a bit. He must make certain. It *is* her brain! I watch the knowledge expand upon his face, so like hers. I, too, stare at the fragment flung wetly, now drying beneath the bright lights of the emergency room, its cargo of thoughts evaporating from it, mingling for this little time with his, with mine, before dispersing in the air.

"The surgeon is driven by a dark desire. To [illegible], to feel, to discover is all. He is a passion, not a romance."

High priest

ON THE BULLETIN BOARD in the front hall of the hospital where I work, there appeared an announcement. "Yeshi Dhonden," it read, "will make rounds at six o'clock on the morning of June 10." The particularities of the meeting were then given, followed by a notation: "Yeshi Dhonden is Personal Physician to the Dalai Lama." I am not so leathery a skeptic that I would knowingly ignore an emissary from the gods. Not only might such sangfroid be inimical to one's earthly well-being, it could take care of eternity as well. Thus, on the morning of June 10, I join the clutch of whitecoats waiting in the small conference room adjacent to the ward selected for the rounds. The air in the room is heavy with ill-concealed dubiety and suspicion of bamboozlement. At precisely six o'clock, he materializes, a short, golden, barrelly man dressed in a sleeveless robe of saffron and maroon. His scalp is shaven, and the only visible hair is a scanty black line above each hooded eye.

He bows in greeting while his young interpreter makes the introduction. Yeshi Dhonden, we are told, will examine a patient selected by a member of the staff. The diagnosis is as unknown to Yeshi Dhonden as it is to us. The examination of the patient will take place in our presence, after which we will reconvene in the conference room where Yeshi Dhonden will discuss the case. We are further informed that for the past two hours Yeshi Dhonden has purified himself by bathing, fasting, and prayer. I, having breakfasted well, performed only the most desultory of ablutions, and given no thought at all to my soul, glance furtively at my fellows. Suddenly, we seem a soiled, uncouth lot.

The patient had been awakened early, told that she was to be examined by a foreign doctor, and requested to produce a fresh specimen of urine, so when we enter her room, the woman shows no surprise. She has long ago taken on that mixture of compliance and resignation that is the facies of chronic illness. This was to

be but another in an endless series of tests and examinations. Yeshi Dhonden steps to the bedside while the rest stand apart, watching. For a long time he gazes at the woman, favoring no part of her body with his eyes, but seeming to fix his glance at a place just above her supine form. I, too, study her. No physical sign nor obvious symptom gives a clue to the nature of her disease.



At last he takes her hand, raising it in both of his own. Now he bends over the bed in a kind of crouching stance, his head drawn down into the collar of his robe. His eyes are closed as he feels for her pulse. In a moment he has found the spot, and for the next half hour he remains thus, suspended above the patient like some exotic golden bird with folded wings, holding the pulse of the woman beneath his fingers, cradling her hand in his. All the power of the man seems to have been drawn down into this one purpose. It is palpation of the pulse raised to the state of ritual. From the foot of the bed, where I stand, it is as though he and the patient have entered a special place of isolation, of apartness, about which a vacancy hovers, and across which no violation is possible. After a moment the woman rests back upon her pillow. From time to time, she raises her head to look at the strange figure above her, then sinks back once more. I cannot see their hands joined in a correspondence that is exclusive, intimate, his fingertips receiving the voice of her sick body through the rhythm and throb she offers at her wrist. All at once I am envious —not of him, not of Yeshi Dhonden for his gift of beauty and holiness, but of her. I want to be held like that, touched so, *received*. And I know that I, who have palpated a hundred thousand pulses, have not felt a single one.

At last Yeshi Dhonden straightens, gently places the woman's hand upon the bed, and steps back. The interpreter produces a small wooden bowl and two sticks. Yeshi Dhonden pours a portion of the urine specimen into the bowl, and proceeds to whip the liquid with the two sticks. This he does for several minutes until a foam is raised. Then, bowing above the bowl, he inhales the odor three times. He sets down the bowl and turns to leave. All this while he has not uttered a single word. As he nears the door, the woman raises her head and calls out to him in a voice at once urgent and serene. "Thank you, doctor," she says, and touches with her other hand the place he had held on her wrist, as though to recapture something that had visited there. Yeshi Dhonden turns back for a moment to gaze at her, then steps into the corridor. Rounds are at an end.

We are seated once more in the conference room. Yeshi Dhonden speaks now for the first time, in soft Tibetan sounds that I have never heard before. He has barely begun when the young interpreter begins to translate, the two voices continuing in tandem—a bilingual fugue, the one chasing the other. It is like the chanting of monks. He speaks of winds coursing through the body of the woman, currents that break against barriers, eddying. These vortices are in her blood, he says. The last spending of an imperfect heart. Between the chambers of her heart, long, long before she was born, a wind had come and blown open a deep gate that must never be opened. Through it charge the full waters of her river, as the mountain streams cascades in the springtime, battering, knocking loose the land, and flooding her breath. Thus he speaks, and is silent.

"May we now have the diagnosis?" a professor asks.

The host of these rounds, the man who knows, answers.

"Congenital heart disease," he says. "Interventricular septal defect, with resultant heart failure."

A gateway in the heart, I think. That must not be opened. Through it charge the full waters that flood her breath. So! Here then is the doctor listening to the sounds of the body to which the rest of us are deaf. He is more than doctor. He is priest.

Now and then it happens as I make my own rounds, that I hear the sounds of his voice, like an ancient Buddhist prayer, its meaning lost since forgotten, only the music remaining. Then a jubilation possesses me, and I feel myself touched by something divine.

HOLLYWOOD'S LAST PICTURE SHOW



Closing time in the brothels of the West

by Michael Wood

LAMENTS FOR THE DEATH of Hollywood began in the early Sixties. They were a little premature, since Hollywood is still making money and still making pictures—fewer pictures, but more money. Yet it is true that the glitter has gone. Hollywood is no longer a legend, it is a town with a specialty. It makes movies in the way that Detroit makes automobiles. But what did we do with all the fantasies that Hollywood used to play out for us? If the studios were the dream dumps of the world, as Nathanael West suggested, where do we dump our dreams now?

And what were the dreams? A lot of nostalgia is directed toward Hollywood these days, but it seems to call only for a simplified world of glamour: girls in perpetual soft focus and champagne in all the swimming pools; eternal sunshine, money flowing like 7-Up, and a Borzoi on every lawn; a city of fabulous chances and overnight fame, a place where men are men (some of them), and moguls are moguls.

Now, it is true that Hollywood has always meant sex and extravagance and celebrity. It has meant going west, to brave unknown lands and make one's fortune. But it has meant going west in the other sense as well. It has meant cowardice and betrayal, defeat and death. These rival visions are not simply the visions of different sets of people. They are all there in Hollywood—in the name, if not in the reality. Or, to be more precise, in the reality sometimes, in the name always. For Hollywood is neither a symbol nor a state of mind. It is a real place invaded by a mythology. There are famous streets to walk on, cluttered lots to visit, occasional jobs to be had. But it often feels like a fiction invented by Easterners, the dream of Puritans trying to throw their guilt away, and not quite succeeding.

Of course, Hollywood *was* fiction, in one sense, since it was largely the creation of gossip columns, press releases, fan magazines and transcontinental talk. And there is a temptation to hunt for the true story behind all this mishmash. Every now and then, someone will oblige with a searching report or a searing confession, but the legend of Hollywood always confounds these revelations. Either they endorse the myth in a clatter of hasty name-dropping and hints about orgies; or they deny it, thereby losing our vote completely. Taking this second line a couple of years ago, Joan Didion described Hollywood as "the last extant stable society," with very little drinking, and everyone in bed before midnight, and mostly in his own bed at that. This picture, however, does not contradict the legend; it merely props it up with a bit of polemical opposition. The same effect was achieved by all that studio publicity insisting on the niceness of the stars, how they loved their children, did good deeds, and always ate dinner with their spouses by candlelight, the flames from a cozy log fire flickering on the walls of their lovely homes. We believed this sort of thing when we wanted to, when it suited the star—the publicized niceness of Ronald Colman, for example, or Olivia de Havilland, was a perfectly satisfactory part of their general story—and we ignored it the rest of the time. It did nothing for the image of the more rakish Hollywood types, indeed it tended to make them seem more rakish still, and, of course, it did even less for the image of Hollywood at large, that contemporary Babylon, decadent Rome, Scarlet City, and funhouse of the declining West.

THE DIFFICULTY IN talking about Hollywood lies in getting the tone of one's fascination right. It's more or less impossible. We have to recognize, first, that disgust is no obstacle if you're really fascinated, that, indeed, disgust can be a form of fascination. I take it that many starstruck girls knew exactly what they were likely to have to do to get their pictures on the silver screen, and were ready enough to do it. They weren't cynics, but they knew the price of things. There's a nice scene in Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust*, in which two girls planning to work in a brothel begin to talk tough slang, because it makes them feel "worldly and realistic, and so more able to cope with serious things." Feeling worldly is a charade you play for yourself, your behavior is something else, and the unrealistic romance goes on undisturbed.

There is a lot of disgust in talk about Hollywood. It's the easiest option. Norman Mailer, in *The Deer Park*, saw the place as a vast whorehouse, and full of impotent clients at that. Nathanael West saw it as the end of the world, which dwindles, in John Schlesinger's glossy film version of *The Day of the Locust*, into a tacky, run-of-the-mill disaster, a *Son of Towering Inferno*. Hortense Powdermaker, the anthropologist author of *Hollywood, the Dream Factory*, started out in stern neutrality, be-

cause to her "the handsome stars with their swimming-pool homes were no more glamorous than were the South Sea aborigines exotic." That sounds suspicious, has the ring of fascination masquerading as disapproval, and sure enough, some 300 pages later, Powdermaker is lecturing us, a little too shrilly, on Hollywood's "totalitarianism" and its caricaturing of American life. The Scarlet City strikes again, this time as political menace.

The fascination is harder to convey. Fitzgerald caught some of it in *The Last Tycoon*, but only by turning Hollywood into the refuge of romantic capitalism: Morgan's last stand. ("He was right—I knew that since 1933 the rich could only be happy alone together.") There is some of it in *Singin' in the Rain*, and more of it in *The Bad and the Beautiful*, where Kirk Douglas, as the domineering producer, plainly based on David Selznick, bullies and cheats his writers and directors and stars into dreadful situations that are good for them in the end. I don't think we care much about what's good for them, but the bullying and cheating is grand to watch, and is what the movie is about. Power is one of the dreams we dumped on Hollywood: visible power, not the power to change the world or topple governments, but the power to push people around, the kind of power you can really enjoy.

But most often the fascination is missing. We know it must be there, or these people wouldn't be talking or writing about Hollywood in this feverish way. But all they can get across is their unconvincing distaste. "What happened to him?" a character in Budd Schulberg's novel *The Disenchanted* asks about a famous writer. The answer: "Hollywood." Talent ruined is the implication, genius bought out and sent slithering down the hill. But there is a lure even in such ruin, and we can never get the right note of disapproval into our voices. Hollywood is an alibi for failure of all kinds, but it is also the perfect way to go. We waste our gifts, like Fitzgerald, we spend them, we throw them away. Isn't that better than hoarding them? We can blame it all on Hollywood, and Hollywood, delivering our stars and writers to death and oblivion, rescues them from decay and old age.

This is close to the territory of Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*, first published in French and long out of print, now updated and reissued. Anger is a wisecracking scandalmonger (sample chapter titles: "Heroin Heroines," "Chop Suicide," "Hollywoodämmerung"), reporting on Erich von Stroheim's importing from Vienna a "professional lady sadist," whatever that is; on orgies ending in disaster; on drug raids and hushed-up arrests; on gangsterism in Hollywood; and, above all, on suicide and murder. Anger's facetiousness often takes on an odd, moralizing tone; he grew up in Hollywood, but seems to want to accuse the place as if he were a visiting inquisitor from Salem. He is in favor of sex and drugs and against all kinds of prudery, but his interest is really no different from that of the prudes. Where they would be shocked, he is amused, but he is picking up the same things, peddling the same old Scarlet City, as the name of his book suggests. It ends with pictures of Ginger Rogers without makeup and of Bob Hope looking sourly at an Oscar, and perhaps this is the point. Hollywood is makeup, camouflage, charade; a shining front for a lot of shabby backs. Anger quotes a Dick Powell song that Jack Warner thought "too depressing" to leave in the movie it came from: "I walk along the street of sorrow,/The Boulevard of Broken Dreams." * Another dream on the dump. Hollywood is disappointment, the ugly face behind the alluring mask, the harsh economic truth behind the amenable manners of the brothel. The dump itself is the dream.

BUT, BUT, BUT. What happened to the glamour, the girls in soft focus, the champagne in the swimming pools, and the Borzois on the lawns? Where is the Hollywood we knew and loved? Surely all these bleak visions of power and death and disappointment are the ideas of intellectuals, not the common people? Even apart from the difficulty of knowing who the common people are, I don't think thi division works. The intellectual fight harder against their fascina tion, that's all. They see nothing tha other people don't see. We might tr dividing the public into moralists an hedonists, the first lot anxious t point an accusing finger at the city o sin, the second lot eager for a bit o vicarious sinning of their own, but don't think that works all that wel either. Both groups of people exist no doubt, but a larger group com bines the two types. The public i just as happy to hear about meteori rises to fame as it is to hear abou suicide and disgrace. This is not be cause the fall pays for the rise, bu because the two go together, are rec ognizably part of the same story.

The language that surrounded Ho lywood actors and actresses in th old days was always that of divinity They were gods and goddesses. Bu that was just a way for a republic t talk about its monarchy, and th thing about kings and queens, as w all know from fairy tales, is that the are very lonely. They come and the go, they reign and they die. Th death of Marilyn Monroe is not th reverse side of her success. It is th same story continued into its late stages. The decline of Judy Garlan while heartrending to watch, is not shock, not a surprise. It is what hap pens to actresses who start out i *The Wizard of Oz*, the other end o the rainbow.

The defining feature of the dream that cluster around Hollywood their duality, the sense that they a mean at least two things at onc Hollywood used to be seen as a se ual paradise, a place where han some boys and lovely girls fell in your lap like oranges plopping fro the trees, and no questions we asked, and no one felt bad abo anything afterwards. A dream health, sex without guilt, an infini extension of Playboyland. Then yo learned that no one felt bad becau no one felt anything. It was only brothel, and like John Dean, the people were just doing their job

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t the point about this sequence of
ision and disillusionment is that it
s never really a sequence; when
u asked for the illusions you were
ing for the disillusionment as
ll. You wanted the sexual paradise
d you wanted the brothel, the fling
fantasy and the return to the real-
principle in a single movement—
n if the reality principle in this
e was as unreal as the fantasy,
d the truth about Hollywood was
t it was neither a brothel nor the
rden of Eden, but just a place full
anxious people trying the only
ks they knew.

In the movies themselves—in the
c spectaculars, for example, where
llywood was busily celebrating its
n ability to build colossal sets, col-
t stars, manipulate casts of thou-
ds, and spend money for no rea-
n at all—there were always disas-
s, storms at sea, earthquakes, sun-
r acts of God, as if some small
ce of conscience in Hollywood
re sneaking into these rash movies
rediction of how it would all end.
rtainly those films are the direct
cestors of our current disaster mov-
—the only difference being that
re was something besides disaster
the epics, usually some sort of ter-
c triumph, like getting God to
d you out of Egypt and give you
Ten Commandments in his own
ndwriting. Musicals are perhaps
only movie genre in which Hol-
wood can be seen feeling unequiv-
ally good about itself. And even
re, as with the song about broken
ams that was too depressing for
k Warner, there are bad patches.
sby Berkeley's *Gold Diggers of*
35 ends with a girl falling from a
cony to her death, while "Lulla-
of Broadway" snappily goes on
und and without her.

AMBIVALENCE IS everywhere. Think of an image on the screen: a couple kissing. The whole publicity machine of the vie industry invited us to prolong t kiss into the private lives of the rs, out of the frame and out of film. This was done sometimes by king up an off-screen romance for couple; sometimes by denying t any such romance was taking ce; and sometimes by insisting t it was all purely professional, and that the husband and wife of the participants never minded a bit. The truth, no doubt, was that the performers all too frequently hated every kissing minute, but the general effect of all this hinting was to create a weird, exciting sense of illicit things going on, as if Hollywood's renowned sexual license were taking shape before our very eyes. But then the fact that it was taking shape in a film story, while we knew (or thought we knew) all about the torrid reality, made the whole business seem clandestine, a guilty secret somehow leaked to an audience of millions.

This is a very complicated system of deception, and it is not surprising that even the deceivers should get lost in it. *The Day of the Locust* (the novel, not the movie) gets a lot of its authority from West's sense of how this can happen, and what it feels like when it does. A dresser is "painted to look like unpainted pine." A sick old vaudeville artist doesn't know whether he is sick or acting sick. "I'm faint," he groans, and is genuinely surprised at the result. He really feels faint. At the end of the novel, riding away from a riot, the hero can't tell whether the noise of the police siren he can hear is coming from his own mouth or from a police siren. He has to touch his closed mouth to make sure.

Such a world is more than merely deceptive, it is a world which has conspired to keep reality completely at bay, and the only way back out of these proliferating mirages seems to be through violence. The hero thinks of hitting the heroine with a bottle and raping her. She is a would-be actress who looks inviting enough in her one small screen role. However:

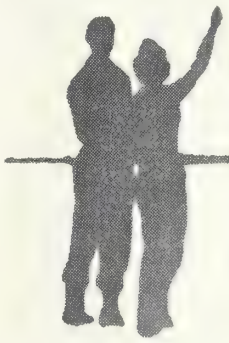
> *Her invitation wasn't to pleasure, but to struggle, hard and sharp, closer to murder than to love. If you threw yourself on her, it would be like throwing yourself from the parapet of a skyscraper. You would do it with a scream. You couldn't expect to rise again. Your teeth would be driven into your skull like nails into a pine board and your back would be broken. You wouldn't even have time to sweat or close your eyes.*

This is the language of savage frustration, and this is West's view of Hollywood: a place that deals in imi-



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tations of life to such a degree that life itself has fled, leaving only a band of angry, gesticulating monsters behind, people who have "come to California to die," and who spend their time at Venice watching the waves roll in. A matter of death, although West probably did not intend the allusion, in Venice.

The allusion that West did intend —his name, changed from Weinstein, was a part of the allusion—is to the historical movement of Americans toward the Pacific, the last western frontier. But California lacks the one essential feature of the frontier —somewhere to move on to—and the myth easily turns to disappointment as the seemingly endless space is used up. Not that the geography causes the disappointment, but it gives strong support to any disappointments that may be brewing, since it offers literal, indisputable evidence that there is nowhere to go except back. It is this slightly shady feeling that hovers around the legend of Hollywood's birth. The place is defined not by a gold rush or a wagon trail, but by a flight from the East Coast to avoid the monopoly laws. It was more likely a flight toward good weather and nonunion labor. Still, the legend lingers on. The early moviemakers, in the legend, were there in Hollywood because they could make a dash for the Mexican border when they needed to. And this fits a whole California mythology, found not only in Nathanael West but also in Raymond Chandler and Ross Macdonald, a lot of whose fiction is set in or around Hollywood. The characters in these novels are making a fresh start, a new life. But the new life crumbles under pressure, and is seen to be linked to the old life in all kinds of dubious ways. The West, California, is the fragile second chance, and the East is the past of these characters, their unhappy or seedy or shameful or criminal point of departure, not as far behind them as they thought. Like the moviemakers, they are on the run, and, unlike them, they get caught. Philip Marlowe and Lew Archer, once called in, unravel the threads leading backward, unwind the precarious frontier, and point the way back east. You can't go home again, in these stories, not because you can't repeat the past, but because home is where you robbed a bank, or have an abandoned wife and several kids. Mae West remarked, when she arrived in Hollywood from Broadway, that she was not a little girl from a little town making good in a big town, but a big girl from a big town making good in a little town, yet to many people, Hollywood *was* a big town, the metropolis of celebrity, a place where you put your unfamous (or infamous) past away. It was not the great urban end of the road, like New York, but a sort of ultimate circus ring, where you came to frolic in the arc lights, and were often afraid that your mask would melt and reveal the small-time secrets of your old, ordinary face, the Marion Morrison behind John Wayne, the Norma Jean Baker behind Marilyn Monroe.

THERE WERE A LOT of dreams on the old dump, and I feel I have hardly started to talk about them. Eden, Babylon, brothel, apocalypse, tyranny; capitalism rampant, power personified, talent destroyed; den of dope and sex fiends, "the cinema crowd of cocaine-crazed sexual lunatics," as Aleister Crowley noted as early as 1916, the street of broken dreams; dying kings and queens, easy sex, immense expense and songs of self-confidence, secret and public love affairs; a universe of mirages and a despairing last frontier. All these things are there, and many more, and they all provoke the horrified fascination that we seem so drawn to and so uncomfortable with. But where did it go? Where do we file all these old dreams now? Don't we dream them anymore?

Some of them we don't. A lot of the repressed sexuality we projected onto Hollywood is simply not repressed anymore. It's hard to imagine what would shock us now. Most of our stars have been transferred to television, and there is still a market for gossip about them, of course—how they do their hair, and whom they're not going to marry. But this is low-level legend, and television is perhaps too domestic and too familiar to carry the charge of the old movies. Actors and actresses on television look like working people, people doing a job, heirs to the hoofers and troupers of the stage, not to the royalty and divinity of the screen. They don't have that lurid sense of unreality which we all seemed to aspire to in the days of Rita Hayworth and Errol Flynn. And contemporary film stars, like Robert Redford and Paul Newman and Dustin Hoffman and Woody Allen and Jane Fonda and Barbra Streisand, work too hard at being just like us, ordinary, ragged, underconfident plain folk. The act isn't very convincing, but it must say something about the changing times that it should be put on at all. The stars not only look down, they get down.

This is not a plea for nostalgia after all; it is just a remark on the shifting weather, and in any case many of those dreams are still around in one form or another, and indeed have found a new dump: politics, that nonstop parade of shabby transparent fictions which looks just like the old Hollywood, complete with scandals and all, although it is a Hollywood seen through a hangover rather than through nostalgia and rosy memories. America has become a giant studio, a vast back lot littered with props and scenery from various projects, including a flop called *New York*, which has a very large cast and an astronomical budget, and two very big recent hits called *Watergate* and *The War*. Coming up is a musical called *The Election*, in which we all get to dance.

Meanwhile Hollywood, catching the mood of the times, is planning a series of films about Hollywood: a film of Fitzgerald's *Last Tycoon*, a biography of Busby Berkeley, a film about Marilyn Monroe, another about Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, a comedy about the blacklist, a movie by Peter Bogdanovich about the pioneers of the silent age, and a movie based on the life and career of Rin-Tin-Tin. Rod Steiger is to star in a film about W. C. Fields and his mistress. I begin to get dizzy from the possibilities suggested by this sort of thing: Gene Wilder as Groucho Marx? Karen Black as Marlene Dietrich? Woody Allen as Erich von Stroheim? These poor fantasies are all too soon outdistanced by reality. President Ford is plainly preparing to play Lassie, and Ronald Reagan, with unerring flair, is working hard at himself up for the role of Ronald Reagan.

Michael Wood, a professor of English at Columbia, is the author of America in the Movies *(Basic Books).*

BOOKS by Ernest van den Haag

STRAIGHT TALK FOR HOMOSEXUALS



Charles Gatewood

The Homosexual Matrix, by C. A. Tripp. McGraw-Hill, $10.

MORE THAN A decade ago I suggested (in *The Problem of Homosexuality in Modern Society*) that homosexuality is more or less a free characterological choice, just as vegetarianism can be, or chess, and that it need be no more pathological—a view since accepted by the American Psychiatric Association. I am now inclined to stress that, in a society that looks askance at it, homosexuality is likely to be a more compulsive choice than stamp collecting or heterosexuality. For, when not driven by compulsions, people don't usually invite the social penalties homosexuals suffer. Wearing eighteenth-century dress is no disease, but wearing it to the A & P will lead to difficulties. Habitual wearers who invite these difficulties are psychologically suspect. To be sure, moral convictions, or material advantages, may lead healthy persons to brave even severe penalties—but homosexuality is neither a moral conviction, or a material advantage. It is a sumptuary preference, just as sporting eighteenth-century garb is. If people cling to such a preference in spite of social penalties, they usually suffer from psychological compulsions. Still, symptom-free homosexuals may be found, just as one may find symptom-free habitual wearers of eighteenth-century costumes. But not too often.

I mention all this only to indicate that I am in some sympathy with what I take to be Mr. Tripp's clinical idea: that homosexuality is not necessarily more pathological than heterosexuality. Yet I do not care for his book. It contains great gobs of information—much of it true, some of it dubious, none of it new—but all of it is presented glibly, without even an attempt to integrate the data and anecdotes with psychological or social theory; wherefore, though recent, they have a musty smell, like a collection of year-old news items. The musty impression is reinforced by the dated gossip about prominent gay figures—named, unnamed, and coyly hinted at. Items about homosexual brothels run by the FBI in Greenwich Village, gay political conspiracies, and so forth will appeal to aficionados of the genre, but they do not contribute to the serious purpose of the book. A relentlessly flippant manner adds to one's annoyance.

HOWEVER TIRESOME, a smart-alecky and too frequently ungrammatical style could be forgiven. But Mr. Tripp also seriously misleads his readers. He suffers from a bad case of what might be called the Kinsey syndrome. He writes as though, by establishing that behavior, such as homosexuality, is statistically or biologically "normal"—that it is frequent, or nonpathological—he establishes that it is morally "normal"—that it is, or ought to be, approved by moral norms. Kinsey originally was an entomologist, and in insect societies there are no moral norms separate from biological reflexes or statistical frequencies. His mistake was understandable; however, it remains a mistake. Mr. Tripp, at any rate, is a psychologist and cannot claim Kinsey's extenuating circumstances.

It is easy to see why in human society statistical cannot be identified with moral norms. Imagine that you live in a society where Nazi actions are statistically "normal." Do they become morally "normal" thereupon? Should moral norms be changed to accommodate Nazi behavior when it is statistically normal? Obviously, the moral cannot be reduced to the statistical. Nor can definitions of health or disease rest on frequencies: most people suffer from dental caries, but that does not make it healthful. And if malaria were the statistical norm—as it was for centuries in some regions of the world—it would not become normal in the sense of healthy. In addition, healthy persons however defined are not ipso facto morally normal. Murder when committed by clinically normal healthy persons is not necessarily morally normal, i.e., right. Thus Mr. Tripp's demonstration of the statistical or clinical normality of homosexuality—which he reveals by a somewhat selective recital of data—won't do for the purpose for which he uses it: to demonstrate that we should accept homosexuality as normal in the social or moral sense. Yet this is his major purpose. He is explicit in his dissatisfaction with mere legalization and insists on full moral and social acceptance on the basis of his statistical and psychobiological arguments—as though a moral conclusion could follow from anything but a moral premise.

Even if his arguments aren't correct, Tripp's asseverations could be. I do not think they are. There is indeed little point in punishing homosexual acts between consenting adults acting in private: voluntary private acts should not be controlled socially, unless the control does [illegible]

age than the acts themselves. This is not the case here. But not punishing is not the same as approving, or even being neutral. We remain quite free to disapprove of, to dislike these acts—and free to avoid the actors who bring their homosexual preferences to public attention. Once they do, their sexual preferences become more than a private matter; they can be rejected, and where public acceptance of the employee is a justifiable requirement, homosexuality can become relevant to employment.

Mr. Tripp does not grant this, and he is supported by many ritualistic liberals. While reading *The Homosexual Matrix*, I also read a *New York Times* column by Ira Glasser, a lawyer and the executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, urging the passage of a bill before the New York City Council to prohibit discrimination against homosexuals in housing, public accommodations (e.g., bars), and employment. The bill, Mr. Glasser argues, would end "official tolerance for bigotry based on sexual preference." This bigotry, he feels, now drives many homosexuals in New York into hiding to avoid "loss of job, harassment and abuse, even rejection by family and friends." But would a change in the law produce tolerance for those who flaunt their homosexual behavior? Is it within the province or power of the law to prohibit "rejection by family and friends"? Should it be unlawful for a homosexual's friend or brother to reject him? Mr. Glasser goes on to explicitly compare homosexuals in New York to Jews and homosexuals in Nazi Germany who "had to hide or perish"—as though in New York homosexuals were being segregated, compelled to wear badges, thrown into concentration camps, and exterminated. One hopes Mr. Glasser argues more cogently for his clients than he does for his readers.

THE REAL ISSUE is not legal punishment, let alone concentration camps, but the attempt to force society to accept homosexuality as morally and socially normal, as morally equal to heterosexuality, and to legally compel school boards, police departments, prisons, and private employers to hire homosexuals. (Cases of exclusion of well-behaved homosexuals from housing or public accommodations are practically unknown.) The burden of proof of nonexclusion would soon fall on employers, who would have to prove that they do not discriminate by hiring an appropriate quota of homosexuals. This has been the experience with previous laws mandating nondiscrimination in hiring.

There has been no overall discrimination against homosexuals. They are accepted in most industries and thrive in some even when flaunting their sexual preferences. The issue is not protection of homosexual individuals against unwarranted loss, injury, humiliation, or inconvenience but the attempt to force society to grant approval to all preferences or forms of behavior, and thus to deny it the right to defend and protect its traditions and institutions—sexual, moral, aesthetic, or social.

It is quite conventional in some tribes for women to go bare-breasted in public; and perhaps we need not punish a woman who does. But should a school board or a police department be compelled to hire her? Granted, nudity need not interfere with her duties, narrowly defined. But the parents who are compelled to send their children to public schools have a right to exclude teachers who appear to be undesirable models to them. A community should be allowed to select employees who can serve as models and symbols of its values and traditions in addition to performing material duties. It is this right that is at issue here.

Teachers specifically must be desirable models, for, unavoidably, they are models. Now, there is no doubt that the homosexual teacher who insists on being hired while displaying his preference intends to proselytize. He wishes to suggest to his students that his behavior and preference are just as good as the heterosexual kind. Students are impressionable. The majority quite early learn to prefer heterosexuality and are unlikely to change. But a considerable group may at various stages of development go either way. Their unconscious decision is influenced by many factors (most of them little known), but there can be no doubt that atmosphere, cultural approval, and admired models will play a role. Which seems a good enough reason for parents who prefer their children to be heterosexual to insist on heterosexual teachers. (Homosexuality, however, does not interfere with scholarship or university teaching: the students are older and nobody is compelled to go to college. But universities—or private firms—neither need to nor should be compelled to be sensible: indeed, they hire plenty of homosexuals.)

OVER THE YEARS I have admired homosexuals as well as heterosexuals; some have honored me with their friendship, and I have treated some as patients. Is this inconsistent with my disapproval? Far from it. I do not regard a man who limps or has a passion for gambling as unworthy of esteem and friendship, but it does not follow that I regard his defect or his passion as desirable. I may like a person in spite of preferences I do not share, depending on the importance of his preferences to our relationship and to my evaluation of him. The same sort of consideration applies to hiring. The man with the limp need not be asked to join the football team; the gambler may not be a bank teller; but each could do well in other activities.

There is entirely too much government coercion in our society. Even when its intention is admirable, it has turned out to be cumbersome, costly, restrictive, and often counterproductive. I do not think anyone should be compelled to hire heterosexuals or homosexuals, or to love, cherish, and esteem them either. The politicization of taste and the restriction of choice have gone far enough.They may have been needed to help a genuinely oppressed minority. But it is not generally the government's task to rid people of their prejudices in favor of its own. Justice should be blind. People should be equal before it. But people needn't be blind in their relations with each other. The belief that unequal people —and we are unequal, are we not? —must treat one another as equals is a prejudice as much as any other. It should not be made compulsory by law. □

Ernest van den Haag is a professor of social philosophy at NYU and the author of Punishing Criminals *(Basic Books).*

PUZZLE WRAPAROUN

The new *Harper's Puzzle*, which makes its first monthly appearance n page 87, is an American adaptation of English-style crosswords. Eng- sh crossword puzzles are different from American ones. In place of efinitions, they offer clues which have to be solved, clues which exploit ıe deviousness of the English language in order to create a game of wits.

In the *Harper's Puzzle* clues, every effort will be made to mislead you urely through the use of language. The answers will be common words; unusual words are ever used they will be labeled. Forget, thank God, ıose five-letter words for Bantu hartebeest. You will be called upon to se your head, not a dictionary. It will not hurt, however, if your head ontains a devious mind.

WHAT IS A CLUE?

A clue is simply two indications of a desired answer, written con- ecutively. One is a definition (i.e., a synonym); the other, called the sub- diary, may be either a second definition or a description of the way the nswer looks, sounds, or is constructed. This could be seen as an advan- ıge over American puzzles because, in getting *two* indications of the an- wer, you will generally *know* that the answer you've found is the right ne. The trouble is that the clue is out to fool you.

The two parts of the clue may be separated by punctuation, but more ften they are written together as a single thought or sentence. This is here the deception comes in. We don't often realize it, but language—at ast the English language—operates largely on assumptions. A good ue will try to use those assumptions against you. To decipher a clue it is ecessary to forget your assumptions as to what the clue *seems* to be say- ıg in order to learn what the clue is actually saying.

Here is a typical clue: "Row about stray dog (7)." (*The number in arentheses after a clue indicates the length of the answer, saving you the other of counting squares in the diagram.*) "Row about stray dog" creates n immediate assumption as to its meaning: it refers to a fight over a omeless animal—and it is baffling since no word in English carries that eaning. But wait. The words can be read differently. Forget the "mean- ıg" of the phrase and think of the clue as an instruction. As an instruc- on, the words say: a word meaning "row" about a word meaning stray" will produce a word meaning "dog." If the clue were repunctu- ed "Row" about "stray": "dog," any puzzle lover would suddenly feel ee to consider that the "row" being sought might be the other pronun- ation of the word, meaning *paddle* or *line* or *tier*, and the "stray" being ought might be the verb meaning "to err," not the adjective. Indeed ıose are both the case, and, with a little thought, a solver can construct ıe answer TERRIER, t(err)ier.

Here's another typical clue: "Lamps repaired for a song (5)." A sign or a fix-it shop? An obvious assumption. But no. As an instruction, this ue says: the word "lamps" repaired in order to produce a word mean- ıg "a song." In the language of clues, the answer, PSALM, defined by "a ong," may be said to be printed incorrectly as the word "lamps," and if were "repaired"—i.e., corrected or fixed—it would produce the an- wer. Mentally repunctuate the clue as: "lamps," repaired, for "a song," ıd the process becomes—almost—obvious.

Whether you realize it or not, you've just learned the three things you eed to know about clues:

1. A clue contains, in two distinct parts, a definition and a subsidiary indi- ıtion of the same answer. (There is an exception; see below.)

2. Any process you are to follow to find the answer will be told to you, in a eiled way, by the clue.

3. Mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

HE DEFINITION

In deciphering a clue, your first task is to figure out which word or ords are the definition and which the subsidiary. To do so you need to ıow what will constitute each part. The definition will usually be just at—a simple synonym. But rest assured—of course—that if "post" is ing to be used in the clue to define the answer POLE, every effort will be ade to make you think of the word in the sense of "mail," or "display," even "bounce up and down on a trotting horse." That's only sporting. ıt the definition may also be oblique, or even be a pun. For example, "I in" might define MILER or RIVER or MOTOR or even POLITICIAN; and hey're groovy!" might define RUTS or NOTCHES or even RECORDS. (*Note: punctuation is conventional in these puzzles: question marks and exclamation points in clues are used only to indicate a pun or some other outrageous misuse of meaning.*) In looking for the definition, keep a literal mind, and remember that it's your assumption that "stray dog" is a single thought that misleads you from considering the words separately.

THE SUBSIDIARY INDICATIONS

The first rule of clues is that a clue will give you a definition of an answer, and then it will give you a second *indication of that answer. There are eight different methods the clue may employ in order to give you this second, or subsidiary, indication.*

1. *Second definitions.* Often the clue writer will simply juxtapose two different meanings of a single answer in such a way as to cloud the meaning of either or both. For example, "Crib author (3)" isn't a reference to plagiarism; it is simply two meanings of PEN put together to misdirect you to think of "crib" as a verb and "author" as a noun instead of the other way around. Here's another: "Sound from a blind charlatan (5)." Baffling? Try repunctuating it as "Sound from a blind": "charlatan." Of course: QUACK. And since you did that so easily, see if your assumptions lead you astray on these two:

(a) Associate suggests recount (6).

(b) Your very top chopped liver (4). (Answers on the puzzle page.) And if you'd like a head start, look at clue 28A in this month's puzzle.

2. *Charades.* Many words break down into convenient parts, so a clue, in addition to defining the answer, may as a subsidiary define its component parts. PARROT, for example, is the word PAR next to the word ROT; it might be clued as "Repeat the average nonsense (6)." (Repunctuated, it's "Repeat": "the average," "nonsense.") There's the definition of the answer, and beside it definitions of its two component words. What could be easier? What indeed? When, on occasion, the components read together in some sensible way, the clue may even offer a pun on the entire word, as in "Sinister purpose of an auction? (10)" Answer: FOR-BIDDING. (Note the question mark indicating a pun.) Try these, and then, in this month's puzzle, try clue 12D.

(c) He poisoned Cleopatra with Irish slander (7)

(d) Scheme to put a horizontal line atop a vertical line! (6)

The second rule of clues is that if you are to follow any process in order to get your secondary indication of the answer, the clue will, in some veiled way, "tell" you what to do.

3. *Containers.* Some words break into components, like Charades, but have their component parts inside and outside rather than side by side. Our old friend T(ERR)IER is one, and "Row about stray dog" is a Container clue. As you get used to clue-solving, you'll learn to respond to certain words in a clue as if a warning flag had gone up. In this case, the word is "about." Similarly, when you see words such as "in," "around," "holding," "embraces," and "on the periphery" in a clue, you should be alert to the possibility that they may be telling you to put one word inside or outside another. Consider this clue: "Cooks like getting into spoilages (6)." "Getting into" should set off the alarm and lead you to consider this possible repunctuation: "Cooks": "like" getting into "spoilages." Then test it out. Is there a word meaning "like" which, if it "got into" a word meaning "spoilages," would produce a word meaning "cooks"? Yes, RO(AS)TS. The clue defined the answer, ROASTS (with a little misdirection to lead you to think of "cooks" as a noun), and then it "told" you one way to go about constructing the word. This in essence is the pattern of all compound, or process, clues. No matter how complex they get—and they do occasionally get quite complex—they will all have this essential structure. Try another, and then look at clue 2D.

(e) When Peg holds a note, it comes out clear (5)

Remember that the components may be more than two words, as in:

(f) Someone else not found in a lady's embrace (7)

4. *Beheadings, no ends, et cetera.* Following the same logic as Containers and Charades, some answers can be described to you in a clue as being transformable into another word with the addition or subtraction of a first or last letter—or of an entire word part. Words such as "almost," "not quite," "tailless," "headless," "don't start," "missing a" are typical instructions for this sort of process. Try these, and then try clue 23A.

(g) Scandinavian girl almost sitting on a horse (6)

(h) "Topless ugly women—merely irritations (6)

'RAPAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

5. *Reversals.* Similarly, a clue may want to tell you that the answer being sought, if spelled backward, will spell another word, or words. If the clue uses a word or phrase which has as one of its meanings "reversed," "going backward," "going the wrong way," or, in the case of a Down clue, "turned over," "going up," "upset," "rising," be prepared to look for a reversal. For example: "Members remitted binder (5)." The word "remitted" literally means "sent back," ergo: "Members" remitted: "binder"—a word meaning "members," PARTS, sent backward will produce a word meaning "binder," i.e., the answer STRAP. Simple? Elementary! Now try clue 43D. (The word "rising" should alert you.)

The reversal may be of more than one word, as in:

(i) Put up one store drain in delicatessen (8) (*Down clue*).

(j) A prostitute's back sees many beds (6)

6. *Anagrams.* The most common subsidiary indication of an answer is to give an anagram of its letters, and it is in anagrams, and the language indicating them, that cryptic clues reach their glory (or totally flip out, depending on your bias). In the language of these puzzles, any word or phrase that has as one of its meanings "to change the natural order of" or "in an unnatural form" may be telling you to make an anagram of the adjoining word or words. The range is almost limitless.

It's impossible here to give you examples of all the forms of anagram indications you may encounter, but you'll soon learn to be wary when you see words such as "corrupted," "bad," "naughty," "torn," "confused," "in motion," "dancing," "possibly," "could be," or indeed any word or phrase which suggests change or motion or wrongness. The anagrams will always be of the letters exactly as you see them on the page, i.e., "Mad Doctor No" would not be an anagram of DR. NO. These examples will have to suffice, along with clue 24D.

(k) Pitchman's deceptive replies (7).

(l) Deny it if given wrong name (8)

(m) Beginner might be a riot in it (9) (Here the apostrophe is misleading; it looks like the possessive, but it is actually the contraction of "is." Read the clue as: "Pitchman" is deceptive "replies." Got it?)

7. *Homonyms.* Instead of directing your attention to how an answer is spelled, the subsidiary may tell you that the answer sounds like another word, or words. Indications such as "we hear" or "resounds in" or "when spoken" will be used to lead you to listen to the answer rather than try to construct it. Here's a nice misleading one which you ought to be able to work out if you resist your natural assumptions:

(n) Shrubbery in vocal use (4)

And, as usual, the homonym may be of more than one word, as in:

(o) Ghost speaks of one way to kill a fish (6)

Now try this month's clue 38A.

8. *Hidden.* There is one final way the clue may give you a second indication of a desired answer, and it is both the easiest and the most deceptive. The clue may spell out the answer right before your eyes, either within another word or as a bridge between several words. Watch for indications such as "seen in," "containing," or "some of." For example: "Part of Asia Minor describes what position Iago holds (5)." What does "position Iago" hold? For one thing, it holds the answer, IONIA. Did you see it, staring you right in the face? Now try these:

(p) Beg for core of apple a day (5)

(q) Head on saffron talisman requires it (7)

I won't give you an example from this month's puzzle because hidden clues only work when they are unexpected. I'll only tell you there are three clues of this type in the puzzle.

COMPLEX CLUES

These are the eight different methods a clue may employ to give you a second indication of a desired answer. Now for the kicker: when a clue is instructing you how to spell or construct the answer, it may tell you to perform more than one process in a single clue. The answer may be described as, for example, a reversal containing an anagram, or an anagram next to a synonym which contains a beheaded word. Just remember that, no matter how complex the processes are which will lead you to the answer, the clue will always tell you what to do. One example will have to suffice: "Return to look around dilapidated tavern for tires (9)." By now you should be ready to suspect a number of words in this clue. "Return," for example, should suggest a reversal. Return what? Return "to look" "To look" is to see (always start with the easiest choice), so do what th clue says—"return" it: EES. The word "around" suggests that EES "around" another word. It's unlikely that a nine-letter word will sta with EE, so the possiblity is E———-ES. You consider putting EES "around a six-letter word meaning "dilapidated tavern." But wait. Your nov warped mind should consider another possibility: "dilapidated" (whic means "broken down") might indicate an anagram. Indeed, "tavern" six letters long, so you give it a try. E(NTREAV)ES? Run to the dictionar to see if it's an obscure word for automobile wheels ("tires"). No, I to you there will be very few obscure words. Try again for a more commc word. There it is: E(NERVAT)ES, the *other* meaning of "tires," the ver which means "weakens."

The process may sound complicated, but all you've been doing your head is finding the proper way to repunctuate the clue: Return " look" around dilapidated "tavern" for "tires." Of course it may be poss ble to repunctuate a clue in more than one way, and with a complex cl the correct instruction may not reveal itself at once—but this is crossword puzzle and you will eventually get some help from the s agram.

So there you are. You have the rules, and even—if you want them—few head starts on this month's puzzle. The sample clues I've given a only a beginning, and it may take a while before the language of clu really sings to you, but plunge in, resist assumptions, keep a literal min and it won't be at all long before you join the elite ranks of mental de ates who instantly recognize that *The Last of the Mohicans* in a clue m merely indicate the letter "s," "half a sixpence" may be defining ENC and "tailless bird" BIR. Very well-known symbols and abbreviations a used in construction-type clues, and you'll soon learn to recognize the because they pop up continually. When you see "North," "South "East," or "West" in a clue, think of "N," "S," "E," or "W." Seeing "lef or "right," think of "l," "r," or "rt." Seeing "nothing" or "goose egg" "love" (as in a tennis score), think of "o." For "about," keep in mir "re" (meaning "concerning") or "c" (the abbreviation for "circa" "Note" may refer to notes of the scale: "do," "re," "mi," et cetera. "On may mean "a," "an," or "I." Numbers may indicate Roman numeral "V," "X," "L," "C," "D," and "M." "Steamship" may indicate "ss "saint" or street," "st." "Acceptable" or "high-class" may define "I (as opposed to non-U); "first-rate" may mean "A1"; "soft," "P" a "loud," "F" (the musical dynamic marks). These are just a few indic tions, all common. Unusual abbreviations will always be indicated by word or phrase such as "briefly" or "in short," e.g., "general, in shor would indicate GEN as part of a word. Here's just one example of a Dov clue employing a common symbol (which also contains a dazzling defir tion):

(r) Sign for and take $100 off vacation dwelling on beach (9)

As I mentioned earlier, there is one exception to the rule that clues ways divide into two parts. In some pun clues (always indicated by " or "!"), the *entire clue* can be read two ways to give the required dout indication of an answer. Examples: "Kind of sentence delivered by hung jury? (9)" which is a play on two meanings of SUSPENDED; and "A ranges zero gains? (9)" which, repunctuated, is only a subsidiary (ranges "zero gains") but whose entire process defines the answer, ORG NIZES. This month's clue 11A is this sort of clue.

I've saved until last one of the most enjoyable features of t *Harper's Puzzle.* Each month's puzzle will have a gimmick of some so fully explained in that puzzle's instructions, which you will have to sol or work out in addition to solving the clues. The diagrams may be of o shapes and sizes, or the words you place in the diagram may vary som what from the clue answers according to a pattern you'll have to puz out as you go along. The monthly game gives to these puzzles one thi that normal crosswords never have: a satisfying conclusion—when t mystery of the gimmick is finally unraveled and all the final pieces of t puzzle suddenly fall together.

There will be a contest accompanying the *Harper's Puzzle.* One-ye subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine* will be awarded to the senders of t first three correct solutions opened (we will open submissions not order of receipt but all at once, in order to be fair to contestants in out ing areas). The puzzle page tells you how to enter.

I am indebted to Stephen Sondheim for several examples in this ar cle—and, indeed, for introducing me to these puzzles and their princip in the first place.

—R. M

WRAPAROUND WRAP

ITUATIONS WANTED

by Richard Maltby, Jr.

Instructions for this month's puzzle: There is no clue given for ten of diagram entries (called "lights"; see below). Solvers must deduce m by completing the rest of the puzzle. There is one rather cryptic t: each of the five unclued Down entries exists in one of the five clued Across entries.

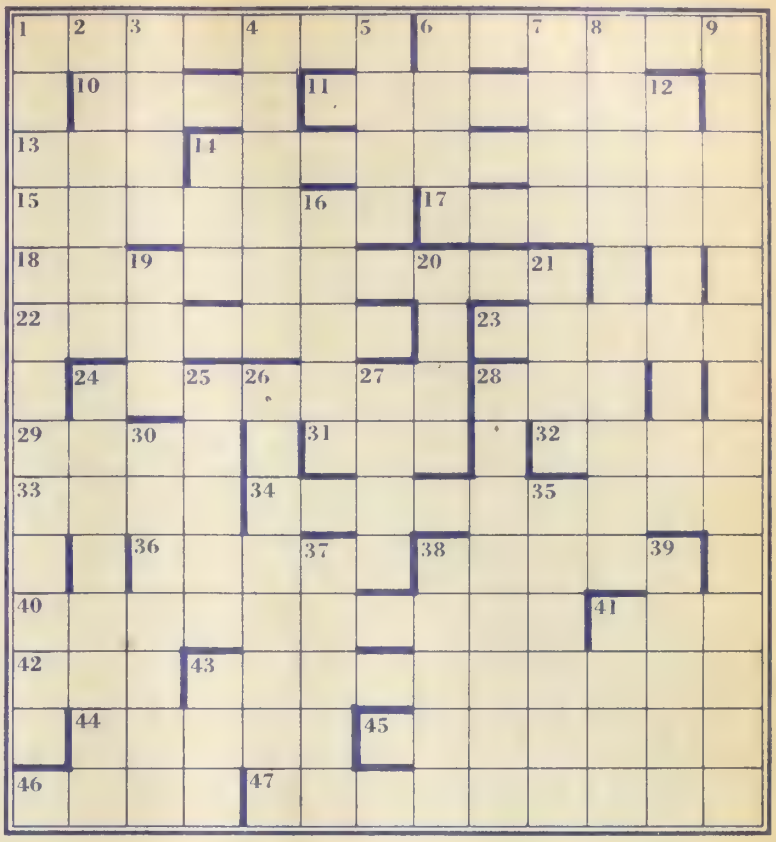
Clue answers include three proper names and one simple foreign rd. Clue 22A is somewhat obscure. As a proof that you've found the rect unclued lights, the unchecked letters in them (see below) may be rranged to spell the (useless) phrase CATCH OF A GAME—NO "A."

Notes on diagrams: Heavy bars in the diagram indicate the begin-gs and ends of words, just as black squares do in usual crossword zzles.

In these puzzles the solution to the clue is called the "answer," but the rd you enter in the diagram is called the "light." This distinction is essary because in some puzzles (not this one) the two may not be the ne. It will depend on the gimmick of the puzzle.

An "unchecked" letter is a letter appearing in, say, an Across word t does not also appear in a Down word, or vice versa.

For complete instructions on clue-solving, see page 85.



CLUES

ACROSS

Seedless grape with part of result anagrammatized (7)
Girl one left behind—that's where you get the service (6)
"Knock-knock" jokes, e.g., turned up by the Poles (4)
Abuse to a veil? (7)
When you write *Middlemarch,* take a bow (3)
See instructions (10)
Payment for the right monarchs (7)
Child has desire, returning a bean (6)
See instructions (10)
Ireland certainly shows three terrible spirits (7)
Old truth gives endless comfort (5)
Small volume about backtracking on potentially explosive situation (7)
Vessel with grate (3)
See instructions (4)
In the Sound, drag the very bottom (3)
Debauchery involves one in nonsense (4)
Valuable earth rose out of it (4)
Superfluous and turned off (9)
Underground sweeties live set apart (5)
Pants, on hearing what's in reproductive cells (5)
Expert with broken rib draws sharp words (10)
Strip joint (3)
Rocket launcher? You don't see it flying around anymore (3)
See instructions (10) *(two words)*
Polish head of church embraced by tart (5)
Deprive of something—what Japanese employees of Eastern Air Lines do? (7)
Bowl down lane, get spare (4)
See instructions (9)

DOWN

See instructions (13) *(two words)*
Paid player in Egypt causes commotion (6)
See instructions (4)
He lays off, pursued by one of the downs (6)
Gay Brownie goes topless (4)
A word like chimp gets one in order (4)
Caesar holds a state in the past (4)
Very loud train notes—awful (10)
See instructions (14) *(two words)*
Put Ziegler in office—it's such a little thing! (8)
Thanks a million for the hat (3)
Almost contract for something paid by someone else (5)
Somewhat abstemious Italian mine (3)
20. Instrument that goes to the heart of vagrants (4)
21. Very loud sound causes royal row (4)
24. A cover is unnaturally swollen (8)
25. Recall a sermon which includes an intense source of light (5)
26. Source of intelligence around rum, beer, rum (8)
27. Indicates yes and no with low marks (4)
28. *See instructions* (8) *(two words)*
30. *See instructions* (7)
35. Sprinter—one of eight famous fliers (6)
37. It turned up over a sun god's crown (5)
38. Changed course and got into harmony (5)
39. Assuage slave with small change (5)
41. Idol makes a bundle, we hear (4)
43. Succeeded in rising immediately (3)

ANSWERS TO SAMPLE CLUES

(a) RELATE
(b) PATE (and PÂTÉ)
(c) ASP-ERSE
(d) FORM-A-"T"
(e) P(LA)IN
(f) A(NOT)HER
(g) ASTRID(E)
(h) (W)ITCHES
(i) PAS-TRAM-I (*i-mart-sap*)
(j) STRAT-A
(k) IDENTIFY (*deny it if*)
(l) INITIATOR (*a riot in it*)
(m) SPIELER
(n) YEWS
(o) SPIRIT (*spear it*)
(p) PLEAD (*it's literally the "core" of. . . .*)
(q) FRONTAL (*"head on"*)
(r) (C) AMPER-SAND (*$100 is a "C"—and "sign for and" is the definition!*)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Puzzle Editor, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 7. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's.* The solution will be printed in the February issue. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

This month Tools for Living went to the Museum of Modern Art in search of items remarkable for their design quality. Several of the artifacts that appear below have been honored by inclusion in the museum's permanent Design Collection. It is our feeling that too many people underestimate the importance of design in our lives. If every man-made construction under the sun had been designed by the industrial artists who fashioned these products, the world, we submit, would be an infinitely better place. The items, incidentally, may be purchased at the museum (at 23 West Fifty-third Street in New York City) or through us.

Also, it has been a while since we reminded our readers that we are actively seeking Tools suggestions for future issues. If you have found a product that you particularly like and would confidently recommend to a friend, tell us about it. Write to Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Be sure to tell us the name of the manufacturer and, if possible, his address. If your suggestion should end up on the printed page, we will send you a finder's fee of $25.

BOOKMARKS

Designed by Michael Kalil

Kalil's buffed, satin-finished spring brass bookmarks clip onto a page and point to the line where you left off. The two-inch markers make very comfortable objects for your fingers to worry over as you read; somehow, they add to the enjoyment of getting back into a good book. A set of three different designs is $10. (B-1)



THE ECLISSE LAMP

Designed by Vico Magistretti

A rounded panel swivels in front of this handsome and unusual night lamp to expose or shade the light bulb as much as you wish. Free-standing or mounted on a wall, the lamp can illumine an entire hallway, or a section of the ceiling or floor. Manufactured in Italy, the lamp is made of white, lacquered metal, is 7 inches long, with a 4¾-inch diameter, and is in the Design Collection. It is available for $40. (B-2)



ASHTRAY

Designed by Arne Jacobsen

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ANDLE-I

signed by Richard J. Lionetti

Based on a design form familiar to the construction industry, ese I-beam-shaped aluminum candlesticks are both sturdy and autiful. Their mirror polish makes them stand out, t they seemingly defy focus, i.e., the candles appear to float idst a blaze of reflections, while anchored at the bottom by a n. Four inches high, on a 2⅝-inch-square base, the ndlesticks cost $40 per pair and come in a gift box. (B-4)

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By Kulicke

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LETTERS

Two cheers for technology

ter reading "In Praise of Tech-gy" by Samuel C. Florman [No-er] all I can say is "Glory, hal-h!" At last an erudite and ar-te writer has taken the trouble molish the myth that technology tihuman. He has done an out-ing job of it. Most self-appoint-tellectuals have simply parroted arty line of the environmental-vith sickening uniformity, and includes Mumford and Dubos, should know better.

e might be tempted to suggest antitechnologists should spend a in some country where technol-barely exists, say, Bolivia or ladesh, and live on a typical na-ncome (perhaps $100 a year). of them might learn the facts e.

HAROLD F. KLEIN
Denver, Colo.

n Praise of Technology" is a did, long overdue argument to cobabble of the people Florman s to as antitechnologists. The chnologists find cities "blankly rm." It's probable that these neo-cavedwellers have ancestral erparts hanging from some an-limb of the family tree who l the maize fields "blankly uni-" when they were first planted ws for easy harvesting.

chnology is a function of the ive urge, an urge no more to be ed than hunger or sex. It is as apable as it is thrilling. The an-is not to walk away from tech-y, but to participate in it and, the energy and brains, to di-t.

FRED WICKHAM
San Francisco, Calif.

muel C. Florman knows anti-technological thought quite well, as evidenced by his many apt quotations from Ellul, Mumford, Dubos, Reich, and Roszak. His selections were of such potency, in fact, that I found their argument overshadowing his own—a case of the duelist conceding his opponent the pistol while reserving the rapier for himself, a grievous oversight in a technologist.

How odd to read in *Harper's* the serious assertion that "the passionate search for 'a philosophy' is the *very thing* (italics mine) that is most likely to lead us down the dreadful path of dogma and totalitarianism." This amounts to a put-down of the historical ideal of liberal education which, from classical Athens to the present, has sought to lift man somewhat above the level of the ancestral ape.

Florman need not take the word of the philosophers that the neo-Frankenstein monster we know as technology demeans and depersonalizes the urban worker; he can find the clinical evidence in such books as Studs Terkel's *Working*, a compendium of eye-to-eye interviews with shop, office, and factory workers who make it plain that their routinized, machine-synchronized lives are as dull and as dead-end as any peasant's; indeed, their plight may be worse, since there is no precedent for modern man's vulnerability to the constant, terrible buzzing from a supercharged environment.

Perhaps technology's wordiest apologist to date, Florman stands under the same charge he has leveled at the more articulate antitechnologists—their pushing of dogma. Yet he has made it clear that his faith in technology as the salvation of man is total. He has chosen to discount the philosophers' and environmentalists' warning: that the manic technology which now makes life intolerable for the many will, in somewhat less than the long run, make life impossible for all.

CHARLES DELACY
Chicago, Ill.

CORRECTION

In the December issue, Philip Booth's poem "How to See Deer" was inadvertently printed without its closing lines. *Harper's* regrets the error and extends its apologies to Mr. Booth.

Cave!

Like Frederick Platt ["Life Without Latin," November], I suspect the decline of the West has something to do with the decline of declensions. Mr. Platt, unfortunately, seems to have a few holes in his painfully acquired classical education. No matter how hard-pressed by Gauls and Helvetians, Caesar would never have said "*Die jacta est,*" which isn't even *Latin* gibberish, but "*Alea jacta est.*" And Cornelia's (not Cordelia's) jewels were not a son and a daughter, but two sons, the reformist politicians Gaius and Tiberius Gracchus. Ah, well. *Dormitat Homerus.*

KATHA POLLITT
New York, N.Y.

FREDERICK PLATT REPLIES:

My thanks to the many readers who pointed out my inexcusable errors. I have evidently been carrying around these misconceptions since early in high school, and, since they didn't come up again in my later education, it never occurred to me to check. Now I have learned my lesson. Well, the article stated I studied Latin, but never said I was any good at it.

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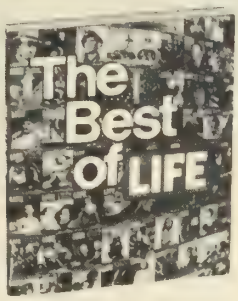



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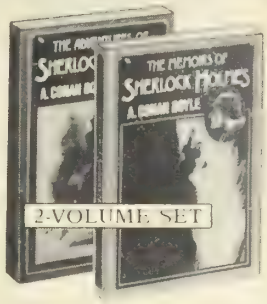
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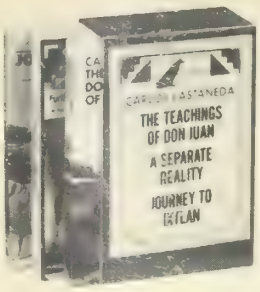
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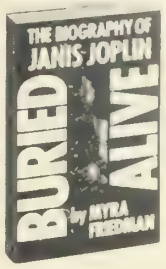
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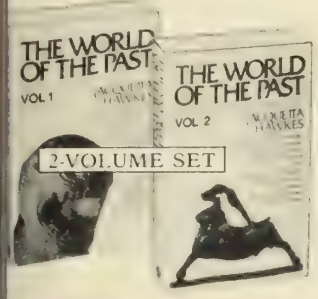
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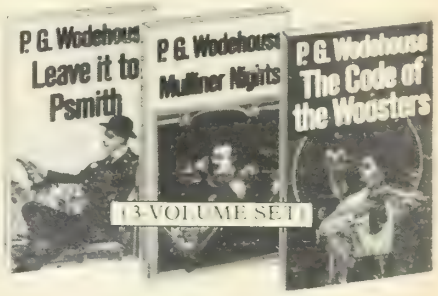
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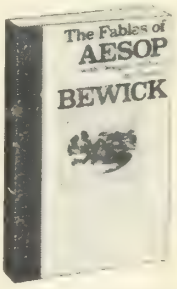


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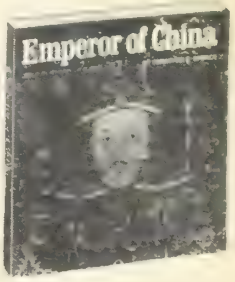


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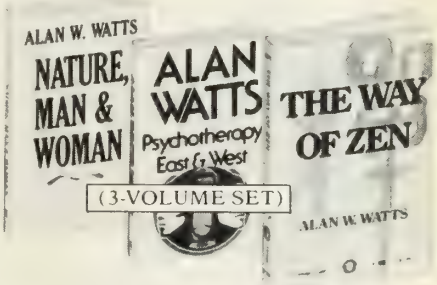
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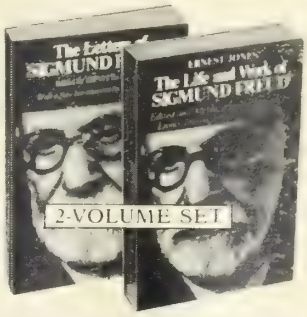
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In Ronald Reagan the Republicans have found the political equivalent of Donald Duck

R. M. Koster **14** THE DEMOCRATIC SUPER BOWL
Predictions about this year's campaigns in the liberal and conservative divisions of the league

Milton Viorst **17** NIXON'S REVENGE
Congress is considering a bill that would legalize many of the Watergate crimes

Herman Schwartz and Bruce Jackson **24** PROSECUTOR AS PUBLIC ENEMY
When lawmen consider themselves above the law, who speaks for justice?

Samuel C. Florman **33** WHITE HOUSE SCIENTISTS
Why Presidents should not have science advisers

Jim Hougan **39** POOR BIRDS OF PARADISE
Haiti: wonderful for tourists, not so good for Haitians

SPECIAL SECTION

Terrence Des Pres **47** VICTORY IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS
When a man's sole possession is life, he discovers the meaning of humanity

Frederick Platt **68** THE COLOSSUS OF MAMARONECK
A short story

Tom Bethell **70** DARWIN'S MISTAKE
An argument that takes issue with the theory of evolution

James Fallows **76** BOOKS: SOUTH AGAINST NORTH
A review of *Power Shift*, by Kirkpatrick Sale

Peter H. Schuck **82** PUBLIC DOCUMENTS: LEGAL POVERTY
Both the middle class and the poor suffer from a shortage of legal help

Rhoda Koenig **87** THE PERSONS IN THE OFFICE
A yes vote on sexual harassment

Budd Whitebook **94** CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-SMOKER
Wherein every prospect pleases, and only man is vile

VERSE

Robinson Jeffers **45** MAKING THE NIGHTMARE MAKE SENSE
Four previously unpublished poems

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS
100 PUZZLE
104 TOOLS FOR LIVING
106 CLASSIFIED

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For the Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1975

INCOME:	Percentage of Total Income	Amount
Public Support:		
Sponsorship contributions	80.5%	$23,229,680
Other contributions	9.8	2,815,910
Bequests	1.4	403,971
Total Public Support	91.7%	$26,449,561
Other Support:		
Reimbursements from Christian Children's Fund of Canada	7.2	2,061,463
Other Income	1.1	330,991
TOTAL INCOME	100.0%	$28,842,015

EXPENSES:		
Program services for:		
Family support	60.0%	$17,316,977
Homeless children	9.9	2,844,841
Primary and secondary education	11.2	3,241,216
Total Program Services	81.1%	$23,403,034
Supporting Services:		
Management and general	9.1	2,627,202
Fund raising	11.5	3,319,034
TOTAL EXPENSES	101.7%	$29,349,270
(DEFICIT)—Excess of Expenses over Income	(1.7)%	$ (507,255)*

Christian Children's Fund financial reports are in accordance with the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants industry audit guide, AUDITS OF VOLUNTARY HEALTH AND WELFARE ORGANIZATIONS. Our complete audit report is available upon request.

*Note: The Unrestricted Fund deficit of $274,388 was absorbed by prior years' surplus as was the Restricted Fund deficit of $212,671 and the Land, Building and Equipment Fund deficit of $58,219. The Endowment Fund realized a surplus of $38,023.

LETTERS

A no vote on the Establishment

Peter Schrag's nostalgic plea for an Establishment ["America Needs an Establishment," December] presents curious paradoxes. On the one hand he argues that "Establishments obviate . . . crises: their function has always been to mediate, to negotiate, and to temper, if not to eliminate extremes"—in other words to keep the lid on, a ploy which can cause explosions. But when he comes down to cases, such as the war in Vietnam, he says, "No one can blame the Establishment for that frailty [i.e., the assumption of omnipotence], only for its fatal inability to comprehend what was happening." I submit that that is the usual weakness of Establishments from the ministry of Lord North to the administration of "the best and the brightest" who sponsored the war in Vietnam.

Schrag admits that the Wasp-dominated CIA under Allen Dulles, "in its clandestine fiddling in other governments, perfectly reflected the Establishment style." So we should have an Establishment?

Contrary to Schrag's view, Franklin Roosevelt's brain trust was not the Establishment; it was at war with the conservative Establishment—and Schrag grants that Establishments are conservative. Roosevelt was condemned as "a traitor to his class," i.e., the Establishment.

One could cite the establishmentarians, including the Episcopal bishop of western Massachusetts, and the presidents of Harvard and MIT, who supported the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. And as Lincoln Steffens pointed out, the corrupt political machines in big cities like Philadelphia were linked with the Establishment of wealth and privilege.

It is probably impossible for a nation as large and diverse as the United States to have a national Establishment, and on the basis of Mr. Schrag's evidence it is fortunate that we do not.

ERNEST EARNEST
Gladwyne, Pa.

How not to run a railroad

Michael Harrington's article ["How to Run a Railroad," December] was totally wrong on numerous basic issues. Certain of the more blatant fallacies should be pointed out.

Mr. Harrington raises the worn-out argument of land grants to the railroad. He neglects to mention that numerous railroads never received land grants. More important, no railroad was "given" land grants. They were required to pay for such grants for nearly a century, in the form of reduced rates on government traffic. These reduced rates continued until October 1946, and total estimated payments by the railroads amounted to $1.25 billion—many times the value of the lands received.

Mr. Harrington talks in glowing terms about the positive solution that nationalization offers. He refers to our experiment during World War I as successful, apparently because, according to Harrington, "the rail unions then campaigned vigorously for permanent nationalization." The fact of the matter is that when we nationalized our rail system during World War I, taxpayers lost money at the rate of $2 million *each day*. The evidence concerning the lack of effectiveness of nationalization is so overwhelming that it is shocking that Mr. Harrington would either be unaware of the data or choose to ignore them. Foreign railroads run annual operating deficits approximately equivalent to 25 percent of revenues. In the Un ed States, that would equate to an *a nual* operating loss of $3 billion, a this does not take into account t initial cost of nationalizing our ra system, which would be a staggeri one. No country with nationaliz railroads breaks even on its rail bu ness. Annual deficits range from $ million to $1.6 billion.

I suppose that we should be grat ful that Mr. Harrington identifi himself as "a lifelong socialist This apparently explains his tende cy to offer a government solution f all perceived problems as well as go ernment solutions for problems n perceived. Nonetheless, Mr. Harrin ton's confession does not absolve hi from inaccuracies based on poor r search or selectivity in the present tion of data which creates a distort result.

IRVINE O. HOCKADAY, J
Preside
Kansas City Southern Industries, In
Kansas City, M

MICHAEL HARRINGTON REPLIES:

First, the question of how mu the railroads paid for lands receiv from the government is open to d pute. I took my facts from the U. Railway Association report, whi was commissioned by the Congre and has somewhat more authori than Mr. Hockaday.

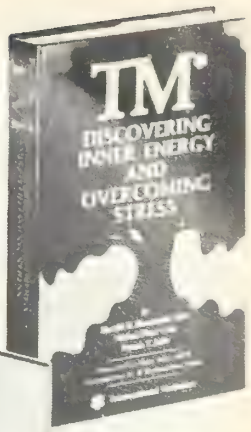
Second, the government did n nationalize the railroads duri World War I. It took over runni the trains and returned them to t private owners at a premium. frankly do not know if they operat at a loss during that period, but they did so, I assume that it was b cause they were being used to a vance the war effort, somethi which no nation does on the basis a profit-and-loss statement.

A third and related point: M

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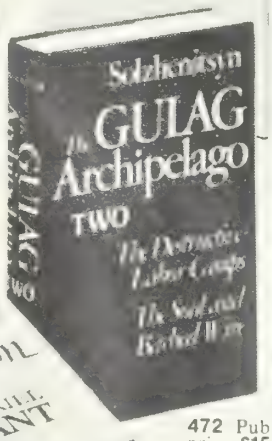


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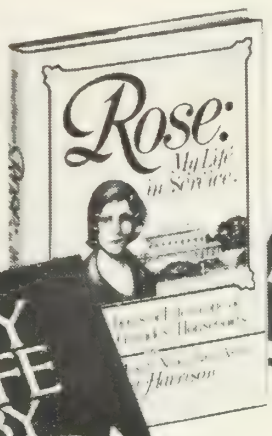
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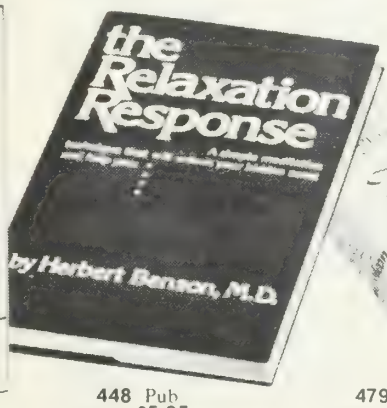


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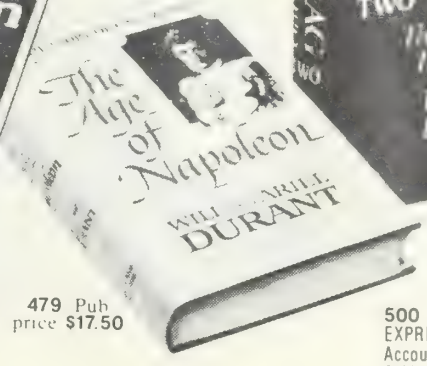
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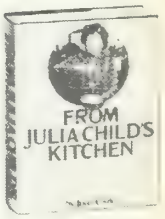
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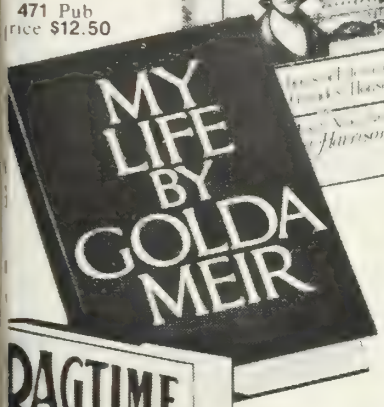


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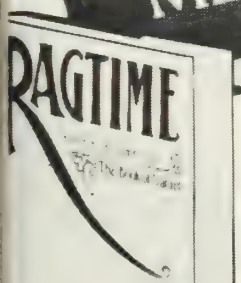


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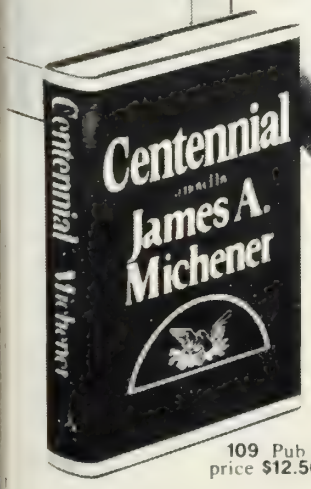


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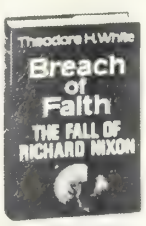
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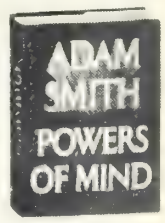
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LETTERS

Hockaday is so totally immersed a commercial calculus that he do not understand that some subsidize choose to subsidize efficient ma transportation for the people a thereby not incur the enormous s cial costs that our chaotic corpora subsidy system has entailed. It is pr cisely the application of private-e terprise theories to areas of soci concern that has contributed to t deterioration of cities, the enviro ment, et cetera.

Finally, if Mr. Hockaday thinks regard nationalization as a panace he might consult the careful empi cal criticism of nationalized indu tries in my book *Socialism*. In th case, however, private enterprise h failed so dramatically at enormo public cost that nationalization cou only be better.

Brain foo

We read with great interest t December WRAPAROUND, "T World of the Brain," and appla your efforts to bring this topic to t public. One of the dedicated pu poses of the Brain Research Found tion is to encourage better und standing of the brain and brain-rel ed illnesses, and we have written f reprints of the WRAPAROUN which will be used for that purpo

Since 1953 the Brain Resear Foundation has provided support f ongoing research projects and pr fessional and scientific educatior programs, and in affiliation with t University of Chicago, has est lished the Brain Research Institu While dramatic advances have be made in cancer and heart researc much remains to be accomplished brain research. Thank you for co piling this interesting and worthwh section, which will contribute in p to a better understanding of this su ject.

CLINTON E. FRA
Preside
Brain Research Foundati
Chicago,

As a student nurse, may I say th "The World of the Brain" exceed every anatomy and physiology l ture I have received so far. Belie me when I say that this article will well circulated among our stud body.

GERRY SMYTH MORG
St. Louis, M

THE CANDIDATE FROM DISNEYLAND



Ronald Duck for President

By Barry Farrell

HERE AGAIN to haunt us with our own grim myths comes another humble merchant's plucky son, another staunch believer in "roots" and the retail ethic, who once upon a time washed dishes, who fought to make the football team at school. Only this one sits at conference tables fifty years later sketching memories of himself in shoulder pads and jersey. This one follows his horoscope and gets his ideas from one-page "mini-memos" provided by his staff. This one munches jelly beans and addresses his wife as "mommy." Think of him as Nixon without the savvy or self-pity, another pious boyhood pauper in whom God has confided the friendship of suntanned millionaires.

Ronald Duck. That he should be regarded as a serious candidate for President is a shame and embarrassment for the country at large to swallow. His appeal is to the fed-up and grudging aged white Christian children of America—and they are everywhere. But here in California, where Reagan's eight years as governor seemed a thoroughly convincing demonstration that mediocrity and peevishness don't pay, his undiminished place in national politics is a fact that perplexes and dismays. In California there is always that edge, that margin to allow for excesses, and sending Reagan to Sacramento was just a lapse into backlash, a sour folly; keeping him there was more of the order of a manageable nuisance, like having an old uncle in the attic shouting into trunks and saluting dusty mirrors. When he left the statehouse a year ago, it was as though he had been humored and put away.

Yet, in a season when the call to greatness has summoned forth a crew who wouldn't make appealing pallbearers at a sober citizen's funeral, Reagan's confession of candidacy the week before Thanksgiving was taken to be so august an event that both *Time* and *Newsweek* were already on the newsstands with his face on their covers. *Time*'s kindly oil portrait showed him as he might exist in the mind of a sentimental moviegoer—pink-cheeked and earnest, blue of eye, the crow's feet almost surgical. *Newsweek*'s life-size color photograph, however, used such fearless focus that it could just as well have been a tribute to mortuary science. Puckers assailed the mouth and muzzle; the lips were curved in a stingy grin; even the ears were wrinkled. The face may have owed nothing to Max Factor or the makers of Grecian Formula (as *Time* was at some pains alleging), but even so it was not such a good face anymore. All that was left was a Dorian Gray kind of boyishness, a shellacked illusion of youth which both magazines, mysteriously, extolled. "A citizen-politician with a Cinerama grin," said *Newsweek*; "a fresh face in Presidential politics," said *Time*.

Citizen-politician? Fresh face? So profound is Reagan's public presence that, after eight years as governor of the nation's most populous state, he retains his amateur standing in politics; even as he threatens Stassen's record as a stalker of convention aisles, he strikes the same gallant pose that served so well ten years ago. Like other inexplicably popular figures of the TV age, he is the sort of man who can always brush the promises off his jacket, straighten his tie, and step unmussed from the wreckage of his office, ready to look another camera in the eye. As long as he doesn't have to extemporize, he seems to be talking turkey. He is neat, forceful, Rotary elegant, a powerful campaigner who can tell Pat-and-Mike jokes in a light brogue. Wife Nancy is a Christmas-tree angel like Pat, another wholesome product from First Lady Farms.

THIS "FRESHNESS" of Reagan's was his prime selling point when he won California in 1966. He was, of course, only fifty-five then, but his apple-cheeked appearance was never contradicted by the maturity of his thought. His political background was restricted to six terms as president of the Screen Actors Guild, where he was known mainly as a hard-line anti-Communist who supported the Hollywood blacklists and, for a while, carried a .32. It was not until 1954, when he became the host of *General Electric Theater*, that Reagan entered what was to be his real academy of politics. Touring the country for GE in the Fifties, promoting high morale among workers, adding a touch of glamour to stockholders' meetings, he gradually developed his command of "The Speech"; this set piece is an attack on every social program enacted since 1933. All Reagan's postures derive from his days as GE's front man, and so do his commitments and friendships. The finished

product, the candidate, is as much a creature of GE as Ken is of Mattel.

Reagan's first inaugural address captured the flavor of his sandbox conservatism. "For many years now," he told the voters, "you and I have been shushed like children and told there are no simple answers to the complex problems which are beyond our comprehension. Well, the truth is there are simple answers." But no sooner had he installed bulletproof glass in the windows of his office—among his first official acts—than the simple answers ran out. His sallies against higher education and health services were mean-spirited but empty, and soon the government was oozing out from under him. Inflation alone did not account for the great rise in the cost of state government during his tenure—from $4.6 billion to $10.2 billion a year—and many of his early supporters were saddened to find that this foe of big government had increased the average individual tax burden from $426 to $728 per year. His exercise of office was an exercise of power alone—the power to veto, to cut enemies' funds, to speak and to be heard. With a hostile legislature holding him in check through all but one of his years in Sacramento, he accomplished less than any previous governor when it came to turning his ideas into law.

Reagan never let anything interfere with his strict 9-to-5:30 schedule, but the frustrations of office often showed in his rhetoric. "If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with," he said during the disorders at Berkeley. "Mad dogs" was his name for ghetto organizers. Welfare was "this cancer eating at our vitals." When Northern Californians spoke out against the logging interests, Reagan stole from Agnew, saying, "A tree is a tree—how many more do you need to see?" And when the SLA demanded free food for the needy in ransom for Patty Hearst, Reagan joked that "an outbreak of botulism" might be good medicine for those who came to take it. There was always some enemy on the near horizon—mad dogs, unsavory intellectuals, headshrinkers, welfare cheats—just as now, in pretending to the Presidency, Reagan pictures himself as David, and Ford as Goliath, the citizen against the compromised professional.

Reagan's strategy in the comi primaries is based on making Fo look like an appeaser in his relatio with such alien powers as Russi China, and New York. "New Yo symbolizes what's wrong," Reag recites to his audiences. "Too powe ful union leaders and news medi timid elected officials, wild spendin mismanagement, dirty streets, pc nography, and a general decline civility." Real Americans, the on from Ohio and Texas, "just pla don't like New York. New Yorke will have to eat several courses humble pie." This is pure Reag humanism, honed a bit perhaps by year spent lecturing, lending l name to his staff-written newspap column, and reading his da five-minute radio sermonettes. a so-called undeclared candida unfettered by federal election la he used these activities to raise million for himself while also qua fying for federal matching funds building campaign chests in mc than twenty states. Meanwhile, l writers have been able to impro their grasp on a wide range of cc temporary problems, creating a of beliefs that would choke a m who understood their implications

The grand theme of Reagan's ca paign is what he calls "a program creative federalism for Americ third century." The operative wc here is "creative," one of Reaga favorites, a word that convenien lacks political definition. The c cept was suggested to him during first California campaign by friend the Reverend W. S. McBirn whose ultra-right *Voice of Americ ism* broadcasts gave Reagan a mo for his own sermonettes. On McI ney's advice, Reagan called his f administration " The Creative Sc ety," but what "creative" turned to mean was only that, in pursuit small economies, back-ward patie in mental hospitals were told to st dressing themselves and making th own beds; what it might mean o national scale can be inferred fr Reagan's opposition to Social Se rity, welfare, and medical care the aged.

Reagan's horoscope said, "Ti to sew up important financial d ask favors," on the day he announ his intention to run; later that d in Miami, the campaign was offic ly christened when a young n

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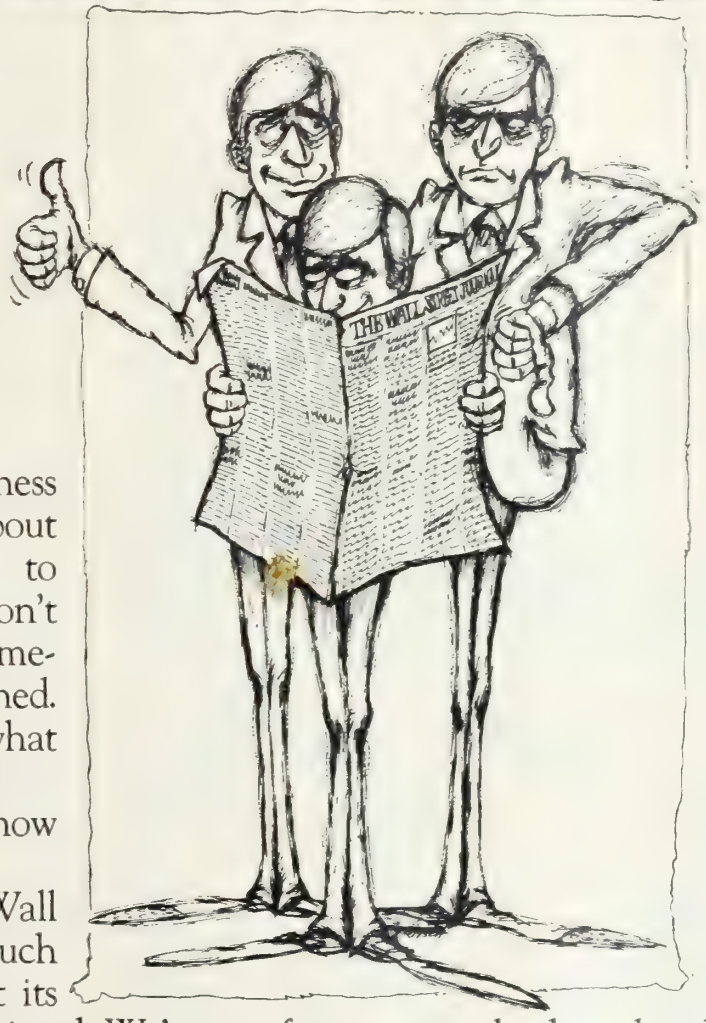
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pointed a plastic gun at the plastic politician. Suddenly Ford's advisers were said to be worried, and with good reason—within a week, the Gallup poll showed Republicans favored Reagan to Ford, 40 to 32. Reagan's people had solid footing in the big primary states, and even where they had no footing one sensed a regressive tug at work in a nation of empty-spirited bystanders, as though bewilderment had become an undertow, drawing men of substance down into the vortex and leaving the surface to the sponges and the corks. Reagan, of course, could bob there with the best of them, appealing to all the victims of middle-class rage.

The candidate was ready with a demure explanation for his tireless quest. He said that a scene from an old Western movie kept crossing his mind as he faced the mighty challenge. The fort is under attack by Apaches. The old colonel is dying. He calls the young captain to his side. He tells him that this may be his only chance to rise to such fateful circumstance.

This eerie metaphor may require some translation. It goes without saying that Reagan, at sixty-four, sees himself as the young captain, and it's clear enough who the Apaches are—mad dogs, unsavories. But who, precisely, is the dying colonel? Is it Goldwater, whose mandate Reagan presumes to be fulfilling? Or does one detect an ashen face peering out from the curtains at San Clemente? □

Barry Farrell is Harper's *contributing editor for the West Coast.*

THE DEMOCRATIC SUPER BOWL



Al Robbins

Looking for a winner in July

by R. M. Koster

FOR THE DEMOCRATS this year, politics is the continuation of pro football by other means. There are as many candidates for the party's Presidential nomination as teams in an NFL conference, but few will survive the next three months of brutal competition before live crowds and TV cameras. During the primary season each will try to establish himself as the choice of the whole party. They'll battle across ideological lines and scrap with the Republicans. But liberals will struggle mainly against liberals for the support of liberal voters. The conservatives will vie for the conservative vote. And two Southerners will take on Wallace down in Dixie. The survivors, the three division champs, will meet at Madison Square Garden in July—along with at least one wild-card candidate who won't go through the primaries. Who's going to make the play-offs?

The libera

LAST SUMMER some pa professionals thought S gent Shriver might mobil an army of ex-Peace Co Volunteers and ex-Pove Program workers. There are th sands of these bright and dedicat young adults secreted round t country. How many would rally their former chief? Very few, if a it turns out. Some semipros thoug Shriver would inherit the Kenne team and draw Kennedy fans. T hasn't happened either. Shri doesn't get a play-off spot.

Milton Shapp for Vice-Preside That's what his candidacy looks lik delegates for barter in the Gard He'll win some in Pennsylvan where he's been a first-rate govern In New York he might take part the Jewish vote from Jackson. Sha may even think he's a President possibility; politics has crazed sou minds before. But he's not in t running.

Fred Harris is. He's one of t best campaigners in the race and t only true populist. He wants to bre up the interlocking fat-cat direct ate that owns and operates the cou try. He wants to end perpetuat privilege and give the common m a break. Harris is the thinking mar George Wallace. Now, if the gre abused lower middle class felt li thinking, Harris would be a fro runner, but like most people they rather not. So Harris appeals mai ly to the young, to intellectuals, a to those compassionate and guilt-ridden affluents who dream social justice. With this base, ho ever, Harris has a chance to ma the play-off.

Morris Udall has a little bett chance. He's a Mormon, and th hurts him with the blacks. H backed right-to-work legislation, a that hurts him with organized labo But he's no zealot, so he doesn scare anyone the way Fred Har does. He's a liberal whom conse vatives can live with. He looks lik a President—he looks, in fact, lik Lincoln. He campaigns well and h the best sense of humor in politics-not a bad quality in a man who ma this time next year, be in a positio to blow the world up. Udall can e tertain the voters. His hopes deper

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on whether he can excite them.

The best qualification that a presumptive nominee can have is the capacity to win a national election. Like most big states, Indiana is a microcosm of America: urban, suburban, rural; industrial, and agricultural. Birch Bayh has won in Indiana against some tough Republicans—William Ruckelshaus, for instance. To do it he's had to get along with organized labor. He's had to get along with black leaders like Richard Hatcher in Gary. And liberals of all colors remember that he led the fight against Haynsworth and Carswell—led it and won it. Bayh has the broadest support of any candidate in his division. No segment of the party fears that his nomination and election would mean exclusion. But is Bayh a heavyweight? Ed Muskie, a first-rate Senator, self-destructed during a Presidential race. Some people think that Bayh might do the same. On paper Bayh looks like the pick of the liberals, but the thing will be decided on the stump.

The conservatives

LLOYD BENTSEN may win the Texas primary, but Wallace will do well enough to make it look as if Bentsen lost. Outside Texas he'll win very little. Bentsen's basic appeal is to small businessmen, and there are not many of them in the Democratic party. He has money to spend, but Jackson has more. Jackson has more of everything: national reputation, voter recognition, appeal to the right wing. Bentsen is not a contender.

Once upon a time Scoop Jackson tried to present himself as a centrist. Now he's decided to run a McGovern campaign in reverse: nail down the conservatives and let the liberals go to blazes. He's against busing and legalized abortion. He's for law and order, and for keeping the Russians and Arabs in their place. He's to the right of Ford on defense spending. On Israel he's to the right of Yitzhak Rabin. Jackson has been an effective Senator. He has Presidential stature and the best financing of any candidate save Wallace. He is probably the worst campaigner ever to seek national office, but on sheer money he can overcome that defect. Money buys organization. Money buys media spots, smartly packaged samples of one's views. Jackson will capture the right wing. He'll come out of the primaries with about 500 delegates—nowhere near enough to win on the first ballot, but enough to get him a base to build on, a play-off berth.

The Southerners

TERRY SANFORD—formerly governor of North Carolina, currently president of Duke University—may be the best qualified of all the candidates to handle Presidential problems, but certain of his qualities—his refusal to deal in catchy oversimplifications, for example—largely disqualify him as a vote-getter. Sanford is the kind of man who ought to be sentenced to serve four years in the White House—for our good, not for his. We use a different system, though, and Sanford must do well against George Wallace in the South. It's most unlikely he can manage this, even in his home state.

George Corley Wallace lives in a small, dank, poorly lighted, crudely simple world. So do many voters. Wallace will bring more committed delegates into Madison Square Garden than any other candidate—as many as 800, more than half what's needed for the nomination. But Wallace is no one's second choice. You idolize him or despise him. So he won't pick up any delegates from fading candidates. Nor will he have king-making powers. He won't make any deals with any liberals, and they can't make any deals with him. If they so much as tried they'd lose their own liberal support. He might make a deal with Jackson, the only candidate who's said he'd take Wallace on his ticket, but if Jackson were to win the nomination with Wallace votes, the Left would walk (along with a large chunk of the center) and run a ticket of its own. There'll be too many pros in the Garden to let that happen—not this year, not with the GOP so vulnerable. By nominating night Wallace is going to be the most frustrated man in America, and we may well see him running for President with his own party again.

Jimmy Carter runs like Sammy Glick. Like Chicken Man, he's everywhere. In New England people notic his physical resemblance to JFK. I Iowa they find out he's a successfu peanut farmer. Liberals remembe racial progress in Atlanta while Car ter was governor of Georgia. Con servatives like the way he trimme state spending without reducing ser vices. Do brains impress you? Car ter's a nuclear engineer. You prefe guts? Well, Jimmy was a submarin commander. Something for every body, and what Carter doesn't hav works for him, too. No law degree no identification with Washington—lawyers being certified swindlers Washington the seat of all evil an confusion. So Carter's in position fo a parlay. His strong campaigning i New Hampshire should give hir enough in the first primary to prov he can compete with liberals in th North. He's been spending enoug time out in the sticks of Iowa to d well in that state's early caucus an establish himself in the Midwes The big test is Florida, but his 6 percent at the state convention give him a chance to take Wallace in th primary March 9. If Carter pull 35 percent the press will say he wor and in every sense that matter they'll be right. Carter needs line into the pressure groups, but b April he could be strong enough t deal with them on favorable term He could have enough momentum t carry him out to California in goo shape. Carter has a rookie staff, bu they have a marketable candidat Jimmy Carter figures to be a co tender at the Garden. He could g all the way.

The wild card

JERRY BROWN is the produ of Yale Law School and Jesuit seminary, and t strangest figure in U.S. po itics. Brown says his co stituency is the 54 percent who didn vote at all when he was elected go ernor of California. How's that f radical? The purpose of governmen Brown says, isn't to make peop happy; it's to restrain their evil i stincts. That's more conservati than anything Reagan puts out. Fi cal responsibility? I should think s the legislature has authorized Brow to name more than 100 new sta judges—and make over 10,0

nds at the same time—but Brown s he won't appoint one judge il those sitting put in eight-hour kdays. Compassion for the com- n man? Listen to this: Brown s that people who have dull, mes- jobs (like collecting garbage) ht to be paid more than people have exciting clean jobs (like ng governor). Professional pol- ians loathe him, but he has an 89 cent approval rating with the peo- of California. Should he decide un for President, Brown has this d of outside chance: he could sse all the primaries but Cali- nia's, the last and biggest of them and still pick up 100, maybe 200 egates. He could do a national dia campaign in June and show country a fresh face after most he other entries have gone stale. might excite enough people to ke himself look like a winner— that would make him a contend- A long, long shot, but every fore- t ought to have one.

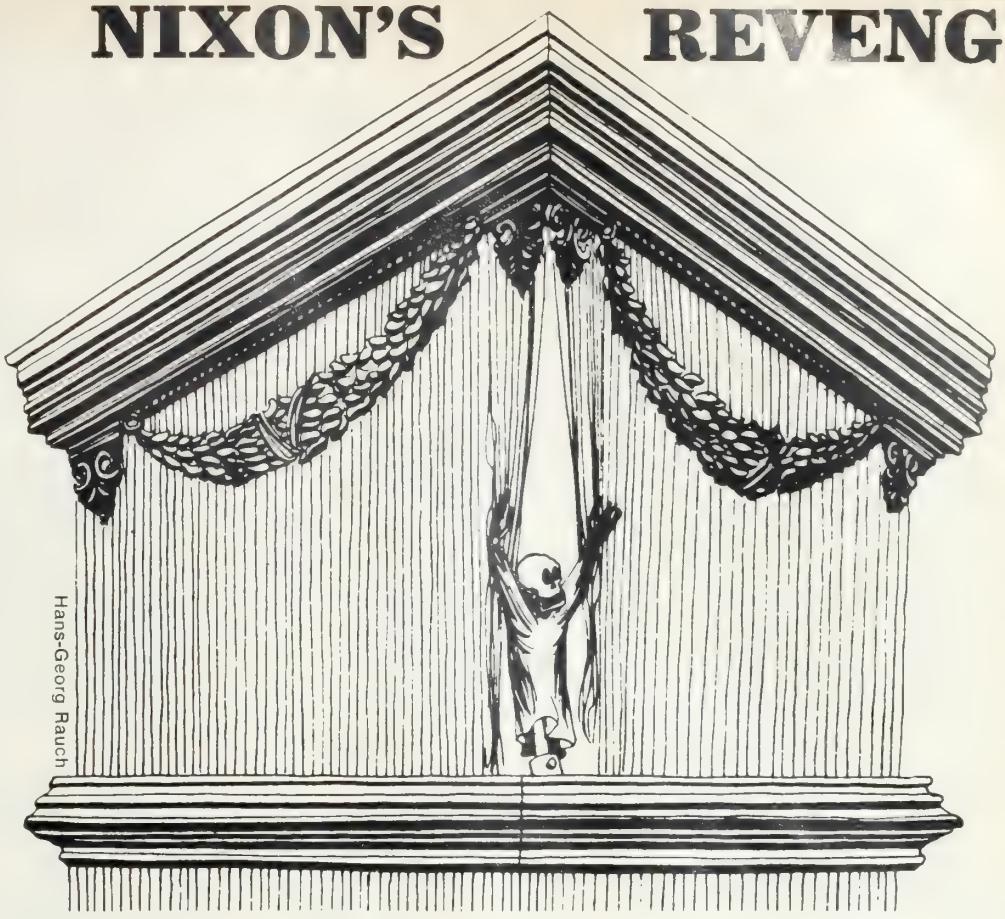
Now for the favorite. Hubert mphrey has a bye, or nine-tenths bye, all the way to the play-off. n: Hubert's a veteran, the only didate with Super Bowl expe- nce. The other candidates are un- ed, but the party knows Hubert n't fall apart in a national race. n: everybody knows where bert stands. He stands in the dead ter of the majority, wherever it is. if it moves an inch, Hubert will ve with it. Item: Hubert will make eal with almost anyone, promise almost anything, and deliver. In rt, Hubert Humphrey is an all-pro itician, with everything, good and , the term implies. Unless some- y wraps it up before convention e, gets enough delegates in the naries and caucuses to win on the t ballot—and, at this writing, that sn't seem likely—Hubert will be ontention down to the wire.

The convention finalists, then, will Humphrey, Carter, Jackson, and ier Bayh, Udall, or Harris—prob- y Bayh. And since if I didn't have *tzpah* I wouldn't even try to call play-off, I might as well take a t at the ticket: Humphrey and ter. Or Bayh and Carter. Or Car- and Bayh.

See you in the Garden July 11. □

M. Koster, author of The Dissertation *rper's Magazine Press) is a member of Democratic National Committee.*

NIXON'S REVENGE



A bill to legalize Watergate

by Milton Viorst

THE SENATE HAS designated the bill S.1, which is a measure of its status. A revision of the federal criminal code that has been a decade in the drafting, the bill is 753 pages long, and its thousands of sections range from "sports bribery" to "juvenile delinquency" to the "transportation of dentures." No consistent philosophy runs through the bill, the individual sections reflecting instead the diverse opinions of politicians, legal scholars, bureaucrats, lobbyists, and cops. But if enacted in anything like its present version, it will surely be remembered as Nixon's revenge.

One of the bill's original purposes was to reduce existing inequities in the criminal-justice system. Some say it does the opposite: it reaffirms the validity of capital punishment and makes the death sentence mandatory for a wide variety of offenses. It weakens guarantees established by the Supreme Court in the *Miranda* decision against confessions obtained by coercion. It increases fines tenfold for marijuana and pornography offenses. It facilitates conviction in cases of police entrapment, and significantly narrows the use of insanity as a defense. At the same time, it conspicuously avoids legal changes that might impinge upon organized racketeering, gun control, and white-collar crime.

But the provisions attributed to Nixon go beyond such presumed concern for law and order to the assertion of new principles of federal supremacy over individual rights. The bill would preclude publication of any information that government employees put in two broadly defined categories: "national defense" or "classified." Circumventing the Supreme Court's limitations on the Smith Act, it would make advocacy of the overthrow of government a criminal act. It could be used to suppress all political demonstrations. It broadens government powers to install wiretaps, and it immunizes officials from prosecution for illegal acts authorized by superiors. In short, the bill would sanction precisely those governmental practices which the country came to know so well under the name of Watergate.

YET S.1 BEGAN quite innocently, even idealistically. It was a response to the long-standing and thoroughly justified complaint of lawyers, judges, and law-enforce-

ment officials that the federal criminal code was an evil and incomprehensible maze. In 1966 President Johnson's Crime Commission announced that the existing code was actually an obstacle to law enforcement. Congress, at the President's request, established a body "to make a full and complete review and study of the statutory and case law of the United States . . . for the purpose of formulating and recommending . . . legislation which would improve the federal system of criminal justice." The chairman of the body was Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, a liberal Democrat who had served two terms as Governor of California, and who had a reputation for honesty and legal competence.

The average layman would have no reason to know of the magnitude of the Brown commission's problems. The U.S. Code is composed of fifty volumes, called titles, of which Title 18, the commission's assignment, concerns criminal laws and procedures.

Theoretically, in order to find out what constitutes a crime against the United States, as well as its attendant penalties, a lawyer should be able to go directly to Title 18. But there are crimes against the United States in almost every other title, too. What appears to be lawful in one title may be criminal in another; common crimes such as theft may be variously defined from title to title, and variously punished.

The reason for these incongruities is that there is no office in either the legislative or executive branch that is responsible for keeping the criminal code in order. A few laws, when enacted, are placed in a title either by Congressional direction or the decision of some Congressional clerk. But others wind up being shoved arbitrarily into a convenient title by the inordinately influential editors of commercially published lawbooks.

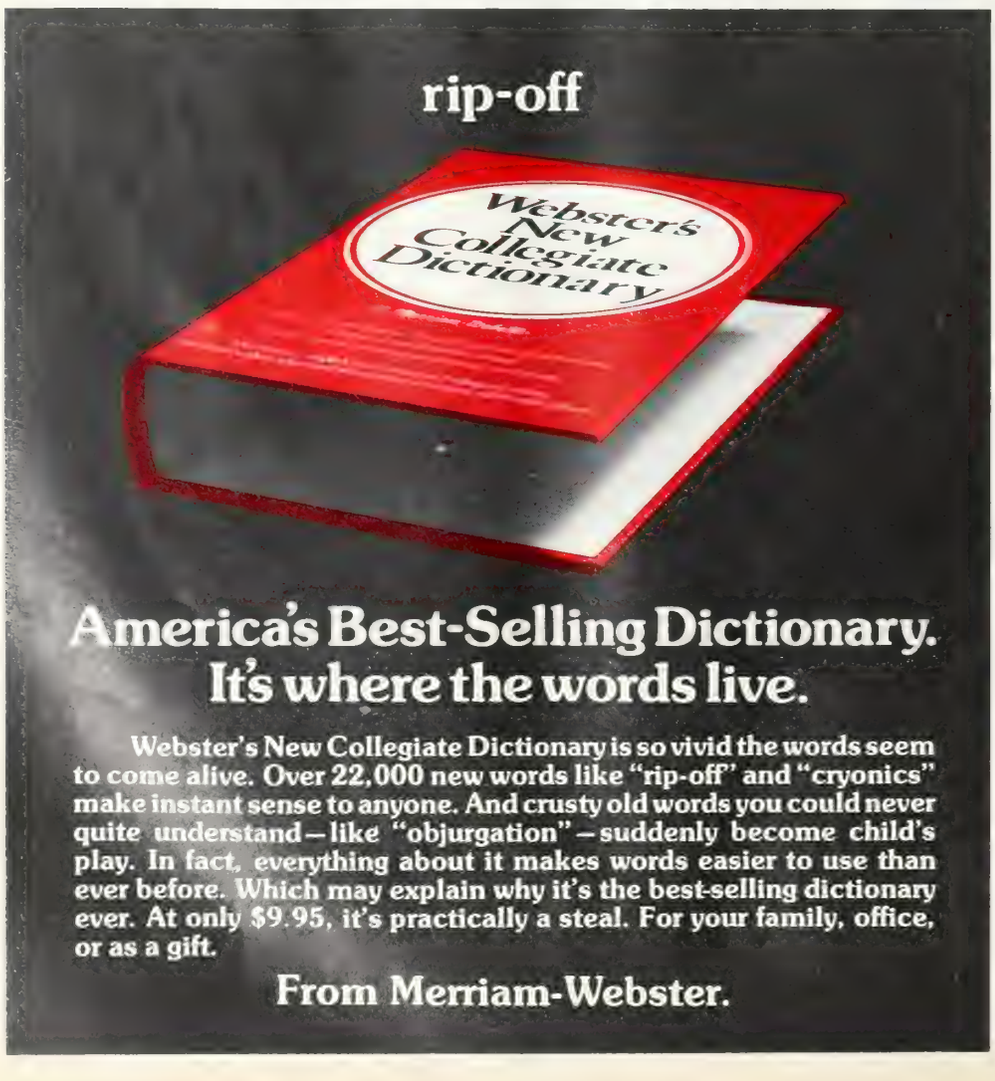
In the course of this process, some statutes get lost. Others which ought to get lost remain on the books to serve whatever purpose prosecutors choose to put them to. Congress sometimes does not know it is passing a law which, in whole or in part, was enacted before. A law may slumber undiscovered; it may be in force and unregistered.

Though the Brown commission's mandate seemed simple enough—in effect, to tidy up the house—b liberals and conservatives in the gal community were sensitive to implications. Whoever dominated study could, in the name of judic efficiency, enact legal changes wh sale.

Three of the commission memb were appointed by the President a three by the Chief Justice, and six had records of competence. T remaining six were provided by idiosyncrasies of the Congressio seniority system. From the Ho came Robert Kastenmeier of W consin and Abner Mikva of Illin both very liberal Democrats, Richard Poff of Virginia, a cons vative Republican. From the Sen came John McClellan of Arkan and Sam Ervin of North Caroli both Democrats, and Roman Hru of Nebraska, a Republican, all th extremely conservative. The re was a commission slightly dispo toward liberal reform, but with majority whose overriding conc was for the integrity of the law.

From the start the commissio operations were impaired by the sence of McClellan, Ervin, Hruska. Whether they were as b as they claimed, or uninterested being regularly outvoted, they Poff to carry the conservative ca He was aided by a young assist John Dean. Assigned by the th Senators to represent them in the liberations was a Senate staff law named Robert Blakey. Most of nuts-and-bolts work was done by staff Brown appointed, lawy known not as ideologues but as te nicians.

When the staff finished its w in 1969, it presented a draft wh was, on balance, liberal, especi in dealing with such matters as death penalty, guns, marijuana, scenity, and sentencing procedu The commission had a majo ready to approve it, but took i account the objections of the th Senators and Poff. The reform reasoned that they could enact s of their most favored changes committee or on the floor. So w the final report of the Brown c mission was issued unanimously January 1971, the conservatives won major concessions on a few issues, and an acknowledgment on others no consensus could reached.



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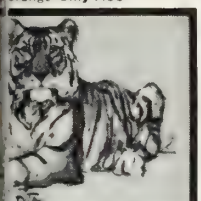
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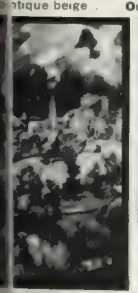
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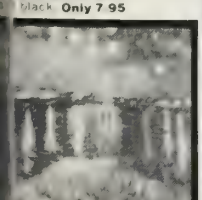
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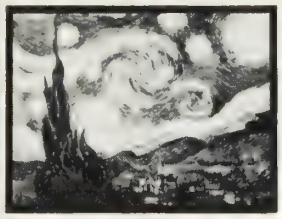
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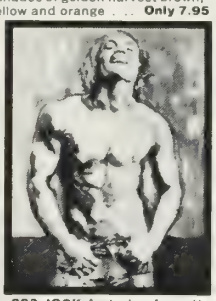
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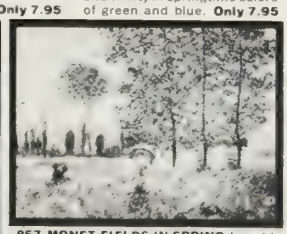
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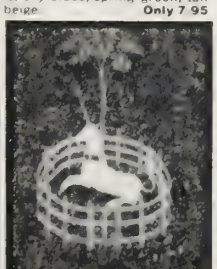
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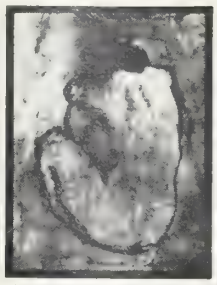
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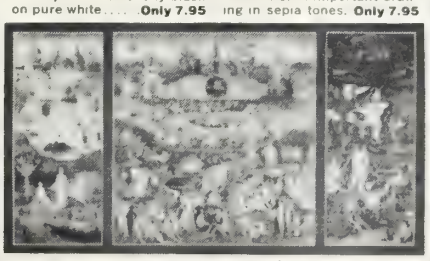
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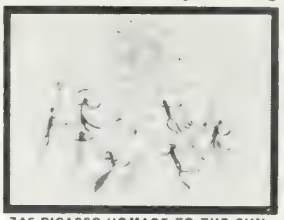


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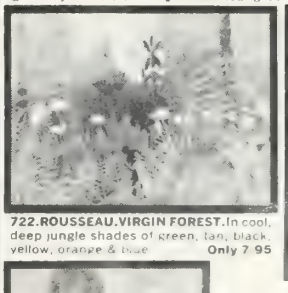
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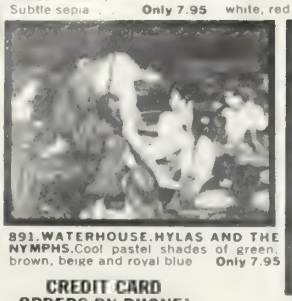
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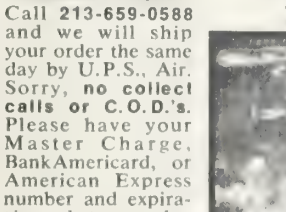
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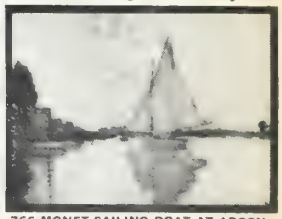
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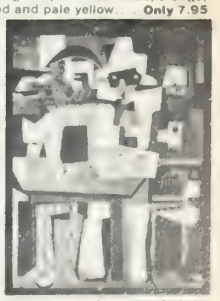
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BY THIS TIME Johnson was long gone, and the legal watchword of the Nixon years was "law and order." The House Judiciary Committee, overburdened with other legacies of the Johnson years, let its Senate counterpart start work on the report. McClellan, who was chairman of the subcommittee on criminal laws and procedures, immediately began hearings, with the faithful Hruska, the ranking Republican, at his side. Having boycotted the Brown commission's debates, the two of them were now in command of its recommendations, and were able to find endless hours to devote to them.

No one would dispute McClellan's claim that his hearings were balanced. For two years he invited testimony from whomever chose to appear, including the American Civil Liberties Union, the NAACP, and Ralph Nader. The testimony was in four parts, and is considered a superb exploration, from right to left, of the criminal law.

But McClellan and Hruska paid no attention. What emerged from their deliberations was a bill that looked not like the Brown report but like the conservative objections that Robert Blakey, along with Poff, had promoted within the commission. In January 1973 McClellan introduced this bill in the Senate. It was designated S.1.

Two months later, the newly reelected Richard Nixon decided to annex S.1. In a radio address on March 10, he proclaimed: "I will propose a revision of the entire federal criminal code, modernizing it and strengthening it, to close the loopholes and tailor our laws to present-day needs. When I say 'modernize,' incidentally, I do not mean to be soft on crime; I mean exactly the opposite. Our new code will give us tougher penalties and stronger weapons. . . . It will rationalize the present patchwork quilt of punishment for crime." Nixon did not say that the code would also contain a huge body of new law covering the realm of political conduct.

Although successful at the polls, Nixon had failed ignominiously in the courtroom. He had been trounced by the Black Panthers, Angela Davis, the Berrigans, Jerry Rubin and his friends, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, Daniel Ellsberg, Jack Anderson, and Dr. Spock. He was angry, and desperately wanted to use his power to write his politics into law.

John Dean, now the White House counsel, understood from his experience with the Brown commission the potential of its work. A former assistant to Attorney General John Mitchell, he acted as intermediary between Nixon and the Justice Department, whose staff was drawing up still another revision of the criminal code. The revision took a hard line on criminal matters and made it virtually certain that the government would never again lose a political prosecution.

In March of 1973, McClellan and Hruska accommodatingly introduced the Justice Department bill, temporarily designated S.1400, and p ceeded to reopen hearings. As Ervin, he was preoccupied with r ning the Senate's Watergate he ings, and had become the libera hero while still supporting legislati which would legalize most of t Watergate abuses.

That summer, Ervin's hearin were the great theatrical event, thoroughly captivating the press a the public that McClellan a Hruska were left to pursue their c ification work free of scrutiny. Sev more volumes of testimony result in a bill which incorporated the m repressive features of all the previo versions. In due course, the merg bill took its predecessor's name, S

Because of the bill's extre length and complexity, few peo pretend to understand more than

From S.1, a bill to codify, revise, and reform Title 18 of the United States Code:

Sec. 544 (b) EFFECT OF A MISTAKE—*A defense under Section 541, 542, or 543 is available to a defendant if he believed that the factual situation was such that the conduct charged was required or authorized, . . . even though he was mistaken in his belief, unless his belief was the result of recklessness or negligence.*

According to the Society of American Law Teachers, "this provision will dilute individual responsibility for public actions, and encourage federal officials to perceive themselves as accountable first to their superiors, and only second to the American public. It is startling, so soon after the rejection of such defenses in Watergate-related prosecutions that Congress might introduce such a justification for otherwise patently illegal acts."

Sec. 1123 (a) OFFENSE—*A person is guilty of an offense if: (2) being in unauthorized possession or control of national defense information, he: (A) engages in conduct that causes . . . its communication to another person who is not authorized to receive it.*

According to the Reporters' Committee for Freedom of the Press, this provision would mean that "the only time a reporter would be legally free from the threat of a federal prosecution as the result of publishing governmental information is if the information came to him from a government handout."

Sec. 1302 (a) OFFENSE—*A person is guilty of an offense if he intentionally obstructs or impairs a government function by means of physical interference or obstacle.*

According to the American Civil Liberties Union, this provision "is another potential weapon in the government's arsenal of criminal provisions which could be misused against lawful and peaceful demonstrations. Virtually every mass demonstration would, at one moment or another, fall within their prohibition. . . . Under the terms of the statute, it would be up to the prosecutor to determine whether a large demonstration on federal grounds or near federal buildings was or was not physically interfering with some government function. Even an influx of cars carrying demonstrators to the chosen site might constitute a proscribed felony."

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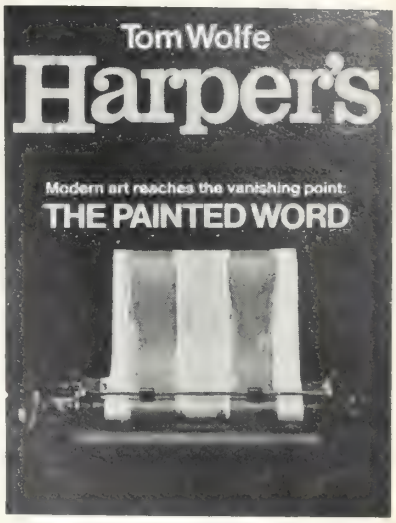
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fraction of it. Opposition has been growing, from both liberal and bar organizations, but since the target covers so much of the legal landscape attacks have been scattered, contradictory, and ineffective.

Thus McClellan retains his tactical advantage, and the betting is that the bill will reach the Senate floor this spring, more or less intact. Nixon's demise ended the possibility that S.1 would redound to his glory, but what is enacted may yet turn out to be a monument to his kind of justice. □

Milton Viorst, a Washington writer who specializes in politics, is the author of Fall from Grace: The Republican Party and the Puritan Ethic *(New American Library). He is now writing a book on social disorder in the 1960s.*

PROSECUTOR AS PUBLIC ENEMY



Cathy Hull

The temptation to play the part of avenging angel

by Herman Schwartz and Bruce Jackson

How many did you frame?
Nobody. Nobody that wasn't guilty.
—Touch of Evil, *1958*

PROSECUTORS HAVE more power than any other agents in our criminal justice system, more power than the police, the judges, juries, prisons, or parole authorities. A prosecutor decides whether a case will exist; he seeks evidence; and decides what—if anything—he will do with it; and, when presented with evidence by the police, he decides what crime the state shall claim occurred. A case attracting a lot of publicity, or one the prosecutor is likely to win, might call for the most serious charges applicable; one with no likely publicity or that is weak in evidence might be bargained down to a much less serious offense in exchange for a guilty plea. At any time in the course of a prosecution, the prosecutor may move to dismiss the case.

Prosecutors have these powers because a large and complex society must delegate them if it is to operate at a level higher than individual blood revenge. In theory, he is a neutral agent, and, since prosecutors claim to act in the interest of public morality and safety, there are few restraints on those who decide to abuse their extraordinary powers. Such abuse, which occurs in both political and criminal cases, has increased significantly in the past decade. Worse yet, many prosecutors engage in illegal acts not because they are concerned with the justness of the case, but because they want to win. Even if they are found out, the police and the courts seldom do anything about it.

AS AN EXAMPLE of the way prosecutors abuse their office, consider the case of Lee Johnson, a black man who spent fourteen months in jail because Manhattan prosecutors hid evidence they knew proved him innocent of homicide charges. New York City police testified that at about 1:30 A.M. on Sunday, December 23, 1973, they stopped a red Thunderbird on Eighty-third Street near Lexington Avenue for passing a red light. The driver of the car (which turned out to have been stolen earlier that day) suddenly accelerated toward one of the police who just managed to jump out of the way. The car then sped off down Lexington Avenue at seventy miles per hour, with the police giving chase. At Eightieth Street, the Thunderbird crashed into a Cadillac limousine, killing two passengers immediately and injuring seven others.

The officers later testified that when they caught up with the Thunderbird they pulled the car's sole occupant, Lee Johnson, from the driver's seat and arrested him. He was charged with murder and other crimes, and bail was set at $75,000. Johnson claimed he had been so drunk he couldn't remember what had happened. Plea negotiations began. The prosecutor indicated he would accept nothing less than an eighteen-year sentence. Johnson's lawyer, Irwin Rochman, advised Johnson that, since the evidence against him seemed overwhelming, the risk of conviction was very high, and, as he had a criminal record, he faced a sentence substantially longer than that offered by the prosecution. Johnson nevertheless refused to take the plea, and the case was marked ready for trial.

There was one problem with the prosecution's case: two students had witnessed the collision and had seen a white man get out of the Thunderbird from the *driver's* side and run away; they had heard one police man call out, "Stop that man!" They had also seen Johnson removed from the *passenger's* seat of the Thunder

d in a drunken and dazed con-
ion.

The day after the incident, the
dents read about it in the *Daily*
ws. They called the newspaper
d were interviewed a few days
er by New York Assistant District
torney Kenneth Klein. Their evi-
nce was presented to the grand
y, which, despite serious misgiv-
s, indicted Johnson for murder
d other charges.

Rochman made the standard re-
est (known as a *Brady* demand,
er a famous Supreme Court case)
t the prosecution provide him
th all exculpatory materials in its
ssession or control. Despite a con-
tutional obligation to do so, nei-
r Klein nor his successor on the
se, Assistant District Attorney John
cobs, released any of this evidence
ring the many months preceding
e trial.

Rochman learned of the two wit-
sses almost accidentally. One day,
ortly before the trial was to begin
d after extensive plea negotiations,
chman happened to be in the dis-
ct attorney's office on another case.
lein saw him there, and, as the
al judge, Peter McQuillan, put it,
n an almost cursory, off-the-cuff,
olent manner, revealed to defense
unsel for the first time the exis-
nce of the two exculpatory wit-
sses." Even then, according to
chman, Klein merely gave Roch-
n their names and, upon Roch-
n's insistence, their last-known
dresses and phone numbers. It
sn't until the defense lawyer man-
ed to find and interview the two
dents that he learned of the sig-
ficance of their testimony. As soon
this evidence was brought to the
tention of Supreme Court Justice
nold G. Fraiman, he released
hnson without bail.

Nor was this the extent of the
osecutorial misconduct. The police
d lifted two fingerprints from the
ght and left sides of the car but
pt only one as "being of value,"
at of the defendant. A blood sam-
e was also taken, which showed
at blood of the defendant's type
as on the passenger's side of the
r; the prosecutors claimed that the
formation had not been disclosed
them until two weeks before trial.
hen one grand juror departed from
e grand jury's usual rubber-stamp
le and tried to get more informa-
tion about the incident, Klein told him that he was not entitled to any evidence other than that presented by the prosecutor—a lie. In addition, the court found that Klein had misled the grand jury about what the defendant had told the police and had improperly tried to discredit the two witnesses. After analyzing all the evidence, Judge Peter McQuillan concluded that it did not show Johnson's guilt and acquitted him.

SUPPRESSION OF EVIDENCE is not the only injustice defendants suffer from prosecutors. Systematic subornation of perjury by local prosecutors also takes place every day in state criminal courts, especially in drug cases. Prosecutors put policemen on the stand who swear under oath that, as they approached the suspect, he pulled a bag of heroin or other contraband from his pocket and dropped it on the ground in front of the officer. It strains credulity that, at a time when most dope dealers know that police have no authority to go through their pockets unless they are being arrested for a crime or the police have a warrant, they would save police the awkwardness of having to engage in an illegal search. Yet most judges routinely accept such testimony in the "dropsy" cases without question. Worse still is the practice of inducing the grand jury —almost invariably the prosecutor's puppet—to indict for serious crimes when there is inadequate evidence. This is done to force the defendant to plead guilty to a lesser offense, to tie up his time and money, or to force him to give testimony against others. The prosecutions growing out of the 1971 Attica prison uprising include some of the worst examples of this. Years after the charges were brought and the defendants had been forced to endure the prospect of huge sentences, all but one of the cases disposed of resulted in dismissals for lack of evidence, jury acquittals, or a few pleas to minor offenses.

Except for the Attica prosecutions, the examples we have just described are conventional criminal cases; they have no political implications. But it is in political cases that prosecutors most frequently seem to lose their sense of professional responsibility. Lately there has been a depressing succession of such incidents, as the Department of Justice, sometimes assisted by state prosecutors, has moved against dissidents. A double standard of ethics for prosecutors and defense lawyers has operated in which prosecutors are allowed to flout the rules of ethics, and defense lawyers are reprimanded for minor deviations.

Consider the false testimony by Guy L. Goodwin, chief of the Special Litigation Section of the Justice Department's Internal Security Division. Goodwin testified under oath that there were no government informers among a group of Vietnam veterans subpoenaed by him to testify before a grand jury investigating a supposed plot to attack the Republican National Convention with automatic weapons, crossbows, and slingshots. The group included a veteran named Emerson Poe, supposedly the best friend of the accused "ringleader" of the defendants, Scott Camil. In the middle of the trial, Poe suddenly was called as a witness for the *prosecution* and admitted that he had been a government agent for eighteen months, long before Goodwin had sworn that the group contained no informants. Although Poe denied spying on defense preparations, six people testified that he had been at meetings and that he and Camil had discussed defense strategy. The jury acquitted the defendants. U. S. District Court Judge Winston E. Arnow took no action against Goodwin.

Concealment of key information about government spies and witnesses also occurred in a 1972 arson trial of three black civil-rights activists in a Charlotte, North Carolina, state court—one of a group of three trials against them in federal and state courts in North Carolina that year. Last year it was revealed that the prosecution had given its two key witnesses $4,000 each, airplane tickets to Mexico, immunity from prosecution for their own admitted involvement in the burning, and guarantees of federal protective custody, all in exchange for their testimony. At the time of these trials, the witnesses and both the federal and state prosecutors flatly denied that the witnesses had been given any money. The prosecution also failed to reveal to the defense that

one of the witnesses was a convicted armed robber whom army doctors had diagnosed as schizophrenic and who was, at the time of his testimony, a suspect in five separate murders. The testimony of these two paid informers was the only testimony linking the three civil-rights workers to the arson.

The prosecution of Daniel Ellsberg growing out of the Pentagon Papers disclosure was similarly marked by repeated government misconduct. There were not only the well-known burglary and undisclosed wiretapping, but repeated denials by Assistant U. S. Attorney David Nissen of the existence of any evidence exculpating the defendants, even though he had in his office boxes of studies showing that disclosure of the Pentagon Papers was not damaging to the national interest. No action was ever taken by the Justice Department against Nissen, although he had lied to the court about information he had a constitutional obligation to disclose—a lie that might have resulted in improper imprisonment for two citizens.

The submission of ghostwritten, false, and misleading wiretap applications by the highest officials in the Nixon Justice Department from 1969 to 1971 may cause the courts to dismiss more than 600 pending prosecutions. The courts have taken no sanctions against these officials, though one judge observed that "similar false and misleading documents submitted by private individuals would be treated as nothing less than a contempt of court."

In the trial of Lynette Fromme for attempting to assassinate President Ford, the prosecutor, Donald Heller, withheld crucial exculpatory evidence until the close of his case, including testimony that Fromme had said afterward, of the gun, "It wasn't loaded anyway." When Heller tried to argue that he hadn't thought the evidence was exculpatory or even significant, the judge raised his eyes to the ceiling and murmured, "Mr. Heller, Mr. Heller." Nevertheless, he refused to take any action against the prosecution.

Perhaps the most egregious examples occurred in the trial of American Indian Movement leaders in connection with the incident at Wounded Knee. Justice Department prosecutors deceived the court, testified falsely, altered documents turned over to the defense, conducted illegal wiretaps, and lied about the existence of an informer in the defense camp. Although the judge threw the case out because of this misconduct, the prosecutors subsequently received awards as outstanding assistant U.S. attorneys.

"YOU THINK *we're* bad," says one federal prosecutor, "well, we're *nothing!* I mean, we are *angels* in comparison to Nadjari. He's a goddamned zealot."

Maurice H. Nadjari was appointed special prosecutor by former Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller to ferret out and prosecute criminal activity within the criminal-justice system in the five boroughs of New York City. The case prompting the federal prosecutor's remark was one in which Nadjari created a fictional character named Vitale, in order to trap federal Customs Court Justice Paul Rao, Sr., whom Nadjari thought was involved in trial-fixing. During that operation, Nadjari's staff committed at least a dozen felonies, any one of which would be good for a few years in a state prison. These included lying to a grand jury, falsifying public records, intentionally misleading a public official, filing a statement known to be false, and many others.*

Nadjari's conduct in the *Rao* case, as well as in many other matters, has drawn heated criticism from judges and other lawyers, but he doesn't understand why. "If I'm not going to test the system, who is?" he asks, pointing out that the judge was going to be on the bench for years, and "I was unwilling to let that happen." Nadjari doesn't mind transgressing a few laws in the process of finding corruption: "One corrupt judge," he says, "can do more damage to this city than any fifty corrupt cops or a hundred killers. A Supreme Court judge sits for fourteen years, and an awful lot of fixes can go down in fourteen years."

Nadjari operates, of course, from the same position as federal prosecutors in political cases—they "know" who is guilty and need only convince everyone else. Both abrogate the normal process of law; they decide they want to get someone who they think is guilty and set about establishing the proof. Nadjari sets up the situation and in the process subverts the whole mechanism; the federal agents find the situation and ignore all aspects of fair play to establish what they "know" to be true. When any of them are caught at it, when it is shown that safeguards of the criminal-justice system have been manipulated and perjured, none of them is punished. The worst they have to look forward to is the loss of a case that often was weak anyway.

Bar associations and judges do not penalize agencies such as the FBI or individual prosecutors for illegal manipulation of evidence and other abuses, nor do they usually interfere with someone like Nadjari. Even though they may deplore his methods, they aren't about to block his apparent results. A 1972 study of prosecutorial misconduct found almost no reported instances of prosecutors being disciplined. Many judges—a large number of whom are ex-prosecutors—see themselves as engaged in law enforcement with the district attorney, and are not inclined to turn on a coworker who merely displays excessive zeal in a common enterprise.

Nor can much be expected from the bar associations, which also have disciplinary powers. Most committee members don't know much about criminal law, and what they know they generally don't like—particularly defendants and their lawyers. They tend to identify with the prosecutors and judges, many of whom are social and political associates.

The sanctions are saved for small-practice lawyers and politically unpopular ones. Judge Julius Hoffman imposed more than four years of contempt citations on William Kunstler for charges deriving from the Chicago conspiracy trial; all but two of those charges were thrown out by higher courts. Although the appellate court found a great deal of misconduct on the part of the prosecutors no sanctions were taken against them. However, after Richard Kleindienst admitted lying to a Senate committee in the process of his confirmation as Attorney General, Judge George Hart complimented him on his public service and loyalty.

* Recently, almost all of Nadjari's major prosecutions have been dismissed, generally for lack of supporting evidence.



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Here's a walk-around checklist for one of the most important sedans ever engineered by Mercedes-Benz – or by anyone else. It'll help you see, firsthand, why the 450SE defies imitation ...and why it deserves your closest consideration.

1.
Start here. Look at the trunk space. An uncluttered 18.2 cubic feet. Spare tire is stored out of the way, flat under the floor, where it can also serve as an additional impact-absorbing device.



2.
Heated rear window. Automatic timer prevents wasted energy. Tinted glass all around. Standard equipment.

3.
Rain channels use airflow to divert rainwater from side and rear windows.

4.
Chrome strip/side protection molding is rubber-mounted to eliminate metal-to-metal contact.

5.
Interior is fully padded for safety and sumptuousness. Sealed against noise and heat. Four different sound-absorbing materials.

6.
Maximum-visibility windshield. All-around visibility in the 450SE totals 313°. Overlapping windshield wipers clear 73 percent of the entire windshield.

7.
Steel-belted radial tires. Standard equipment.

8.
Safety bumpers, rubber protected, hydraulic-regenerative. Front and rear.

9.
Halogen fog lights. Standard equipment.

10.
The outside rearview mirror. Distortion-free, folds full forward *and* rear for pedestrian safety. Large, inside rearview mirror folds and breaks away on impact for driver and passenger safety.

11.
Central locking system. Locks all doors, trunk *and* gas filler port at the turn of a key.

12.
Safety cone door locks. So strong that one of them can support the weight of the entire 450SE.

13.
Cockpit. Control panel has full instrumentation. Tachometer, quartz crystal clock, cruise control, AM/FM stereo radio, electrically operated windows are all standard equipment.

14.
Aerodynamically ribbed rear lights use airflow to stay clear in foul weather or on dusty roads.

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15.
utomatic limate Control aintains preselected mperature; humidifies, ats and ols.

16.
ndercoating tends up to the cker molding for tra protection. he underside of the 50SE is buffered by four fferent materials including ti-corrosion wax and al- ost 24 pounds of asticized vinyl.

17.
unique engine. A trim 5 liter, overhead camshaft 8 with a breakerless, ansistorized ignition stem and an all-new, echanically operated el injection system that aintains optimum fuel/ r mixture at all times.

18.
lly independent ont and rear spension. ney set new handling ndards—even for ercedes-Benz. No do- estic sedan has any- ing like them. They mbine with the sophis- cated Mercedes-Benz circulating ball-type wer steering to give you traordinary control at times.

19.
Power disc brakes on all four wheels. The brakes are ventilated—then further cooled by special turboblades. They are designed to stop you smoothly, securely time after time—without disconcerting fade.

22.
Safety advances. The entire passenger compartment is protected by collapsible extremities and a rigid steel shell. The shell is an enormously strong, welded structure. The roof alone can sustain over 5 tons weight. The gas tank is mounted over the rear axle, nearly four feet in from the rear bumper, and surrounded by steel bulkheads. The gas filler pipe is designed to pinch closed on impact.

21.
Remarkably smooth automatic transmission, 3 speeds, with torque convertor. You shift without interrupting power flow and can even override the automatic to shift manually within proper engine speed ranges.

20.
Retained value. Based on the average official used car prices over the past 5 years, Mercedes-Benz holds its value better than any make of luxury car sold in America. And among Mercedes-Benz models listed, the 450SE's figures are outstanding.

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PROSECUTORS DON'T ACT the way they do because they are inherently evil or unfair. Often, it is only the state of the job market or the desire to obtain trial experience that makes some men prosecutors and others defense lawyers. The problem lies, rather, in a system which makes the prosecutor a political animal. District attorneys are elected to office; federal prosecutors get their jobs through political contacts. Traditionally, the prosecutor's office has led to higher political office; men as different as Thomas E. Dewey and Earl Warren started as very tough prosecutors. Successful United States Attorneys have become federal judges. To reach a higher office, you have to have a good box score of convictions on which to build a reputation.

Equally important is the prosecutor's sense of his mission as avenging angel. Few prosecutors have serious doubts about the guilt of the people they prosecute; they often seem to believe that such people are thoroughly bad—traitors, enemies, immoral perverters of our lawful institutions. The head of the federal narcotics enforcement agency justified illegal terrorist raids on innocent people in Collinsville, Illinois, as necessary in the fight against "the vermin of humanity" involved in narcotics.

Some remarks made by Maurice Nadjari to the National College of District Attorneys a few years ago are probably typical of many prosecutors across the country; the only untypical thing about them is that they were made in public:

> *The* voir dire [*jury-selection process*] *is multi-purposed. In addition to selecting a sympathetic jury, you have a secondary purpose, that of endearing yourself and exhibiting your "impartiality" and your objectivity to the jury. That is not a difficult task because you are on the side of right. You are on the side of the angels. The defense is defending a guilty man. . . .*
>
> *Although your true purpose is to convict the guilty man who sits at the defense table, and to go for the jugular as viciously and rapidly as possible, do not allow the jury to perceive your attempt. . . .*
>
> *Man's greatest experience is the act of lovemaking. I sometimes wonder if the moment when the jury foreman rises to utter those sweet words of verdict—"We the jury find the defendant guilty as charged"—is not as satisfactory an experience.*

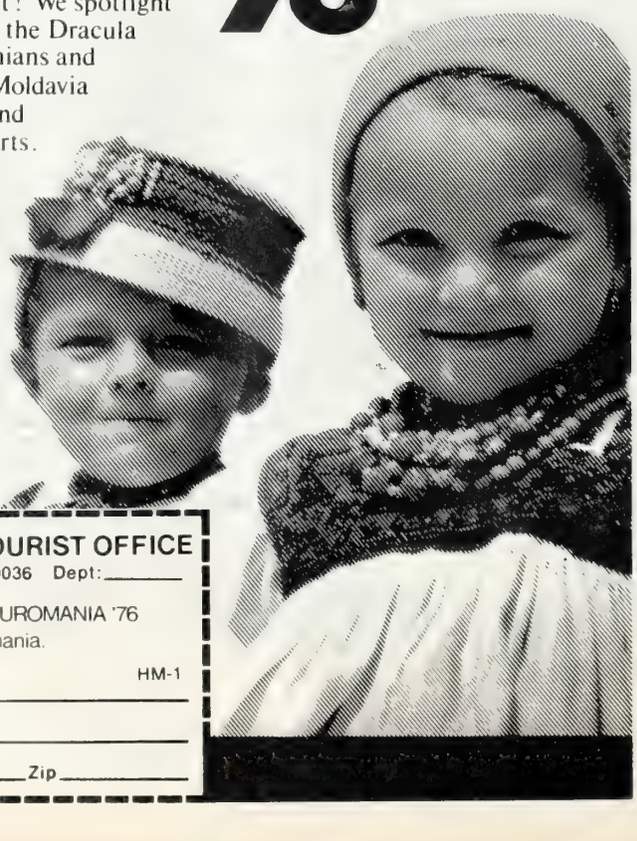
There is, in fact, a legitimate do ble standard in the criminal law, b it is supposed to cut the other wa The defense lawyer is supposed do anything ethical to win for h client. The prosecutor, however, held to a much higher standard. recognition of the enormous pow wielded by the prosecutor again any defendant, and because the pros cutor represents all of us in e forcing the community's moral co with its most drastic sanctions, t prosecutor's responsibility is not vi tory but justice. When he refuses disclose or hides evidence of inn cence, or introduces false testimon the already heavy advantage enjoy by the prosecution is magnifie What was only an unequal conte becomes a corrupt one, with the po sible result of years in prison for person who is presumed to be i nocent.

One can argue about the effect the criminal-justice system on t crime rates; one can argue that t deterrent effects are slight, that t rehabilitational effects are negati But there are moral aspects whi are indisputable: the criminal l takes from the private citizen the c tion of revenge for grievous hurt; assumes that such damage is in f an offense to the entire communi Its basic notion is that if one is be punished for harm to another p son or group, that punishment sh occur only after a fair trial at whi one's peers may have the oppor nity to consider and weigh the r evant facts. It may be inefficient, l it represents one of the communit most solemn efforts to assert its o moral sense. It attempts to separ good from evil, truth from falseho and it has at its disposal the grav of weapons: stigma, imprisonme death. Such an enterprise should be morally contaminated.

Herman Schwartz is chairman of the N York State Commission of Correction professor of law at the State University New York at Buffalo. Bruce Jackson is rector of the Center for Studies in Am can Culture and adjunct professor of la the State University of New York at Buff

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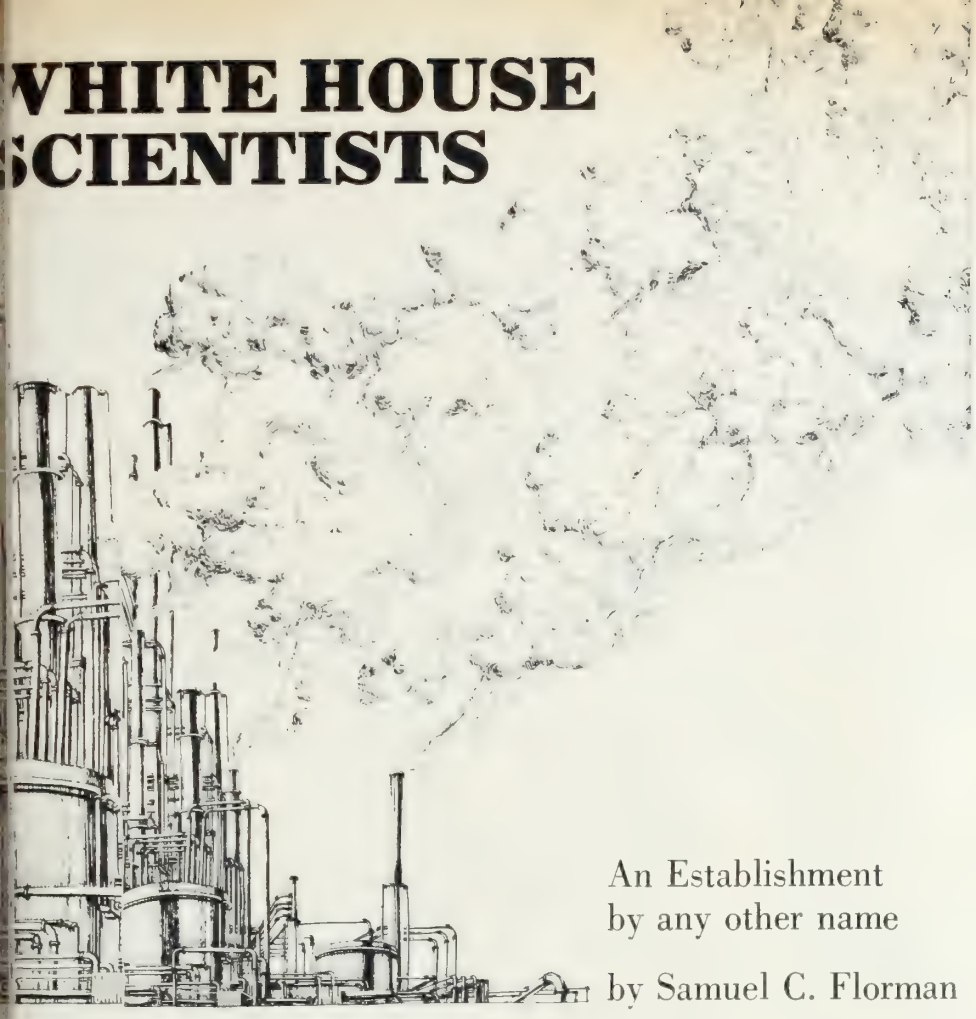
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WHITE HOUSE SCIENTISTS



An Establishment by any other name

by Samuel C. Florman

ON A MILD, cloudy morning last September about 200 people gathered in the East Room of the White House to see President Ford ard the National Medal of Science thirteen prominent scientists and gineers. The President spoke in wing terms of the contributions American life made by men and men of science, and the audience ponded with appropriate warmth d good humor. Even Linus C. Pau- g, outspoken critic of government licies (and twice turned down for e medal in prior years by a resent- Nixon) enthusiastically shook nds with Ford, and, according to tnesses, smiled broadly.

At a luncheon that followed, Vice- esident Rockefeller lavishly praised e recipients, affirming the Adminis- tion's "deep respect for science d the scientific mind." Rockefeller nt on to say that he and Ford nfidently looked forward to pas- ge of a Congressional bill estab- hing an Office of Science and Tech- logy Policy in the White House. ckefeller himself had spoken on half of the bill at committee hear- gs, he reported, "the first time in e history of the United States that Vice-President has testified before a Congressional committee—and it was in the interest of science." Vigorous applause.

On reading accounts of the ceremony, I could, for a few moments, believe that I was reading good news. Scientific advisers to the President, shunned during the Nixon years, would be returning to the national scene. Prominent scientists and engineers would be sitting at the President's side, giving him the facts, solid information on which to base policy decisions. The beautiful vision faded almost as quickly as it had been imagined. All that grinning, handshaking, and distributing of medals suddenly seemed ominous. Will the public interest really be served, I wondered, by the return of the scientific Establishment to the White House?

THE POSITION OF science adviser to the President was created in 1957 in the aftershock of Russia's Sputnik triumph. Backed by a full-time staff, and assisted by the President's Science Advisory Committee, which met every two months, the adviser was charged with providing independent counsel on technological issues to the President and the Budget Bureau. The President had always been able to call upon many sources in government, industry, and academe for scientific advice. So the science adviser was to counterbalance the often self-serving technical recommendations sent to the White House by lobbying groups and Executive Branch agencies; he was to act as the heroic defender of the people against the special interests.

Without an independent White House science agency, technological activities in Washington take on the aspect of an undulating Hydra, with a different opinion in each head. Most executive branch departments and agencies have their own science advisory apparatus. The Department of Defense looms largest, served by the Institute for Defense Analysis, the RAND Corporation, and dozens of other organizations both inside and outside of government. The Energy Research and Development Administration and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare oversee enormous research and development programs. The National Science Foundation supports hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of research, mostly in colleges and universities. There is the young Environmental Protection Agency, the venerable National Bureau of Standards, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and so forth. The National Academy of Sciences and the more recently established National Academy of Engineering are independent honorary organizations which are called upon for advice by a multitude of government institutions. There are also an increasing number of public-interest groups served by experts in many fields. The federal research-and-development budget for fiscal 1976 is set at almost $22 billion, slightly more than half of which is allocated to the Pentagon. And the dollar amounts involved, impressive as they may be, are actually less important than the impact of this research on the future course of our society. It is clear that the various competing interests are playing for high stakes.

The return of the President's science advisory apparatus is apparently based on the hope that it will bring order out of chaos. Not that all scientific activity is to come under

control of one small group, but the White House committee will obviously occupy a commanding position. Some centralization of power should, almost everyone agrees, alleviate the present confusion.

Yet the record of the Science Advisory Committee during its sixteen years of existence was far from reassuring. Although the post of adviser was held by a series of eminent and respected men, starting with James R. Killian, Jr., former president of MIT, and ending with Edward E. David, Jr., of Bell Telephone Laboratories, the committee found itself subject to manipulation and misuse. Its recommendations concerning DDT were received but not implemented. Its warnings about underground nuclear weapons testing were suppressed. Its report on defoliation, superficial to begin with, was not released until after the program in Vietnam had already been ended. In the SST and ABM debates, the committee's warnings were hidden behind a barrier of "confidentiality," while its endorsements were used to support the Administration's arguments. When individual committee members made remarks in public which President Nixon considered disloyal, the entire organization was summarily disbanded.

IF SCIENTISTS now return to the White House they will undoubtedly be given assurances of more considerate treatment. But, granted new power and independence, will they not pose an even greater threat than in the past? Anxious as we are to be heard by the President, are we, the scientific and engineering community, willing to trust this mission to a select few members of our "academy"?

Anyone who has read *The Brain Bank of America*, by Philip Boffey and the Ralph Nader Center, or *Advice and Dissent*, by Joel Primack and Frank Von Hippel, knows that *the* academy, the National Academy of Sciences, has contributed more than its share of error and confusion to technological debate in recent years. In its studies of radioactive waste disposal, the SST, defoliation, food additives, pesticides, and airborne lead, the academy's National Research Council has shown a disconcerting tendency to make errors, or more often to report its findings in ways least likely to offend whichever administration was paying its bills. The academy's embarrassments have often paralleled those of the President's advisers. Technical misjudgments and a distorting sense of team loyalty are weaknesses to which members of any academy are prone.

Nazi Germany shows us prime examples of both. The loyalty of Establishment scientists to abhorrent national policies needs no repeating. It is less often remarked that the autocratic organization of German science led to failure. During World War II, German scientists were unable to develop an atom bomb largely because of the dominant position occupied by Werner Heisenberg and his small inner group. When Fritz Houtermans came close to the idea of plutonium as early as 1941, no one paid any attention, because he was not in the favored circle. The history of science and technology is full of instances in which the favored circle scoffed at new discoveries that later proved to be valid and important. Thomas Edison's early ideas were ridiculed by the most respected scientific bodies; and once enshrined as a genius, Edison himself derided the concept of alternating current, and attempted to prevent its development.

Not only our trust in experts, but our touching faith in the sanctity of "scientific facts," is misplaced. Even with the most straightforward data we are on shaky ground. It is the consensus of data evaluation experts, as reported by the director of the National Bureau of Standards, that "fully 50 percent, or even more, of the data reported in the literature are unusable," not necessarily because they are wrong, but because they are supported by so little evidence as to be unreliable. Then there are the complex problems in which data are not the issue, but there is disagreement about the cause. Everything depends upon which expert you ask. Increasingly, technologists are being asked to evaluate the risk to human life inherent in certain products, such as food additives. But with ever more sensitive analytic equipment and more sophisticated research methods we are finding minute quantities of toxic substances almost everywhere. There is no longer any such thing as zero risk. Everything becomes a matter of degree which makes the manner in which statistical information is reported all important.

Given the prevalent uncertainties and the far from reassuring performance of the scientific Establishment, my enthusiasm for the reinstatement of the President's science adviser becomes mixed with apprehension. Clearly an effective decision-making apparatus in the White House is desirable. Yet it is important that we prevent government technological policy from being dominated by a few scientist mandarins. Once the voice of the dissident is silenced, our troubles will increase.

Environmentalists and other supporters of public-interest science will be pleased with these comments, assuming that I have their causes in mind. I do, but no more so than those of their adversaries. It is fine that scientists employed by the Food and Drug Administration can be heard challenging the decision of their agency to approve a food dye. It is also fine that, at the request of the steel industry, a government-employed scientist is allowed to testify against proposed OSHA regulations of coke-oven emissions. As for the mavericks, I am delighted to see that the automobile engine developed by the LaForce brothers of Richmond, Vermont, is being tested again in spite of being pronounced a failure by the Environmental Protection Agency. The new test was commissioned by, of all things, the Senate Commerce Committee, after it found reason to criticize the EPA test. It is this unpredictable, sloppy, but somehow essentially democratic process that I fear may not survive the coming of a privy councilor of science to the White House. Privy councilors have a way of becoming lord chancellors, rarely to the benefit of the people.

I trust that my fears will prove to be unfounded, that scientific power will remain diffuse, inefficient, and fertile. Congress, after all, bewildered but stubborn, has recently established its own Office of Technology Assessment. Yet the ceremony in the East Room—all that applause—makes me uneasy.

Samuel C. Florman is vice-president of the Kreisler Borg Florman Construction Company and author of The Existential Pleasures of Engineering *(St. Martin's Press).*

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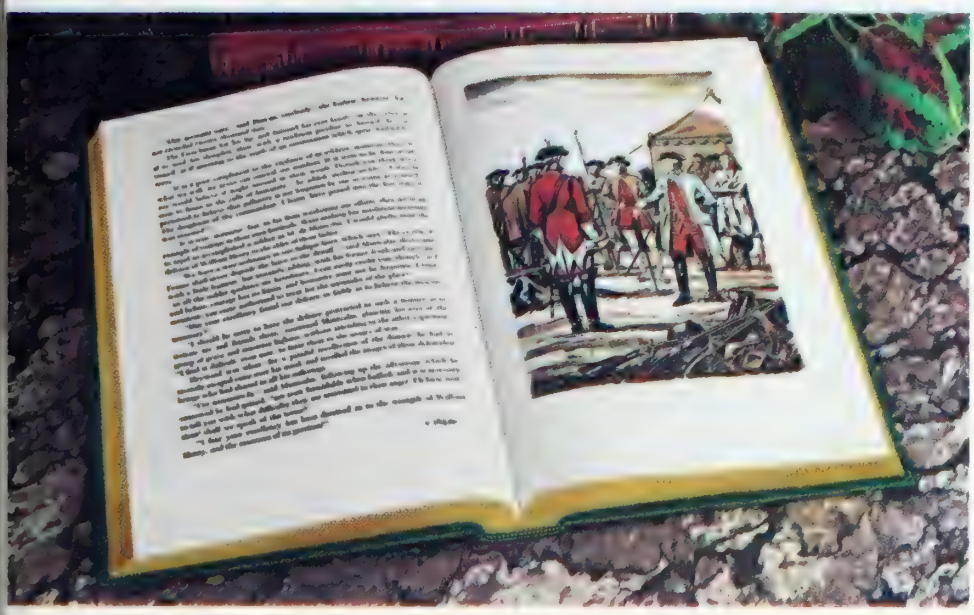
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POOR BIRDS OF PARADISE



Haiti is Not Our Fault

by Jim Hougan

U.S. Ambassador (Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary) Heyward Isham, our man in Port-au-Prince, agrees that the Caribbean is no longer what it seemed to be—a carefree jungle ym for the well-heeled sun worshiper. On his eturn from a recent visit to Kingston, Jamaica, mbassador Isham reported that the "badges f suffering"—loose red scarves tied about the ead as a political gesture—unsettled him. qually distressing were the suppressed emo- ons, the stoicism of the blacks, and the sim- ering hostilities between the classes. "You can el it," Isham said, "and I was glad to get ack. Why, where I live, Haitians can't go five inutes without smiling."

It's true. The Caribbean is in a very black ood, consumed by a sour nationalism and pre- ccupied with its history of colonial exploita- on. Indeed, with the exception of some small, ver-touristed islands, the smiles tend to be oked up, confused with legal tender, or missing ntirely. There's a sulking quiet in the streets, a revailing surliness in the countryside. Visitors, ccorded the deference paid to an occupying rmy, begin to entertain fantasies and fears of ash violence. Their resorts become enclaves, heir hotels redoubts. Guilt mingles with para- oia.

"That man's following us, George!"

"You call this a vacation? It's worth your life to get a Coke at night."

"One more bad look from that porter, and I swear to God I'll sock him!"

"The least they could do is say 'Thank you' once in a while."

In short, America's "southern sea" has become a rude, smoldering honky-bonk place where fingers point and, outside The Lobby, you don't want to be alone.

Actually, there's an exception to the above: a Caribbean backwater where Americans can go, and go to seed. Guiltlessly. Safely. And even luxuriously. Haiti is Not Our Fault.

Rationalizations

SHAPED ROUGHLY LIKE a mouth opened in a scream, Haiti lies fifty miles southeast of Cuba, three hours from New York. Its capital, Port-au-Prince, is located about where the epiglottis would be. Now, some people are bound to be put off by the murderous reputation of the country. And a few will entertain political and ethical objections to a visit, pointing out that Haiti—the poorest and most densely populated country in the Western Hemisphere—is governed by a dictatorship of the most ruthless kind.

Jim Hougan, a contributing editor of Harper's *is the author of* Decadence *(William Morrow).*

Jim Hougan

POOR BIRDS OF PARADISE

In fact, however, Haiti has changed. It no longer ranks number one on the planet's list of totalitarian regimes. Its apparatus of federal terrorism has been eased into a lower gear. The "disappearances," roadblocks, routine brutalities, and acts of police horror which characterized the regime of Papa Doc have been reduced (by Baby Doc) to the minimum deemed necessary to maintain the existing order. And, while firing squads are still kept busy, even bustling, at Fort Dimanche, acts of official barbarism have been curtailed.

The Haitians have, in other words, awakened from the fever dream of Papa Doc and are, at last, beginning to subside into that subtropical misery which, in happier days, passed for normalcy.

That Haiti is safe (and friendly) will be sufficient for some. Others, however, will argue that tourist dollars and foreign investments will be used to prop up a regime that remains totalitarian. In fact, the opposite is more nearly the case: sickness, illiteracy, poverty, caste, and $15 million a year from the Régie du Tabac (a state monopoly on tobacco) are the props necessary to maintain the status quo. Paralysis, rather than development, is the cement of the current order. Anything that improves the conditions of the poor, as jobs and dollars will, is either irrelevant to the security of the regime, or a means of undermining it. Thus, if you get my drift, visitors may look upon time and dollars spent drinking rum punches in Port-au-Prince as nothing less than a Blow struck for Freedom.

Admittedly, there are sound reasons why some individuals ought never to visit Haiti. There's little tennis, less golf, and more dirt than anywhere else in the Caribbean. The very sensitive ought not to go because the poverty will traumatize them in mid-gasp. And the prepsychotic should refrain because Haiti is like a sustained hallucination imposed upon a time warp: it can leave you muttering.



Charles Moore/Black Star

I'll return to these matters in due course. But the most important thing to remember is that Haiti is Not Our Fault. After a heroic guerrilla war that led to their independence from France in 1804, Haitians—guided by their own lights and leaders—managed to devastate what was once the richest colony in the Western Hemisphere, reducing it to the economic status of a black hole. Indeed, the devastation was so complete that their independence was virtually guaranteed in perpetuity: for the past century, Haiti has been too poor for outsiders to exploit. Moreover, in the last free election (now fading from local memory), Haitians gave their popular mandate to the one candidate who identified himself with Death Incarnate (Papa Doc a/k/a Le Baron Samedi). ITT didn't do it. The CIA didn't do it. *You and I* didn't do it. The Haitians did it. And they respect us for it. Decidedly, Not Our Fault.

IN TRYING TO UNDERSTAND the facts about Haiti, one soon comes to realize that the "facts" only distort the realities; it's the contradictions that impose sense upon the land. For instance: French is the national language; on the other hand, 90 percent of the people speak Creole and find French unintelligible. Similarly, the illiteracy rate is 90 percent—and likely to be maintained since the books are written in a language that students cannot understand. What this means is that the vast majority of Haitians are excluded from any significant participation in the politics or commerce of the country. Thus the real totalitarianism of Haiti is not merely political, but cultural. At the top is a mulatto elite whose official religion (Catholicism), language, and customs have been borrowed from Europe. Beneath this minority is an internal colony, an uneducated black Creole class with a culture all its own, having transformed European language, religion, and manners beyond recognition.

In this densely populated nation, which is about the size of Maryland, only one-third of the mostly mountainous terrain is arable. There is less than one-half acre of such land per person, and a good deal of that is unproductive soil erosion, the result of massive and uncorrected deforestation some years back, is rampant. Compounding this disaster is a liberal land-reform policy undertaken long ago. While the population has multiplied, arable land has dwindled, with the result that ever larger numbers of people must till increasingly smaller and less productive plots. Subsistence farming, therefore, is not a characteristic of Haiti: it is an ideal.

Still in the theater of facts, per capita national income is estimated at about $130 per annum, making Haiti the poorest country on this side of the planet. Actually, Haitians should have it so good. The $130 figure is an idea arrived at by dividing the population into the gross national product. Thus, if the GNP were redistributed to all the people, the average Haitian would still be no better off than the average resident of Chad.

Beneath the aristocracy, some of whom are capable of dropping $3,000 a night at the casino, are the gainfully employed, another minority. About 25,000 of these work for Americans in labor-intensive industries (most baseballs, for instance, are made in Haiti). After a three-month-long "apprenticeship," the minimum-wage law guarantees them $1.50 per day, the going rate for maids and workers alike. (Some American manufacturers are reported to find even this pittance excessive. To circumvent

ıe minimum wage they've taken to firing work-
·s after eighty-seven days.)

And beneath this working class is the ma-
›rity, a vestigial populace surviving by the skin
f its decaying teeth. For them, poverty is some-
ıing to which one aspires.

If Haiti's economics are bathetic, its politics
ave been even worse. Until 1971 the country
as ruled by François "Papa Doc" Duvalier, a
itch doctor with a degree from Harvard. After
is initial election in 1957, Papa Doc amended
ıe chief executive's title to read "President-
›r-Life." Since the stability of that office was
bviously contingent upon the longevity of the
older, Duvalier locked himself in his palace
nd set about establishing a crackerjack terror
quad capable of maintaining order. This police
pparatus was called the Tonton Macoutes, a
ame signifying "zombies" in Creole. The iden-
fication of the Tontons with Those Who Walk
t Night was reinforced by their characteristic
ınglasses—voodoo depictions of zombies in-
ariably show them with large black eyes. And,
f course, the Tontons added their own negative
einforcements to the image, engaging in acts
f barbarism so macabre and bizarre that one
ecessarily doubted the humanity of the perpe-
rators. Naturally, it takes a stern administrator
› preside over a police force composed of the
living dead," yet Papa Doc met the challenge,
ıking pains in word and deed to identify him-
lf with Baron Samedi, the voodoo personifica-
on of Death Himself. He became, in other
ords, an apostate human being.

After fourteen years of government service,
eath came peacefully to Papa Doc (they say
e "took" himself), but not before he'd passed
ıe torch to his son, Jean-Claude.

Referring to Jean-Claude as "Baby Doc" is
›mething of a journalistic cliché, a designation
ıeant to suggest that he's a chip off the old
lock. In fact, the young dictator is more enig-
ıatic. When the new President-for-Life assumed
ffice at nineteen, most observers felt the lad
as not long for this world. With only a hap-
azard education, and a mediocre student at
est, he was surrounded by rivals experienced
ı the complexities and brutalities of state.
evertheless, he moved boldly to consolidate
is authority. Some of his most dangerous
and corrupt) advisers, generals, and ministers
›und themselves suddenly stripped of rank,
osted to the boondocks, or sent into exile. The
onton Macoutes, which had become a threat
› the regime itself, were diminished in num-
er and divided into a variety of competing
rvices; most had their sunglasses taken away,
nd many now haunt the hotels as taxi drivers
nd tourist guides. Astonishingly, there has even
een a gesture toward public relations: once a
ear, during the Rara Festival at Easter, Du-
alier drives through town, tossing gourde notes
at the masses. Conditions, then, have improved (they could hardly have gotten worse)—if only because the apparatus of supernatural terror has been defused.

Despite the assessment of Ambassador Isham, who considers Jean-Claude "a serious man," it's almost incredible that Fat Boy has done all this himself. Those who know him emphasize his sybaritic inclinations. Port-au-Prince is rife with gossip about his sexual gourmandising, his penchant for radio-controlled model airplanes, and his way of barrel-assing through the streets in a Datsun 240-Z, scattering peasants in his way. Nothing in his personality suggests a budding Metternich, and most believe that Mama Doc, Sister Doc, or Brother-in-Law Doc controls the Presidency through family authority and loyal advisers.

Whoever is in control, Jean-Claude has announced that he will do for Haiti's economy what his father did for its politics. What this alarming notion might entail is uncertain: it's unlikely, however, that Jean-Claude can have any real impact on Haiti's economy. Too poor to sustain much damage, its position as the black Tangiers of the Caribbean is assured for decades. Beyond the devastating realities of the country's intrinsic poverty, illiteracy, and stultifying class/caste system, is a claptrap civil service paralyzed by corruption and incompetence. Nor can much be expected from skilled Haitians who are literally breaking down embassy doors in search of visas. Exporting what little expertise it has, Haiti obtains some needed foreign exchange while perpetuating its technological primitivism.

If the Haitian people have any reason for optimism about the future, it rests with the most radical solution of all: immune to reform and isolated from revolution, Haitians have no choice but to place their bets on the transmigration of souls.

"Haiti is like a sustained hallucination imposed upon a time warp: it can leave you muttering."

The Oloffson

THE GRAND HOTEL OLOFFSON is interred upon a hill above Port-au-Prince. This is not to say that the Oloffson is dead, only that it's buried. Buried in the nineteenth-century romance of its catwalks, ceiling fans, and turrets. Buried in the lush green and necrotic gray of its palms, vines, and sculpture. Buried in the decadence of Haiti. Buried alive; buried *thriving*.

Imagine a haunted house that sprawled and soared, even as it sank and sagged. A jumble of gingerbread, the Oloffson leans across the hillside, settling into the landscape, a supine hotel. It has a glorious view of an ugly city—cathedral, palace, and slums—and wooden floors that rise and fall, undulating from the bar to the



Charles Moore/Black Star

Jim Hougan

POOR BIRDS OF PARADISE

veranda to the staircase to the rooms—where, upon checking in, one expects to find mushrooms growing in the bureau drawers. Lizards dash wildly along the balustrades, flickering in the peripheral vision of the guests. Roosters crow. Goats groan. Beggars lurk near the trees.

It's said that the whole moldering structure was once made of wood but that now, after successive sieges by tropical termites, only the paint remains: 900 coats of white on white, adhering to nothing but themselves.

On my third night in Haiti, I am standing unnerved in the Oloffson's bar, drinking gin and tonics. Even at midnight, amid the wicker and darkness of this chic, yet seedy, saloon, the heat is too much. A vortex of coolness, revealed by the flutter of a cocktail napkin on a nearby table, twists beneath a ceiling fan in the center of the room. It's one of those *Casablanca*-type contraptions that's supposed to twist ever . . . so . . . slowly. But here, in the G. H. Oloffson, it develops tremendous torque, whirling with such speed that the blades shimmer toward invisibility, threatening to lift the hotel from its moorings. Not that anyone would notice, not for hours.

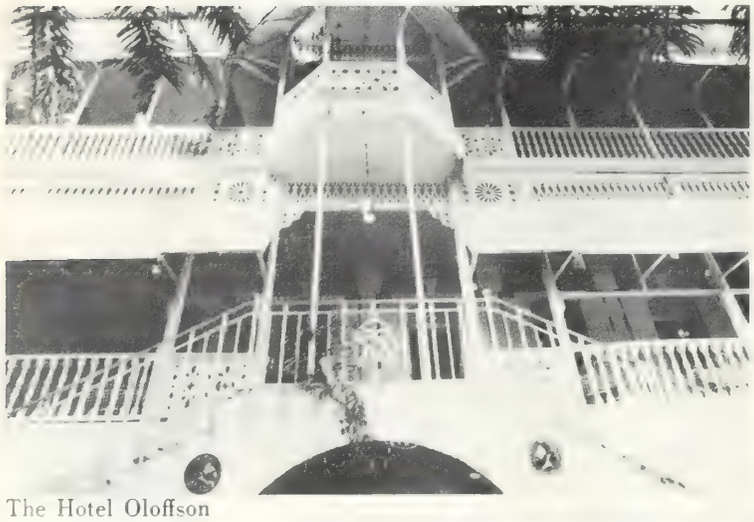
The Oloffson attracts a microcosm of third-bardo celebrities: backwater entrepreneurs, second-string cognoscenti, and adventurers folded in with litterateurs and misfit tourists.

For the moment, the microcosm stars a lady known, in the whispered parentheses of the hotel, as Jackson Pollock's Former Mistress. Reclining on one of the room's white wicker thrones, a virtual clone of Ava Gardner, she vamps with a Campari-soda at her lips. I find her more than impressive. Earlier she'd asked me, with infinite dryness, "How *was* Vallarta?"

Nearby is a drunken bush pilot from Addis Ababa, a Canadian citizen who, whenever he sees me, raises his glass and shouts, "My embassy is your embassy—*you know*?" It's a friendly hotel: you get to know everyone by the second day.

Others in the room include the most wistful looking nine-year-old French girl ever to don a string bikini and six-inch platform shoes; a first novelist; an art dealer; a man who claims to be Very High Up in CARE; a down-on-his-luck Tonton Macoute; a missionary; an alleged Vice Minister of Tourism; and two absolutely ravishing lady promoters who've come to Port-au-Prince to organize "a Bangladesh-type" all black rock-and-jazz festival, a kind of Haitian Woodstock which (if it comes off) may demolish the Third World overnight.

And holding this whole crowd or cast together, binding it into a cohesive, subliminal meringue, is a collection of Ghee Lombuardo albums that play the evening long:



The Hotel Oloffson





Charles Moore/Black Star



Where the Haitians li

Juzzz . . .
A jigga-l-O-O-O-O-O.
Every-buddy kn-O-O-O-O-Os . . .

Bartender! César! Get me some ice, *por favor* . . .

Port-au-Prince

IT ISN'T THE OLOFFSON that has me unsettled. This Charles Addams spectacular, the perfect setting for a biologic film, is, after all, just a hotel, a starting point. It can be accommodated with only a small effort, associated with the covers of Gothic novels and rationalized as a sort of pulp hostelry. Even the guests, archetypes drawn by Marx, Doonesbury, and Krafft-Ebing, must have their explanations. No, the Oloffson is everything that readers of *The Comedians* expect it to be, and nothing more. What's disconcerting is Haiti itself.

Port-au-Prince is a wasteland of what look like haunted houses, ruined anomalies studded with turrets, belfries, and long, collapsing verandas. They defy architectural analysis, combining Doric columns with Moorish arches, French windows, widow's walks, and details of the Victorian manse. All, of course, in one stage or another of decay, the elite having abandoned the capital with the invention of the automobile, fleeing to the cool hills of nearby Pétionville.

The remainder of Port-au-Prince is less whimsical. The *cement* part, belonging to the landlords of the middle class (such as it is), has settled into an apparently permanent state of incompletion. Bags of cement, piles of sand, and cinder blocks are everywhere, smothered in weeds. Most people blame the shifting priorities of the cement monopoly, but, as one businessman explained, "You just can't build anything *big* in Haiti. Construction's a cottage industry, just like wood carving. And if you want to buy something in quantity, bricks or mojos or whatever, chances are the unit price will go up, not down."

The *cardboard* part of Port-au-Prince, belonging to the majority, is a tumor of paper huts, palm fronds, and Esso signs held together with bits of rope, wire, nails, and voodoo incantations. It, too, has an unfinished look, thanks largely to the slum fires which devastate the occupants from time to time.

Winding past all these houses and shacks is the effluvium of the capital. An afternoon rain signals the populace to hurl its garbage into the streets, the hope being that it will then flow downhill to the sea, and disperse in the direction of Communist Cuba. In practice, however, the garbage crests in the vicinity of the slums, coming to a premature halt in the shopping district. There, it's swept into huge gray stinking cones, yurt-like backrests for the vegetable peddlers, and left overnight.

ISOLATED BY MORE THAN a century-and-a-half of befuddled independence culminating in fourteen years of police terrorism, Haiti is a geopolitical leper colony. As a result, anachronisms abound amid the commonplace extremes, as if the centuries had slammed together. And running through it all is the social central nervous system of the poor, voodoo. It's everywhere: in the wood carvings, along the roads, in the gestures and conversations of the people, in the paintings, jewelry, sculpture, and newspaper columns. It's useful in getting a visa, winning the lottery, keeping a plane aloft, curing the sick, raising the dead ("Lazarus first zombie-man—he top-notch!"), and finding a husband for an ugly daughter. It can even be useful in labor relations. As an American manufacturer explained to me, "All right, so I punched him a couple of times. No big deal. He's my worker and it's my factory. If you wanta get some work out of a Haitian, you gotta *step* on him—not literally, of course, *but step on* him. Anyway, the next day there's a headline in the paper: 'Foreign Industrialist Beats Local Peasant.' Do I need that kinda crap? Hell, no! And I'll tell you something else I don't need: all those goddamn chicken feet they keep hanging on my door. Not that it bothers me: I just don't need it, is all. I mean, I'm in *electronics*!"

One can, however, have a good time in even the messiest of places. Foreign residents report that after a while other people's poverty is not so much disturbing as it is annoying. "It used to really tick me off," said the young wife of a Wisconsin glovemaker. "'Oh, miss, miss, gimme gimme,' that's all I ever heard. Now I just tell them I gave at the office."

Nor should the garbage or heat be a problem. Houses with pools can be rented or bought quite easily, and, more likely than not, they're located at an atmospheric remove from the capital, in adjacent Pétionville or on the road to Kenscoff.

But Port-au-Prince is where the action is. While the city's character is shaped by its prevailing tropical drabness, its inelegance is offset by a handful of stunning *boîtes*, bordellos, and hotels.

There are, for instance, the usual Temple Fielding things to do. You might begin an evening with prawns at the three-star Chez Gerard, followed by a few belts at Habitacion Le Clerc. A cluster of individual pools and starkly beautiful villas, LeClerc is a monument to post-scarcity anomie, an almost cruelly tasteful blend of *2001* and *Last Year at Marienbad*.

Leaving LeClerc is a process of reentry, a

"Immune to reform and isolated from revolution, Haitians have no choice but to place their bets on the transmigration of souls."



The Tonton Macoutes

descent to the lower atmospheres. The surrounding slum, a barrio of card games, wandering hookers, and the merengue, stretches all the way to the casino at the Royal Haitian Club.

After Gerard, LeClerc, and the casino, you might have a nightcap in any of several rather homey brothels. If the wife's along, that's no problem: a few of the brothels are quite civilized, more like social clubs than anything else—and it's not unusual for mixed groups to go for drinks and dancing. (Elaine's is frequently recommended.)

Night life in Port-au-Prince, in other words, is like that in any other small foreign capital: flashy, boozy, syphilitic, and ultimately tiresome. In one respect alone does it seem unique: you can walk through virtually any area of the capital at any hour without fear of unpleasantness. There are two reasons for this. The first is that Haitians are friendly. The second is that the regime has put out what amounts to an open contract on *lumpen* felons: when thieves aren't executed forthwith, they're taken to the police station, shaved bald, beaten *to pieces*, and dumped in the street.

However friendly (or cowed) Port-au-Prince may be, it's a good place to abandon during the day. There's just not much happening, and what there is tends to be negatively perceived. The Iron Market, handicraft hub of the republic, is a behavioral sink of malodorous swarming, an elbow-tugging bargain bin fetid with crosswinds of garbage, sweat, sisal, and rotting vegetables. After you've bought your Baby Doc T-shirts, a case of Barbancourt rum, and a wallful of primitive paintings, you might as well get out of town. (Also baskets.)

Quick voodoo

THE NIGHT BEFORE I LEFT Haiti a friend hijacked me to what he promised would be an authentic "voodoo thing." His interest in voodoo was not that of a tourist, but of a believer: he'd seen it work, he said, in Spanish Harlem. And what he wanted was not a ceremony of geekery but a character reading, coupled with a view of the future. I went along for the ride.

Our driver, Peter-Paul, served as translator and took us to the compound of a necromancer called Divé (the diver). Chez Divé was a cluster of huts in a ghetto on the outskirts of the city, and Divé greeted us warmly on our arrival, striding out of the dark between two freshly dug graves.

Some people grin from ear to ear; Divé grinned from nose to chin, his upper lip being entirely missing and his gums making their appearance directly beneath his nostrils. (Peter-Paul, in a sort of awed giggle, explained that a zombie had bitten off the lip.) Inside the largest of Divé's huts was a dirt floor on which a number of people lay—emaciated old men, tossing women, staring babies, sleeping children. Peter-Paul explained that they were all very sick, that the doctors could do nothing, and that they'd come to Divé for help.

Off this main room was a smaller one containing an altar, an iron door built into the floor, and bunches of herbs strung from the ceiling. The room was lighted only by two small Christmas tree bulbs, one red and the other blue, which blinked atop the altar. The altar itself was a series of tiers on each level of which were a large number of dolls, effigies, and what I assume were talismans. The walls were covered with primitive religious frescoes, violent renditions of St. Patrick amid the snakes. The overall effect was blood-curdling.

The "reading" began with a sprinkling of *clairin* (undistilled rum) on the floor, and a cutting of the cards. Then Divé began rocking back and forth, swigging rum, studying the cards, and chuckling. Eventually he began to speak, pocketing his $10 fee.

What Divé had to say about my friend and his future was one Chinese fortune after another, an unbelievable collection of predictive bromides.

My friend was impatient. "Look—enough of the two-women-lots-of-bread-exercise-prudence stuff. I want to know: *one*, who I am; *two*, where I'm going; and, *three*, what number's gonna hit when I get back to the city. That's all. One, two-three, got it?" Peter-Paul translated, and Divé reconsidered the cards. Finally, he spoke again.

"He says these are very hard questions. He says you must come back tomorrow for very special ceremony. The ceremony cost $400, but you only pay half now, half when the number makes you rich. You're very lucky. He'll put you in a small grave with candles. Make you rich!"

"I can't do that, Peter-Paul. I got a plane to catch, at noon. I'm on assignment!"

"He say no problem. Put you in grave early morning. Have you at airport by eleven. I drive so you make it on time."

"I'm not going into any goddam grave."

The scene had degenerated to farce, and I was about to start laughing when a terrible sound came from the other room. It was the noise of an infant coughing, the cough expanding in its urgency, becoming deeper and more painful, a prolonged racking of the throat and lungs which, after a minute, disintegrated into a low, barking sound that went on and on. I couldn't handle it because I couldn't help. So I left.

I had a tremendous urge to play roulette in the clean casino.

VERSE: MAKING THE NIGHTMARE MAKE SENSE

Four previously unpublished poems
by Robinson Jeffers

Robinson Jeffers wrote no tragedy about World ar II, though he wrote tragedies, foresaw the war one in 1934 (apparently when Hitler announced erman rearmament), and by mid-1941 understood itler well enough to predict the method and reason r his suicide in 1945. Instead, Jeffers wrote The ouble Axe, *in which a dead soldier comes home to aunt his patriotic father and unfaithful mother, and me sixty shorter poems which try to make moral nse of that war. I found twenty-three still unpub-shed in the Tor House collection of the Humanities esearch Center of the University of Texas at Austin. Like the poem* Rearmament *in 1934, these twenty-ree show Jeffers reacted to events by predicting eir results. The manuscript of* Salvation *mentions e German-Italian-Japanese alliance of September , 1940, which led to the attack on Pearl Harbor, hich extended the war and American power around e planet. Like that success, the title seems ironic: saving itself in that war, America dooms itself empire and a greater fall. The moon now bears ixon's signature; the Club of Rome predicts the ll will come soon after the year 2000.*

The two bulls metaphor of What Odd Expedients *so appears in* Teheran, *written in 1943, as if Jef-rs foresaw the cold war then. The oddness comes om so moral a result for political frauds, and from r failure to learn from so much misery, as one war ads to another.*

Rocket-propelled Messerschmitt 163s began attack-g American bombers in late July 1944, which dates aggering Back Toward Life; *like radar, these cket planes involved no new discovery.* Curb Sci-ce? *answers a worry Hiroshima provoked, that sapplied science outruns morality. Jeffers thought r egocentric moralities cause wars; science dis-vers the universe-as-God that could save us.*

—Robert Ian Scott

SALVATION

(From a manuscript which mentions
the agreement making allies of Germany,
Italy, and Japan. September 27, 1940)

We shall have to change our conceptions.
Now we shall have to fight, there is no choice,
Our fools have done it.
We strove admirably, and could have held the great balance,
And patched up a peace;
Our fools chose to interfere, and have
split the planet
Into two millstones
That will grind small and bloody, flesh into misery,
And Europe into ruins.
No living eye can see down the black years
To the end of this evil.
Our fools have blundered into huger blood-guilt,
And we that were sane, we must now suffer this,
Or our own nation founder. We must support them.
There is no choice.
It is no consolation
To know that North America must now become
The greatest military power in history
And stand supreme for a time, huge, bloody, and imperial,
Burdened with doom like Assyria, like
Rome, like Britain, inheriting all
These hoards of despair.

URB SCIENCE?

ience, that gives man hope to live without lies
r blast himself off the earth; curb science
ntil morality catches up?
—But look:
t present morality is running rapidly retrograde,
ou'd have to turn science, too, back to the witch doctors,
the myth drunkards. Besides that,
orality is not an end in itself; truth is an end.
o seek the truth is better than good works, better
than survival,
olier than innocence, and higher than love.

STAGGERING BACK TOWARD LIFE

Radar and rocket-plane, the applications of chemistry, the tricks of physics:
new cunning rather
Than new science: but they work. The time is in fact
A fever-crisis: the fag end of nominal peace before these wars, and the so-called
peace to follow them
Are, with the wars, one fever; the world one hospital; the semi-delirious
patient—his brain breeds dreams like flies
But they are giants; and they work. The question is
How much of all this amazing lumber the pale convalescent
Staggering back toward life will be able to carry up the steep canyons
that thread the cliffs of the future?
I hope, not much. We need a new dark age, five hundred years of
winter and the cold tombs. But that's slumber still.

WHAT ODD EXPEDIENTS

God, whether by unconscious instinct, or waking, or in a dream, I do not know
how conscious is God.
Uses odd means for great purposes. His problem with the human race is to play
its capacities
To their extremest limits, but limit its power. For how dull were the little
planet, how mean and splendorless,
If all one garden; and man locally omnipotent rested the energies that only
need, only
Bitter need breeds.
The solution of course is war, which both goads and
frustrates; and to promote war,
What odd expedients! The crackpot dreams of Jeanne d'Arc and Hitler, the
murderous innocence of Attila, the bombast of Roosevelt, the tinsel
star of Napoleon, the idiot submissiveness
Of peoples to leaders and men to death. What low means to high aims!
The next chapter of the world
Concerns America and Russia, two bulls in one pasture. Structure is broken
between their foreheads, new things are born.

Courtesy of The Humanities Research Center,
The University of Texas at Austin.

VICTORY IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS

y Terrence Des Pres

ACTS OF LIFE

ONE SURVIVOR remarks that in camp he did not wake fellow prisoners when one of them was having a nightmare; he knew that no matter how bad the dream might be, reality was worse. And what, really, could be worse than to wake up in a concentration camp? "The most ghastly moment of the twenty-four hours of camp life," says a survivor of Auschwitz, "was the awakening, when, at a still nocturnal hour, the three shrill blows of a whistle tore us pitilessly from our exhausted sleep and from the longings of our reams." "The moment of waking," says another, "was ie most horrible." Or finally:

Awakening is the hardest moment—no matter whether these are your first days in the camp, days full of despair, where every morning you relive the painful shock, or whether you have been here long, very long, where each morning reminds you that you lack strength to begin a new day, a day identical with all previous days.

The wonder is they got up at all. Camp prisoners were permanently exhausted, they were often sick, and a night's sleep was four or five hours at most. Under such stress we might expect a retreat into unconsciousness, into coma, as when a person faints from shock or excess of pain. Where did the strength to get up come from? And why return to a reality so terrible?

Prisoners were driven awake by fear, by anxiety, and often by the blows of a whip or club. But mainly they got up for the same reason any of us do: essential activities have to be performed; organisms must interact with, and find protection from, their environment. Prisoners either got up or died; they either faced an unbearable world knowing they would have to bear it, or gave up. The whole of the survivor's fate is in that moment. It was always a battle in itself, but it was also part of a larger fight, not just against weakness and despair, but finally against sleep because sleep itself was dangerous. There was never time for enough sleep, and this elementary need thus became a constant temptation, enforced by extreme exhaustion but even more by the yearning to

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From time to time Harper's *omits the WRAPAROUND in der to publish a substantial part of an extraordinary book. he text appearing in this month's issue derives from chapers IV and VI of* The Survivor, *a book about ways of life the Nazi and Stalinist concentration camps written by errence Des Pres that will be published this spring by Oxrd University Press. Having studied the entire record comled by those people who survived the camps (a record that extensive because so many people were determined to bear witness to what they had seen), Des Pres refutes the current idea of man as helpless victim. His evidence attests to the presence of human courage and morality in the worst of all possible worlds, and his portrait of the survivor bears little resemblance to the conventional likeness offered by such other interpreters of the same material as Bruno Bettelheim, Stanley M. Elkins, and Robert J. Lifton. Except where otherwise indicated, all the quotations in the text refer to the testimony of those who survived.*

quit, to sink into the blank peace of oblivion and stay there. Sleep promised rest and escape, and many prisoners were shot or beaten to death for crawling off to some corner and falling asleep. Many others froze to death while sleeping in the snow. At any moment of relaxed striving, sleep could become a part of the slide toward death, a surrender of the will to shove on. As one survivor said, "The only escape is in sleep, but sleep means death."

It meant death because in extremity life requires a strenuous state of alert. As another survivor says, "There was absolutely no relaxation possible at Auschwitz." Not even in sleep. Like those troops of African primates who protect themselves from predators by sleeping on the narrow ledges of cliffs—who sleep, but whose hands through the whole of the night hold tight to edges and cracks—survivors cling to reality; and no matter how hideous it becomes or how weary they themselves might be, they cannot afford to slacken or retreat.

Strength, tenacity, stubbornness, these words describe the survivor's return to the world; but what they refer to cannot be a matter of will and nothing more, if only because during the passage from sleep to consciousness the will is at its weakest. The fact that prisoners remained sane on so little sleep and under such pressure argues a radical revision of the body's basic rhythms and therefore an agency beyond will alone. Sleep and waking are phases in a process biologically determined, and we may speculate that in extremity men and women find a foundation for struggle in the essential acts of daily life, as if these were indeed *acts of life*. Every morning the survivor's will had to be renewed, and it was: not through some secret fortitude of the heart, but through the physical act of getting up. The pain might be enormous, despair complete, but the commitment—to that day, to that much more of existence—was made. A survivor of Auschwitz describes it this way: "I climb down on the floor and put on my shoes. The sores on my feet reopen at once, and a new day begins."



WHEN THE CAMP experience is viewed as a whole, a remarkable parallel appears between each morning's waking and a larger aspect of the survivor's experience. The first encounter with extremity immersed prisoners in a world of pure terror, a world in which nothing made sense or promised hope. The impact was so sudden and overwhelming that the self floundered and began to disintegrate. In shock and disbelief, prisoners went about as if asleep, as if locked in horrid dream, not responding intelligently, not looking out for themselves. The first phase of survival experience may thus be described as a period of *initial collapse*. Given time, however, breakdown was followed by a second stage, characterized by reintegration of selfhood and recovery of stability. Very much as if they were waking up, survivors went from withdrawal to engagement, from passivity to resistance. They emerged from their dream-state to face the hard reality, to see their predicament with relentless clarity.

Coming from our world, with no prior knowledge of extremity, new prisoners were in no way prepared for the frenzy of their first days in camp. Here is what it was like—after days in a cattle car without water or room for rest, standing in excrement and vomit—to arrive:

> **The wagon doors were torn ajar. The shouts were deafening. SS men with whips and half-wild Alsatian dogs swarmed all over the place. Uncontrolled fear brought panic as families were ruthlessly torn apart. Parents screamed for lost children and mothers shrieked their names over the voices of the bawling guards. Everyone without exception lost both nerve and senses.**

It was an onslaught not to be withstood. When the train doors opened, prisoners were faced with an incomprehensible world: beating and shooting; families dispersed and those not "selected" for immediate extermination driven into crowded buildings where everything—possessions, clothes, hair, name—was stripped from them. The magnitude and speed of these events made sane response impossible. What kind of sense, after all, was the incoming prisoner to make of his or her first march through Auschwitz:

> **Corpses were strewn all over the road; bodies were hanging from the barbed-wire fence; the sound of shots rang in the air continuously. Blazing flames shot into the sky; a giant smoke cloud ascended above them. Starving, emaciated human skeletons stumbled toward us, uttering incoherent sounds. They fell down right in front of our eyes and lay there gasping out their last breath.**

The otherness of the camps, their horror and apparent chaos, was not real by past standards; unable to root itself in familiar ground, the old self fell apart. A similar disintegration was suffered by Soviet prisoners who, as soon as they were arrested, were subjected to a process which would not end until the prisoner broke down and signed a false confession:

> **Interrogations by night and special cells ensure that the prisoner is not allowed to sleep for one moment. After five to eight days without sleep he is subject to increasingly severe hallucinations and these can be further intensified by blows. The prisoner loses his self-control. His personality begins to split, to dissolve and to be transformed. . . . He loses the power to distinguish between reality and possibility. He loses touch with himself. All that remains of him is a twitching point of reference between vague terror without an object, the pervasive feeling of imposed guilt, and confusing hallucinations.**

There are heroic accounts of resistance to that kind of treatment, especially *The Confession*, by Artur London, and *The Accused*, by Alexander Weissberg. London broke down in the end, and even Weissberg, whose endurance seems superhuman, went through brief periods of collapse:

It had now been made clear that the examiner was not interested in the truth and wanted fictitious self-accusations. If that were the case then I was really lost. . . . This feeling of being hopelessly trapped paralyzed me. . . . So far I had confessed nothing, but I felt now that my reason was about to break down.

)r as an American survivor of the Soviet camps told me: Oh yes, after enough beating at the base of the spine, fter enough kicks in the genitals, you would sign anyiing." To sign was to say to them and to yourself that ou were not who you had been. Temporarily, the old elf dissolved. And for the Soviet and Nazi prisoners like, this first stage was decisive:

Every newcomer immediately had to traverse a course of profound personal degradation and humiliation. Naked he was driven through the unbridgeable abyss that separated the two worlds, "outside" and "inside." It was the immediate effects of this terrifying act of compulsion that determined the ultimate destiny of a prisoner. There were two possibilities and within three months it became apparent which one would apply. By that time a man would have gone into an almost irresistible mental decline—if, indeed, he had not already perished in a physical sense; or he would have begun to adapt himself to the concentration camp.

In *The Informed Heart* Bruno Bettelheim observes that ie "vast majority of the thousands of prisoners who ied at Buchenwald each year died soon." That was true verywhere in the world of the camps: newcomers had ie highest death rate. We might therefore ask, as Bettelheim does, "why, in the concentration camp, although ome prisoners survived and others got killed, such a izable number simply died." His answer is that they died of exhaustion, both physical and psychological, due o a loss of desire to live." Loss of desire to live is one f the primary symptoms of the period of initial collapse, nd large numbers of men and women died because dur-

'How were the victims to believe, let alone nake sense of, the inhumanity massing to lestroy them? Evil on such a scale was not)elievable."

ig this crucial stage of imprisonment they failed to strive or life with every fiber of their being. But still, loss of ie will to live is a symptom, not a cause. The fact is iat so many prisoners "died soon" for a complex of verwhelming forces which nothing in the whole of their ves had prepared them to face or even imagine: from rolonged terror and shock; from radical loss, both of lentity and of faith in the capacity of goodness to preail against the evil surrounding them. They died simply or lack of information, because they did not know what o do or how to act. Very often, too, they died of mourng, of grief for the deaths of their family and friends. s one survivor remembers of the time when her friends ere killed: "That day I no longer wanted to fight for ıy life." And when the death of one's children or parents or spouse or all of these at once was involved, the state of mourning—of the desire to rejoin those whose death is experienced as a death in the self—could last months, a time during which the mourner was especially vulnerable.

Here, in fact, is the deepest cause of early death: the horror and irreparable hurt felt by the prisoner when he or she first encounters the spectacle of atrocity. Moral disgust, if it arises too abruptly or becomes too intense, expresses itself in the desire to die, to have done with such a world. Perhaps to some small degree we feel this ourselves, a little more each evening as news of the day's evil—the massacres, the mass starvations, the betrayals of leadership—batter away at our faith in human virtue. How much more compelling for those actually *there*, suddenly a part of the worst world possible. For them there comes a point after which no feeling remains except absolute refusal to go on existing when existence itself seems vile beyond redemption. One survivor, having experienced this feeling herself, includes in her testimony a letter from a friend who died. I quote it at length, asking the reader to ignore the pathos in order to understand without special sentiment how "loss of desire to live" comes about:

Do you know what happened? No, you don't know. Yesterday, yes, it was yesterday, early in the morning we heard a lot of noise—screams and crying and begging for mercy. . . . Quickly my father and I ran down the back stairs to hide in the basement, while mother went to get the baby. . . . We heard distant screams for hours and hours. Only when night fell was it quiet. We hoped and prayed that mama and the child had found refuge somewhere. After it had been dark for hours we crawled out of the cellar. . . . We went to the street. We went to all the homes. We met a few ghostlike people who were swaying as if coming from another world. . . . Finally, we met a young man who told us the tragic tale. Old people, young people, and children all had been taken to the marketplace. There they had undressed and lain naked on the stones, face down, and the murderers on horses and brandishing guns trampled on that screaming human pavement. . . . those who remained alive had to march naked outside the town. They had to dig their own grave and stand on the rim until a hail of bullets killed them. . . . We went there. . . . We saw a great square grave, half-open, a mountain of naked bodies in it. Many we recognized. We found my mother. She was all bloody. We did not find my little brother. I found Henek, the one I loved more than life, who was to be my husband. . . . Not one tear did I shed in that grave. Only my heart died. Do you know what? If they would come tomorrow and kill my father I would not care. I would not cry. I would be glad for him. I wish they would kill me. From now on I will walk wherever it is not permitted. I want them to catch me. I want them to kill me because I don't care.

For that girl one question was left: "Why does the world go on when things like this happen?" Every sur-

vivor must face this question. It bothers us too, now and then, except that for us despair is not fatal. Life goes on, if only through routine and habit. For all those who "died soon," however, the initial immersion in horror was like a well of sorrow to which there is no bottom. Survivors are proof that the desire to live returns. It returns, but slowly, through an inner process of regeneration which takes time. Vast numbers of men and women died because they did not have time, the blessing of sheer time, to recover. Something—typhus, starvation, an SS bullet—killed them before they regained their will to live. As a survivor of Buchenwald says: "It took a long time for a mind, torn from the anchorages of the outside world and thrust into life-and-death turmoil, to find a new inward center of gravity."

SPEAKING OF HIS own camp experience, Bettelheim observes that "right from the beginning I became convinced that these dreadful and degrading experiences were somehow not happening to 'me' as a subject. but only to 'me' as object." Elie Cohen, another psychiatrist who survived the camps, calls this the "stage of initial reaction"; he too emphasizes the "subject-object split," and identifies it by describing his response to atrocity: "My reaction to this, I observed, was an apparent splitting of my personality. I felt as if I did not belong, as if the business did not concern me." Viktor Frankl, a third psychiatrist to pass through the camps, divides the period of initial collapse into two stages: first shock, then apathy. The new prisoner undergoes "a kind of emotional death," which Frankl sees as a "necessary mechanism of self-defense." Cohen, however, points out that although apathy keeps madness and despair at a distance, it produces a dangerous disregard for the environment.

"Survivors are suspect because they are forced to do openly, without a shred of style or fine language to cover themselves, what the rest of us do by remote control."

We have been describing the period of initial collapse in clinical terms; but the majority of survivors have no special language through which to refract their experience, and for them entry into the camp world was characterized by an overriding sense of *nightmare* and *unreality*—two words which appear constantly when survivors refer to their first days and weeks:

> **All around us were screams, death, smoking chimneys making the air black and heavy with soot and the smell of burning bodies. . . . It was just like a nightmare, and it took weeks and weeks before I could really believe this was happening.**

But unlike our use of such words to inject a little drama into ordinary life, survivors speak this way because, by any standard of communicable perception or past experience, the first weeks in camp were literally unreal and embedded in nightmare. "Not only during the transport," says Bettelheim, "but for a long time to come, prisoners had to convince themselves that this was real and not just a nightmare."

To the extent that "reality" is a cultural construct, then of course the camps were unreal. The West had been Christian for a very long time, and was therefore a world with love at its heart. At least in Western Europe there had been two centuries of steady advance in political and economic well-being, with much praise of "Progress" and "Humanity," on the assumption that these providential agencies were fully capable of taking a lost God's place. Man was emerging from the dark past of his childhood. The homeland of Kant and Goethe was renowned for its *Kultur*, for its *Geistesbildung*, and in Russia the new age of justice had arrived. Imbued with such preponderant "faith in humanity," how indeed were the victims to believe, let alone make sense of, the inhumanity massing to destroy them? Evil on such a scale was not believable. As one survivor says, "We fell victim to our faith in mankind, our belief that humanity had set limits to the degradation and persecution of one's fellow man." Or as another survivor puts it, this time in direct answer to our questions:

> **Why? Why did we walk like meek sheep to the slaughterhouse? Why did we not fight back? . . . I know why. Because we had faith in humanity. Because we did not really think that human beings were capable of committing such crimes.**

The concentration camps were *in* this world and yet *not* in this world, places where behavior was grossly exaggerated, without apparent logic, yet fiercely hostile and encompassing. These are the components of nightmare and if they join with the prisoner's psychic state—the confusion and stunned emotion, the dread and impotence, the split between a self that is victim and a self which, as through the wrong end of a telescope, merely watches—then the sense of nightmare is bound to prevail. During this time the prisoner suffers a terrible sleep as when Elie Wiesel saw what in shape and feeling could only be a nightmare:

> **Not far from us, flames were leaping up from a ditch, gigantic flames. They were burning something. A lorry drew up at the pit and delivered its load—little children. Babies! I saw it—saw it with my own eyes. . . . Was I awake? I could not believe it. . . . No, none of this could be true. It was a nightmare.**

Wiesel is not being literary, he is not using metaphor to enforce his perceptions. He is making the only reference remotely adequate to what he saw and felt. The dream of hell, which for millennia had haunted Western consciousness, was now actual. Prisoners found themselves *in* it, just as we might find ourselves in a bad dream without sense or perspective or relation. And as with nightmare, one tries to escape: either by saying that it is "only a dream," or by striving to "wake up."

But it was deadly to remain within the dream. Prisoners unable to shake off their sense of unreality could

ıly drift as one drifts in dream, defenseless and stupid. iktor Frankl observes that to regard camp existence as ınreal was in itself an important factor in causing the isoners to lose their hold on life." The alternative was wake up, to replace apathy with struggle and transcend e derangement of nightmare by recovering moral perective:

Many times I felt I must be dreaming, and I would call to myself: "Wake up! Wake up! You are having a nightmare!" I would look around me, trying to wake up, but alas, my eyes kept on seeing the same dismal picture. Finally, I would start to shake all over, and I would say to myself: "You are in a concentration camp, in an annihilation camp. Don't let them get you down." I didn't want to end up in the furnace; I wanted to live to tell of this.

ıis survivor of Auschwitz would "call" to herself as if lit into distant selves, the one passive, the other helpss but aware of the need to act. The dream is not a eam, there is no way out, and once she begins to adit the truth of her predicament the sense of unreality des. By coming to face the evil of the world she is in e gains a perspective which sets her apart. Selfhood, alism, and the desire to live emerge together ("I didn't ınt to end up in the furnace") and culminate in the ll to bear witness ("I wanted to live to tell of this").

THE SURVIVOR turns back to life because a process of healing, of inner repair, has had the time to complete itself. The mind grows able to respond once more, and here a final factor is evident, for very often the moment of waking occurred in response to a specifically human act or circumstance. In the following instance a survivor of Maidanek and Auschwitz describes her breakdown and the care of a friend, which gave her the time and encouragement to recover:

The shock that followed the unexpected loss of my mother, my frantic terror at the sight of the watchtowers, the machine guns . . . drove me almost to the point of insanity. . . . and at a time when I should have forced myself to be as resistant as possible, I broke down completely. . . . Meanwhile Hela fought with redoubled strength—for herself and for me. She shared every bite she acquired with me. . . . Had it not been for Hela's efforts, I would not have roused myself from my apathy and despair.

Suicide, or rather its failure, was also effective. It ocked the prisoner back to life as if—and this may ually apply to all survivors who come through the riod of collapse—the will to survive were born by subtively passing through death. I have talked about this th survivors, and their stories are repeated in the case a Soviet prisoner who attempted to hang himself. ith the return to consciousness came a feeling of inse decision:

During the following seventeen years I was to go through unbelievable trials, trials in which death would have come as a real balm, but I never thought for a second to try it again. From that one wretched moment I was determined to survive.

Sometimes the catalyst was shock, sometimes the slow penetration of care. Often it was a new-found purpose—as when a survivor of Maidanek began "card-filing" the incoming prisoners:

I thought of my arrival and my first impressions of the camp. I knew that a person coming to a camp was afraid of everything and everybody, that she was distracted and terrified. The first word was so important. I decided to be patient, to answer all questions, to calm them and give them courage. My life began to hold meaning.

Typically also, the moment of waking coincided with the resolution to bear witness or with the decision to resist defilement. And often, too, survivors were jarred back to life by the same horror that, earlier, had paralyzed them. During one survivor's first days "there were moments when I could scarcely resist the temptation to end my life"; but one morning, when he saw how the guards "piled up the dead bodies like steps of stairs, how the *Blockfuehrers* played football with them, I put from me all thought of suicide." Another survivor, a doctor, accidentally witnessed the end of a group of pregnant women and came to see that against such evil the alternative to death was revolt:

They were beaten with clubs and whips, torn by dogs, dragged around by the hair and kicked in the stomach. . . . when they collapsed, they were thrown into the crematory—alive. . . . I stood, rooted to the ground, unable to move, to scream, to run away. But gradually the horror turned into revolt and this revolt shook me out of my lethargy and gave me a new incentive to live. I had to remain alive. . . . It was up to me to save the lives of the mothers—if there was no other way, then by destroying the lives of their unborn children.

That kind of decision—to save life through death—was forced upon survivors in many camps. Like each morning's waking, these moments of return to the world are psychic acts of *turning*, from passivity to action, from horror to the daily business of staying alive—as if one turned one's actual gaze from left to right, from darkness to possible light. As one survivor says, "I simply did not dwell on the horrors I was living through." There was no other way, and to become a survivor, every inmate had to make this turn. Once it was made the possibility of coming through was greatly increased, for now some part, at least, of their fate was up to them. They now paid sharp attention, not to the horror or to their own pain, but to the development of objective conditions which had to be judged constantly in terms of their potential for life or for death. Survivors thus acquire a capacity for realism, impersonal and without the least illusion, a realism which one survivor has called "the inhu-

man frankness of Auschwitz"; and with it the ability to learn, to know, to fight back in small ways:

> **The longer we stayed in the camp, the more we gained in experience, our instincts sharpened, our vigilance developed, and our reactions quickened. We acquired a greater capacity for adapting ourselves to conditions.**

They turned to face the worst straight on, without sentiment or special hope, simply to keep watch over life. And when the moment of turning came, finally, it was attended by a strong sensation of choice, a feeling of new determination, as if the decision to survive were an inner fate expressing itself through a conscious assent of the will. As one survivor says, "It was then, faced with this spectacle of physical decay, with death rising like a tide on all sides, that I decided in my mind that I must live." That is the moment of waking, of return; and this book, as I write, enacts the same resolution, the same kind of turn—away from the monstrous inhumanity of the concentration camps, away from the despair and nihilism they authorize, back to the small strands of life and decency which constitute, however faint and scattered, a fabric of discernible goodness amid that evil.

"The concentration camps have done what art always does: they have given visible embodiment to man's spiritual universe."

BUT FOR MANY the turn never came. For them there was neither luck nor time. These people, thousands of them, were called the *Musselmänner*, the "Moslems" or "walking dead," for whom time ran out before they were able to shake the sense of nightmare and wake to their predicament. They starved, they fell sick, they stumbled into situations which got them killed. For them the collapse was too much, too many psychic and physical blows too fast, until the momentum of decline increased beyond reversal. They died inwardly, and as their spirit withered their outward aspect was terrible to see:

> **They behaved as if they were not thinking, not feeling, unable to act or respond. . . . Typically, this stopping of action began when they no longer lifted their legs as they walked, but only shuffled them. When finally even the looking about on their own stopped, they soon died.**

This is the empirical instance of death-in-life. No more awful thing can be said of the concentration camps than that countless men and women were murdered in spirit as the means of killing them in body. Primo Levi has suggested that if we were to pull all the evil of our age into one image, it would be this face with dead eyes. In Levi's description we get some idea of the logical fate, the fate most feared, most nearly suffered, by everyone who passed through the camps:

> **On their entry into the camp, through basic incapacity, or by misfortune, or through some banal incident, they are overcome before they can adapt themselves; they are beaten by time, they do not begin to learn German, to disentangle the infernal knot of laws and prohibitions until their body is already in decay, and nothing can save them from selection or from death by exhaustion. Their life is short, but their number is endless; they, the *Musselmänner*, the drowned, form the backbone of the camp, an anonymous mass, continually renewed and always identical, of non-men who march and labor in silence, the divine spark dead within them, already too empty to really suffer. One hesitates to call them living; one hesitates to call their death death.**

To say "they went to their death like sheep" is eas enough, and we say it often indeed. It is an expression o terror, of course, terror and doubt to be concealed ev as we imply that we know better than they what it mus have been like to wake up in a concentration camp, t carry on through nightmare, to come back somehow t that world. Whatever our reasons, we can make such a sumptions only by disregarding a cardinal fact about th survivor's experience: *all things human take time*, tim which the damned never have, time for life to repair a least the worst of its wounds. It took time to wake, tim for horror to incite revolt, time for the recovery of lu cidity and will. Imagine the time it took to carry throug a major resistance action in a concentration camp—th infinitely slow work of regenerating will and self-respect of building trust, of making contacts, getting arms, su taining deaths and betrayals, establishing accurate plan and then, together, moving as they did in Buchenwald in Auschwitz, Sobibor, Treblinka. Everything depende on time, and in the interim chance ruled supreme. An accumulation of too much bad luck at once—to be e hausted and starving and *then* get sick and *then* be sa agely beaten—and the frail spirit broke. This happene most often to new prisoners; but it could happen to an one, and the survivor's greatest fear was that through run of bad luck he or she would sink irreversibly into th masses of the doomed.

In almost all accounts by survivors the spectacle these truly "dead souls" is mentioned, and always wit the same mixture of pity and revulsion. In the Sovi camps they were called *dokhodyaga*, the "goners," an the fear they inspire arises from the *visible* process spirit in decay:

> **There was a man squatting on a rubbish heap. He must have broken down—mentally, I mean, and that was the end, physically too, in every case—and if he found a fish head, he tried to suck the eyes and did things like that.**

That, for survivors, was worse than being killed outrigh And it was always possible, for once the will to live ha been regained it was constantly undermined by chan and despair. Prisoners survived by chance, they died b chance, and they *knew* it. What made going on so dif cult was that they saw, clearly and finally, the hopele ness of struggle in a world of utter chance. In one i

tance a group of women were rounded up at random and ocked in the gas chamber. All night they stood jammed gainst each other waiting; at dawn they were released ecause the SS had run out of gas, and by the time the ext supply arrived it was someone else's turn. And al- ways, around that corner, around this one, there might e an SS man drunk and killing for the fun of it: "Their ands were never far from their revolvers and even with- ut provocation they would draw them and shoot a pris- ner in the face at close range." It was indeed hopeless, nd yet the alternative was either to quit and join the *Iusselmänner*, or to strive anyway, *as if* chance were to ome extent on one's side. A survivor of Birkenau put it is way: "She knows that a number of circumstances voked by orders or accidents may cause her annihila- ion, but she knows, too, that there is a chance to escape eath and that it is up to her to win the game."

But still it was hopeless. The striking fact is that from logical point of view, resistance and survival were just ot possible. The following dialogue, between two wom- n in Auschwitz, expresses the general outlook among urvivors:

"There's no hope for us."
And her hand makes a gesture and the gesture evokes rising smoke.
"We must fight with all our strength."
"Why? . . . Why fight since all of us have to . . ." The hand completes the gesture. Rising smoke.
"No. We must fight."
"How can we hope to get out of here? How could anyone ever get out of here? It would be better to throw ourselves on the barbed wire right now."
What is there to say to her? She is small, sickly. And I am unable to persuade myself. All arguments are senseless. I am at odds with my reason. One is at odds with all reason.

The survivor's will to go on is illogical, irrational, upid with another wisdom. This is the paradox of life- -death: survivors are caught in a catapult of death and ung fiercely at a massive seamless wall which, at the st second, proves here and there to have a slight warp, thin small crack. In extremity the function of intel- gence is not to judge one's chances, which are zero, ut to make the most of each day's opportunity for get- ng through *that* day: "I realized, after what I had seen, at my attitude to Auschwitz would have to change. No nger was it simply a question of surviving. It was a uestion of surviving today without thinking too much out tomorrow." At any moment the survivor might be illed, might be hurt badly enough in mind and body to ake *another* return impossible. But until then, he or e hangs on despite evidence on all sides that death is evitable. As long as the spirit does not break, the sur- vor keeps mute faith in life. Against the knowledge of hance and hopelessness there is another, more intimate nowledge—an awareness of "that puzzling potential of ner strength," as one survivor says,

which permits your body to keep warm though the penetrating chill freezes the soil and clots the damp sand, which permits you to keep the cheerfulness of spirit though death and extermination are all about you, which permits you to have faith that the Germans will lose though you are surrounded—take that railroad track, for instance, with its purposeful shipments—by evidence of their power.

LIFE IN EXTREMITY reveals in its movement a definite rhythm of decline and renewal. The state of wakefulness is essential, but in active experience it is less an unwavering hardness of spirit than a tenuous achievement with periods of weakness and strength. Survivors not only wake, but reawake, fall low and begin to die, and then turn back to life. This happened to individual inmates all the time. Sometimes just the shock of realizing that one was becoming a Mussulman was enough to inspire new will. But often, too, the experience of renewal was shared, sometimes in moments of intense solidarity:

Pain and . . . fear . . . kept us awake. A cloudless sky, thickly set with glittering stars, looked in upon our grief-filled prison. The moon shone through the window. Its light was dazzling that night and gave the pale, wasted faces of the prisoners a ghostly appearance. It was as if all the life had ebbed out of them. I shuddered with dread, for it suddenly occurred to me that I was the only living man among corpses.
All at once the oppressive silence was broken by a mournful tune. It was the plaintive tones of the ancient "Kol Nidre" prayer. I raised myself up to see whence it came. There, close to the wall, the moonlight caught the uplifted face of an old man, who, in self-forgetful, pious absorption, was singing softly to himself. . . . His prayer brought the ghostly group of seemingly insensible human beings back to life. Little by little, they all roused themselves and all eyes were fixed on the moonlight-flooded face.
We sat up very quietly, so as not to disturb the old man, and he did not notice that we were listening. . . . When at last he was silent, there was exaltation among us, an exaltation which men can experience only when they have fallen as low as we had fallen and then, through the mystic power of a deathless prayer, have awakened once more to the world of the spirit.

On its collective level, this movement away from, and then back toward, life and humanness was more apparent in the Soviet camps, where the impact of some rumor or special event would cause the mood of the entire camp to rise or fall. In the following instance a kind of general resurrection occurred when everyone in camp was allowed a "free" day, with no work and maybe a bit of extra food:

At every step, in every corner of the barrack, the approaching holiday could be sensed. I could never understand how much politeness suddenly appeared from under the shell of indifference and mutual hatred. As they talked,

the men showed each other so much courtesy and friendliness that, looking at them, I could almost forget that I was in prison. There was a stench of bad breath and sweat in the barrack, clouds of steam seeped in from the door and the faces seemed to blur in the murky light, but despite all this there was so much life and happy excitement, so much hope and feeling. . . . Good-night, good-night, excited voices whispered all around, sleep well, tomorrow is our holiday, tomorrow is a day of rest.

And sometimes, finally, this kind of rebirth came with all the pain and mystery of actual birth, as if the two were but different instances of an identical process. To go into a camp "hospital" was not to expect improvement, since the main function of such places was to gather up the dying. In the Nazi camps, the worst cases were regularly "selected" for extermination, and terrible "experiments" were performed. A prisoner went into the camp hospital fairly sure that life was finished. The temptation to quit was very strong, and yet in these places, too, many men and women regained the desire to live. And as experienced, it felt as if the power of life itself were pulling them back into the world:

The first thing the dying woman feels upon return to consciousness is pain. She is not yet fully awake after her exhausting delirium and she already feels a pain deep within her, near the heart, just as if a kind hand lovingly hugged the heart, forgetting that this may hurt. . . . When the body lies shrunken to a childish form, when arms and legs have become like thin twigs, when the mouth is parched and puckered, when every bite of food causes the return of dysentery, when the very smell of the camp soup brings on nausea, when there is no help, no care, no medicines—whence comes this magic will to live? Where is it born, in which recess of the human body does it bud and blossom so strongly that it can conquer Death in his many shapes?

These are the questions, addressed not to the fact that so many died, but to the fact that some survived. And the answers can only lie in life itself. There is a power at the center of our being, at the heart of all things living. But only in man does it assume a spiritual character. And only through spirit does life continue by decision. "Human beings are like weeds," said a Soviet prisoner to his cellmates. "They take some killing. Now, if you treated horses like this they'd be dead in a couple of days." But this answer only points to a deeper question. Perhaps we shall not fathom the wonder of life at its roots, or discern how strength can rest on such frail foundations. Only within the last hundred years have the biological sciences begun to formulate objectively what might be meant by "life in itself." The survivor's experience reveals that life is existence laboring to sustain itself, repairing, defending, healing.

II AGAINST THE CONVENTIONAL INTERPRETATION

In 1959 Stanley M. Elkins put forward his slave-as-sambo thesis in *Slavery*, arguing that the personality of the American slave had been fundamentally regressive and infantile. Elkins does not examine direct evidence; he uses a "comparative" method, and his main comparison is with inmates of the German concentration camps. To identify the Southern plantation with Auschwitz is senseless, of course; but the comparison is still significant, not for what it tells us of either slaves or survivors, but for the assumptions that are made about behavior in extremity. Elkins takes it for granted that in the camps men and women lost their capacity to act as morally responsible adults, and the point of his "comparison" is to demonstrate that this also happened to American slaves. Specifically, he states that "old prisoners," by which he means the survivors, suffered "deep disintegrative effects"; that the "most immediate aspect of the old inmates' behavior . . . was its *childlike* quality"; and finally that "all" survivors were "reduced to complete and childish dependence upon their masters." Elkins goes on to say that this process of radical regression began with the abandonment of previous ethical standards, and to make his point he quotes a brief statement by a survivor of Auschwitz:

One part of the prisoner's being was thus, under sharp stress, brought to the crude realization that he must thenceforth be governed by an entire new set of standards in order to live. Mrs. Lingens-Reiner puts it bluntly: "Will you survive, or shall I? As soon as one sensed that this was at stake everyone turned egotist."

In extremity, in other words, everyone fights alone; and the "entire new set of standards" comes from the camp system itself. But is there not a contradiction here? Childlike behavior is not the same as rapacious battle in one's best self-interest. The former entails passivity and preference for illusion; the latter demands intelligent calculation and a capacity for quick, objective judgment.

That survivors suffered destructive regression to infantile stages, *and* that they were amoral monsters, are very widespread notions. These ideas constitute nothing less than the prevailing view of survival behavior. No surprisingly, in *Death in Life* Robert Lifton has used the same quotation—"Will you survive, or shall I?"—as a representative expression of the "competition for survival" which, in his view, lies at the root of the "guilt" survivors are supposed to feel. What, then, are we to make of the Lingens-Reiner statement? Is it a fair summation of her own view? In *Prisoners of Fear* she aim to tell the very worst; and the most striking thing abou

her testimony is the double vision we have already noted in reports by survivors. The viciousness and horror are certainly there, but also examples of morally intelligent behavior, and many references to resistance and solidarity among camp inmates. There is the moment when the narrator exposes herself by taking action to get another prisoner's name off a death list. She does this, all the time calling herself a fool for taking the risk, because she sees an opportunity: there was a *way* to save someone, and that decided her. The incident takes four pages to describe and is not an example of "survival egotism" or of "infantile regression." It is one instance among many of men and women acting with courage and intelligence to help others. The following are typical:

> **There were girls among them who lived through a typhus attack without staying in bed. Two of their friends would take the sick comrade between them, when she had a temperature of 103° F. and saw everything as a blur, and drag her along with their labor gang; out in the fields they would lay her down under a shrub, and in the evening they would march her back to camp—all to avoid her being sent to the hospital hut and so being exposed to the danger of selection.**

> **The camp doctor would line up all the Jewish patients. . . . All those who were too ill to get out of bed were lost from the outset. . . . The rest of the prisoners did everything in their power to obstruct the doctor and to save one or other of the victims; I do not think that a single one among us withheld her help. We would hide women somewhere in the hut. . . . We would smuggle them into "Aryan" huts. . . . We would put their names on the list of patients due for release.**

The pursuit of self-interest was certainly a determinant of behavior in the camps, but it was everywhere countered by an unsuppressible urge toward decency and care, a multitude of small deeds against the grain of one's "best" interest. Prisoners looked out for themselves first of all, but also for one another when and however they could. In the whole body of testimony by survivors there is no better description of this contradiction than in the book by Lingens-Reiner:

> **Ena Weiss, our chief doctor—one of the most intelligent, gifted, and eminent Jewish women in the camp—once defined her attitude thus, in sarcastic rejection of fulsome flattery and at the same time with brutal frankness: "How did I keep alive in Auschwitz? My principle is: myself first, second, and third. Then nothing. Then myself again—and then all the others." This formula expressed the only principle which was possible for Jews who intended—almost insanely intended—to survive Auschwitz. Yet, because this woman had the icy wisdom and strength to accept the principle, she kept for herself a position in which she could do something for the Jews. Hardly anybody else in the camp did as much for them and saved so many lives as she did.**

At least in this instance, Elkins's thesis is not borne out by the evidence from which he quotes, and in fact the "sambo" theory of slave behavior has been discredited by more recent studies. But the attitudes which informed his perceptions are still current, and if for a time his argument was accepted, that was not because he had offered solid evidence but because by comparing slavery to the survivor's experience he was able to mobilize the deeply disturbing and largely uncontrolled range of reaction which attends our idea of the concentration camps. But if he was wrong, and he was, where do such attitudes come from? How, by what route of mind and heart, was he able to come with such confidence to these conclusions:

> **Daily life in the camps, with its fear and tensions, taught over and over the lesson of absolute power. It prepared the personality for a drastic shift in standards. It crushed whatever anxieties might have been drawn from prior standards; such standards had become meaningless. It focused the prisoner's attention constantly on the moods, attitudes, and standards of the only man who mattered [the SS guard]. A truly childlike situation was thus created: utter and abject dependency. . . . It is no wonder that the prisoners should become "as children." It is no wonder that their obedience became unquestioning, that they did not revolt, that they could not "hate" their masters.**

Elkins speaks with assurance because he is expressing the prevailing view. But power is never absolute, especially over time, and it is not true that the SS guard was the "one significant other" on whom the prisoners' needs depended. Social bonding among prisoners themselves was a universal phenomenon in the camps. And of course it is not true that survivors were morally crushed, that they lost all sense of prior standards, that moral sanity was meaningless. Certainly it is not true that they did not revolt; to live was to resist, every day, all the time, and in addition to dramatic events like the burning of Treblinka and Sobibor there were many small revolts in which all perished. Prisoners who were capable, furthermore, of organizing an underground and of systematically subverting SS intentions were not behaving "as children." And it is not true, finally, that hatred was absent. Survivors seethed with it, they speak of it often, they describe terrible acts of revenge. In *Prisoners of Fear* the author praises one of her comrades for "the ice-cold self-control by which she hid her abysmal hatred of the German rulers" in order to exploit them. Ella Lingens-Reiner's own rage rings through her prose on every page.

No, most of this was not true, not for many survivors in many camps. Hence these disturbing questions: why do we insist that prisoners died "like sheep"? Why is it easy to believe, despite the contradiction, that survivors were infantile *and* that they were cunning manipulators using every kind of betrayal and base trick to stay alive? Why, in short, do we insist that survivors did not really survive: that they suffered "death in life" and that if they are alive in body their spirit was destroyed beyond salvaging? Here is how one psychoanalytic commentator summed up the opinions of his colleagues in a sympo-

sium on the camp experience: "To one degree or another, they all stifled their true feelings, they all denied the dictates of conscience and social feeling in hope of survival, and they were all warped and distorted as a result." That word "all"—its assurance, its contempt—must be accounted for.

TO DATE, serious study of the concentration-camp experience has been done almost exclusively from the psychoanalytic point of view. Elkins takes the bulk of his evidence from Elie Cohen and Bruno Bettelheim, both of whom employ the psychoanalytic approach, both of whom offer much valuable insight, but both of whom, in the end, are led by their method to mistaken conclusions. The psychoanalytic approach is misleading because it is essentially a theory of culture and of man in the civilized state. Its analytic power—which is considerable—is maximized when turned upon behavior which is symbolic, mediated, and therefore at a sufficient remove from necessity. To be of use, the psychoanalytic method, which is that of interpretation, must be applied to actions which have more than one meaning *on the level of meaning*. But that is not the case with extremity. When men and women must respond directly to necessity—when defilement occurs at gunpoint and the most undelayable of needs determines action, or when death itself is the determinant—then behavior has no "meaning" at all in a symbolic or psychological sense. The purpose of action in extremity is to keep life going; the multiplicity of motive which gives civilized behavior its depth and complexity is lost. We have seen that life in the camps depended on a duality of behavior, but this duality—this layering of behavior—is very different from the kind of layering which psychoanalysis probes. In extremity, action splits into "primary" and "secondary" levels of adjustment, each of which is real and separate in itself. Precisely here the psychoanalytic approach misleads us: in its search for a second meaning on the first or primary level, it overlooks the secondary level. For psychoanalysis, covert behavior is implicit behavior. But for survivors it becomes explicit, actual, necessary in an immediately practical way.

"When mythic structures collapse and symbolism fails, the choice is ourselves or nothing."

Freedom to mediate facts and instill new significance, to create and multiply meanings, is the essence of civilization. And here the psychoanalytic method correctly assumes that nothing is to be taken at face value. Our actions are invested with memories, wishes and values reaching far beyond the performance itself, and no act is simply and wholly significant in its immediate, concrete function. Historically, psychoanalysis came to prominence just as the *symboliste* movement was occurring in the arts, and it is tempting to see in both a common pursuit. Both read facts as symbols, both search out the mysteries of an invisible drama, and both take it for granted that in any act or situation there is more than meets the eye. Survivors act as they do because they must—the issue is always life or death—and at every moment the meaning and purpose of their behavior is fully known. We, on the other hand, act for all kinds of reasons, some known and others unconscious, some practical and others governed by an internal will that can only be guessed at. For us behavior requires interpretation; indeed, interpretation validates experience, and hence the usefulness of the psychoanalytic approach.

But only for us. Attempts to interpret the survivor's experience—to see it in terms other than its own—have done more harm than good. The outstanding spokesman, in this respect, has been Bruno Bettelheim, whose application of the psychoanalytic model to survival behavior has been definitive. Bettelheim was in Buchenwald and Dachau for a year, before systematic destruction became fixed policy and at a time when prisoners could still hope for release, but he was there and speaks with that authority. His first analysis of the camp experience —"Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations" —appeared in 1943, adding the weight of precedence to a position which has never been challenged and which has influenced all subsequent study. Even among laymen his ideas are known and accepted. His version is *the* version, and in *The Informed Heart* it takes its final, polemical form. Bettelheim argues that prisoners in the camps exhibited the following general traits: they became "incompetent children"; they identified with the SS and were "willing and able to accept SS values and behavior"; they fell into an "anonymous mass," without social base or organization; and they possessed no "autonomy," by which Bettelheim means the capacity for dramatic acts of self-assertion.

BETTELHEIM'S view differs sharply from that of other survivors—Ernest Wiechert and Ernest Rappaport, for example—who were in Buchenwald at the same time. His claims are not substantiated by the bulk of testimony by survivors, including the comprehensive report by Eugen Kogon, who was a member of the underground and was in Buchenwald from the beginning to the end. Bettelheim's attack on Anne Frank and her family is perhaps the essential expression of his outlook. He suggests that their decision to stay together and go into hiding was stupid—a judgment which disregards the situation in Holland, where the population at large helped many Jews to escape in this way. Rather, he argues, they should have abandoned their commitment to each other: each should have fought alone, each shooting down the Germans as they came. Where the guns were to come from, or how scattered individuals were to succeed when nations failed, he does not say.

In developing his argument, Bettelheim contrasts the individual, who possesses "autonomy," and the masses, who

do not possess "autonomy." In many cases, this becomes a contrast between Bettelheim himself and "others":

> **They appeared to be pathological liars, were unable to restrain themselves, unable to separate between reality and their wishful or anxious daydreams. So to the old worries, a new one was added, namely, "How could I protect myself from becoming as they are?"**

This may refer to prisoners during the stage of initial collapse, but Bettelheim does not say so. He is describing what appears to him to be the general situation, and this contrast between himself and other prisoners is in fact the theme of his book. It is evident not only in the sense of isolation and unique superiority which attends references to himself, but also in an animus toward other prisoners in general. At one point he attacks camp functionaries by suggesting that inmates with "privileged" positions had "a greater need to justify themselves":

> **This they did as members of ruling classes for centuries have done—by pointing to their greater value to society because of their power to influence, their education, their cultural refinement.**

His specific example is Eugen Kogon:

> **Kogon's attitudes are fairly representative. For example, he took pride that in the stillness of the night he enjoyed reading Plato and Galsworthy, while in an adjacent room the air reeked of common prisoners, while they snored unpleasantly. He seemed unable to realize that only his privileged position, based on participation in human experiments, gave him the leisure to enjoy culture, an enjoyment he then used to justify his privileged position.**

That sounds convincing, but let us look at Kogon's description of the same event:

> **In the winter of 1942-43 a succession of bread thefts in Barracks 42 at Buchenwald made it necessary to establish a night watch. For months on end I volunteered for this duty, taking the shift from three to six o'clock in the morning. It meant sitting alone in the day room, while the snores of the comrades came from the other end. For once I was free of the ineluctable companionship that usually shackled and stifled every individual activity. What an experience it was to sit quietly by a shaded lamp, delving into the pages of Plato's *Dialogues*, Galsworthy's *Swan Song*, or the works of Heine, Klabund, Mehring!**

One of the anomalies of Nazi rule was that books unobtainable in the whole of the Reich were available in the camps. Kogon goes on: "Yes, they could be read illegally in camp. They were among books retrieved from the nationwide wastepaper collections. The Nazis impounded many libraries of 'enemies of the state,' and turned them over to these collections." There is perhaps a sense of amusement in Kogon's recounting of such details—*Swan Song* in Buchenwald?—but not a trace of what Bettelheim calls the "need to justify."

Kogon's book, *The Theory and Practice of Hell*, is an extensive record of the achievements of the political underground in Buchenwald, including methods of organization, strategic use of functionary positions, and a detailed account of the takeover of the camp by the prisoners. The episode Bettelheim singles out is, in Kogon's view, just another small example of resistance in action. As a member of the underground, Kogon is simply doing his job. The reason he is there is not to read Plato and Mehring, but to enforce the bread law and thereby help keep a sense of moral order alive among the prisoners. He does not, as Bettelheim says, refer to air which "reeked of common prisoners," but to his "comrades." His private enjoyment is a by-product of responsibility, and if there had been no books Kogon would have volunteered all the same, going without sufficient sleep "for months on end" to do his duty as a man committed to the general struggle.

Bettelheim did not know Kogon in camp, and the incident cited above (one of several he takes from Kogon's report) occurred after his release. Yet this is not a matter of ignorance merely. To reduce Kogon's act to "privilege," and further to declare that it was "based on participation in human experiments," is a grave misrepresentation of basic facts. Bettelheim's obsession with "autonomy," his concept of transcendental selfhood, blinds him to collective action and mutual aid. After reading Kogon's book he remains unaware of organized resistance and of the enormous benefits which the camp population received through covert operations of the underground. He goes on to criticize prisoners who did not, at some point, assert their "autonomy" by openly risking their lives (Kogon's was on the line for nine years but never, if he could help it, openly). Bettelheim tells us that the act he performed by talking back to an SS officer, thereby risking his life in a dramatic assertion of self, was the kind of behavior all survivors should have displayed. And that is the heart of the matter. Bettelheim's critique of camp behavior is rooted in the old heroic ethic. Heroism, for him, is an isolated act of defiance through which the individual *as* an individual confronts death. Bettelheim's position is clear from the kind of action he praises:

> **Once, a group of naked prisoners about to enter the gas chamber stood lined up in front of it. In some way the commanding SS officer learned that one of the women prisoners had been a dancer. So he ordered her to dance for him. She did, and as she danced, she approached him, seized his gun, and shot him down. She, too, was immediately shot to death.**

"She was willing to risk her life," Bettelheim concludes, "to achieve autonomy once more." But this is not an example of risking life. The act he celebrates is suicide. It is courageous, beautiful, and under the circumstances the only alternative to passive surrender. It is heroic, but it is still suicide. What can "autonomy" at the cost of personal destruction amount to? How effective would underground activities, or any of the forms of resistance, have been on such a principle? Bettelheim's argument comes down to this: "manhood" requires dra-

matic self-confirmation, and in the camps this could only be achieved through some moment of open confrontation with death. Insofar as the struggle for life did not become overtly rebellious, prisoners were "childlike."

Bettelheim's polemical objective, in *The Informed Heart,* is to compare the survivor's experience with the predicament of modern man in "mass society," in order to arrive at a critique of the latter. The comparison itself is invalid. No matter how disconcerting conditions become for us, they do not hinge at every moment on the issue of life and death; pain is not constant, options abound, the rule of terror and necessity is far from total. Life for us does not depend on collective action—not directly, that is; nor is death the price of visibility. Bettelheim wishes to rouse us from our sense of victimhood; but by claiming that pressure reduces men and women to children, and by praising a heroism based on death, he tends instead to support what he fears.



WHATEVER his conclusions, Bettelheim's argument for "autonomy" is a defense of human dignity, a call to that principle in man which resists determination by otherness. His fear is not only that human beings can be made helpless, but that prevailing tendencies in modern thinking have accepted the condition of victimhood as final. Perhaps the case for man-as-victim has been put most strongly by behaviorism, which assumes outright that environment is omnipotent and that the human self is ever and always a unilateral function of the world in which it finds itself. Applied to the concentration camps, the conclusion can only be that monstrosity breeds monstrosity, and therefore that no one survived. Those not killed in body most surely perished in spirit, for men and women could not long endure such inhumanity without themselves becoming inhuman. One sees why B. F. Skinner, in his attack on freedom, also finds it necessary to attack dignity: as long as people persist in their refusal to be determined by forces external to themselves, the belief in freedom will likewise persist as a by-product of this basic recalcitrance.

That the concentration camps were a kind of "experiment" has often been noted. Their aim was to reduce inmates to mindless creatures whose behavior could be predicted and controlled absolutely. The camps have so far been the closest thing on earth to a perfect Skinner box. They were a closed, completely regulated environment, a "total" world in the strict sense. Pain and death were the "negative reinforcers," food and life the "positive reinforcers," and all these forces were pulling and shoving twenty-four hours a day at the deepest stratum of human need. And yet, survivors are proof that the "experiment" did not succeed, not for many men and women in many camps. Their behavior was of course determined by camp conditions, but not in the way behaviorism or current theories of victimhood assume. The distinction overlooked is between responses to necessity which are really unilateral and therefore at one with necessity, and responses which are strategic and therefore provoked by, but opposed to, the same necessity. Facing extreme pressure, human beings either acquiesce or resist or do both. Like the psychoanalytic approach, behaviorism does not take into account the duality of action in extremity. It too fixes attention on the "primary" level of adjustment, precisely on those activities which are informed by, and expressive of, camp logic. On this level it appears that prisoners succumbed to their environment (and life depended on the success of this deception). But on the "secondary" level, as we have seen, prisoners were pushing hard against camp controls. And it is perhaps worth noting, finally, that the behaviorist assumption was held in practice by the SS themselves, who never doubted that force and fear could break anyone, could reduce all behavior to a function of their world. That, of course, has always been the logic of power: apply enough force and human beings will bend, crack, break, obey. If power has now become hostile to life itself, this is because so long as life remains, resistance will not cease.

In a way at first surprising, Bettelheim's idea of heroism dovetails with the view of man as victim—just as psychoanalysis and behaviorism, based on opposite principles, agree in the case of extremity. The celebration of man's "indomitable spirit" and the sense of victimization are rooted in the common belief, as old as Western culture, that human bondage can be transcended only in death. Death is at once the entrance to a world of fulfillment unobtainable on this earth and the proof of a spirit unvanquished by fear or compromise. Neither is possible to men and women getting by as best they can from day to day; and a life not ready, at any moment, to give itself for something higher is a life enchained, a life cowed and disgraced by its own gross will to persist. Survival in itself, not dedicated to something *else,* has never been held in high esteem and often has been viewed with contempt. This complex of attitudes is at the heart of the Christian worldview; it had already been expounded in detail by Plato, and before that invested with grandeur by Homer. In the *Iliad,* the progress of a Greek advance is stopped by sudden mist and darkness; whereupon the great Ajax prays aloud for Zeus to send light to continue the battle, even if light should bring death. Many centuries later, in *On the Sublime,* Longinus remarked: "That is the true attitude of an Ajax. He does not pray for life, for such a petition would have ill beseemed a hero."

Just so, when we say of someone that he or she "merely" survives, the word "merely" carries real if muted moral objection. And we say it all the time, as if to be alive, or simply to struggle for life, were not in itself enough. For "meaning" and "significance" we look elsewhere—to ideals and ideologies, to religion and other metaphysical systems; to anything, any *higher* cause or goal which defines life in terms other than its own and thereby justifies existence. Survivors are suspect because they are forced to do openly, without a shred of style or fine language to cover themselves, what the rest of us do by remote control. The bias against "mere survival" runs deep, and derives its force from the fact that all of us think and act in terms of survival, but at a crucial remove and with all the masks and stratagems which cultivated men and women learn to use—of which there

would seem to be no end. As Nietzsche observed, man would rather will nothingness than have nothing to will, nothing with which to push life beyond itself. But as Nietzsche implies, the problem with these symbolic superstructures is that they redeem life through negation.



ONE OF THE side effects of civilization is that life is enhanced by denigrating actual life processes. But is this a side effect merely? Might it not be the paradox of civilization itself—a direct result of, or even a condition for, the split between mind and body which characterizes the structure of civilized existence as we know it? Surely Descartes was not original when he declared that mind and matter are separate entities, nor was his "I think therefore I am" anything more than the commonplace bias of culture itself. Within the framework of civilization, experience has always been divided into physical and spiritual realms, immediate and mediated modes, concrete and symbolic forms, lower and higher activities. And all things "higher," as we know, are by definition *not* concerned with life itself; not, that is, with life in its physical concreteness.

The trouble with survivors, in our eyes, is that they do not live by the rules. Their needs cannot be delayed, cannot be transformed or got out of sight. Nor do they seek ideal justification for their struggle. Survivors fight merely to live, certain that what counts is life and the sharing of life. And through this experience of radical de-sublimation they come, as Nadezhda Mandelstam puts it, very "close to earth":

> **Our way of life kept us firmly rooted to the ground, and was not conducive to the search for transcendental truths. Whenever I talked of suicide, M. used to say: "Why hurry? The end is the same everywhere, and here they even hasten it for you." Death was so much more real, so much simpler than life, that we all involuntarily tried to prolong our earthly existence, even if only for a brief moment—just in case the next day brought some relief! In war, in the camps and during periods of terror, people think much less about death (let alone suicide) than when they are living normal lives. Whenever at some point on earth mortal terror and the pressure of utterly insoluble problems are present in a particularly intense form, general questions about the nature of being recede into the background. . . . In a strange way, despite the horror of it, this also gave a certain richness to our lives. Who knows what happiness is? Perhaps it is better to talk in more concrete terms of the fullness or intensity of existence, and in this sense there may have been something more deeply satisfying in our desperate clinging to life than in what people generally strive for.**

For years the Mandelstams lived at life's edge: they saw the tree in winter outline, barren against a barren land, and saw the strength of its shape. David Rousset, who passed through several Nazi camps, likewise insists upon a "positive side" to the experience of survival:

> **Dynamic awareness of the strength and beauty of the sheer fact of living, in itself, brutal, entirely stripped of all superstructures—living through even the worst of cataclysms and most disastrous setbacks. A cool, sensual thrill of joy founded on the most complete understanding of the wreckage, and consequently incisiveness in action and firmness in decisions, in short, a broader and more intensely creative vigor.**

That is the survivor's special grace. He or she is glad to be alive. A survivor of the Nazi camp at Neubrandenberg speaks of having "no right to be unhappy." She goes on to stress the one solid insight which her experience gave birth to, a vision distilled from such masses of suffering as to bear the force of ethical imperative:

> **Be happy, you who live in fine apartments, in ugly houses or in hovels. Be happy, you who have your loved ones, and you also who sit alone and dream and can weep. Be happy, you who torture yourself over metaphysical problems, . . . and you the sick who are being cared for, and you who care for them, and be happy, oh, how happy, you who die a death as normal as life, in hospital beds or in your homes.**

To talk like that a person must be very naive or very wise. Coming out of the concentration camps, such words reach the simplest of all knowledge—that life is what counts, life whose internal destiny has had the peace and the time to unfold. This is the wisdom of Lear on the heath, stripped of everything but his pain; who sees at last that ripeness is all.



MERELY BECAUSE they are survivors, the men and women who passed through the camps are suspect in our eyes. But when we consider the specific nature of their identity—not only as survivors, but survivors of *those* places—suspicion deepens to shock and rejection. The concentration-camp experience represents an evil so appalling that we, too, when we turn to face it, suffer psychic unbalance. We, too, flounder in nightmare, in a torment having nothing to do with us yet felt in some strange way to be very much a part of our deepest, most secret being. The terror of the camps is *with* us. Some hideous impression of Auschwitz is in every mind, far removed from conscious thought but *there*: and not only as a repressed perception of historical events but as an image which stirs up the demonic content of our own worst fears and wishes. The image is with us; and anything connected with it, anything which starts it into consciousness, brings with it a horror too large and intensely personal to confront safely.

The dark, unspoken passion of fantasy and desire, the whole of life's demonic undertow, has found, at last, its specific image. The concentration camps have given concrete form to the mind's most terrible enactments, such

as before had been known mainly from literature, from religion and folktale, from dream and chthonic myth. The camps have justified and made legitimate the imagination's fascination with destruction and pain and mutilation and defilement. By "justified" I mean as history always justifies: not morally but in terms of priority in time, in the weight of real over possible events, in irreversibility. Events, if they are inclusive and compelling, provide imagination with powerful occasions for mythical investment; and we may at least speculate that for an unknown number of years to come, the imaginative deployment of demonic energy will use imagery drawn from the world of the camps.

The concentration camps are plainly an embodiment of the archetype we call *hell.* They were "hell on earth," as everybody says, and George Steiner has gone so far as to suggest that they were a deliberate actualization of the demonic tradition in art and literature and theology, the most terrible instance of myth turning into history:

> **The camp embodies, often down to minutiae, the images and chronicles of hell in European art and thought from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries. . . . The concentration and death camps of the twentieth century, wherever they exist, under whatever regime, are *hell made immanent.* They are the transference of hell from below the earth to its surface. They are the deliberate enactment of a long, precise imagining.**

Steiner's theory of "transference" is indeed a fearful prospect. But finally I want to mark a lesser symmetry between hell and the camps, simply the comparison itself. We make it all the time, and so do survivors. But for us it is misleading because the archetype informs our perception, and we end up seeing the SS as satanic monsters and the prisoners as condemned souls. When we imagine what the survivor's experience must have been, we thus project our own fantasies, our own worst fears and wishes. From our remote vantage point only the horror is visible; the real behavior of survivors goes unobserved because it was covert, undramatic, not at all in accord with our expectations of heroism. And so it happens that we do not see them *as survivors.* They belong to that world, and in hell there are none but the damned, none but the spiritually maimed unto death.

THAT MISTAKE is easy to make. The typology of hell was everywhere evident in the world of the camps. Steiner mentions such conventions as the "whips and hellhounds," the "ovens and stinking air," the "mockery of the damned." And, yes, prisoners were mocked while whipped, they were torn to death by dogs, they breathed an air so utterly foul—and this is noted repeatedly by survivors—that nobody ever saw a bird fly over the camps. In its primitive Christian form, hell is a place of darkness, thick with smoke and flame and stench, in which the damned are tormented by demons with pitchforks. What but hell could this be?—

> **The burning had reached a peak that night. Every chimney was disgorging flames. Smoke burst from the holes and ditches, swirling and swaying and coiling above our heads. Sparks and cinders blinded us. Through the screened fence of the second crematory we could see figures with pitchforks moving against the background of flames. They were men from the special squad turning the corpses in the pits and pouring a special liquid so that they would burn better. A rancid smell of scorched flesh choked us. Big trucks passed trailing a smell of corpses.**

That was Auschwitz in the fall of 1944, when the Jews of Hungary were being killed so fast and in such numbers that the usual gas-to-oven process had to be supplemented by pits in which the victims were burned alive. "Yet from those flames," says Milton in *Paradise Lost,*

> **No light, but rather darkness visible**
> **Served only to discover sights of woe,**
> **Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace**
> **And rest can never dwell, hope never comes**
> **That comes to all.**

Milton's hell is a "universe of death," and his high style should not deflect us from the fact that Auschwitz might be described in exactly the same terms (although not in Miltonic diction, which applied to the camps would generate lunatic irony). But the camps are there, in Milton's poem and in Dante's, in the underrealms of Homer and Virgil, in Shakespeare's *Lear.* From the world's literature we can abstract a set of conditions which make up the demonic or infernal depths as men have imagined them always. Northrop Frye has done this, arriving at an archetypal outline of the "world that desire totally rejects":

> **The world of the nightmare and the scapegoat, of bondage and pain and confusion . . . the world also of perverted or wasted work, ruins and catacombs, instruments of torture and monuments of folly.**

Frye is describing an imaginary place, but he could be talking about a real world where men and women were forced to carry gigantic rocks back and forth to no purpose; where prisoners were hung by their hands on trees; where they lay face down in sewage and mud doing push-ups, and where to this day Dachau and Auschwitz stand as monuments to an age which is ours. The move from fiction to history argues the prophetic nature of art and perhaps even, as Steiner implies, a kind of cultural determinism. But it is also the special case of a more general relation between contrary realms of experience, between civilization and extremity, which can be formulated this way: what we experience symbolically, in spirit only, survivors must go through in spirit *and* in body. In extremity, states of mind become objective, metaphors tend to actualize, the world becomes flesh.

In our time fiction tends to become actual: and anyone sensitive to aesthetic form, sometimes called "significant form," is bound to wonder at this odd convergence of art and life. When hundreds of women in the Soviet prison at Yaroslavl were rounded up for a routine transport

to the camps, Eugenia Ginzburg remembers a small incident which, like a Joycean epiphany, revealed in a moment the shattering of personal life under Stalin. "They made us give up the photographs of our children," she writes, and "I can still see the great pile of them on the stone floor of the yard." That is already an example of significant form: the event in itself embodies and shows forth its larger meaning. But there is more, and Ginzburg goes on to remark:

> **If, today, a film director were to show such a heap in close-up, he would certainly be accused of striving for a forced effect—especially if he were also to show a soldier's heavy boot trampling on the pile of cards, from which little girls in ribbons and boys in short pants looked up at their criminal mothers. The critics would say, "That's too much." Nevertheless, that is exactly what happened. One of the warders had to cross the yard and, rather than walk around the pile, stamped straight across the faces of our children. I saw his foot in close-up, as though it were in a film.**

Extremity makes bad art because events are too obviously "symbolic." The structure of experience is so clear and complete that it appears to be deliberately contrived. But the great majority of books and documents by survivors are not consciously formal or deliberately shaped. Their testimony is in no way "literary," and yet everywhere great and terrible metaphors are embedded in events described—hell first of all, and then "spiritual" states of being like purity and defilement, doom and salvation, death and rebirth. The following example (one of many) involves a small massacre in a German forest:

> **Then we were ordered to dig out the soil in the marked area. . . . others were told to break off small branches and twigs. . . . As evening closed in, the SS men decided that the pit was deep enough. . . . prisoners were told to stand in one row facing the forest. . . . I watched the dancing rays of the sun glinting through the trees. . . . Suddenly terrible screams, accompanied by the crackle of rifle fire. . . . There was a stampede to the right and to the left. But the women could not run far. A few steps and they were riddled with bullets. I stood in front of the pit quaking. For a fleeting moment, through glazed eyes, I saw my companions in the pit. Some of them were still moving convulsively. I heard a loud rifle volley, then silence and darkness. . . . Is this death? . . . I try to raise my arm but can't. I open my eyes but see nothing. . . . I am lying inert in the dark. . . . I try to raise myself and I find myself sitting up. Fresh branches are brushing my head. It is dark and there are stars above me. . . . As consciousness returns, my mind begins to clear. . . . Trembling and weeping I cry out in a faltering voice: "Are any of you alive? Come out if you are!" And on the other side of the pit sits a dark figure. "It's me," says Charlotte. But in the pit itself no one moves. We two are the only survivors.**

Bullets did not tear through her, her heart did not stop. But she was certain—her body was certain—that death was coming. She felt that she had died, she lay for hours among the lifeless mass of her comrades, and then got up. Is this the famous valley of death through which souls pass? Is this resurrection? How much is metaphor, how much plain fact? Or is there any longer a difference? Archetypes have actualized in events so exaggerated, so melodramatic and patently symbolic, that no serious novelist, except perhaps in parody, would now attempt to treat them as art. Man's interior drama, the height and depth of spiritual experience, has been writ large *in the world*. The concentration camps have done what art always does: they have brought us face to face with archetypes, they have invested body with mind and mind with body, they have given visible embodiment to man's spiritual universe, so that the primary states of good and evil are resident in the look and sound and smell of things. The essence of survival is passage through death; this way of speaking may be metaphorical for us, but not for survivors. Of course, a man or woman crawling out of a grave is not thinking of rebirth, may never have thought in such terms. For survivors of those ditches and pits there was only dumb pain. Still, they felt themselves die and then return to life, and the "objective correlative" of their ordeal was not a symbolic representation or a ritual entered imaginatively, but the world itself, albeit a world such as we know through art and dream only. And here especially we must not be misled by our reliance on metaphor: the survivor is not a metaphor, not an emblem, but *an example*.

"The camps confirm most forcefully our vision of man as monster and victim. And, yes, we are monsters. We are victims. But we are also survivors."

For us the camps are terminal images. They are the realized archetypes of eternal victimhood and of evil forever triumphant. As such they confirm most forcefully our vision of man as monster and victim. And, yes, we are monsters. We are victims. But we are also survivors; and once we see the central fact about the survival experience—that these people passed *through* hell—the archetypes of doom are, if not cancelled, at least less powerful in their authority over our perceptions. Survivors return from the grave, they come through hell, and some, after descent into darkness and the defiling filth of underground sewers, rise again into the common world of sun and simple life.

Man as man came into being when the evolution of consciousness forced upon him the knowledge of his own condition. This was simultaneously the birth of civilization—of technology and culture—and from then onward, more and more rapidly, man has been shaped and guided by culture at least as much as by the dictates of physical need. Civilization has long surpassed the immediacy of the survival situation (for those at the top, that is); its ancient roots are hidden, deliberately obscured. The function of technology is to serve physical and economic needs well enough for us to ignore them. The function of

culture is to negate the primal facts of nothingness and death. Both aspects of civilization reduce consciousness of our condition as biological creatures. And in the end both breed contempt for life.

The split between mind and body, between man's "higher" and "lower" natures, is not only a consequence but the major goal of this process. The spirit soars, preens, consoles itself in a freedom gained by repressing consciousness of the body and its needs. A shorthand formula for the whole of this endeavor would be (keeping Freud in mind): where body was, there shall spirit be. Western civilization is the negation of biological reality; and unavoidably, since life and death are inextricable, the denial of death comes finally to be a denial of life. At its worst it results in overt hostility to life, as if only by killing, only by administering death with style and majesty, could death itself be mastered.

Already we have machines to make the "final solution" truly final. Just this predicament has given rise to the survivor as a significant human type. Survivors are those who have escaped the murderous circle of our retreat from death, men and women shoved violently back upon a biological wisdom long unheeded. There is terrible irony in this, for whereas awareness of death generates firm care for life, death-denial ends in a fury of destruction.

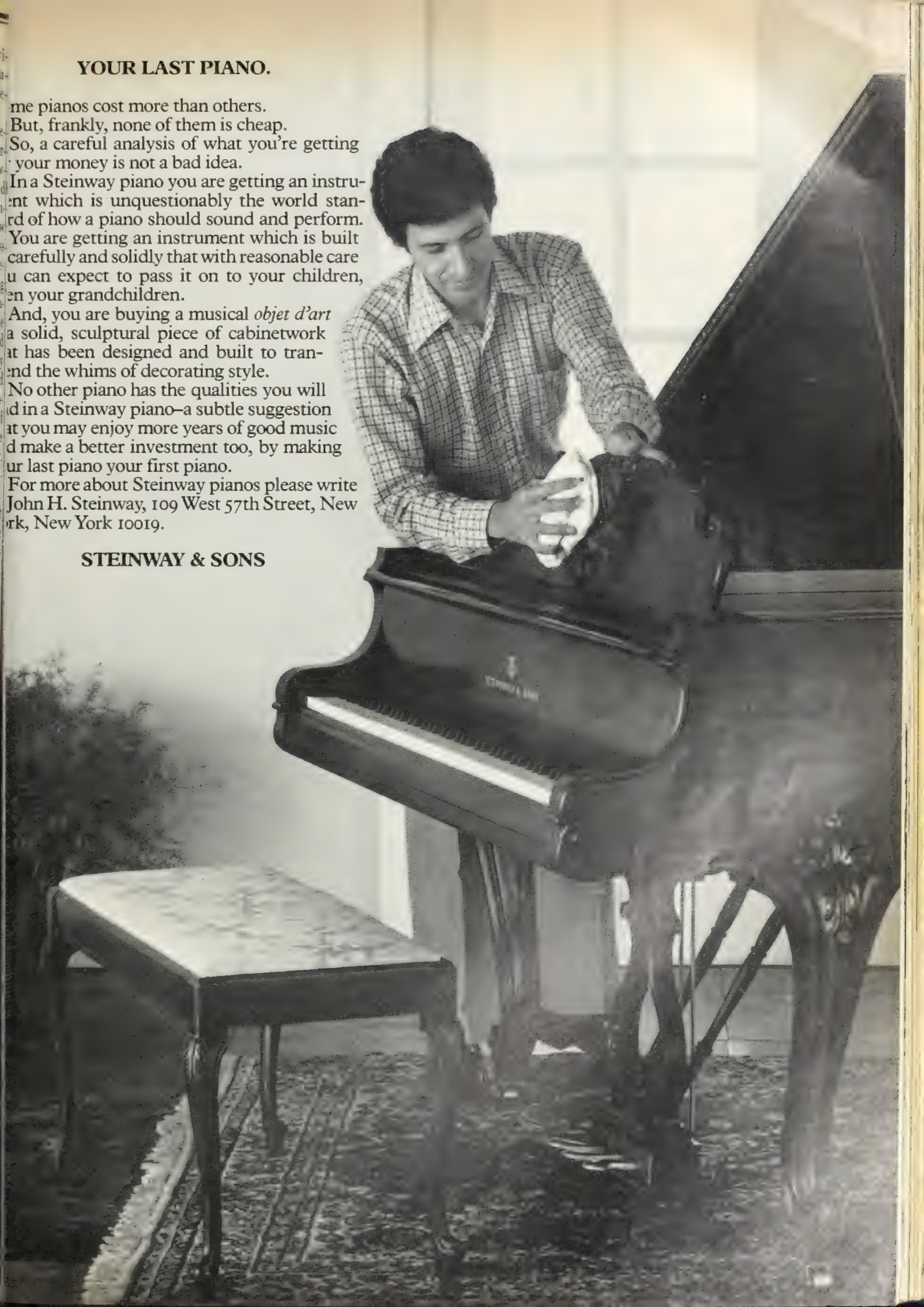
THE SURVIVOR is the man or woman who has passed through the "crisis of civilization" we talk about so much. That some kind of "crisis" is brewing—that civilization no longer works well even for the few—is evident. The man-made death of 100 million people in little more than fifty years is proof enough. At the heart of our problems is that nihilism which was all along the destiny of Western culture: a nihilism either unacknowledged even as the bombs fall or else, as with Hitler or Stalin, demonically proclaimed as the new salvation. And it was inevitable; for when mythic structures collapse and symbolism fails, the choice is ourselves or nothing. Nietzsche was the great prophet of this development, and he foresaw the choice we would face. "What is dawning," he wrote in 1886, "is the opposition of the world we revere and the world we live in and are. So we can abolish either our reverence or ourselves." So far we have preferred to abolish ourselves, and how easy it has been. Amid high cant and pieties obscenely cynical, whole cities and peoples are wiped out. The value of life has been reduced to zero, to excrement.

This cannot go on for much longer, and the fact that now the whole of life is threatened may be—with luck—a turning point. "As with all evolution's creations," says S. E. Luria, man's "biological fate is to make do, to survive as a species by the skin of his teeth." It seems that for all our achievements and dreams we have not, after all, defeated the body's crude claims. And this, again, is the survivor's special importance. He is the first of civilized men to live beyond the compulsions of culture; beyond a fear of death which can only be assuaged by insisting that life itself is worthless. The survivor is evidence that men and women are now strong enough, mature enough, awake enough, to face death without mediation, and therefore to embrace life without reserve.

Whenever we hear of this or that atrocity, and especially when the revelations of terrorism and modern warfare upset our faith in civilization, we speak with knowing bitterness about the "thin veneer" of culture and about how swiftly man's "real" nature reveals itself under stress. Part of our torment is that we think we know what lies beneath the surface. We look into the darkness of our own hearts and behold every kind of destructiveness—the whole demonic surge of savagery erupting daily in war, torture, genocide, or spilling out imaginatively in so much of modern art and literature. What we have not seen is that our rage stems from nihilism, and that nihilism is the outcome of allegiance to a mind-body split which makes hateful the body and its functions, and storms in spiteful execration against the whole of existence as soon as life is no longer justified by firm belief in "higher" values. And we have altogether missed the fact that beyond our lust for disaster there is another, far deeper stratum of the human psyche, one that is life-affirming and life-sustaining.

A biological wisdom exists, prompting us to know that in life's own needs the spirit can find a home. Not noble or god-approved, not especially dramatic or sublime as in the old days, but rooted in the plain happiness of work and communion with others, and in the small shared universe of physical joy which is our due as creatures of flesh. And also this; that in birth and growth and fruitfulness there is meaning enough to quiet our hunger for high cause—concrete significance, perpetually renewed in the striving and sorrow and brief accomplishment which living demands from day to day. The sun is here, as survivors and condemned men know. Life, the earth in its silence, is all there is. How infinitely sad that Hegel's "secularization of the spirit" reached its first fulfillment in the concentration camps.

Man's kinship with the gods is over. Our Promethean moment was a moment only, and the old heroic ethic, based on dying for a glorious cause, gives way to a far humbler idea of heroism—the idea that by merely surviving in a savage world, the primary values of life and humanness can be affirmed and upheld. The survivor stays alive in body *and* in spirit, enduring dread and hopelessness without the loss of will to carry on in human ways. Conscience and dignity are not abandoned, mutual care persists, resistance becomes one with life itself. And the central fact about these men and women who passed through the camps is that they are ordinary people, in no way different from ourselves. They are that "human evidence" which Camus insisted we preserve. We live in dark times, we go from day to day in fearful expectation. The death camps have themselves become a prophecy of defeat; and yet just here, at the very heart of darkness, we find proof that the human spirit can sink to inhuman depths, can bear endless torment, can suffer defilement and unspeakable hardship and still exist. The survivors' experience is terrible, but what emerges finally is an image of man stubbornly equal to the worst that can happen. □



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THE COLOSSUS OF MAMARONECK

A story by Frederick Platt

PERIODICALLY MY SON, who is eight years old, goes in search of the Holy Grail. He has been at this, off and on, whenever the mood strikes him, since a children's book on Galahad was given him almost a year ago. His method of investigation entails no preliminary research; he just goes out with a shovel and begins to dig in the yard. It is a mystery to me why he thinks the vessel would lie buried in Mamaroneck, New York, but both my wife and I have learned to tread carefully so as not to step into any of the often deep holes that appear on our property from time to time. When I asked him how, if he uncovered the cup, he could be sure it was the real one, he replied that if you found the Holy Grail you would know what you had, which I suppose is true.

During all the time he had been digging, he had not only not brought the chalice to light but he had also not turned up anything of interest, save some stone chips which he insisted were arrowheads. Finally, one Thursday morning this past July, he bounded into the house, shouting for his mother and me to come see what he had found. His excitement was so intense that I was immediately beset by the prospect of an endless line of pilgrims winding up to our front door. It was not the Grail, though, that he told us he had discovered, but a man's hand. Right away I knew this was one of those instances you read about in the newspaper in which a child finds a skeleton and sets off a murder investigation.

Peering down into the hole—undoubtedly one of my son's deepest, because when he hopped into it his nose was at ground level—I saw the hand was of metal and over two feet long. It was furthermore attached to something else, which I assumed (correctly, as it turned out) was a gigantic metal man.

HAVING IN MY COLLEGE DAYS taken the freshman course in anthropology, my knowledge of excavation techniques took hold of me. Within four hours after my son had announced his find he had relinquished command, rather like a boy whose father has become aware of the toy train set; the yard had been roped off; a team of three diggers who norma ly work on swimming pools had been hired great expense; my wife had come to the realiz tion that her garden was done for; and I ha begun to cavort and photograph and give orde and dig and draw scientific-looking site plan all the while clad in a very dashing khaki a chaeologist suit with short pants and dozens pockets.

It was not until Saturday afternoon—ove time!—that the men finished their digging. Th huge trench in our backyard held a thirty-foo long supine bronze figure. He was wearing th clumsy male dress of the *fin de siècle*, but it sti took us and our neighbors the better part Sunday with the encyclopedia to identify hi as William McKinley.

Monday the lady at the local historical soc ety set before me old newspaper clippings sho ing the statue standing erect. "We always wo dered where exactly that statue was buried, she told me. It seems the Gilded Age millio aire who had lived in the mansion at the end our street and owned all the surrounding lan long before our home was built, had ordered t be made, following that President's martyrdon a thirty-foot bronze statue of William McKinle As soon as the tycoon died, his family, who ha by means of his money learned taste far bett than his, had the statue taken down and burie on the grounds.

There was no doubt about it: in our backya was stretched out a thirty-foot bronze statue William McKinley. The problem was what t do with it. Some people came from museum but although it was the work of the famo American sculptor Chester Augustus Brow they said they had no place to display the sta ue; if only, they lamented, it was a more re sonable size, like fifteen feet. No takers mate alized, even after our hole and its inhabita appeared on a network television newscast se ment in which our family was interviewed by nasty correspondent who closed his report wit something about the values of a country whe a lad could go looking for the Holy Grail an come up instead with a thirty-foot bronze sta ue of William McKinley. My son, who ha started all this, was unable to make any sugge tion about what to do because, having just fi ished reading another book, this on the Renai

Frederick Platt is the author of America's Gilded Age: Its Architecture and Decoration *(A. S. Barnes).*

ce, he was preoccupied with his dread that invading army would capture the statue and lt it down for cannon. My wife was in favor covering it up again, since its subterranean rs had done it no harm and had in fact given lovely patina.

I was unwilling to rebury it, however, espelly since I had just paid so much to unearth So it was that what little money I still had er the diggers departed went for a second-nd telephone pole we used as an armature up center of the statue, and on the construction n to pour a cement base and set the pole upht in it, and on the crane men to lift the several sections of the statue into place one atop another. And there, to the left of our house, the statue towers today.

Possessing the Colossus of Mamaroneck has great advantages. Guests rarely have any trouble finding our house. In a neighborhood full of kidney-shaped pools, we have the only McKinley-shaped one. The insurance company even gives us $12 off our annual fire premium, because the statue acts as a lightning rod. How very sad to think that large numbers of people have to go through their entire lives never once owning a thirty-foot bronze statue of William McKinley. □



Tom Bethell

DARWIN'S MISTAKE

All change is not progress

HOW DO WE COME to have horses and tigers and things? There are at least a million species in existence today, according to the paleontologist George Gaylord Simpson, and for every one extant, perhaps 100 are extinct. Such profusion! Such variety! How did it come about? The old answer was that they are created by God. But with the increasingly scientific temper of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, this explanation began to look insufficient. God was invisible, and so could not be part of any scientific explanation.

So an alternative explanation was proposed by a number of savants, among them Jean Baptiste Lamarck and Erasmus Darwin: the various forms of life did not just appear (as at the tip of a magician's wand), but evolved by a process of gradual transformation. Horses came from something slightly less horselike, tigers from something slightly less tigerlike, and so on back, until finally, if you went back far enough in time, you would come to a primitive blob of life which itself got started (perhaps) by lightning striking the primeval soup.

"Either each species of crocodile has been specially created," said Thomas Henry Huxley, "or it has arisen out of some pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes. Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine."

That's all very well, replied more conservative thinkers. If all of this life got here by evolution from more primitive life, then how did evolution occur? No answer was immediately forthcoming. Genesis prevailed. Then Charles Darwin (grandson of Erasmus) furnished what looked like the solution. He proposed the machinery of evolution, and claimed that it existed in nature. Natural selection, he called it.

His idea was accepted with great rapidity. Once stated it seemed only too obvious. T survival of the fittest—of course! Some typ are fitter than others, and given the compe tion—the "struggle for existence"—the fitt ones will survive to propagate their kind. A so animals, plants, all life in fact, will tend get better and better. They would have to, wi the fitter ones inevitably replacing those th are less fit. Nature itself, then, had evolvi machinery built into it. "How extremely stup not to have thought of that!" Huxley co mented, after reading the *Origin of Speci* Huxley had coined the term *agnostic*, and remained one. Meanwhile, the Genesis versi didn't entirely fade away, but it inevitably to on a slightly superfluous air.

The evolution deba

THAT WAS A LITTLE over 100 yea ago. By the time of the Darw Centennial Celebrations at the Univ sity of Chicago in 1959, Darwini was triumphant. At a panel discussi Sir Julian Huxley (grandson of Thomas Henr affirmed that "the evolution of life is no long a theory; it is a fact." He added sternly: "W do not intend to get bogged down in semanti and definitions." At about the same time, S Gavin de Beer of the British Museum remark that if a layman sought to "impugn" Darwi conclusions, it must be the result of "ignoran or effrontery." Garrett Hardin of the Californ Institute of Technology asserted that anyo who did not honor Darwin "inevitably attrac the speculative psychiatric eye to himself." S Julian Huxley saw the need for "true belief

So that was it, then. The whole matter w settled—as I assumed, and as I imagined m

Tom Bethell, who read philosophy at Oxford, is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

ople must. Darwin had won. No doubt there re backward folk tucked away in the remoter leys of Appalachia who still clung to their nforting beliefs, but they, of course, lacked ication. Not everyone was enlightened—odness knows the Scopes trial had proved t, if nothing else. And some of them still uldn't let up, apparently—they were trying change the textbooks and get the Bible back biology. Well, there are always diehards. So it was only casually, about a year ago, t I picked up a copy of *Darwin Retried*, a slim volume by one Norman Macbeth, a Harvard-trained lawyer. An odd field for a lawyer, certainly. But an endorsement on the cover by Karl Popper caught my eye. "I regard the book as . . . a really important contribution to the debate," Popper had written.

The debate? What debate? This interested me. I had studied philosophy, and in my undergraduate days Popper was regarded as one of the top philosophers—especially important for having set forth "rules" for discriminating between genuine and pseudo science. And Pop-

"It is beginning to look as though what Darwin really discovered was nothing more than the Victorian propensity to believe in progress."



CLUBS WE DO NOT CARE TO JOIN
The Darwin Club

Tom Bethell

DARWIN'S MISTAKE

per evidently thought there had been a "debate" worth mentioning. In his bibliography Macbeth listed a few articles that had appeared in academic philosophy journals in recent years and evidently were a part of this debate.

That was, as I say, a year ago, and by now I have read these articles and a good many others. In fact, I have spent a good portion of the last year familiarizing myself with this debate. It is surprising that so little word of it has leaked out, because it seems to have been one of the most important academic debates of the 1960s, and as I see it the conclusion is pretty staggering: Darwin's theory, I believe, is on the verge of collapse. In his famous book, *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life*, Darwin made a mistake sufficiently serious to undermine his theory. And that mistake has only recently been recognized as such. The machinery of evolution that he supposedly discovered has been challenged, and it is beginning to look as though what he really discovered was nothing more than the Victorian propensity to believe in progress. At one point in his argument, Darwin was misled. I shall try to elucidate here precisely where Darwin went wrong.

WHAT WAS IT, THEN, that Darwin discovered? What was this mechanism of natural selection? Here it comes as a slight shock to learn that Darwin really didn't "discover" anything at all, certainly not in the same way that Kepler, for example, discovered the laws of planetary motion. The *Origin of Species* was not a demonstration but an argument—"one long argument," Darwin himself said at the end of the book—and natural selection was an idea, not a discovery. It was an idea that occurred to him in London in the late 1830s which he then pondered in the Home Counties over the next twenty years. As we now know, several other thinkers came up with the same or a very similar idea at about the same time. The most famous of these was Alfred Russel Wallace, but there were several others.

The British philosopher Herbert Spencer was one who came within a hair's breadth of the idea of natural selection, in an essay called "The Theory of Population" published in the *Westminster Review* seven years before the *Origin of Species* came out. In this article Spencer used the phrase "the survival of the fittest" for the first time. Darwin then appropriated the phrase in the fifth edition of the *Origin of Species*, considering it an admirable summation of his argument. This argument was in fact an analogy, as follows:

While in his country retreat Darwin spent a good deal of time with pigeon fanciers ar animal breeders. He even bred pigeons hir self. Of particular relevance to him was th breeders bred for certain characteristics (leng of feather, length of wool, coloring), and th the offspring of the selected mates oft tended to have the desired characteristic mo abundantly, or more noticeably, than its pa ents. Thus, it could perhaps be said, a sm amount of "evolution" had occurred betwe one generation and the next.

By analogy, then, the same process occurr in nature, Darwin thought. As he wrote in t *Origin of Species*: "How fleeting are the wish of man! how short his time! and consequent how poor will his productions be, compar with those accumulated by nature during wh geological periods. Can we wonder, then, th nature's productions should be far 'truer' character than man's productions?"

Just as the breeders selected those individu best suited to the breeders' needs to be the pa ents of the next generation, so, Darwin argue nature selected those organisms that were b fitted to survive the struggle for existence. that way evolution would inevitably occur. A so there it was: a sort of improving machi inevitably at work in nature, "daily and hou scrutinizing," Darwin wrote, "silently and i sensibly working . . . at the improvement of ea organic being." In this way, Darwin thoug one type of organism could be transformed in another—for instance, he suggested, bears in whales. So that was how we came to have hors and tigers and things—by natural selection.

The great tautolo

FOR QUITE SOME TIME Darwin's mec anism was not seriously examined, u til the renowned geneticist T. H. M gan, winner of the Nobel Prize for l work in mapping the chromosomes fruit flies, suggested that the whole thing look suspiciously like a tautology. "For, it may a pear little more than a truism," he wrote, " state that the individuals that are the b adapted to survive have a better chance of s viving than those not so well adapted to s vive."

The philosophical debate of the past ten fifteen years has focused on precisely this poi The survival of the fittest? Any way of identi ing the fittest other than by looking at the s vivors? The preservation of "favored" race Any way of identifying them other than by loo ing at the preserved ones? If not, then Darwi theory is reduced from the status of scienti theory to that of tautology.

Philosophers have ranged on both sides this critical question: are there criteria of fitn

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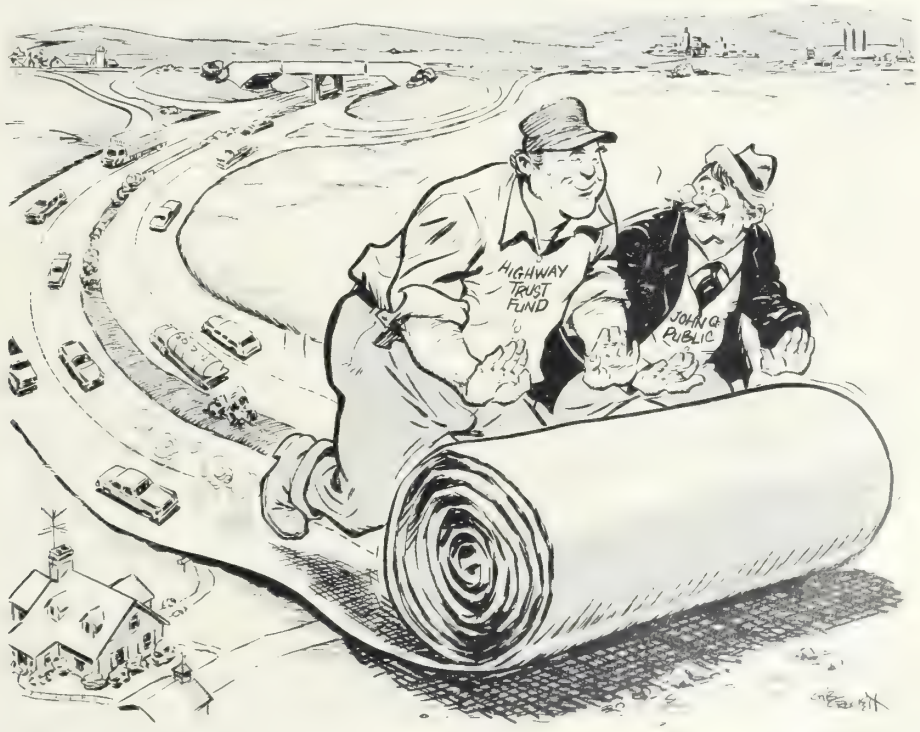
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DARWIN'S MISTAKE

that are independent of survival? In one corner we have Darwin himself, who assumed that the answer was yes, and his supporters, prominent among them David Hull of the University of Wisconsin. In the other corner are those who say no, among whom may be listed A. G. N. Flew, A. R. Manser, and A. D. Barker. In a nutshell here is how the debate has gone:

Darwin, as I say, just assumed that there really were independent criteria of fitness. For instance, it seemed obvious to him that extra speed would be useful for a wolf in an environment where prey was scarce, and only those wolves first on the scene of a kill would get enough to eat and, therefore, survive. David Hull has supported this line of reasoning, giving the analogous example of a creature that was better able than its mates to withstand desiccation in an arid environment.

The riposte has been as follows: a mutation that enables a wolf to run faster than the pack only enables the wolf to survive better if it does, in fact, survive better. But such a mutation could also result in the wolf outrunning the pack a couple of times and getting first crack at the food, and then abruptly dropping dead of a heart attack, because the extra power in its legs placed an extra strain on its heart. Fitness must be identified with survival, because it is the overall animal that survives, or does not survive, not individual parts of it.

However, we don't have to worry too much about umpiring this dispute, because a look at the biology books shows us that the evolutionary biologists themselves, perhaps in anticipation of this criticism, retreated to a fortified position some time ago, and conceded that "the survival of the fittest" was in truth a tautology. Here is C. H. Waddington, a prominent geneticist, speaking at the aforementioned Darwin Centennial in Chicago:

"Natural selection, which was at first considered as though it were a hypothesis that was in need of experimental or observational confirmation turns out on closer inspection to be a tautology, a statement of an inevitable although previously unrecognized relation. It states that the fittest individuals in a population (defined as those which leave most offspring) will leave most offspring."

The admission that Darwin's theory of natural selection was tautological did not greatly bother the evolutionary theorists, however, because they had already taken the precaution of redefining natural selection to mean something quite different from what Darwin had in mind. Like the philosophical debate of the past decade, this remarkable development went largely unnoticed. In its new form, natural selection meant nothing more than that some organisms have more offspring than others: in the argot, differential reproduction. This indeed was an empirical fact about the world, not just so thing true by definition, as was the case with claim that the fittest survive.

THE BOLD ACT OF redefining selecti was made by the British statistici and geneticist R.A. Fisher in a wid heralded book called *The Geneti Theory of Natural Selection.* Mo over, by making certain assumptions about bi and death rates, and combining them with M delian genetics, Fisher was able to qual the resulting rates at which population rat changed. This was called population geneti and it brought great happiness to the hearts many biologists, because the mathemati formulae looked so deliciously scientific a seemed to enhance the status of biology, maki it more like physics. But here is what Waddi ton recently said about *this* development:

"The theory of neo-Darwinism is a theory the evolution of the population in respect leaving offspring and not in respect to anythi else. . . . Everybody has it in the back of l mind that the animals that leave the larg number of offspring are going to be those b adapted also for eating peculiar vegetation, something of this sort, but this is not expli in the theory. . . . There you do come to wh is, in effect, a vacuous statement: Natural lection is that some things leave more offspri than others; and, you ask, which leave mo offspring than others; and it is those that lea more offspring, and there is nothing more to that that. *The whole real guts of evolution which is how do you come to have horses a tigers and things—is outside the mathemati theory* [my italics]."

Here, then, was the problem. Darwin's theo was supposed to have answered this questi about horses and tigers. They had gradual developed, bit by bit, as it were, over the eo through the good offices of an agency call natural selection. But now, in its new incarn tion, natural selection was only able to expla how horses and tigers became more (or les numerous—that is, by "differential reprodu tion." This failed to solve the question of h they came into existence in the first place.

This was no good at all. As T. H. Morg had remarked, with great clarity: "Selectio then, has not produced anything new, but on more of certain kinds of individuals. Evolutio however, means producing new things, n more of what already exists."

One more quotation should be enough convince most people that Darwin's idea of na ural selection was quietly abandoned, even l his most ardent supporters, some years ag The following comment, by the geneticist H. Muller, another Nobel Prize winner, appear

For Further Reading

Since the Darwin Centennial celebrations of 1959, a fairly large literature has emerged dealing with the logical status of evolutionary theory. The following chronological list includes some of the most important books and articles.

Himmelfarb, Gertrude. **Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution.** The Norton Library, 1959.

Scriven, Michael. "Explanation and Prediction in Evolutionary Theory." **Science,** August 28, 1959.

Grene, Marjorie. "The Faith of Darwinism." **Encounter,** November 1959.

Manser, A. R. "The Concept of Evolution." **Philosophy,** January 1965 (perhaps the most important article).

Flew, A. G. N. "A Comment on Manser." **Philosophy,** January 1966.

Connolly, Kevin. "A Comment on Manser and Flew." **Philosophy,** October 1966.

Proceedings of the American Philosophociety in 1949. It represents a direct adn by one of Darwin's greatest admirers however we come to have horses and and things, it is not by natural selection. ıave just seen," Muller wrote, "that if on could be somehow dispensed with, so ll variants survived and multiplied, the forms would nevertheless have arisen." ink it should now be abundantly clear arwin made a mistake in proposing his l-selection theory, and it is fairly easy ect the mistake. We have seen that what eory so grievously lacks is a criterion of that is independent of survival. If only were some way of identifying the fittest hand, without always having to wait and ich ones survive, Darwin's theory would able rather than tautological.

as almost everyone now seems to agree, inevitably means "those that survive Why, then, did Darwin assume that there ndependent criteria? And the answer is, e in the case of artificial selection, from he worked by analogy, *there really are ndent criteria.* Darwin went wrong in ıg that this aspect of his analogy was In our sheep example, remember, long was the "desirable" feature—the indeıt criterion. The lambs of woolly parental may possess this feature even more than arents, and so be "more evolved"—more desired direction.

ıature, on the other hand, the offspring iffer from their parents in any direction ever and be considered "more evolved" ıeir parents, provided only that they surnd leave offspring themselves. There is, ıo "selection" by nature at all. Nor does "act," as it is so often said to do in y books. One organism may indeed be ' than another from an evolutionary of view, but the only event that determines tness is death (or infertility). This, of , is not something which helps *create* the sm, but is something that terminates it. ırs at the end, not the beginning of life.

Onward and upward

DARWIN SEEMS TO HAVE made the mistake of just assuming that there were independent criteria of fitness because he lived in a society in which change was nearly always perceived ng for the good. R. C. Lewontin, Agasofessor of Zoology at Harvard, has writ this point: "The bourgeois revolution ly established change as the characterisment of the cosmos, but added direction rogress as well. A world in which a man could rise from humble origins must have seemed, to him at least, a good world. Change per se was a moral quality. In this light, Spencer's assertion that change *is* progress is not surprising." One may note also James D. Watson's remark in *The Double Helix* that "cultural traditions play major roles" in the development of science.

Lewontin goes on to point out that "the bourgeois revolution gave way to a period of consolidation, a period in which we find ourselves now." Perhaps that is why only relatively recently has the concept of natural selection come under strong attack.

There is, in a way, a remarkable conclusion to this brief history of natural selection. The idea started out as a way of explaining how one type of animal gradually changed into another, but then it was redefined to be an explanation of how a given type of animal became more numerous. But wasn't natural selection supposed to have a *creative* role? the evolutionary theorists were asked. Darwin had thought so, after all. Now watch how they responded to this:

The geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky compared natural selection to "a human activity such as performing or composing music." Sir Gavin de Beer described it as a "master of ceremonies." George Gaylord Simpson at one point likened selection to a poet, at another to a builder. Ernst Mayr, Lewontin's predecessor at Harvard, compared selection to a sculptor. Sir Julian Huxley topped them all, however, by comparing natural selection to William Shakespeare.

Life on Earth, initially thought to constitute a sort of prima facie case for a creator, was, as a result of Darwin's idea, envisioned merely as being the outcome of a process and a process that was, according to Dobzhansky, "blind, mechanical, automatic, impersonal," and, according to de Beer, was "wasteful, blind, and blundering." But as soon as these criticisms were leveled at natural selection, the "blind process" itself was compared to a poet, a composer, a sculptor, Shakespeare—to the very notion of creativity that the idea of natural selection had originally replaced. It is clear, I think, that there was something very, very wrong with such an idea.

I have not been surprised to read, therefore, in Lewontin's recent book, *The Genetic Basis of Evolutionary Change* (1974), that in some of the latest evolutionary theories "natural selection plays no role at all." Darwin, I suggest, is in the process of being discarded, but perhaps in deference to the venerable old gentleman, resting comfortably in Westminster Abbey next to Sir Isaac Newton, it is being done as discreetly and gently as possible, with a minimum of publicity. □

"Darwin's idea of natural selection was quietly abandoned, even by his most ardent supporters, some years ago."

Barker, A. D. "An Approach to the Theory of Natural Selection." **Philosophy,** October 1969.

Ruse, Michael. "Confirmation and Falsification of Theories of Evolution." **Scientia,** vol. 104, 1969.

Young, Robert. "Darwin's Metaphor: Does Nature Select?" **Monist,** July 1971.

Popper, Karl. **Objective Knowledge.** Oxford University Press, 1972.

Ruse, Michael. **The Philosophy of Biology.** Hutchinson, 1973.

Williams, Mary B. "Falsifiable Predictions of Evolutionary Theory." **Philosophy of Science,** vol. 40, 1973.

Hull, David. **Philosophy of the Biological Sciences.** Prentice-Hall, 1974.

SOUTH AGAINST NORTH



Cathy Hull

by James Fallows

Power Shift, by Kirkpatrick Sale. Random House, $8.95.

NEARLY THREE years ago, when Richard Nixon's happy days were coming to an end, Kirkpatrick Sale published an article in *The New York Review of Books.* Its title was "The World Behind Watergate," and its thesis was that the men around Nixon, far from being agents of an unguided immorality, represented a precise geographical interest. "The Nixonian bedfellows, the people whose creed the President expresses," were, said Sale, "the economic sovereigns of America's Southern Rim, the 'sunbelt' that runs from Southern California, through Arizona and Texas, down to the Florida keys." They rose on the postwar strength of the space industry, high technology, defense, and oil; with their rise came the relative decline of the Yankees, the old-money titans of the industrial Northeast.

With the inevitability of a natural cycle, the provocative article has become the misconceived book. But in the creation of *Power Shift* something more than the usual padding process has been at work. As one of the most vulgarly oversimplified works of recent political analysis, the book squanders an abundance of rich material; and, as a sneering, nasty diatribe, it inadvertently explains some of the free-floating ill will now abroad in the land.

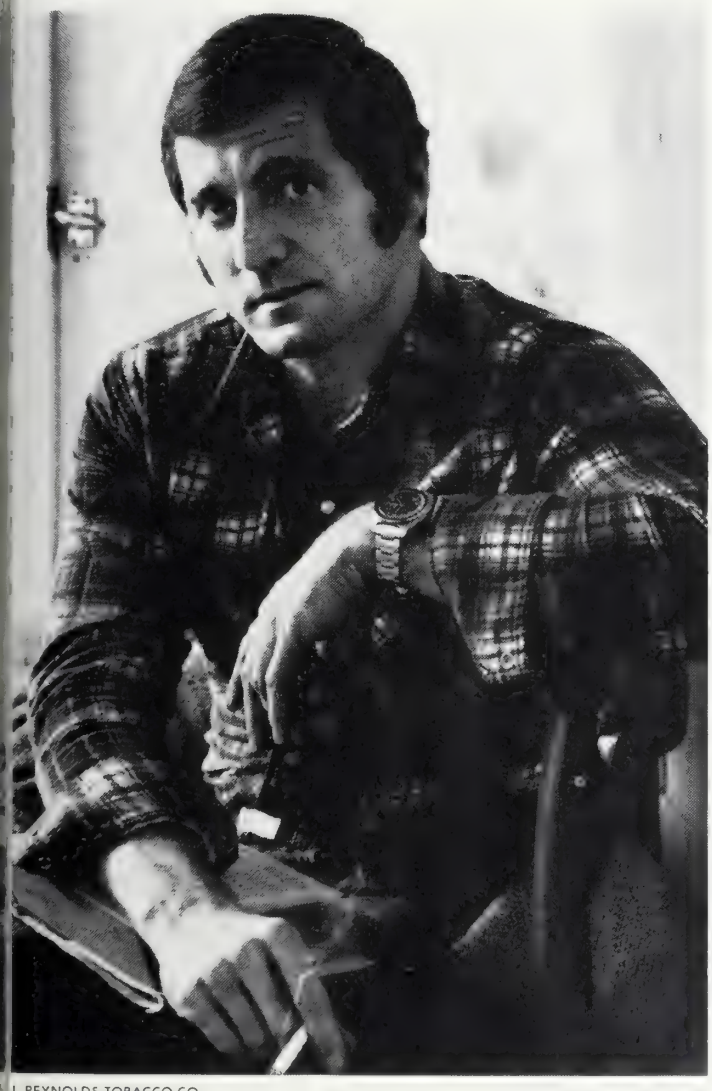
THE RICHES APPEAR in the first quarter of the book, when Sale describes the processes which have allowed the Rim to dominate American politics. Like the merchants of nineteenth-century Manchester, who watched as the course of empire drained economic vigor away from them, the traditional manufacturing and financial centers of the North have, since World War II, seen capital, innovation, people, and, finally, political power flow south, toward the sun. Houston had a population of 400,000 at the beginning of World War II; now it is pushing 2 million. From the electronics industries of the San Francisco Bay to the resort towns of Florida, the South and West rest securely on what Sale calls the six pillars of the Rim economy—defer contracting, agriculture (mainly c porate farms), the technology bu nesses (such as computers), real tate (in continual boom), the leisu industries, and, it need hardly said, oil. The evidence is tantalizir and if Sale had foresworn his ve detta he might have gone on to amine it with the thoroughness a complexity it requires.

Instead, the book careens off ir political interpretations that are sulting when not wholly implausib To put his case crudely, but r much more crudely than the auth himself does, Sale argues that t economic power of the Rim has l to a steady increase in political po er, until the "Cowboys" have come dominate the national arena. Afte twenty-year climb, the Cowboy cendancy lasted nearly eleven yea from November 22, 1963, when Texas assassination created a Tex President, until August 9, 197 when the "Yankee counterattac drove Nixon and his ranch han back to San Clemente. The succe ful completion of this campaign r only installed Gerald Ford—a "Ya kee" in Sale's scheme—but also us ered in the man Sale cleverly finge as the real power behind the thror Nelson Rockefeller.

As in most of Sale's argumen there is a partial truth buried her Southern politicians and Southe Presidents have had their recent he day. But Sale's explanations of t beginning and the end of the Co boy regime illustrate how the parti truth can be torpedoed by his exa gerated argumentation. In his tre tise on Dallas, as elsewhere in t book, Sale slips in a one-line d claimer, for "objectivity's" sake, b fore driving on to his loaded conc sion:

> *No doubt the truth about the assassination of Jack Kennedy will be a long time coming, if ever, but there is an old legal principle that can stand us in temporary stead in the meantime:* cui bono*—to whose advantage?—the idea that probable responsibility for an act lies with those with something to gain.* Cui bono *Dallas? A confluence of forces including organized crime (especially its Southern branch), the defense industry (especially its Texas components), the oil industry (especial-*

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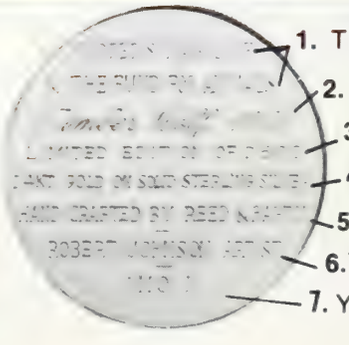
MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine,
FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

ANNOUNCING.



ACTUAL SIZE: 9.5 INCHES DIAMETER

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1. The names of the sponsors—
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That Harper's will happily repurchase your plate any time within a year of issue as long as it is in good condition for exactly what you paid for it. Further, as an owner of Timber Wolf, you will have the opportunity, but never the obligation, to buy succeeding plates in the series under the same conditions as the premiere plate. Moreover, as long as you do purchase each successive plate, it will bear the same Limited-Edition number as your Timber Wolf.

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ly its newer and Texas-based elements), the Far Right (especially its Texas and Floridian branches), and beyond doubt Lyndon Johnson, thirty-sixth President of the United States. Or, to put it in three words, the Southern Rim.

SALE FILLS IN THE picture even more tidily in describing Nixon's last days. Most of those who stood by the embattled cowboy were, logically enough, men from the Rim—J. Fred Buzhardt of South Carolina, Charles Alan Wright of Texas, and a host of others with, says Sale, "not an Ivy Leaguer among them." But an apparent exception crops up—the hired gun from Boston, James St. Clair. Sale hardly breaks stride as he gives the obvious explanation—that St. Clair was "brought in for window dressing to deceive and deflect the Yankee intensity." Even Leon Jaworski was part of the scheme. When he came up from Houston, capital of the Rim, to serve as special prosecutor, Nixon found him to be "if not exactly a subservient lackey, which he never expected, a man who had a rough identity with Richard Nixon and a lifelong attachment to exactly the same interests . . . and who could be expected to be as minimal a prosecutor as possible. Nixon was not disappointed." Again, there may once have been an insight here, but by the time Sale has finished smashing it with the flatiron of his analysis, it is distorted beyond recognition.

Other questions arise about this theory—about the categories themselves, for a start. Since the time of Sale's first article, the Rim seems to have grown; it now includes practically everything south of a line between San Francisco and the southern border of Virginia, and about a third of the country's population. Now and then Sale admits an exception to his simple scheme, but more often his relentless geographical determinism leads to such bizarre and indiscriminate agglomerations as this: "a coterie of Southern Rimsters moved to Congressional eminence—men like Richard Russell, Carl Hayden, Robert Kerr, Albert Gore, George Smathers, and Estes Kefauver in the Senate, Mendel Rivers, Chet Holifield, Wilbur Mills, and Wright Patman in the House." Sale lumps Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon together as our "two cowboy presidents"; together with Barry Goldwater, they pretty much prove that the Rim had Presidential politics locked up in the 1960s. Another way of looking at the same piece of evidence is to ask whether a category that barely distinguishes between the "Cowboy Strategy" of Nixon and the "Cowboy Presidency" of Lyndon Johnson is a very useful category at all.

Sale bulldozes other bothersome details out of the way. Of all the Cowboys who have come to Washington since the war, Earl Warren, that son of California, might be thought to be one of the most important. But because he won't fit Sale's one-dimensional scheme, he is never mentioned by name in this book (his commission does come in for criticism of its investigations in Dallas). Abe Fortas, on the other hand, crops up several times as a representative Cowboy malefactor, in contexts such as this: "The only member of the United States Supreme Court in its 200-year history ever to resign in the face of public scandal, and thereby escape impeachment charges, was Abe Fortas, from Tennessee—appointed by Lyndon Johnson, from Texas." Here is a man who has spent nearly every moment of his adult life in the Northeast; yet Sale makes him a Cowboy, because he was born in Tennessee.

ALL THIS IS irritating, and there is irritation, too, in Sale's style, with its sentences strung together with ellipses, its ugly neologisms (*Rimian, pantokratorial*), and its misuse of words (e.g., *enormity* to mean large size). But the truly noxious aspect of the book is its patent hatred for the culture of the Rim. The purpose of *Power Shift* is not to delineate the different cultures in this country, nor to make a stab at understanding them through their values and premises, but rather to prove that one of the cultures is bad, bad, bad.

Here I should, perhaps, lay my own cards on the table. I am a Californian by upbringing, but I was educated in, and assimilated by, the very bosom of the Yankee motherland. If forced to choose tomorro I would probably cast my spiritu lot with the Yankees rather than t Cowboys, though with full awaren that each regional culture is a qu mixed blessing. Despite that, r hackles rise as Sale performs heavy-handed denunciation of t three Rs on which Rim culture based—"Rightism, Racism, and R pression." Indeed, the worst effect this book may be that it provokes t reader into an equally simplemind game of "So's your old man." Wh Sale talks about the rigid conser tism of the Rim ("Like the shotg in the closet, it makes the Southe Rim a perpetual threat in Americ politics"), one's thoughts turn Robert Welch in Massachusetts, t Wallace vote in Michigan, the ra paging hardhats of New York. Wh Sale proclaims that "for moral c tuseness, there is no place like T as," such names as Annapolis, Jers City, and Cook County come mind. When Sale cites the brutal v lence of Southern football as an e planation for the sins of our Co boy Presidents ("In the last t years, under the guidance of t Southern Rim Presidents, repressi has stalked a national path. This ca not be a coincidence"), one thin of Woody Hayes, Vince Lombar and the football crowds of Pittsbur and Green Bay. Throughout his an ysis, Sale strains to find the rep sentative Rim figure; after toyi with Johnson and Nixon, he see to favor Bebe Rebozo. With equ subtlety and fair-mindedness, o might paint a picture of Northea ern culture featuring dope fiends a welfare chiselers, its representat citizens being Boss Tweed, Richa Speck, and Lucky Luciano.

The loaded comparisons reach extreme of sorts when Sale contra the dignified tranquillity of the C adian border with the seamy corru tion of life along the Rio Gran One can only wonder at this po which of two explanations is tru that Sale is unaware of the differen between fat and happy Canada, a Mexico, with its severe unempl ment and its marijuana fields—that he simply decided not to me tion it.

"Can it only be a coincidence Sale asks after describing the ter in Vietnam and the crackdown dissent at home, "that these proce

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es were concurrent with the emergence of the Southern Rim on the national scene? . . . That the last two elected Presidents, who brought political morality to its dimmest point in generations, were from the Southern Rim?" Indeed, it may be more than coincidence; for while many of the traits Sale denounces are human traits, and others are merely national, a few of them may have some special relation to the South and its peculiarities. For example, the difficulties of the outsider, when plunged into the metropolis, has been one of the constant themes of our culture, not only in dealings between East and West, but also in the relationship between America and Europe. Henry James had his Isabel Archer; William Faulkner had his Quentin Compson; in his recent biography of Bernard DeVoto, Wallace Stegner painted the classic portrait of a Westerner who was never permitted to forget his origins while living in the East.

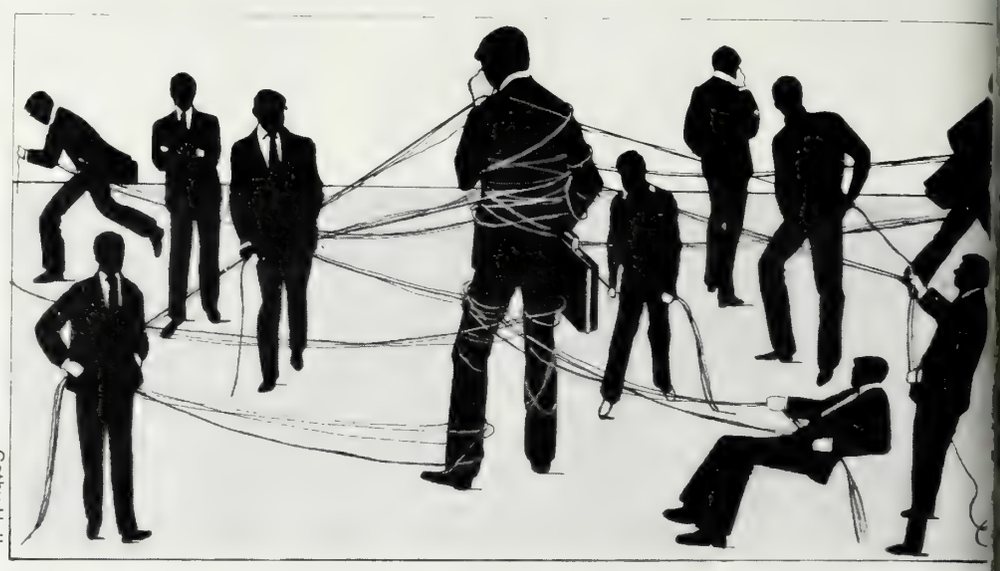
No one who has read the chronicles of the two Cowboy administrations can doubt that both Johnson and Nixon, in their different ways, had their psyches twisted and their policies shaped by the difficulty of coming to terms with the world of John Kennedy and McGeorge Bundy. There may even be something specific in the California air that produces Nixons, Haldemans, Mansons, and worse. But no one will come close to figuring out these forces, or anything else about the national culture, as long as understanding gives way to these vulgar broadsides. Sale's analysis—not only of Nixon and Johnson, but of Southern religion, Southern business, Southern people—is motivated by nothing but contempt, and the results are in keeping with the intention.

The tragedy of this contempt is that it has recently been reciprocated. There is anxiety in Washington when George Wallace denounces the government pointy-heads, and despair in New York when Middle America rejoices in its fall. As long as books like *Power Shift* exist, the mindless hatred can be no mystery. George Wallace and Kirkpatrick Sale may be talking past each other, but they are speaking the same language. □

James Fallows is on the staffs of The Washington Monthly *and* Texas Monthly.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

LEGAL POVERTY



Cathy Hull

by Peter H. Schuck

The Legal Needs of the Public, by Barbara A. Curran and Francis O. Spalding. American Bar Foundation, $5.

The Legal Services Program: Resource Distribution and the Low-Income Population, by Leonard Goodman and Margaret H. Waller. Bureau of Social Science Research, Inc., $4.

AMERICA IS certainly the most "lawyered" society in history. Yet the relationship between the number of lawyers and the distribution of justice is a decidedly tenuous one. In our fragmented society, where conflict is more common than trust, recognition and vindication of legal rights requires *access* to lawyers. The triumph of New Deal liberalism has swollen our statute books with new legal rights and obligations, an endless flow of regulations, standards, definitions, procedural requirements, and other legal minutiae. Food-stamp recipients and automobile manufacturers, students and small businessmen, patients on Medicare and builders on subsidy—all find that the law invades their daily lives. And where there is law, there will always be lawyers.

We do not know how many legal rights are ignored, relinquished, violated simply because citizens not have access to adequate legal s vices. According to one rough es mate, more than 30,000 legal pr lems go unresolved each *day* becau Americans cannot afford legal co sel. Two recent reports document disturbing reality: the availability legal remedies is far more limit than the distribution of legal righ

The Legal Needs of the Public the result of a massive Americ Bar Association project launched 1971 to assess the performance the legal profession in meeting need for legal services. This preli inary report (the final publication due later this year) confirms w students of the profession have lo suspected. First, the incidence "legal" problems is substantial. I survey of typical Americans, for ample, more than 70 percent of respondents said they had enco tered real-estate problems; more t 25 percent had had such proble during the preceding five years. most half the respondents had s tained or caused serious personal jury or property damage, and alm one-third had done so during previous five years. One in seven lieved that they had suffered job crimination (mostly on the grou

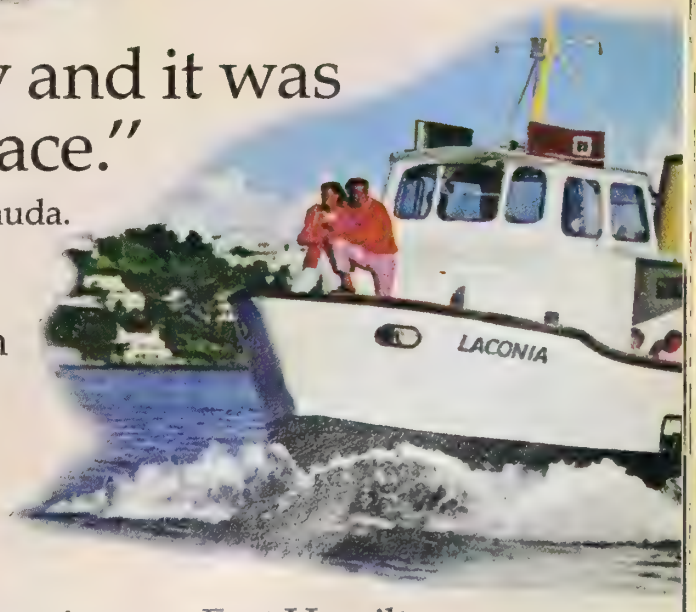


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History remembers that Virginia's Flag, which shows Virtue with her foot on Tyranny, was inspired in 1776 by George Mason's suggestion that his State's motto should be a c… *Sic semper tyrranis* (thus always to tyrants). And tha… Jersey's buff flag recalls the color chosen in 1779 by G… Washington for the uniforms of New Jersey's regi… fighting for Independence.

Now, two centuries later, the thirteen flags have gro… fifty. Each flag the proud emblem of the people, the her… the unique strengths, and the rich diversity of the fifty Sta… the Union. Each intimately woven from the fabric of Ame… proud history.

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It is more than fitting, therefore, that as a part … Nation's Bicentennial Celebration, the United States … Service will issue on February 23, 1976, an unpreced… series of *fifty* different Official Commemorative st… portraying *The Flags of the Fifty States*. This will be th… such series to honor *all* fifty state flags, and like all … certain to command the special attention of collector… historians everywhere.

Crafted expressly for this series, each of the fifty different *cachets* will pay tribute to the State's most distinguished citizen today honored in the National Statuary Hall of the United States Capitol.

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Appropriately, America's oldest and largest purveyor of rst Day Covers has for months been making painstaking reparations for the First Day of Issue of *The Flags of the Fifty tates*. World-renowned for its First Day Covers, Fleetwood ill issue *The Flags of the Fifty States* in *one complete* ollection of fifty individual Official First Day Covers. The first ty collections have been reserved for the Archives of each of e fifty States. Identical collections are also available now to rivate citizens on an advance reservation basis.

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This is the very first collection of First Day Covers *ever* edicated exclusively to all fifty States of the Union. As befits uch a series, each will be extraordinary in every respect.

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Among them: *William E. Borah*, "The Lone Lion of Idaho." *amuel Adams*, firebrand and Signer of the Declaration of ndependence from Massachusetts. *Thomas Starr King*, hose matchless oratory saved California to the Union. And, *ohn C. Calhoun* of South Carolina, the pre-eminent hampion of the Union, the South, and States' Rights.

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of age or sex, not race) or denial of constitutional rights. One in five had been separated or divorced. A like proportion had had serious disputes with government agencies.

Despite their obvious needs, one out of three respondents had never consulted a lawyer, and more than one out of four had not only never consulted a lawyer but had never even considered doing so. More than two-thirds had either never taken a problem to a lawyer or had taken problems only to one lawyer.

The preliminary report does not explain why so many persons who desperately need professional help for what appear to be legal problems do not seek it from a lawyer. But some of its findings offer clues: 62 percent of the respondents felt that lawyers charge more than their services are worth. More than 75 percent believed that such services can be handled just as well and less expensively by non-lawyers, such as accountants, bank officers, and insurance agents. More than 30 percent maintained that most lawyers would engage in unethical or illegal activities to help a client in an important case. And almost 80 percent agreed with the statement that "a lot of people do not go to lawyers because they have no way of knowing which lawyer is competent to handle their particular problem."

NONE OF THIS is really surprising: the cost and remoteness of lawyers has estranged them from even the middle class. But one also assumed that the country had two well-served classes—the very rich and the very poor—and half of that assumption turns out to be utterly false. So Leonard Goodman and Margaret H. Waller instruct us in their discouraging report on one of the welfare state's benefactions to the poor, the federally funded Legal Services Program.

The Legal Services Program's attorneys are essentially the sole providers of legal assistance (excluding criminal defense work, which the program does not handle) to the poor. Formerly funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity, they are now under the aegis of the newly established Legal Services Corporation. Ten years after its inception, the program remains scandalous short of money. Consider this: 1970 the U.S. had one practici lawyer for every 774 middle- and u per-income persons; the ratio of "poverty lawyers" to the eligible po erty population was only 1 to 9,57 or less than one-twelfth as high.

Even these statistics vastly ove state the actual availability of la yers to poor persons. More than percent of those eligible for free leg services live in places where the pr gram is not even operating; in son regions, including some of the poo est in the nation, more than tw thirds of the poor lack any of t program's services. A very conserv tive estimate is that 23 percent of t poverty population has at least o legal problem per year. Yet the fun ing now available for legal servic to the poor amounts to $2.16 p poor person, or less than $10 p case.

But the situation is worse ye for poverty lawyers are very unequa ly distributed across the nation. I North Carolina, for example, th Legal Services Program covers onl 9.7 percent of that state's large po erty population, the average expe diture per capita is 34 cents a yea and there is only one poverty lawye for every 67,000 poor persons.

All current trends in America—in cluding the bureaucratization of pul lic service and the specialization c knowledge—suggest that the nee for legal services will continue t grow, not diminish. Even so, muc improvement is possible. Legal se vices can be delivered far more eff ciently than under the present sy tem, which has changed remarkabl little since its origins in thirteenth century England. Group legal servic plans, extensive use of paralega aides for routine functions, increase specialization by lawyers, small claims courts, advertising of lega fees and services to promote compe tition, "delawyerization" through ar bitration, no-fault systems of com pensation, and encouragement of les expensive lay alternatives—such re forms would improve access to ser vices and reduce costs for the vas majority who are neither wealth nor impoverished. The ABA and th state bar associations have bitterl fought most of these innovations however, and their future remain uncertain.

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While the poor would benefit marginally from these developments, their needs will require an expansion of the Legal Services Program far beyond its present $70 million level. This is one of the few federal poverty programs that has "worked" or, indeed, can work. Its success does not depend upon a paternal government's ability to implement questionable theories about the causes and cures of poverty. Instead, its aspirations are quite limited: to apply well-understood legal skills to manageable human problems (divorce, landlord-tenant disputes, et cetera) in discharging government's most basic function—providing equal justice under law. Our society, preoccupied as it is with legal rights and the form of law, must begin to address the question of legal remedies and the substance of justice. If the government can't accomplish that, nothing else it does will make much difference.

Peter H. Schuck, an attorney, is the director of the Washington office of Consumers Union and the author of The Judiciary Committees (Viking).

THE PERSONS IN THE OFFICE



John Held, Jr.

An ardent plea for sexual harassment
by Rhoda Koenig

IT HAS BEEN observed, more and more frequently in recent years, that current events are putting the satirists out of business. A newspaper no longer needs an H. L. Mencken, with a deadly wit and an eighteenth-century vocabulary; any teenager can read the press releases and wire copy, and put together a weekly column in which any comment would be superfluous.

Imagine, for instance, the plight of the would-be satirist of the feminist movement who reads in the *New York Times*, as I did a few months ago, that some of its leaders are speaking out against "sexual harassment," or, as the rest of us would call it, sex in the office.

Karen DeCrow, president of the National Organization for Women, claims that "sexual harassment is one of the few sexist issues which has been totally in the closet. It is an issue that has been shrouded in silence because its occurrence is seen as both humiliating and trivial." The New York City Commission on Human Rights has also been looking into the problem. One of those who testified before it was the director of the women's section of the Human Affairs Program at Cornell, who has been bringing the issue to the attention of the women of Binghamton. One-third of those responding to her

Crispina found a friend

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survey said that they tried to ign on-the-job harassment, in wh event it continued or got wo many of the women complained t higher authority but found t more than half the time, nothing done.

Now, the feminists are to be c gratulated for having rooted out another area of injustice; howe they have clearly failed to consi some aspects of the case. For a st a lot of women would feel depri without a reasonable quota of sex harassment per week. Indeed, handed a petition on sex in the of most women I know would pu check next to "not enough." Furt more, female employees are not ways helpless victims of sexual rassment: some of them are entre neurs. Ask any woman whom sh rather work for: a lecherous man her boss's idiot mistress. Those w have been in the latter position k about harassment.

And, for all its earnestness, Binghamton study fails to ment the percentage of harassed wo who came back with "Not too thank you," or "Get lost, you toa or something in between. If the w en were struck dumb or ran for h when the men made advances, I c blame the men for thinking t were acting the part of the coy ma en and giving encouragement for chase.

THOUGH THE ISSUE of sex harassment probably w make its way onto the p et lines or the evening ne it does provide a grap illustration of what's wrong w much of feminism. The situatio distorted, the questions are over plified, and the women involved told that they are helpless.

For "women's liberation," ir cally, exists on its ability to persu its adherents that, despite app ances, they are miserable and w With jesuitical ingenuity, they about convincing white, middle-cl college-educated women that soc has done them wrong, like the sna oil salesmen whose suggestible lis ers began to feel all the symptom sciatica, dropsy, and the botts.

This way of thinking, of cours not without appeal. Persons whos fluence and civility ensures they

"His basic strategy consists of handshaking and street-cornering his way into familiarity."

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never be beaten as punishment may find flagellation an interesting vice. To those who would make a noble ethos out of failure, contentment with one's lot is equated with ignorance, satisfaction with phlegm. In such circumstances, the discovery of newer and worse irritations assumes the force of a moral quest. For persons who do feel guilt at being dissatisfied, feminism offers absolution. However you have failed, they are told, don't hold yourself accountable. Society is to blame, and matters will be set right by feminist fiats and general moral pressure, ensuring that one's wages will be adequate, one's ideas respected, and one's orgasms of the proper quantity and ideological persuasion. In this atmosphere, independent action is unreasonable, and so is independent thought. When confronted with inequities, the believing feminist throws a tantrum, or rises above it all, or awaits the action of the collective avenging conscience.

These conclusions don't derive solely from contemplating feminist theory. Two women I know purposely make themselves look drab so they won't have to be subjected to male advances, which they wouldn't know how to fend off. Another goes to bed with every man who takes her home, because she hasn't figured out a firm yet tactful way to say no. And a fourth, to whom I showed the article in the *Times*, expressed relief at the thought that the indignities she suffered on the way to the water cooler would soon be over. At the time she said this, she was wearing her usual office costume of—word of honor—off-the-shoulder blouse, short skirt, high heels, and no underwear. All of them, needless to say, subscribe wholeheartedly to the idea that when they don't get what they want, or have to do something they dislike, some man is responsible, and some other woman ought to do something about it.

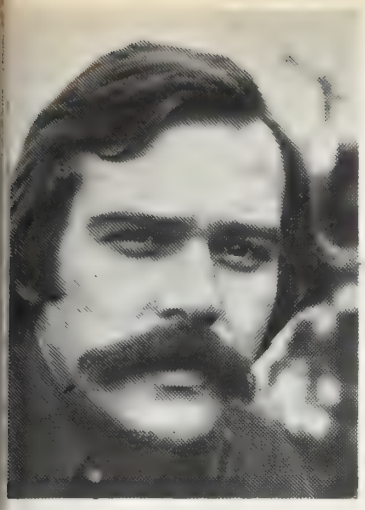
IT SEEMS UNLIKELY that the antiharassment forces will ever work up enough steam to roll over the rest of us. Still, I wonder. There are a few disconcerting scents in the wind. Some men I know compliment a woman on her appearance much more hesitantly than they once did; a few even explain that they mean no offense. I have had men assure me of their herence to all the tenets of wom liberation, and, when told I c care less, become intensely su cious, as if I'm setting some kin trap.

For men, much as the femi would like to build them up in o to support the myth of wome oppressed, are not all that aggres They are more like shy woodl creatures, fawns peeping through thicket of masculine self-protect A man is someone who, when boss says something moronic, ag A man is someone who eats his b steak in silence, rather than offe waiter he doesn't like. A ma someone who takes you out when you want him to put his a around you and kiss you, sits t carrying on a conversation. In s all the women I know whose infor tion about men comes from the world and not from feminist t derive enormous merriment from portrait of man as brutal ensla Men aggressive! they say. Ha that's good. Tell us another one.

This being so, an all-out war harassment may not be such a g idea; it could too easily succeed least among the more sensitive a therefore, potentially more inte ing type of male. For work, as one who has read Studs Te knows, can often use all the har ment it can get. Harassment—or some of us would call it, flirting-a happier assertion of human than sabotage or shoplifting. It g a woman a reason to be careful her lipstick in the morning an topic of conversation for the la room at 4:30. It greases the wh of social intercourse and makes day a little less long.

H. L. Mencken, in his time, quired a good many enemies, were he alive now, would certa draw upon himself the wrath of ery *Ms.* subscriber. Yet, altho Mencken often wrote like a mis nist, he had a kind heart. A femi would probably find the epitaph composed for himself patroniz but it captures the spirit I thin important to encourage and prese "If, after I depart this vale," Me en wrote, "you ever remember and have thought to please my g forgive some sinner and wink y eye at some homely girl."

Rhoda Koenig is copy editor of Har



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

My name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me start an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND. was to be an experiment in person-to-person communication n a national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt is magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of ew about what's important in advancing the human condition.

It became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much o that it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S /EEKLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.

Like WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to uman growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and here we're going—and how we can but hang together on the lay.

owever, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is issued weekly. Which permits it to be more diverse, wide-ranging, mely, and keyed to current events and controversies. But most nportant is the fact that . . .

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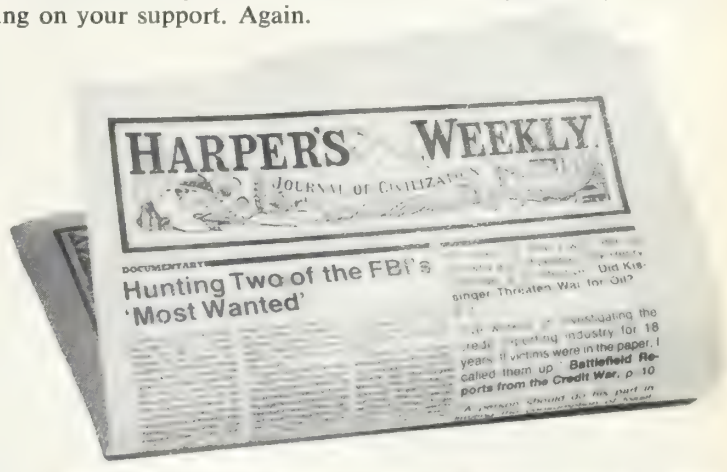
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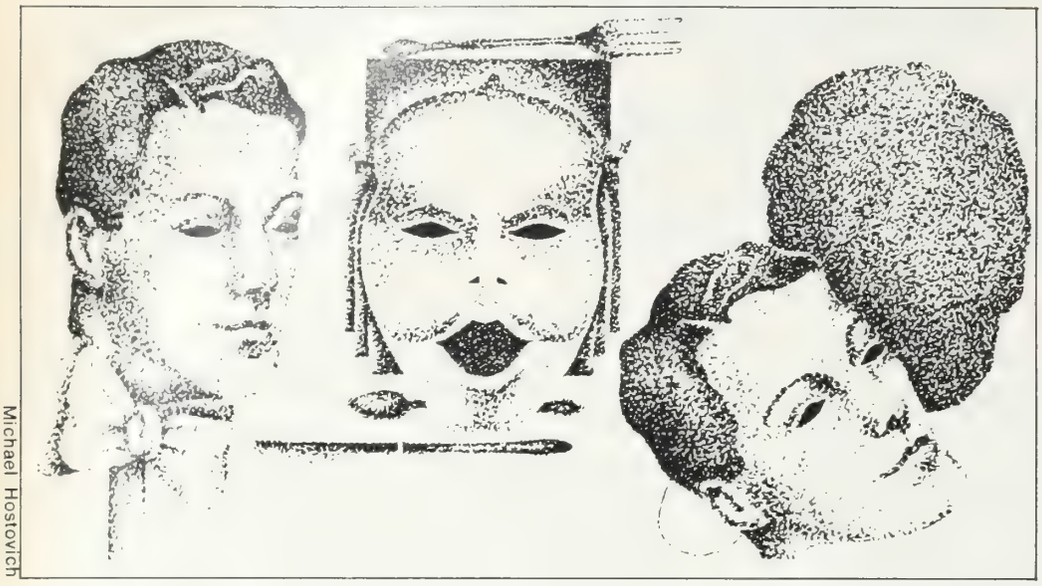
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CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-SMOKER



Michael Hostovich

"I kept saying, 'Once it's all over, I can sit down and have a smoke' "

Budd Whitebook

MY BEHAVIOR was not good. My wife and friends have told me about it. They said I was not myself. They had never seen me like that before. I was hostile. My mouth, a friend said, was drawn back like a mask in a Japanese Noh play. They did not recognize me. I was vile. I believe what I hear. That is to say, if that is what they thought, then I was insane.

After smoking for sixteen years, smoking heavily, I just stopped. That was the only way to do it, I had heard—no cutting down, no changing brands. It was a big decision to make and I knew it was going to be hard. But on the far side of the initial difficulties there was going to be a new me, and I had high hopes. I am still not sure how things are different in my life, but, if they are, the differences are not what I had in mind. I never expected, for instance, that I could be vile.

It is surely all for the best that my friends' memories of my first weeks without a smoke are imperfect. "I wondered what you had against me" is what they say when I ask to be reminded, or "You were very intense," or "Christ, you were nasty," or, as someone truly said, "You were vile," and declined to elaborate. True, but inadequate, in my wife Susan's opinion. I suggested, "I was vile, and that's not the half of it." She had to admit that it wasn't the half of it. I said, "I was a raving shit." We both laughed and she agreed. But the heart of the matter is not such a good joke. Susan will not talk to me about those first days.

IT IS A GOOD THING I did not think more clearly. Only after I quit, when the fact of my not smoking any longer became a main concern in my life, did I begin to do some simple sums and reckoning which beforehand would have discouraged me. Plain facts make the knees weak. For example—and one of this sort should do—in the sixteen years and more I smoked, I burnt away 292,000 cigarettes. My decision, in other words, was not based on any physical imperative, like inability to draw breath, but on *good reasons*—it was all in my head. I had been promising my wife I would stop smoking; she had already quit. For years I had been thinking I would give it up before I turned thirty, and I was running out of time. I was more o less sure that smoking two and half packs of Pall Malls a day wa not doing me any good. A frien gave another reason, the one whic at the last moment furnished me th determination I missed in the pre vious good reasons. He had stoppe smoking and had started again, bu when he stopped, he could say, " don't need it." I liked the idea. I was going to be a liberation. Min over matter. I still talk to cigarette and tell the bastards I don't nee them.

Part of the mental preparatio was the anticipation of sufferin Everyone who has quit will be gla to tell you about his period of witl drawal, and I am no different. may be useful to someone who wan to quit to think of the pain to com however, not only as an inevitab discomfort but as the price of admi sion to success. People will admi you, beautiful women will seek you company, and your portrait will han in all the post offices.

I expected the nervousness, course. I did not much care that could not concentrate or that I bal bled or that I felt embarrassed that the omelet I made the first da got scrambled. Something was mis ing, but I never knew what. M eleventh finger? I knew I stared to long at things and people, and I wa aware of pausing lengthily in ac and conversations without being abl to help it. It was nervousness, too which caused me to stammer or speak too fast, to emit my words a if they were large and sticky thing I could not look someone in the ey in conversation.

I was not right in the head. experienced for about a month kind of dizziness that lasted ten fifteen minutes at a time. It was th sort of disequilibrium I have fe when someone yells in my ear, an in fact I often covered my ears rubbed them to make the dinning g away. I felt feverish during the periods and red in the face. It w a discomfort I associate with chil hood, with being small and wea and manipulable. The closest adu experience I can think of is bein held deliberately off balance someone much stronger; a sense humiliation is part of it. While th shouting and dizziness lasted, walked around with my teeth ar

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fists clenched. I wanted to pick a fight and to blurt out the first mean thing that came to mind. It was during one of these episodes that I turned on a salesman who had touched my arm, and during another when I accused my wife of taking someone's side against me in a dispute which had never taken place. Once the dizzy spell wore off, I subsided into a sane nervousness.

My body was sicker than I thought it could be. The joints in my arms and shoulders and the muscles in my chest and my calves hurt so badly the first night I hid in the dark and cried. That pain lasted only one day, but for at least a week I was always aching somewhere. My mouth, nose, throat, stomach, and each tooth were deprived of smoke and nicotine, and their reactions lasted much longer. I kept arching my mouth wide open as if adjusting cheap store-bought teeth. My throat was sore as if I had smoked too much, perhaps from inhaling too hard on an absent cigarette. I blew my nose needlessly. It is staggering how many parts of me—phalange, organ, membrane, and hair—wanted a smoke, each in its own sore way. For two full weeks I was nauseated. Peanuts and Irish whiskey are as good a way as I found to calm this sick desire of the body for tobacco. The cure, however, is expensive.

I will never believe the pain itself was good for me, but the memory of the pain is. It is what will prevent me from smoking again for as long as I live: I did not endure it for no purpose, and I could not face it again or make the people close to me suffer like that. Besides, I have blabbed. I have told everyone I know and quite a few total strangers that I stopped smoking and suffered nausea and soreness because of it. Each person I tell has an encouraging word, more than half shake my hand, and sometimes I get kissed. It helps to be petted. If I start again, a great many people are going to think I'm a jerk. I suppose they will tell me so.

FROM THE FIRST DAY without a cigarette I began to be amazed at how much of my identity, how much of what I was to myself, was smoker. Without the cigarette itself, without so many doses of nicotine in my bloodstream, without the smoke haze between you and me, I was incomplete; I was naked. I was at a loss: each time I did not have a cigarette, three or four times an hour, my body was saying, "Well, now what?" and I had no answer. I was not myself. A friend I visited on the fifth day told me later, "You were the most incredibly pathetic person I'd ever seen." In the hour I spent with him I was frenetically popping Life Savers, looking over my shoulder, and talking, if talk is what such noise and shrieking is, about nothing but the *cigarettes I wasn't smoking*!

People still ask if it is especially hard not to smoke at a party or when I have a drink. No, it is not. I smoked everywhere but in bed and the shower. It is just as hard here as there or there or there.

My hands, of course, were the most troublesome. "Absence of occupation is not rest," wrote William Cowper, "A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed." I will testify the same holds true for a smoker's hand. My unemployed hands began living a life of their own; they were constantly doing things I did not mean for them to be doing. All the gestures of my right hand—my smoking hand—were especially visible the first few days. It kept reaching after a cigarette, kept patting me down in search of the smoker's luggage—the pack and the lighter—which was part of my bulk and silhouette. Only after three weeks did I stop rubbing my right index finger across my compressed lips. I developed new mannerisms, the worst being the habit of covering my face when I talked; at a loss, I was trying to get lost. To calm my hands and my mouth I nibbled and munched all the time, but so intense and consuming were my empty desperate gestures that I lost weight during the first two weeks.

Cigarettes were important for talking, especially when I was sitting down; without them I have had trouble holding up my end of a conversation. I noticed this as soon as I quit, and thought I was missing my favorite prop. Of course I was, but there was more to it. Every time I reached for the pack or leaned this way or that to flick an ash or get a light I was adjusting the spatial relationships of the participants. I was smoking with my hand, all righ but also with my shoulders, my fe and the seat of my pants. Flickin an ash is flicking an ash, a habitu gesture, leaning forward and bac But by means of my cigarette could also change my physical po tion in ways which must have ma a difference in the conversation. believe I felt awkward and tongu tied because these important shi of the body as I worked my cigaret were cued to the content of the co versation. Put another way, my cig rette was an *excuse* to move clos or to break eye contact or to ado a more open posture; without n cigarette I cannot hide what I a doing with my body, just as it also impossible to hide my face b hind a pall of smoke or the glare a match when I want to put distan between my interlocutor and m and at such times I do feel nake I still catch myself leaning or shi ing in one of the old ways every n and then and wonder what the poi of that movement might be. My bo language has lapsed into pidgin. R cently, I have been slouching in n seat.

NO ONE ASKS YOU to ju tify not smoking. A nin ty-year-old chain smok will admit cigarettes a no good for you. Cigaret advertising resolutely warns that t practice is hazardous. In our cultu not smoking needs no more justific tion than Mom, apple pie, or livi in Vermont.

Like everyone who has tried stop, success or failure, I hoped gain something by giving up t weed—rather, *for* giving it up, reward. It wasn't the money. M habit was costing me a dollar a d if I bought by the carton, yet n pocket is no fuller than before. steak is still a steak, I'm sad to sa and so is an apple, and so are po toes, and the same goes for aspa agus and for all the flora and fau I usually eat, and a beer still leav me cold. The payoff is supposed be change for the better. So: may my sense of smell is better; sixte days after I quit I ran a mile for t first time in twelve years, and I r every morning, which may be ma ing me more efficient; a few wee before I stopped I had my tee

d and I can still feel the ridges e back of my teeth with my e—fantastic; I think my laugh etter laugh than it was.
t is as upbeat as I am going it's all I can think of. Is there ustifying the decision or the ing? I badger friends to tell me changes they have seen, and get smiles. There is no justifying. nan in the liquor store stopped e years ago. "Do you remember "It was the day I died," he "Do you feel better?" No, he not, and he adds that not smokaved his life a couple of years when he had pneumonia.
iend, if you are thinking of ng, don't start hoping the world ing to be a new place once it's er—and from time to time you, will be pleasantly surprised.

THE TIME I SPENT at it! Fifty cigarettes a day at five minutes apiece, a low figure, meant more than four hours returned to my when I stopped—meant a quarf my waking time empty, for I easonably sure now that I did often smoke and do something at the same time, though I ught I did. I certainly could e while reading, or driving the New York to New Haven is a nce of five cigarettes), or rakhe leaves, but more frequently garette punctuated my activities. I cannot begin to reckon how y five-minute-size holes I habitpunched out of my day to make time pass. For the first two s, and now, too, though less, time gained was very heavy on hands.
ore than three months without a ke, time still moves more slowly it used to when I am by myself. tch the clock, and I build enor's enthusiasm for any small er I can plan and run at a specific . Like a hospital patient, I look ard to mealtimes. A prompt arl all my life, these days I am y; often I say, "At two o'clock ll get up and go to such and such lace," yet by two I am there ady and on my way back. I have getting into long conversations treets and corridors these past ths.
hen I smoked there were sensations and gestures with which one by one I told the time of day, my time of day, an absolute and personal time of day. Morning to me was the taste of smoker's crud in my mouth, not the alarm clock or birdsong or being all slept out, for morning to me could be 2:00 P.M. Bedtime was a familiar, and I believe exact, state of dryness in the nostrils. I used to stay up quite late as a habit; I am rarely up past 12:30 now. I think I am less a night owl because my body is responding to the customary ways of getting ready to tuck in for the night—the lateness of the hour, feeling tired—instead of waiting for my nasal membranes to dry out and my right hand to make its last trip to my face. My personal time was, after all, tangible, being measured in cigarettes, not hours, and unlike minutes it could be bunched or stretched: if I smoked heavily in the morning, I smoked less at night. But my day had a course of fifty cigarettes to run. I could no more cut down than I could make the real day twenty-one hours long.

At more than three months without a cigarette, I feel there is something other than the tastes and gestures of smoking missing from my life, and I know the feeling was stronger in the first days. It was a sense of loss, and my conjecture now is that what I lost was my place in the day, my confidence that I knew what I was going to do next. I am sure I was mentally unquiet at first because I did not know what time it was.

THE EXPERIENCE of giving up smoking has been the most egocentric episode in my life, and I am vain by nature. That is what has happened, that is the difference. The drama of having survived one more day but of having to face another Pork Chop Hill tomorrow allows me to organize the world as a platoon which I drill hard. I say no more than "It's fourteen weeks today," and not only does everyone know what I mean but someone is sure to pet me and tell me all the good things I am all ears to hear. Sometimes, when I am done sharing intimacies, it turns out that the man or woman who has been my audience also kicked the habit. I say, "Oh, then you know," and the conversation comes to an end. The truth of it, however, is that I believe I am the only one.

Others have observed much the same in me. It was disappointing that putting smoke and nicotine out of my life brought no consequential outward change that I could see. My friends do not see, smell, or hear any differences either. What they do say they notice is a difference in the ego.

My friend Bill, who lives six houses down the street, administered snorts of Jim Beam when I thumped on his door at 2:00 A.M. and stayed for hours—moaning, driveling, and insisting the topic of conversation be me. It was not the pleasure of my company that made him sit up with me most nights for two weeks. I have confidence now, as I did not have before, that my friends do love me. That is to say, I like myself.

I am not worried that this new narcissism will cause me to waste away, or turn me into a flower, while I contemplate my reflected beauty everywhere I look; I think this is the change for the better. My friends find me more open. I have made some new friends, too, and that has been easier for me than it used to be. These days I spend so much breath revealing myself to friends, acquaintances, and new faces that I always feel I have just finished exhausting someone's patience. Still, when I asked my friend Malcolm what he thought of this change in me, he said, "It's a phase. If it lasts two years, I'll be bored." If it does, he'll have me for company.

IN THE LAST MONTH or six weeks, not often desirous of a smoke and my smoker's gestures gone or fading fast, the narrative possibilities of the event as history hold my interest and fill my conversation more than the fact that I have stopped smoking. My story—my success story, I should say—has become as much a part of my identity as the fifty cigarettes a day I used to smoke were. It's my trade. I am not by nature (or history) an achiever, and this is my major accomplishment. I wish it were visible.

Budd Whitebook is a free-lance writer based in Burlington, Vermont.

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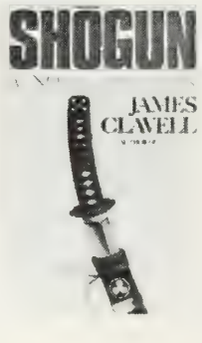
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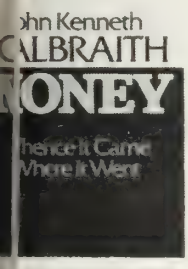
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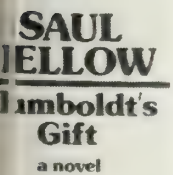
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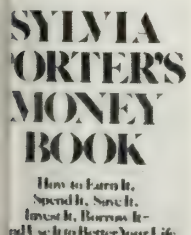
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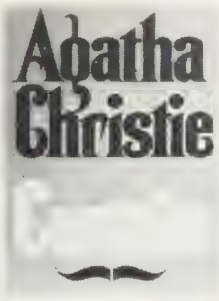
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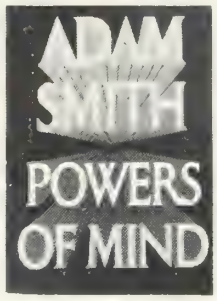
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PUZZLE

THEME AND VARIATIONS

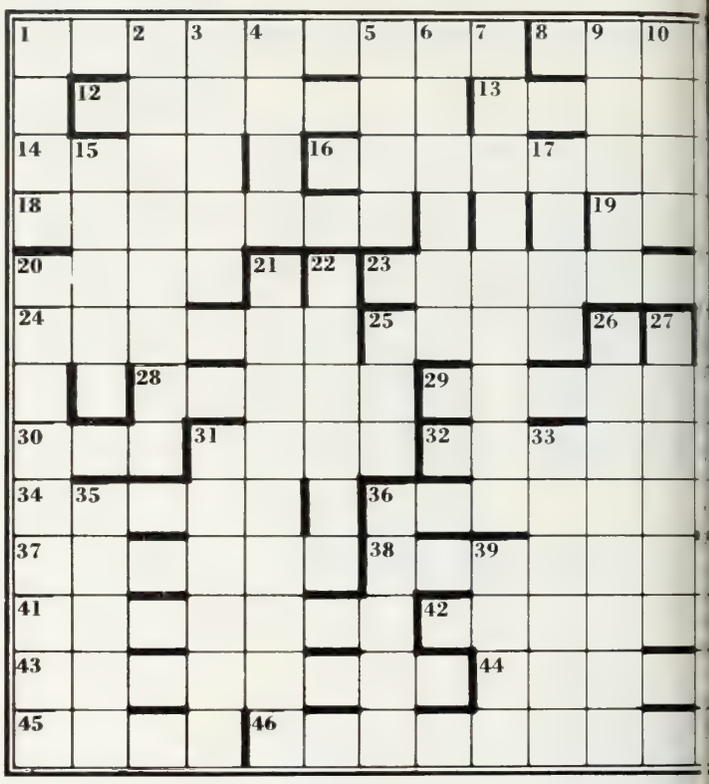
by Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgments to *The Listener*)

Instructions for this month's puzzle: Twelve lights (i.e., words to be entered in the diagram) are unclued. Four of them are Theme-Words A, B, C, and D, which form a familiar group with something in common. Each Theme-Word then has its own pair of "variations"—two words which relate to that Theme-Word in a certain way. The relationship may be different in each case.

For example, if Theme-Word A were SALT, its variations might be SAILOR and TAR (synonyms); and if Theme-Word B were PEPPER, its variations might be VIM (for "pep") and THROUGH (for "per") (component definitions).

Clue answers include one proper name and one brand name. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 111.



CLUES

ACROSS

1. *Theme-Word D* (9)
8. *Variation on Theme-Word B* (4)
12. Stranger rewired switches (7)
13. Works a rope trickily (5)
14. Rather precious possession of Hopalong Cassidy? (4)
16. Being more waterlogged, moved through water to dock (8)
18. *Theme-Word B* (7)
19. Star vocally in the descendant (3)
20. Rich eccentric sounds from axes (4)
23. Detail untrained unit to point a gun the wrong way outside (7)
24. Very big woman gives you the second longest flower! (6)
25. Liberal Arts ruler (4)
28. Redcap loses head, flips over astronaut's power brake (5)
29. List in ship—responsible for *Walking Tall*? (6)
30. Kafka's hero gets passport joke (3)
31. Just a country get-together (4)
32. European river, in shape a hairpin turn (6)
34. *Theme-Word A* (5)
36. Reactionary gentleman in places for fastidious linguists (7)
37. Garbage in decline (6)
38. *Variation on Theme-Word A* (7)
41. Earring could make you more inflamed (7)
42. Wayward sailor in drink? Quite the reverse, and he's ravishing! (6)
43. Material characters, utter sex perverts (8)
44. Secretly trace what come after colons (5)
45. Some drawers do this and the rest start harder (4)
46. *Variation on Theme-Word D* (9)

DOWN

1. Bead—mounting for Spanish death's head (4)
2. What guardian does toward the back? (8)
3. Pitches a kind of curve, and I make 29A (5)
4. It supports highly everything after the first of the month (4)
5. Gossip coming from all directions (4)
6. *Theme-Word C* (6)
7. I'm transformed into Roman convention speaker (9)
9. Crooked is the robbery (5)
10. Cookie requires more of shortening on both ends (5)
11. *Variation on Theme-Word A* (9)
15. American writer has manuscript displaying his wc (5)
17. Rain softly on what belongs to us (4)
20. *Variation on Theme-Word C* (*two words*—3,6)
21. K symbolically is to map us unusually (9)
22. Raw one in France about to split (6)
25. *Variation on Theme-Word B* (3)
26. *Variation on Theme-Word C* (*two words*—3,5)
27. Standing up, makes lace (American) (6)
31. *Variation on Theme-Word D* (6)
33. Little Devil's Inlet? Produces shellfish (6)
35. Aspect of forgotten ethical principle (5)
36. Illiterate prose openings (5)
39. Nautically responsive part of Bay Area (4)
40. Celebrity turns up, darn it (4)

CONTEST RULES

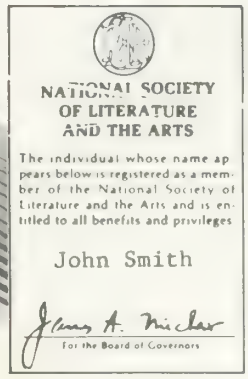
Send completed diagram with name and address to Puzzle Ec Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. En must be received by February 7. Senders of the first three correct tions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The tion will be printed in the March issue. Winners' names will be print the April issue.

Note for beginners: The instructions above are the special ins tions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know ho decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope

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Moisha Kubinyi's T-shirt pattern was so successful that asked her back to tell us about her coat pattern. The grace flowing caftan, as adapted by the New Life Pattern Co., is fastest and easiest coat to make. It has no lapels, buttonholes, inner tailoring with canvas; sleeves don't have to be set in, the lining is a duplicate of the coat itself. The cut of the patt pieces is shaped to accommodate the female form and theref fits better than its primitive counterpart in North Africa. T pattern comes with three neckline choices: a hood, a stand-up mandarin collar, and a classic collar. It either zips up or is clo with frogs. You can make inseam pockets or patch them on. T caftan is ideal for maternity wear.

Whether you make a winter coat, a filmy beach cover-up bathrobe, or an evening gown depends upon your choice of fab Kubinyi suggests you try everything from fake fur to cut ve or wool jersey.

When ordering the caftan coat pattern, be sure to specify si petite (6-8), small (10-12), medium (14-16), or large (18-2 Price per pattern is $2.25, plus 30 cents postage and handling. (C

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Europeans first discovered



the hints, ideas, and wisd within plants when the Du newspaper *Algameen Hand blad* published a series of lig hearted strips by two devilis bright girls, Treeske Blase Anneke Hohmann. The dem for information was so gr that all this information put together in *The Good-l mored Gardener*. While the mat is whimsical, the inform tion is decidedly practical down to earth. So tend to th pages and then to your pla And don't be surprised if dizygothica elegantissima gi you a knowing wink the n time you pass by.

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IEING THROUGH TO THE TEA

a can soothe the nerves, quiet an upset stomach, cleanse skin, even dye your ribbons. Its aroma is very subtle; not you take your first sip can you really appreciate the special ance of the Darjeeling, orange pekoe, oolong, or tisane. And ull flavor of the tea can't be brought out unless the water is g furiously and the tea can steep properly.

e Museum of Modern Art liked this teapot's appearance so that it's been placed in the design collection there. The tea- made out of strong, thin glass, is pure joy in its shape and icity. Tea leaves go into a glass cylinder with slits in the bot- When the hot water is poured through the leaves and into ot, a brown cloud spreads slowly through the water until it es a consistent color and you know the tea is ready to drink. problem with most pots is that the leaves stay in, making the d cup too strong. With this pot, you stop the brewing instant- simply removing the cylinder. The pot is available from r $26 postpaid. (C-5)

TROT SKIS

The Rally Ski Bag unfolds from its own zipper pouch (that also holds wax and other tools of the trade) to cover your skis and poles and protect them from the ravages of baggage compartments. This ski bag is the only one we've seen with a shoulder strap that enables you to carry more than just the skis. You can walk easily without knocking into other pedestrians.

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IE BEST BAG



Earlier this year, Tools for Living featured the Danish bookbag, a handsome, sturdy shoulder bag with a veritable labyrinth of folds and pockets. Made of canvas, with a wide, adjustable shoulder strap, the bookbag has an unusual zipper design that enables the bag to expand up to nearly twice its original 15½-by-13-by-8-inch size. Two outer pockets on the front and one large pocket on the back allow you to pack more things in, even after you're sure it's stuffed to capacity. Several of the *Harper's* staff have since purchased the Danish bag and have found, among other things, that it will hold enough books to topple you over from the weight, and it easily holds enough clothes for a long weekend. One bag has served as briefcase, suitcase, hiking bag, and motorcycle pack, all in a single week. The Danish bookbag may be ordered from us for $27 postpaid. (C-6)

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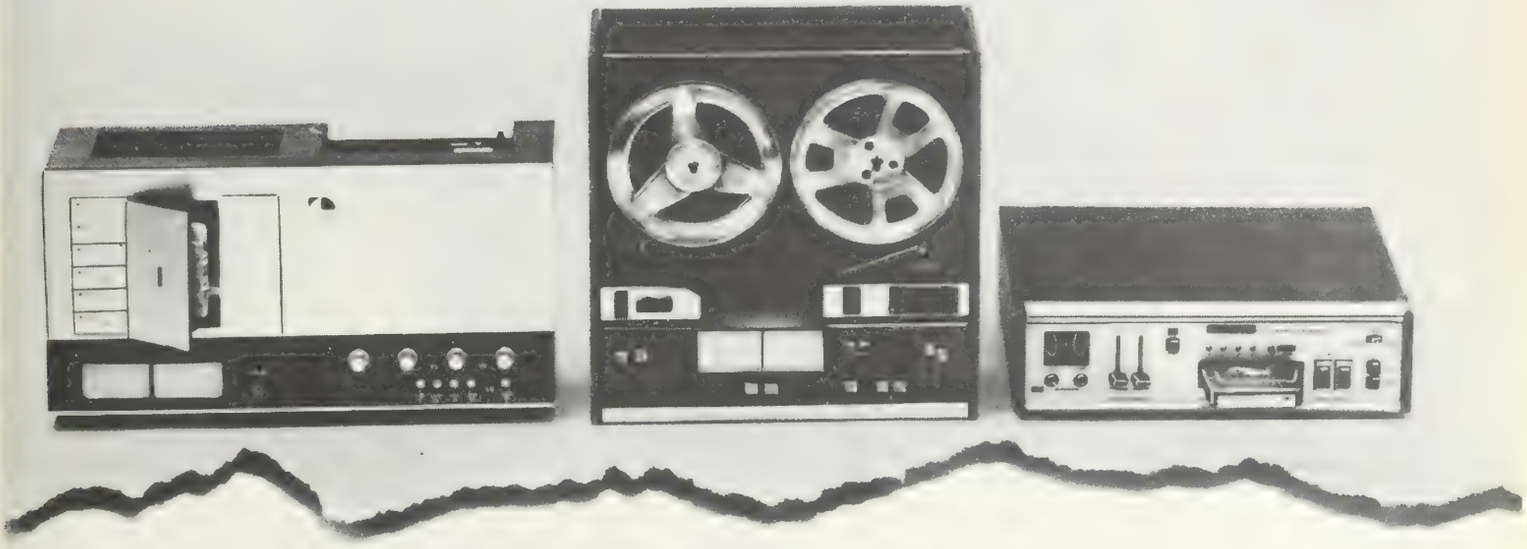
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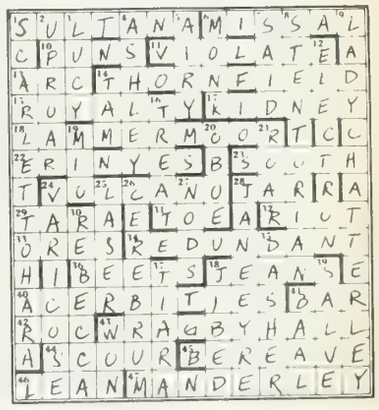
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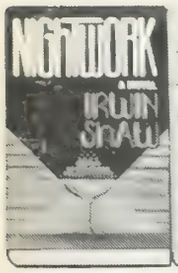
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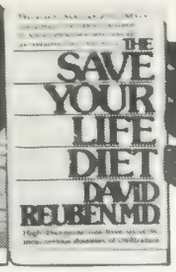
Notes for "Situations Wanted": For beginners, here are the trickiest of last month's clues, repunctuated into instructions. *Across:* 1. "Seedless grape" with part of "re*sult ana*grammatized" (SULTANA, hidden); 6. "Girl," "one," "left" behind: (MISS-A-L); 10. "Knock-Knock jokes, e.g.": turned "up" by "the poles" PU-N.-S (North and South Poles); 11. Abuse "to a veil" (VIOLATE, anagram); 13. (ARC, hidden); 15. "Payment for the right": "monarchs" (ROYALTY, two meanings); 17. "Child" has "desire," returning: "a bean" (KIDNEY); 22. "Ireland," "certainly" shows "three terrible spirits" (ERIN-YES); 23. "Old truth" gives endless "comfort" (SOOTH[E]); 24. Small "volume," "about," backtracking "on": "potentially explosive situation" (VOL.-CA.-NO); 28. "Vessel" with "grate" (JAR, two meanings); 31. In the sound "drag": "the very bottom" (TOE, homonym); 32. "Debauchery" involves "one" in "nonsense" (R[I]OT); 33. "Valuable earth": "rose," out-of-it (ORES, anagram); 34. "Superfluous": "and turned" off (REDUNDANT, anagram); 36. "Underground sweeties": "live," "set" apart (BE-ETS); 38. "Pants": on hearing, "what's in reproductive cells" (JEANS, homonym); 40. "Expert," with broken "rib," "draws": "sharp words" (ACE-RBI-TIES); 41. "Strip": "joint" (BAR, two meanings); 42. "*Rock*et" launcher? (ROC, pun); 44. "Polish": head of "church" embraced by "tart" (S[C]OUR); 45. (BEREAVE, pun); 46. Bowl down "lane," get "spare" (LEAN, anagram). *Down:* 2. "Paid player" in "Egypt" causes "commotion" (U.[PRO]A.R.); 4. "He lays" off: "Pursued by #1 of the Downs," i.e., Scarlett O'Hara (ASHLEY, anagram); 5. "Gay": "brownie" goes topless ([F]AIRY); 6. "A word like chimp" gets "one in order" (MONK, two meanings); 7. "Caesar" holds "a": "state, in the past" (S[A]ID); 8. "Very loud": "train notes," awful (STENTORIAN, anagram); 12. "Put Ziegler in office": "It's such a little thing" (ELECT-RON, pun); 14. "Thanks," "a million" for "the hat" (TA-M.); 16. Almost "contract" for "something paid by someone else" (TREAT[Y]); 19. Somewhat "abste*mious*": "Italian *mine*" (MIO, hidden); 20. "Instrument" that goes to the heart of "vagrants" (H)OBOE[S]); 21. "Very loud sound" causes "royal," "row" (R.-OAR); 24. "A cover is" unnaturally: "swollen" (VARICOSE, anagram); 25. "Recal*l a ser*mon," which includes "an intense source of light" (LASER, hidden); 26. "Source of intelligence": "around," rum "beer," "rum" (C.-EREB-RUM); 27. "Indicates yes" and "no" with "low marks" (NO-D's); 35. (DASHER, two meanings); 37. "It" turned up over "a," "sun god" is "crown" (TI-A-RA); 38. (JIBED, two meanings); 39. "Assuage": "slave" with small change (SALVE); 41. "Idol" makes "a bundle," we hear (BAAL, homonym); 43. "Succeeded": in rising "immediately" (WON, reversal).

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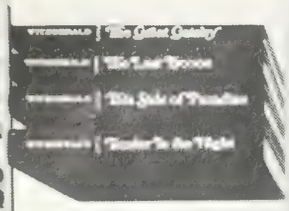
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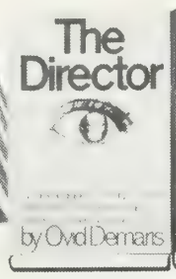
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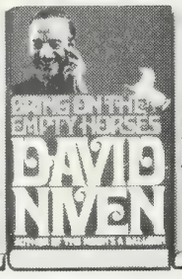
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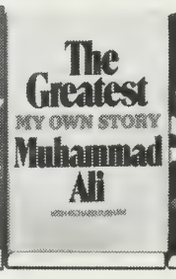
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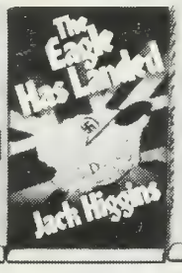
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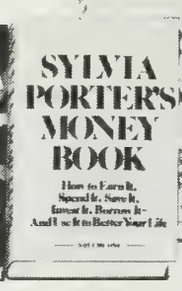
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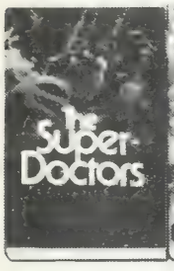
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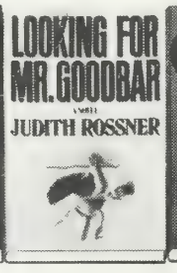
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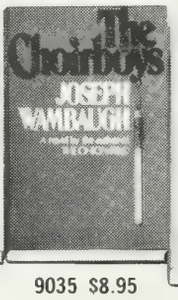
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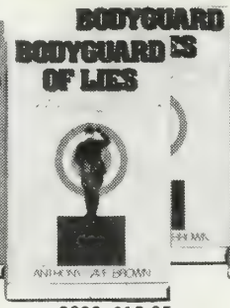
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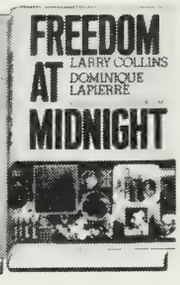
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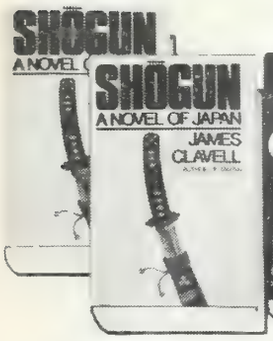
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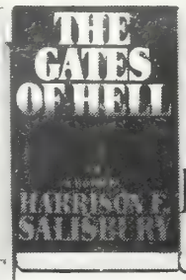
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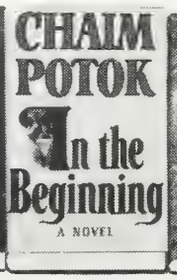
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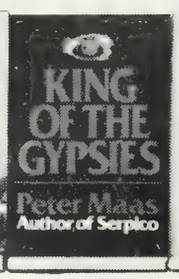
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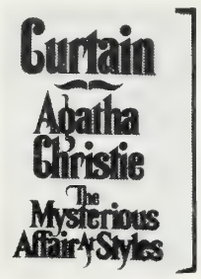
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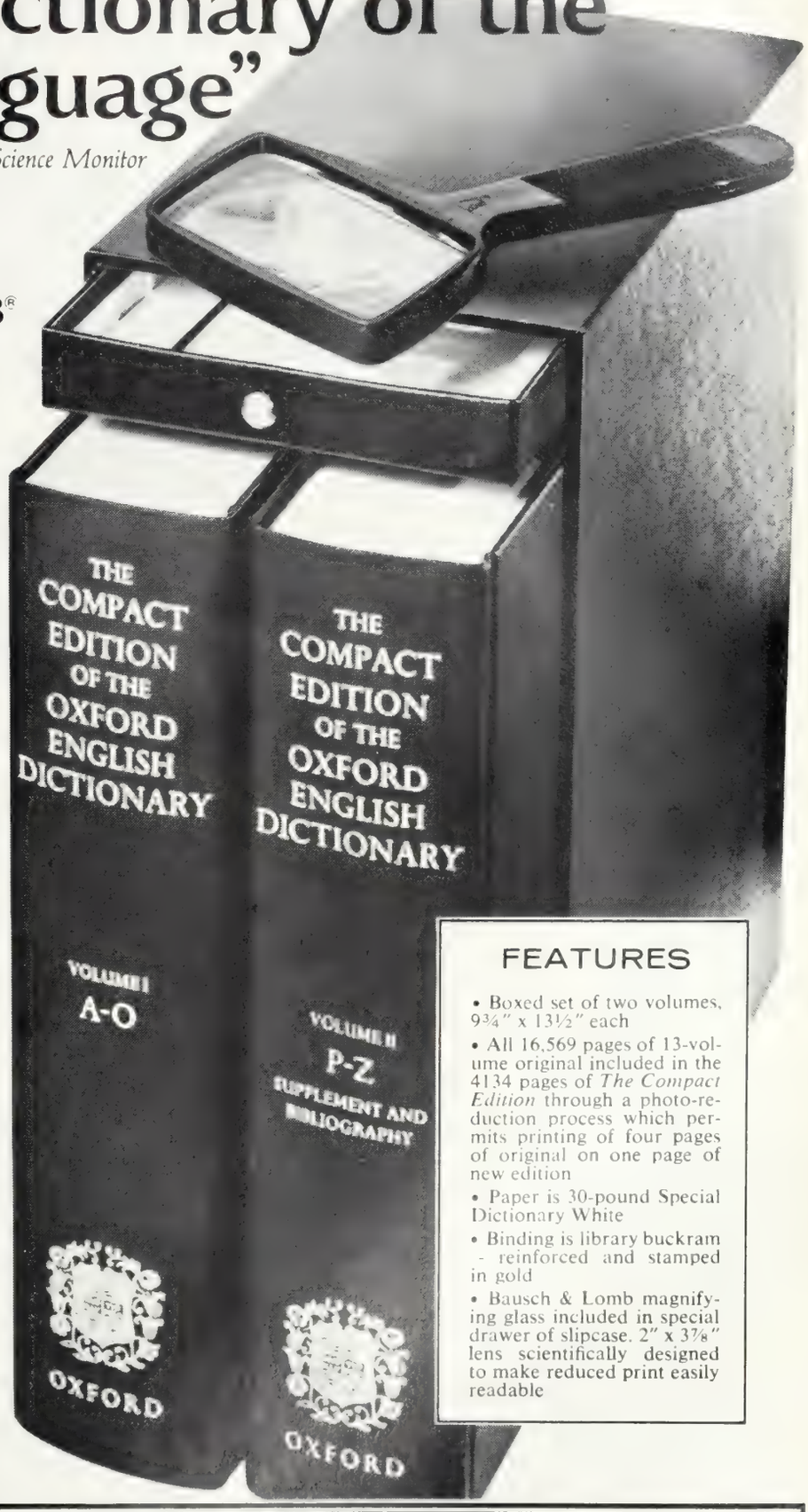
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	122	Tools for Living **124** Classified
Lewis H. Lapham	**12**	THE EASY CHAIR: THE KING'S PLEASURE On the usefulness of examining the private lives of public men
Joseph N. Bell	**18**	SILENCE ON CAMPUS A professor's longing for the return of the noisy generation
William J. Drummond and Augustine Zycher	**24**	THE FOURTH ESTATE: ARAFAT'S PRESS AGENTS In spite of their good intentions, the media are playing into the hands of the PLO
Charles Colson	**31**	NIXON'S NIGHT OUT The President was not amused
Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.	**39**	HARVARD ON THE WAY DOWN Why the oldest, the richest, and the freest American university has lost its sense of itself
Steven Brill	**77**	JIMMY CARTER'S PATHETIC LIES Like Caesar's wife, a candidate should be above suspicion; Jimmy Carter, however, is all things to all men
Paul Theroux	**89**	IN DARKEST AFGHANISTAN Always uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous, Afghanistan has become intolerable even for hippies
Walter Laqueur	**99**	THE FUTILITY OF TERRORISM Terrorists change the makeup of the front page, but not the lives of their people
		BOOKS
Jimmy Breslin	**106**	THE RULE OF SENTENCE A review of *1876*, by Gore Vidal
George Feifer	**112**	TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN A review of *The Russians*, by Hedrick Smith, and *Russia: The Power and the People*, by Robert G. Kaiser
Ann Banks	**117**	FEMINISM RAISED TO THE POWER OF THE ABSURD A review of *Women, Money and Power*, by Phyllis Chesler and Emily Jane Goodman
		DEPARTMENTS
	110	PUZZLE
	128	LETTERS

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WRAPAROUND



PEOPLE AND ANIMALS: The Uneasy Entente

When the Lord had created ıdam and placed him in the ïarden of Eden, he charged ıdam with naming all the aniıals. This myth makes clear ıat from the outset God rearded human beings as havıg a responsibility to know bout and be able to recognize ıe animals. What meaning re we to draw from this story or our own situation in the /orld today?

Few of us in England or ıe United States, except ossibly children, find ourelves frequently called upon ɔ combat actual cruelty to aniıals. We sometimes come cross individual instances of egligence or thoughtlessness, ut the kind of thing that was hought legitimate amusement ı the sixteenth century (e.g., clothed ape tied to the back f a pony and set upon by ogs) has, fortunately, vanished much as slavery has anished. But just think about ıis. The British Cruelty to ıimals Act was passed in 876. In 1878 the total number f licensed experiments perormed on living animals in ïritain was 270. In 1970 the ɔtal was 5,580,876. More than .5 million of these were done /ithout anesthetics. In 1876 ıere were 23 persons licensed nder the act to perform exeriments; in 1972, 16,143.

How many of the experiıents were necessary? A ırge number are undoubtedly ıstified. Since 1876, medical nd veterinary research has dvanced by quantum leaps. Many new subjects of study have emerged—chemotherapy, virology, endocrinology, radiobiology, et cetera—and we have come to see disease as a disorder of function rather than a product of causes alien to the body. But what are we to think of the commercial experiments—the forcible feeding of a new lipstick or shaving soap to groups of animals until 50 percent of them are dead; the squirting of a new hair spray into rabbits' eyes until they are blind; or compelling dogs to smoke thirty cigarettes a day and killing them after months or years to find out how we ourselves can best indulge in this vice? No one thinks the scientists are sadistic maniacs, but I wonder how many people have really considered what is involved, especially in "psychological" experiments involving "punishment." Everyone should read Peter Singer's book, *Animal Liberation,* (New York Review, $10) and consider for himself such questions as how much avoidable suffering is involved in slaughtering. Animals have no attorneys, and their only rights are the ones we confer upon them.

I am not advocating sentimentality, just the reverse. There is far too much sentimentality toward animals in modern culture. We think of the pretty squirrels helping Snow White to clean up the house but do not bother to learn about real squirrels and their place in the ecology. An animal is not a kind of human being. It is really much more like a kind of computer. We are entitled—or so I believe—to control the animals for the good of the world as a whole, and surely we may make use of them for our reasonable needs. (Davy Crockett may have needed that coonskin hat; I doubt that many women truly need their fur coats.) Everyone must think out what he believes to be the ethics of this subject. I have no blueprint or solution to advance. I say only that we should not *waste* the animals.

As always, true knowledge breeds true respect. If we really knew more about all animals, justice would follow. The hill farmer knows a lot about the fox because he has to; he has hens and lambs at stake. The fox gets justice, all right. That's okay. That fox is a predator, a pirate. He must know it's all in the game. But how many small animals die every year as pets, simply because the children who buy them literally kill them through interfering ignorance and misplaced kindness? (And what about the dealers who sell them, knowing this will happen?).

The salvation of the Ancient Mariner, alone among his dead messmates, began when he suddenly understood the beauty of the watersnakes.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware."

That's what we need. We're *responsible* for the animals as part of the beauty of the world. What exactly does that involve? You tell me.

—Richard Adams

Richard Adams is the author of Watership Down *(Macmillan). His most recent novel is* Shardik *(Simon and Schuster).*

THIS MONTH'S WRAPAROUND

When we set out to do a WRAPAROUND on animals, three possible approaches occurred to us. One was to explore the intricacies of animal behavior, but this seems best accomplished by television shows and films like Painted Desert. *Another was to assemble a document on the ways in which animals are superior to man in terms of efficiency, sociability, survival, et cetera—a nice idea that founders on the fatuousness of trying to compare a beaver's dam with the Grand Coulee. The third approach was to examine relations between humans and animals; being human ourselves, this had a certain appeal. So we asked our contributors to discuss people and animals in whatever context they saw fit. On this page Richard Adams, the animal novelist, casts the first stone. On succeeding pages, his argument is challenged, extended, and even ignored.*

—M.A.

lustration by Larry Foster, reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, from Mind in the Waters, *by Joan McIntyre. Copyright © 1974 by Project Jonah.*

BIOLOGICAL IMPERIALISM

The phrase "commercial exploitation of animals" has a bad ring to it. Animal lovers find in it the suggestion that cruelty equals profits. Moralists confound it with questions about rights and natural laws. Yet where would we be if not for human enterprise in the refashioning of animal parts and products?

Consider, if you will, just one animal, the steer. A steer is not all steak. Sixteen percent of a steer carcass goes into the production of such useful spinoffs as paper boxes, rubber tires, camera film, case-hardened steel, refined sugar, vitamins, and toothbrush handles. From the steer's fat and hide come glycerin, soap, chewing gum, insulating materials, and oleo, a base used in the manufacture of textile lubricants and margarine. Steer bones, horns, and hooves, find their way into sandpaper, wallpaper, violin strings, neat's-foot oil, and fertilizer.

Even more significant are the pharmaceutical uses. Cattle are the source of nearly 400 drugs, many developed within the past decade. Most notable is insulin, which is derived from the pancreas. It requires 60,000 cattle pancreas glands to produce one pound of insulin, or twenty-six steers to keep one diabetic alive for a year. Nationwide, more than 300 million cattle are needed to support the country's 12 million diabetics.

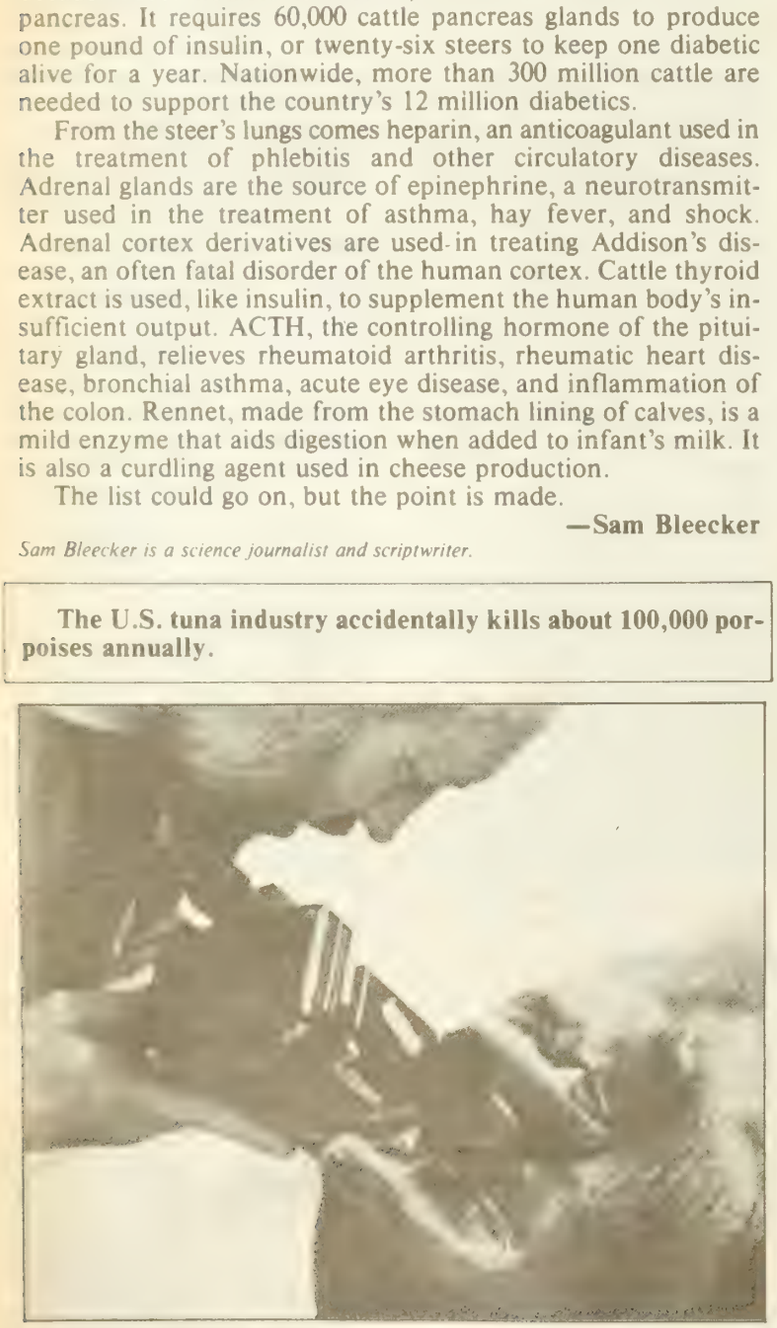
From the steer's lungs comes heparin, an anticoagulant used in the treatment of phlebitis and other circulatory diseases. Adrenal glands are the source of epinephrine, a neurotransmitter used in the treatment of asthma, hay fever, and shock. Adrenal cortex derivatives are used in treating Addison's disease, an often fatal disorder of the human cortex. Cattle thyroid extract is used, like insulin, to supplement the human body's insufficient output. ACTH, the controlling hormone of the pituitary gland, relieves rheumatoid arthritis, rheumatic heart disease, bronchial asthma, acute eye disease, and inflammation of the colon. Rennet, made from the stomach lining of calves, is a mild enzyme that aids digestion when added to infant's milk. It is also a curdling agent used in cheese production.

The list could go on, but the point is made.

—Sam Bleecker

Sam Bleecker is a science journalist and scriptwriter.

The U.S. tuna industry accidentally kills about 100,000 porpoises annually.



Photographs on this and facing page from Doctor in the Zoo, *by Bruce Buchenholz. Copyright © 1974 by Bruce Buchenholz.*

Thalidomide was tested on pregnant dogs, cats, rats, monkeys, hamsters, and chickens, and showed no effect on their offspring. Later, after hundreds of human infants were born with crippling defects, scientists found that the drug did affect the offspring of rabbits.

The One-Eyed Rabbit and the Fistulated Dog

At 3:00 P.M. on a delightful spring day, a one-eyed rabbit and a fistulated dog slipped out unnoticed from the psychology building. After strolling along silently through meadow and forest, the dog coughed politely.

"I notice you have only one eye," he said in quiet tones.

The rabbit explained about Marsha Mecklenberg's needing a topic for her master's thesis; about Marsha's "Theory of Perception" seminar on whether the eye was more like a camera than not, or more not than like; and about Marsha's sudden notion of using him to settle the question.

"On a clear day they strapped me into a harness, with my head pointed at the university fence, outlined against the sky. My left eye was held open in this position for eleven seconds. Then it was gently closed, and I was given an anesthetic.

"A veterinarian skillfully removed the eye, carried it to a portable darkroom, and lowered it into a tray of Kodak Acid Fixer. Slowly it appeared—the sky and fence preserved on the retina of my ex-left eye.

" 'The retina is like a film!' squealed Marsha, throwing her arms around me. And the psychology department approved the experiment as a topic for her thesis."

As the rabbit sighed with contentment, he and the dog turned around to head back home.

The dog said that his experiment had aided only an undergraduate paper in behavioral psychology. He fluttered a paw in self-deprecation. The experiment had already been run many times, he said. It was being repeated to give Arnold Abrams, a college senior, practice in laboratory skills.

"Another dog and I were operated on. A hole two inches in diameter was cut into each of our stomachs, and a length of tubing fitted into the hole.

"Once we'd recovered and resumed our normal lives, the experiment began. The other dog was prevented from eating; he was fed solely through the tube leading to his stomach. For me it was the reverse. I could eat all I wanted, yet everything left immediately by the tube. The purpose was to determine whether hunger depended upon quantity swallowed or quantity in stomach."

"Well?" asked the rabbit excitedly. "What happened?"

"At first I ate incessantly," said the dog. "For the faster I ate, the faster the food . . . "

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the rabbit, "but what about the essential question?"

The dog raised his head proudly. "Arnold received an eighty-nine for the experiment. It brought up his average two points."

The rabbit nodded appreciatively, as the psychology building once more came into view. "Shall we go in now, or run away for good?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

The dog stared at him blankly. His jowls went slack. "But I must stay!" he said. "Arnold starts graduate school in the fall."

"Don't worry, I was only joking," said the rabbit. "I can't leave either. Marsha's going for her doctorate."

With renewed faith, they smiled at each other and entered the building.

—Peter Friedman

Peter Friedman is a New York writer. This piece first appeared in Martin Levin's "Phoenix Nest."

The Bambi Syndrome

In the 1930s I was visiting ny hometown and talking to a girl with whom I had gone to chool. She was entranced by a Disney movie she had just een—*Bambi.* I remember she ketched in the plot for me vith something like: "And hey got married and had this beautiful baby."

Unbelievable as it may eem today, such coy nthropomorphism was typical of the cultural level of the own at that time, which must have been a major factor in ny decision to leave. But, more important, the remark has historical significance as n early manifestation of the new and peculiar attitude Americans were to adopt oward deer after the appearance of that particular novie.

I call it the "Bambi syndrome." Elk and antelope are s beautiful as deer, and more nteresting. Mountain goats nd sheep are fascinating and are. Conservationists are lowly bringing back the bion. Yet nobody gets choked p over these other native American ruminants.

Moose are also interesting, lthough admittedly it is difficult to make a case for heir beauty. The fascination hey hold for us is more like hat of an old steam locomotive. They are more formidable than deer, although a deer an tear you up pretty badly vith its front hooves if you get oo close. This happens infrequently; deer mostly concentrate on maintaining their public image as shy, defenseless creatures.

The truth is, deer are a long way from being an endangered species. They survive in a man-dominated environment almost as well as the Norway rat, partly because man obligingly kills off the deer's predators. In a classic experiment some years ago in the Kaibab Forest in Arizona, local hunters prevailed on government rangers to eliminate the entire cougar population so that man would be the only deer predators. Man turned out to be less efficient than the cougar. In a few years the forest was populated by thousands of bony deer starving to death; all vegetation within their reach had been gnawed down to bare wood. At great expense, the government had to trap cougars elsewhere and bring them into the Kaibab.

Hunters kill about 750,000 deer in the U.S. every year. Automobiles decimate another 150,000 to 200,000. People afflicted with the Bambi syndrome raise their hands in horror at all this butchering, but wildlife officials look upon the annual kill as reaping a harvest—which it is if you consider that deer dress out at 75 to 100 pounds of tasty meat.

Despite the kill figures, deer are more abundant in America today than when Columbus arrived. If nobody shot them, all of us in the countryside might need eight-foot fences around our property. And the poor farmers!

Like many others who have achieved their dream of moving to the country, my wife and I have learned that the good life is not all beer and skittles. One of the major drawbacks is deer. They regard just about everything planted by man preferable to the native plants and shrubs the books say they should want. If you are at all inclined toward gardening, deer become your *bête noire.* They always select the choicest shrubs and flowers to chew down to the ground. Flower buds of all kinds are their hors d'oeuvres. So are all young fruit trees. They will fight their way through a dense jungle of toothsome shrubs to get at roses. And vegetables are delicacies of the highest order, except squash, which for some reason they disdain.

Several of our neighbors, however, are so thoroughly saturated in the Bambi tradition that they feed the deer to encourage them to hang around. One lady even allowed her garage to be used as a delivery room for twin fawns. Such people plant only oleanders and conifers, which deer pass up. They run from their homes shrieking at you if you attempt to discourage one of the beasts with a slingshot.

My own attitude is closer to that of a national park ranger I once met. A young deer was standing near us looking for a handout, and when I commented, the ranger exploded. "We call them goats!" he said with measurable disgust. "They get used to being fed by summer visitors, then when winter comes they starve to death." The ones around my home never starve. They just eat more of our valuable shrubs.

I find that a surprising number of people feel as I do about deer, especially if one reason they are living in the country is to raise their own food. But we comprise a secret fellowship, afraid of public criticism, like men who don't believe in women's lib but are reluctant to say so. In the land of the Bambi syndrome, our feelings about deer are best left in the closet next to our hunting jackets.

—John Robinson

John Robinson, author of Highways and Our Environment *(McGraw-Hill) and numerous travel books, lives in Santa Rosa, California.*

Until 1972, General Motors used sperm whale oil in its transmission fluid.



NO TALK TO BWANA

Another naturalist discovered that baboons have a language consisting of shrill alarm cries, contented chucklings and grunts, dissatisfied barks, silly, happy chatterings, mourning wails for their dead, cries denoting pain, groans of dread, and calls for assembly and for action. He observed that at night there was a continuous soft mumbling among them which sounded so much like human talk that he was almost convinced that baboons were capable of articulated speech. One native told him, "Baboons can talk, but they won't do it in front of white men for fear you will put them to work."

—Jack Denton Scott
Speaking Wildly, 1966

RAPAROUNDOWRAPAR



Nineteenth-century entertainment: man kills rats by biting them. From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, *December 22, 1866.*

ANALOGUE FOR THE NEXT CENTURY

Many acquarium keepers, children and adults alike, are unable to resist the temptation of slipping just one more fish into the container, the capacity of whose green plants is already overburdened with animals. And just this one more fish may be the final straw that breaks the camel's back. With too many animals in the aquarium, a lack of oxygen ensues. Sooner or later some organism will succumb to this and its death may easily pass unnoticed. The decomposing corpse causes an enormous multiplication of bacteria in the aquarium, the water becomes turbid, the oxygen content decreases rapidly, then further animals die and, through this vicious circle, the whole of our carefully tended little world is doomed. Soon even the vegetation begins to decompose—and what some days ago was a beautiful, clear pool with healthy growing plants and lively animals becomes a horrid, stinking brew. **—Konrad Lorenz**

King Solomon's Ring, 1952

In 1973 the U.S. Department of Defense asked for bids on an order for 368,782 parkas trimmed with wolf fur. Filling the order would have entailed the killing of 25,000 wolves. The order was eventually rescinded.

An American Pastime

Proper training of a bull terrier for the dogfighting pit requires two dozen live kittens a week. Each kitten is tied unceremoniously to a stick and dangled in front of the dog to whet his lust for killing. A good pit bull will quickly tear the kitten's front legs off. Then, excited by the kitten's blood and its agony, encouraged also by his trainer's bloodthirsty yells, the true fighting dog will rip the kitten's head off. After perhaps eight weeks of kittens, often obtained from unsuspecting donors offering free kittens in classified ads, the dog is graduated to the killing of puppies and small dogs. He learns well the taste of their blood.

To supplement his lessons in killing, the pit dog is kept on a high-protein diet (during an actual fight, he is kept off water so he won't bleed profusely and sully the premises). The dog is forced to run for hours on a treadmill to build his muscles. Eventually, he is pitted against other contenders in practice matches called "rolls" by the cognoscenti of dogfighting. Here two dogs fight to show their endurance and tenacity, but the fight is halted before one is seriously wounded.

Ironically, the American pit bull and Staffordshire bull terrier, both used in dogfighting, are not normally savage breeds. On the contrary, they are docile, affectionate animals. But they are intensively trained to fight another dog to the death, for a kill is the only successful conclusion to an organized dogfight. And if a dog "curs out"—that is, if he turns tail and refuses to continue the match—his disappointed master will pull out a .45 and blast the dog in the head.

It is the scabrous underbelly of Middle American culture, this "sport" of dogfighting. In Texas, Florida, and Georgia, Southern California, the Rocky Mountains, and even on the outskirts of New York, dogfighting aficionados gather in barns and back bedrooms to surreptitiously conduct their matches, known as "conventions" in their secret parlance. By any measure, they are seamy affairs. Dogs are set upon each other within boxlike, makeshift wooden pits. A tightly packed crowd surrounds the pit, cursing and shouting to a fever pitch as the blood flows. The ambience is of naked violence. Dogfighting men carry guns, and a murder or serious knifing is de rigueur for any major convention. Several gangland-style murders have taken place at these dogfights. Moonshine liquor is always plentiful. Cut-rate prostitutes work the sweaty, darkened pit rooms, even though the fans' wives and children are present. Local policemen are paid upwards of $500 a night to serve as "protectors," warning the fans of any pending raid by state police. And there is gambling, much gambling. Dogfighting denizens live to bet large sums on their dogs, and this is the source of much of the gunplay seen at dogfights.

Dogfighting enthusiasts share in what they fancy to be a legitimate but misunderstood "underground" sport. They keep in touch with each other through "underground" newsletters such as *Pit Dog Reports* in Texas and *Pit Dogs* in Florida. Anonymity is the rule. It is, they feel, a righteous conspiracy, kept secret to foil the spoilsport menace of bleeding-heart animal lovers, do-gooding humane society officials, and, by extension, all "Commies." Not for nothing is the dogfighting man drawn from the same subculture that spawned the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party.

The law virtually condones dogfighting. In most states it is a misdemeanor, but the statute gets enforced about as vigorously as the sodomy laws. Last fall the California state legislature considered a bill (eventually passed) to make dogfighting a state felony. The proposal incensed dogfight fanciers, who were bold enough to hire a lobbyist to oppose the measure. Humane-society officials seek to make dogfighting a federal crime in order to circumvent the laxity of state officials. Bills have been offered in Congress, but there's little chance that one will be passed soon. Some Congressmen want such a law to be enforced by the Department of Agriculture. Others agree with the Humane Society of the U.S. that the Justice Department should bring its powers to bear on the problem.

One wonders what the popularity of dogfighting says about the American character. The thought of a foreign news team carrying pictures of American dogfights back to England, France, China, Vietnam, makes one shudder. It is a sordid blemish on civilized humanity.

—Edward Meadows

Edward Meadows writes a column called "Political Economy" for Osceola, *a newsweekly in Columbia, South Carolina.*

'he Little reen Ones

Almost everyone I know ems to find it strange that I, hirty-three-year-old person ing in a seven-room Man- ttan co-op, should keep a ir of frogs in my bathtub.

How can they not under- nd?

Have they never seen the y they jump? Have they ver watched the way they im? Have they never ked closely at those little es? Smiles that go literally m ear to ear. Eyes that sit ht up on top of their heads. ses that confidently convey ir deep sense of dignity.

How can you not love an imal that's afraid of its d? (I know they have light- ng-fast tongues, but watch at happens when a cricket ims up from *behind* a frog.)

How can you not love an imal that has an eye chanism so advanced that Air Force spends millions dollars studying it—and , if you put a frog in an or- ary room, it will hop in the ection of a wall, stop just before reaching it, then hop again right into it?

And how can you not love an animal that's smart enough to know there can't be any water in its tub unless the stopper is in the hole, so that when you clean the tub and leave the stopper at the other end it will push the stopper the length of the tub into the hole? (I'm sorry, but that's *true*!)

It is no accident that one of the greatest poems ever written (Basho's haiku) is about a frog. It is more than mere coincidence that the break between the two supposedly most intelligent species (men and dolphins) was over the issue of whether to live on land or in the water, and who do we know that can do *both*?

There is no love so pure as the love that seeks nothing in return. Such is the love of man for frog. (None of that "I'll give you your Alpo if you'll lick my hand and watch my door at night" business.) When you have a frog you expect absolutely nothing. You're never disappointed and you're never angry. You're just eternally grateful that it's there.

An eight-year-old boy I know—he has a bird, a turtle, and a cat—once came to my apartment to watch a ball game. At one point he went to the bathroom and saw my frogs. He looked at them for a few seconds but said nothing. Later I took him home, and when his mother opened the door he ran to her and grabbed her hand. Then, with an expression on his face that was a cross between envy and bewilderment—his conceptions of the differences between children and adults obviously in a state of reexamination—he looked up at her and said, "Mom, Jack has *frogs*."

—Jack Winter

Jack Winter is a playwright, a violin-bow importer, and a professional basketball analyst.

"Next to God, the coyote is the smartest person on earth." —Mexican saying

In 1842 an estimated 000 hogs ranged the streets New York City.

nd They hall Inherit he Earth

Researchers participating the 1960 meeting of the erican Institute of Biologi- Sciences offered three ex- ples to suggest why man ld not kill off all other ani- ls even if he wanted to: 1) een common kinds of fungi l bacteria have acquired tes for jet aircraft fuel and e consumed vast quan- es; 2) other fungi have rned to dine on missile and ket parts; 3) still other gi and bacteria dote on ioactive fallout products.

—Robert Froman

The Nerve of Some Animals
1961

The Navy has trained pilot whales to recover sunken ob- s, such as torpedoes, from depths as great as 1,600 feet.



From Eyelids of Morning, *by Alistair Graham and Peter Beard Copyright © 1973 by Peter Beard*

LIMITS TO GROWTH

On Broadway, in New York, there is a penny arcade which used to sell baby terrapins that were scrawled with bon mots in enamel paint, such as KISS ME BABY. The manager turned out to be a wholesaler as well, and once I asked him whether he had any larger turtles to sell. He took me upstairs to a loft room devoted to the turtle business. There were desks for the paper work and a series of racks that held shallow tin bins atop one another, each with several hundred babies crawling around in it. He was a smudgy-complexioned, serious fellow and he did have a few adult terrapins, but I was going to school and wasn't actually planning to buy; I'd only wanted to see them. They were aquatic turtles, but here they went without water, presumably for weeks, lurching about in those dry bins like handicapped citizens, living on gumption. An easel where the artist worked stood in the middle of the floor. She had a palette and a clip attachment for fastening the babies in place. She wore a smock and a beret, and was homely, short and eccentric-looking, with funny black hair, like some of the ladies who show their paintings in Washington Square in May. She had a cold, she was smoking, and her hand wasn't very steady, although she worked quickly enough. The smile that she produced for me would have looked giddy if she had been happier, or drunk. Of course the turtles' doom was sealed when she painted them, because their bodies inside would continue to grow but their shells would not. Gradually, invisibly, they would be crushed. Around us their bellies—two thousand belly shells—rubbed on the bins with a mournful, momentous hiss.

—Edward Hoagland

"The Courage of Turtles," 1968

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Dog Days in the City: A Conversation

Whether it's a boa on Broadway or a rat in the bedroom, in New York City the person to see about an animal problem is Dr. Alan Beck. An ecologist by training, Dr. Beck is head of the city's Bureau of Animal Affairs. Below, he offers a few observations about humans and animals dwelling in the same urban space. —Lawrence S. Burns

I assume that in any city dogs present the biggest animal problem. Is this true?

Yes. The main problem is dog bites. Last year, for instance, we had reports of almost 40,000 dog bites. We also had about 1,300 cat bites and around 1,000 bites from various other animals.

What kinds of animals?

Mostly monkeys or other primates. A lot of people keep them as pets, even though it is now illegal to import them because of the infectious diseases they carry, such as tuberculosis and hepatitis. We have about a half-dozen ocelot bites per year, and we get a lot from small mammals kept in laboratories. And we get something like 300 reports of rat bites. Last year we even had six cases of mice bites.

Are birds as much of a problem as dogs?

Oh, no. The dog-bite rate in most cities is 450 cases per 100,000 population. That's higher than the rates for most accidents and infectious diseases. Birds are carriers of low-frequency diseases, such as meningitis and psittacosis. We had two deaths from meningitis last year—probably from pigeon contact—and four or five cases of psittacosis, which is not a serious disease but an uncomfortable one. Birds are a real problem at airports. A few months ago a plane was brought down at Kennedy because of birds; nobody was killed, but the whole plane was lost. There are hundreds of plane-bird collisions that go unreported.

You haven't mentioned the most common urban animal—the cockroach. Is it dangerous?

No. It can carry all kinds of bacteria, but then so can any insect.

Why are roaches found only in cities?

Who said they're only found in cities? They're all over the place—in the country, in the Rockies, in the North, South—everywhere. Of course, there are several different species and each has its own slightly different ecological role. The ones you're most likely to see in your apartment are the German roach and the American roach, the German being more common. You'll find the Oriental roach in a first-floor apartment, but never on a second or third floor because it doesn't climb walls very well. Look under a woodpile and you might find some red roaches. Most of the roaches are examples of what happens when an animal is exported from one environment and adapts quite successfully to another—in this case, from the country to the city.

Speaking of imported animals, we read that the "walking fish" is becoming a real problem in Florida, and that the African fire ant is threatening the South. Are we going to see more of this?

It's always been a big problem. Look out the window, look at the starlings, pigeons, and house sparrows, all of them imported on purpose to New York City in the early 1800s. They were opening Shakespearean theaters in Central Park, and they wanted to have birds in the park that existed in England in Shakespeare's time. They actually thought the starlings would stay in the park.

These are the same starlings that the Army is trying to kill in West Virginia?

That's right. They're washing off their body oil in hope of freezing them to death.

Are there alligators in the sewers of New York?

Everybody asks me that question. One of the first things I did when I began working for the city was to go to the chief of sewers and ask him the same question. He said no, there are no alligators in the sewers. Lots of rats and giant roaches, but no alligators. Listen, talking about alligators and roaches may be interesting, but it's not important. Let's get back to dogs.

Why are dogs so important?

Because they're a major social and economic problem. We're talking about rabies control, dog-bite control, millions of dollars spent on the problems dogs cause. We're talking about a multi-billion dollar industry, using meat by-products to feed carnivores. The idea of keeping carnivores as pets can be a social obscenity at a time when meat by-products are needed not only for food but for drugs. We're talking about a time when probably better than



"For various offenses, animals of all kinds were tried in courts of law, as in this case concerning a sow and piglets at Lavegny, France." Reproduced in Men, Beasts, and Gods, *by Gerald Carson, 1972. Courtesy New York State Library.*

On and Off the Avenue

Of course, if you're really into fashion you'll want our Chinese-worker jacket in denim, there's even a matching collar and lead, and for your more formal occasions we suggest a red or grey Chesterfield with black velvet collar. A navy blazer is nice for milder days and on rainy ones you might fancy yourself in our private-eye trench coat. Needless to say, we have collars and leads to complement each of your outfits, including our warmest winter storm coats.

—Letter from Saks Fifth Avenue's Dog Toggery to dogs on its mailing list

ZIEGFELD'S FOLLY

Ziggy, the largest and oldest elephant ever in captivity (13,440 pounds, fifty four years old), was originally bought by Florenz Ziegfeld as a pet for his six-year-old daughter. After proving too difficult to be kept in the backyard, he was sold to the Ringling Brothers Circus, which taught him to play "Yes, That's My Baby" on a harmonica while smoking a cigarette out of a long holder and dancing on a drum. Then, while performing at the San Diego Exposition in 1936, the drum collapsed and Ziggy fell, apparently sustaining some injury to his head. Not long afterward he attacked a musician, and was thereupon sold to the Brooklyn Zoo. There he attacked his trainer. After that, he was chained to the same spot indoors for the next thirty years.

The essence of Chanel No. is a secretion from the anal land of the Abyssinian civet.

ercent of all families are liv- ıg with a large dog, exposing ıe population to disease. And hat do we worry about? We orry about the personality of ıe Newfoundland.

Do dogs belong in cities?

Not the way they're being ıanaged now. Do dog owners elong in cities? is probably ıe question you should ask.

What's wrong with keeping a ttle poodle?

Nothing, if you keep it on a ash, clean up after it, and eep it vaccinated—keep it out f other people's business. I ink we could tolerate small ogs very easily. I think our ewer systems can handle at; even our psyches can andle that. The way things re, large dogs are left to run round the streets anytime ey want, causing automobile cidents, defecating on peo- le's lawns where kids have to lay, chasing people in parks, icking up all kinds of diseases om wild animals. And what our response? We go out ıd kill all the skunks because f one rabid dog. If the dog ad been on a leash, he ouldn't have gotten rabies.

Many people think a small og is not a real dog; it's a toy. hey probably wouldn't be con- nt with a small dog.

We're such an emasculated ciety that we have to have a ig dog at the end of a leash. If ot that, then we have to drive o fast in an overpowered

OH, YOU MAN

DJAKARTA, Indonesia—In- onesians hope to answer the ddle "Where do elephants go hen they die?"

The Lampung district restry service in South umatra next year plans to try ıd solve the riddle and so scover, it hopes, great sources of ivory. . . . The In- onesians plan to find a soli- ry elephant, injure it, then llow it until it dies.

—Reuters, December 8, 1964

car. Or have a gun. Having a big dog is just one of many manifestations of the same social problem—we don't feel that we're in charge any more.

What size dog would you recommend?

You know, there are a lot of studies that should be done about that. For instance, just what are the subtle social relationships between man and dog? How much money will someone spend on a dog before he says, "No more, let's kill it, I can't afford it anymore"? Only in 1980 will the government begin adding companion animals to the U.S. Census so we can start finding out how many dogs there are, let alone why. That's why there are so many dog experts around. It is very easy to be an expert in a field in which there is no formalized data collection, because you can just shoot your mouth off and get your name in the papers.

What can we do to control urban dog populations?

Control urban people. Most of our animal problems are really more in the province of the peace officer and sociologist than that of the scientist. We have allowed the situation to get totally out of hand. Dogs, especially, are so sacred that we have allowed the pet industry and the media to imply in all their commercials that they're wonderful things to have. A dog gives you status. Yet there is not one mention of the fact that it's a public-health problem. You can't show or sell a car on television without the person inside wearing a seat belt. You can't sell drugs without saying, "Take as directed."

Do you mean to say that every time a dog is shown on television it should wear a little sign saying, "I am an extravagance"?

No, every time a dog is shown on a street, it should be on a leash. Or at the end of a dog-food commercial, there should be a message: "Remember to take care of your dog—keep it on a leash and clean up afterward." And, of course, people should know that somewhere along the line, dogs are going to cost them

ONE ANT, NURSE, AND STEP ON IT

The soldier ant is used by Amazonian jungle tribes in the closing of deep flesh wounds. Placed on an incision, the sharp, saw-toothed jaws of these ants, held at intervals along the wound, effect a very satisfactory suture, the firm grip remaining even when the heads of the ants are pinched off.

—Stephen Dalton
Borne on the Wind, 1975

$300 per year for food and veterinary care.

On the other hand, people say that dogs give a high return for the money, and that if they didn't have a dog, they'd be intolerably lonely.

Of course.

That is a function of the dog that people would never give up.

I'm not asking them to give it up. If you're so lonely you need a dog, keep it on a leash. That's all I'm saying. If you really like your dog, you shouldn't mind cleaning up afterward, or at least walking it where no one else has to step on its feces.

Do you have a dog?

No, I like them too much.

As an accident of selective breeding, most ranch-raised minks are deaf.

The Animal Lover

I am an animal lover.

Who admires tiny pale-feathered birds in wire cages. Who feeds albino laboratory mice to coiled snakes in dusty aquariums. Who regulates the growth potential of goldfish by the size of the bowls I buy them at dime stores.

Captain, a German shepherd (my mother wanted a watchdog) was kept on a chain that could slide the full twenty-foot length of a wire strung between two trees. But he kept running away, stupid dog. One night he sprinted away to his freedom at 1:00 A.M., and when he wouldn't turn around my mother let him—*go*, you dumbdogstupidjerkyou, *go*! The next morning a friend found him dead on Roswell Road.

Finally we got Doc, another German shepherd (my mother still wanted a watchdog), and when we moved across the country we put him in a U-Haul trailer, tied him to one of the support posts so he wouldn't lurch on stops. Somewhere along the way I turned and saw him hanging, tongue out, strangled between the ropes and canvas. But he wasn't dead. My father broke the dog's tail shoving him back inside the trailer, but it made him breathe again. Years later Doc died of a deteriorating tail.

His replacement, another German shepherd (my mother *still* wanted . . .) poisoned himself drinking snail-pelleted rainwater out of a flowerpot.

After I left home my sister and I had a bitch we picked up on the street, her nipples full of milk and her belly full of puppies. I saw all six come out, and wouldn't let her ignore the weak one she didn't feed.

The mother got pneumonia. We took her to the vet. Two puppies died, wrapped up in blankets and bottle-fed on powdered bitch's milk. Another one disappeared from the front porch. One went, full-grown, to a couple who were headed toward divorce and wanted something to keep them together. Last time I saw them they were all three high-strung and yapping at each other.

The one I saved got hit by a car.

—Gail Gilliland

Gail Gilliland is a free-lance writer living in Lenox, Massachusetts.

"These pigs treat us like animals." —LeRoi Jones, referring to the Newark police

WRAPAROUND

"African Lion—Usefulness: Pelts and Rugs"
"Siberian Tiger—Usefulness: Pelts for Decorative Purposes" —Signs at Racine, Wisconsin, zoo.

Spot

He is quite old for a leopard, seventeen now. In general, the great carnivores don't live as long as their natural prey, even in the most solicitous captivity. Their metabolisms are tuned higher; their blood hurries. Even with a full stomach and no one on safari after your skin to upholster his sports car or his self-esteem, it takes more out of you to be a leopard than it does to be a goat or a buffalo. Leopards will go to endless, dangerous trouble to chance catching a strayed baboon, but baboons live more than twice as long, stick together, and have wars with other tribes of baboons. Leopards are alone.

The only effect that age seems to have had on him has been to sharpen his outlines, to draw him the least bit closer around his elegant bones. There is no suggestion of the pendulous roll of loose skin from chest to groin that zoo cats usually have. His eyes are as clear as knife blades, without rheum or the telltale milkiness of cataracts. (The elusive blueness just under the gold is common among leopards—black panthers quite often have very pale blue eyes, like newborn children.) His fangs don't seem to have yellowed or dulled at all. The tawny coat has deepened a shade, making the softer, lighter fur on his belly and the insides of his legs look nearly white, and making the black rosettes seem raised. You can feel them under your fingers when you stroke him.

His tail seems longer and more slender than I remembered, even after knowing him for so long. It makes up nearly three feet of his length, and there is nothing cute or playful, or even terribly catlike—as one is accustomed to think of cats—about that tail. He carries it as a man would carry a sword or a hunting bow, and it feels more like these to the touch than like bone and muscle. It heightens his resemblance to one of those neat, finely made elderly gentlemen you see once in a while who look exactly as deadly as they are courteous. Retired matadors sometimes have that look.

I went walking with him a couple of weeks ago, in the low hills of the Santa Ynez Valley in southern California, where he lives with an old friend of mine. The rains have been late this year, and everything was still brown and yellow and crackling: ideal country for leopards. He was on a leash, which has never made the slightest difference to him. A leash just symbolizes being out of his cage—for the rest, he does what he wants to do, and nothing he doesn't. He has always been an unusually affectionate leopard, enjoying contact even with strangers on his own terms, in his own space. He prefers women to men, notably, and he would rather you didn't talk.

A field away from the house, a horseman was working cattle. Spot sat down on a rise of ground and watched for a long time, twitching his ears now and then when one of the cows bawled or the dog running between their legs barked. He was born in a cage, and has never killed anything in his life, but he watched the cows and the dog with a silent golden intensity that was as unimaginably foreign as a Masai warrior would have been, waiting on that dry California hillside. When he was ready, he stood up and walked away, and his leash followed.

After a while, he lay down in a tomato patch and began to eat grass, nibbling casually bu daintily, with his lips drawr back and his head held slightly to one side. Touching his flank was like touching sea water sunlight sliding under the hand, and the great, cold pulse turning far down. He smelled like toast.

A fly, heavy with winter bumbled around his head bumping against his eyes. The tail moved, and Spot made a very small sound, like a polite cough. I saw the end of his strike, with the front paw out spread on the earth, and the blue-white claws clenching through dead leaves and tomato stalks; but I never saw the motion itself. Nothing can ever have moved like that in the Santa Ynez Valley, ever when there were cougars here

He licked his paw, with his eyes almost closed, and ate a few more dry grass stems Then he rose—a gracious, sea water action, but still some how not quite seen, no known—and started back toward his cage, because a cold wind was rising, annoying his fur like the fly. The only leopard in the Santa Ynez Valley chose to accept it.

—Peter S. Beagle

Peter S. Beagle is the author of several eerie novels employing animals as characters. His next book, The Lady and the Tiger, *nonfiction, and coauthored with Pat Derby, will be published by E.P. Dutton in May. He lives in Watsonville, California.*



From Eyelids of Morning, by Alistair Graham and Peter Beard. Copyright © 1973 by Peter Beard

THE UNDERTAKERS

Elephants often bury the dead, including dead elephants other dead animals they find, and even dead humans they have killed. They cover the bodies with earth and vegetation. A group of scientists and parks officials working on a cropping scheme in Uganda collected the ears and feet of the dead elephants to sell later for making handbags and umbrella stands, and put them in a shed. One night a group of elephants broke into the shed and buried the ears and feet. The people involved still feel uncomfortable about the incident.

—Cynthia Moss

Portraits in the Wild, 197

Bills introduced to the New York State Legislature in March 1975 included Assembly Bill 4021 to legalize cockfighting A-4308, to allow hunting of bear less than one year old; A-2256 A, to include coyotes and foxes in definition of small game and to fix open season for the taking thereof; A-816, to authorize a bounty of $5 on rattlesnakes in Warren and Washington Counties; Senate Bill 3932 to make the state liable to owners of bee colonies for damages caused by bears.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE 1

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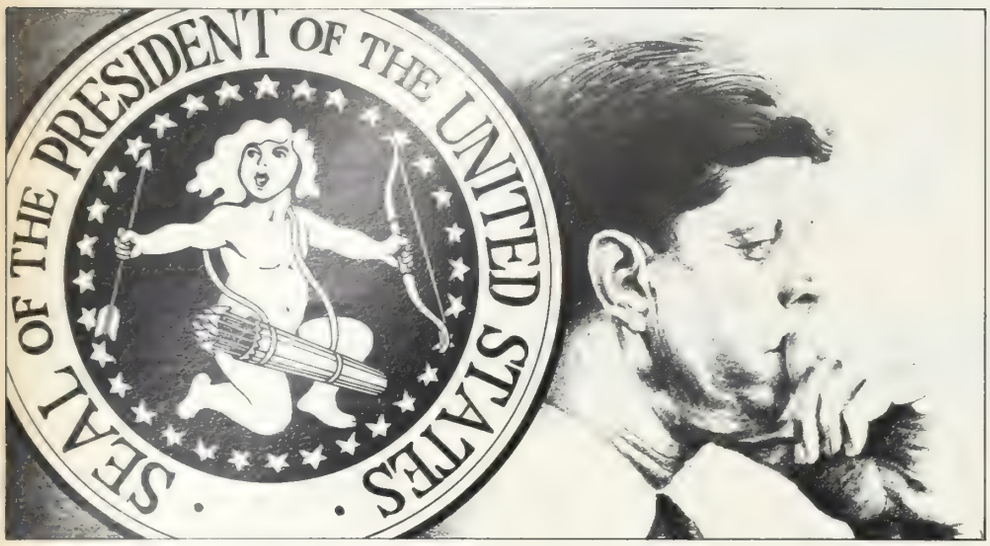
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THE KING'S PLEASURE



Paul Richer

To what extent does a President's private conduct impair his capacity for public office?

by Lewis H. Lapham

EVEN NOW, thirteen years after President Kennedy's death, and with the towers of Camelot beginning to fall into ruins, hardly anybody wants to mention the President's sexual discontent. Whenever the subject threatens to float to the surface of the news, the custodians of responsible opinion do what they can to load it with weights and sink it into the morass of idle rumor. Ordinarily they achieve their purpose without too much trouble, but the recent disclosures of Mrs. Judith Campbell Exner proved to be awkwardly buoyant.

Not only did Mrs. Exner publicly admit to a sequence of encounters with President Kennedy, but she also admitted to a similar and parallel acquaintance with prominent criminals. At a press conference in San Diego last December she announced that between the spring of 1961 and the spring of 1962 she met the President on several occasions in Washington, Los Angeles, and Palm Beach. During the same year she kept company with the late Sam Giancana, a Chicago syndicate figure who, at more or less the same time, had been discussing with the CIA the possibility of murdering Fidel Castro. Obviously her story couldn't be confined to the pages of the *National Enquirer*. She had been questioned by Sen. Frank Church's committee (than which no more virtuous tribunal presently sits in the United States), and so whatever she had to say, no matter how regrettable, intruded on the national interest. Giancana was himself murdered a few days before he was scheduled to testify in front of the committee, and it is possible that Mrs. Exner convened her press conference because she was afraid of being killed.

The newspapers did what they had to do (even to the point of finding out that Mrs. Exner had been introduced to the President by Frank Sinatra), but they didn't seem happy with the story. The sober-minded papers abandoned it as soon as it was decently possible to do so. When *Time* magazine had the temerity to publish a few tentative paragraphs under the heading "Jack Kennedy's Other Women," the *New York Times*, in an article purporting to reflect a consensus of professional opinion, concluded that the more respectable sort of journalist thought that *Time* had smeared itself with mud. It was quite proper (so said the majority) to publish the news about Mrs. Exner (her connections to organized crime, to the CIA, to the public policy, et cetera), but it was altogether improper to publish malicious gossip about President Kennedy's attachments to other women, among them Angie Dickinson and Marilyn Monroe. The approved line of argument held that the private conduct of public men should remain private unless it could be seen (as with Wilbur Mills on the stage of a Boston burlesque theater) to impair their capacity for the public business.

Such an argument represents an established taboo, and I undertake to comment on it only because it so often results in the election of inadequate and damaged politicians. For more than twenty years President Nixon's neurotic distrust was plainly visible in the public record. Whenever the occasion demanded it of him he broadcast his tearful aggressions on network television (cf. the Checkers speech and his last word to the press on losing the election for governor of California), and yet none of these confessions could be admitted as evidence of Nixon's instability. The country had to wait for the Watergate havoc and for Nixon to provide the Congress with a transcript of his self-pitying evasions.

TO SPEAK OF a man's private conduct is to speak of his character, which, despite the slightly musty sound of the word, affects the way in which he governs both himself and the state. This is something that unfortunately cannot be helped. If a man has abandoned himself to drink or voluptuous reverie, then it is useful to know that about him when trying to assess the texture of his thought and the meaning of his language. It isn't the ethical aspect of Kennedy's promiscuity that concerns me, and I have no wish to even approach what might be construed as a moralistic judgment. In theory at least, a man can collect as many women as he can afford without doing harm either to the country or to his talent for government. The legitimate question (still unasked and nowhere mentioned by the official historians of the period) has to do with the emotional weakness that apparently goaded Kennedy into seeking ceaseless proof of his omnip-

otence. Why would a man go to such extraordinary trouble to repeat the same empty charade? If he was talking to Mrs. Exner at least once a week for a year, and if, at the same time, he was making similar arrangements with several other women (each of whom required a modicum of time, thought, charm, explanation, apology, and logistical support), then how could he not have perceived the futility of the enterprise? What possible meaning could he derive from the perfunctory conquest of women whose names he probably couldn't remember and whose conversation presumably was as vacuous as the exchange of gossip between Hollywood celebrities? If it was in Kennedy's nature to make himself vulnerable to his sexual confusions, then perhaps he also made himself vulnerable to the more ominous seductions that glimmer around the brilliant light of the Presidency. He was surrounded by flatterers and camp followers; many of them were knowledgeable men who could speak in honeyed voices about the advantages of the occasional assassination in small and distant countries.

That President Kennedy pursued women with a remorseless obsession was a matter of common delight from the first days of his Administration. People spoke of his indiscretions with admiration and approval; their excited talk magnified his image as prince of the realm. It was as if Prince Hal had brought with him into the White House the bacchanalia of the Boar's Head Tavern. In New York during the thousand days, it was impossible to go to dinner among the forward elements of society (i.e., with journalists passing through town on their way from Washington to Hyannisport, with White House advisers and Broadway directors, et cetera) without listening to someone tell yet another amusing story about yet another actress who had discovered (much to her wonder and surprise) that politics wasn't always as boring as deficit spending or Berlin. Kennedy made politics fashionable, and by so doing he encouraged the fashionable world to look upon his Administration as an extended entertainment. Neither the press nor the people who traveled with the Presidential house party made much of a distinction between a weekend in Sun Valley for the skiing and an af-



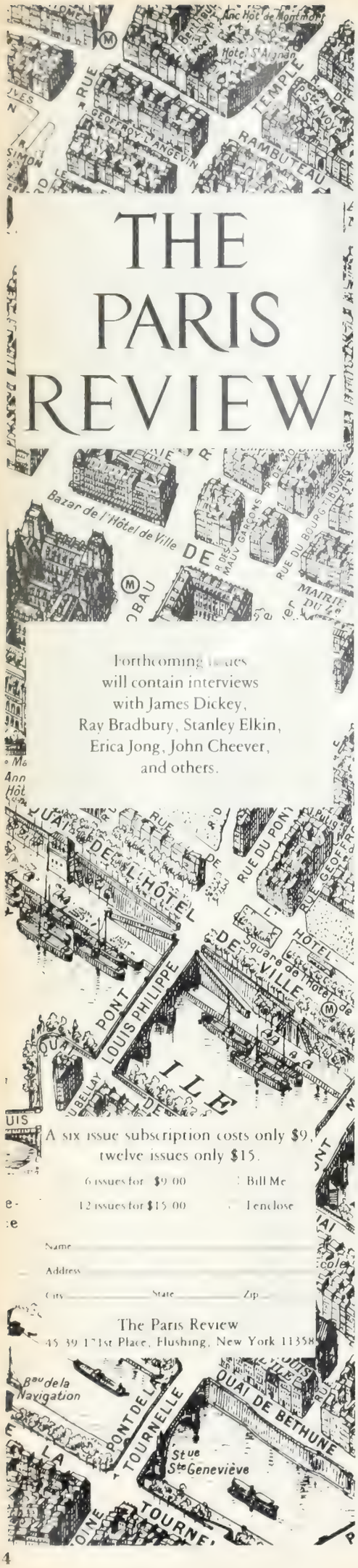
THE MOORE COUNTY JAIL is only one of the sights you'll see in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

There's a lunchroom called The White Rabbit that used to be a turn-of-the-century saloon. There's a store where they sell walking-sticks, whittling kits and Tennessee hams. And naturally there's Jack Daniel Distillery, where smooth-sippin' Tennessee Whiskey is made. If you're down this way, we hope you'll plan to spend time in all our nice places. Excepting, of course, the Moore County Jail.



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ternoon in Watts for the spectacle of black protest.

The atmosphere of revelry, of a clamorous progress through cheering peasants in a hospitable countryside, so thoroughly pervaded the Kennedy Administration that it was deceptively easy to think of it as frivolous. Even in the spring of 1962, when I was invited to one of the Kennedy entertainments in New York, I can remember being surprised by an exhibition of sycophancy that I had previously associated with Suetonius's commentary on the reign of Tiberius. From a distance I had admired Kennedy's strength and youthfulness. In a room crowded with the people who then proclaimed themselves the *beau monde* in New York, he seemed as absent as he was present, exhausted by the demands of his distracted appetite. It occurred to me that he might have aspired to a much nobler ideal of the Presidency, and I thought of a stag brought down by hounds. I was young enough then to compose sermons in the high rhetoric of borrowed righteousness, cribbing from the ancient moralists and thinking that at last I knew what was meant by the world, the flesh, and the devil. But I was also young enough to imagine that it would be a brave thing to be a king and ride in triumph through Persepolis. The romance of Kennedy's wealth drifted through the room like music. Who among his followers could have resisted the temptation to take everything that was offered?

IT WAS A COMMON failing to admire the Kennedys for the wrong reasons, for the predatory ease with which they acquired virtue as well as property. They seemed to occupy both sides of all positions, to be idealists as well as realists, fierce patriots as well as pacifists, sexually uninhibited and yet the prototype of the happy American family. So many people were beguiled by Kennedy's charm that they neglected to remark on the grim rapacity of his desires. To rummage through women as if through a trunk of costumes cannot be a pleasant occupation.

For at least ten years I have waited for somebody to interpret the character of the Kennedy Administration in the light of its specific softness and corruption. The present excavations of Camelot suggest the possibility of sometimes criminal delusion, but I have read nothing that tries to deal with the political consequences of prolonged gluttony.

No doubt Kennedy was a gallant man, and I'm sure that he possessed both the wit and the courage that have been attributed to him. Although I do not know it for a fact, I suspect that his weakness followed from a belief in his own immortality. Like many people who have been born rich, Kennedy probably couldn't tell the difference between the people who loved him and the people who wanted to kill him. Except in an election year, what difference did it make? Who could possibly hurt him? Why not accept the flattery of a girl known to be sponsored by Sam Giancana? Why not undertake a war in Asia or ride through Dallas in an open car? He must have felt embarrassed by the credulity of the less fortunate, who mistook his carelessness for what the newspapers celebrated as "the Kennedy style."

Nobody bothered to speculate about the divisions in Kennedy's mind because the prohibition against raising such questions (i.e., along the lines of a man's character) derives from a quasireligious sanctification of the egalitarian ideal. Even now, despite the great number of people who attended the revels of the Kennedy Administration, the prohibition remains effectively in force. God forbid that anybody should make judgments that cannot be measured by statistics or by a summary of a man's votes on the standard political issues. Respectable opinion in the United States refuses to admit into evidence anything that borrows too heavily from art or psychology. The illuminations of history and literature count for nothing because they presuppose the seriousness of the imagination. The rules of

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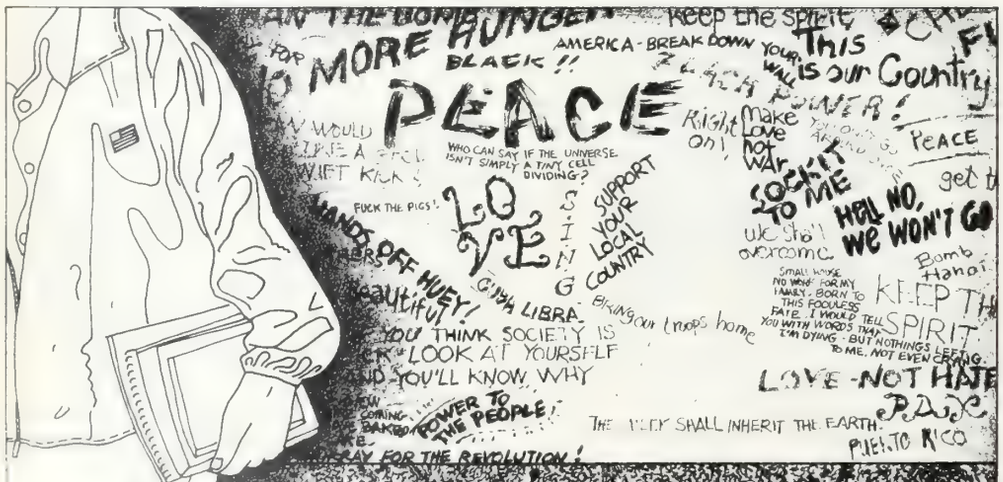
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democracy (at least as it is presently understood) tend to place the imagination in the category of special privilege. It cannot be accepted as valid currency because no one can know that it isn't counterfeit. What gives the historian (much less the journalist) the right to say such things? Why is his opinion better than anybody else's opinion? The same angry questions that diminish the quality of education in the country also force the participants in the national debate to confine their remarks to narrowly defined topics of public discussion. They talk about personages instead of people, about caricatures presumed innocent of complexity until they collapse under the weight of a burden they cannot bear.

As with most other superstitions, the fear of interpretation (particularly sexual interpretation) results in a self-induced blindness. The makers of the public record acquire the habit of telling only partial truths, and by so doing they collaborate in the invention of romances that nearly always end in disillusion. At the moment of appalling discovery (the release of the Nixon transcripts, the news of Kennedy's dalliance with women and assassins), the prior witnesses say that they didn't know, that somebody told them monstrous lies, that they were constrained by the rules of evidence or by a feeling of respect for the convention of privacy. The excuses are never convincing. They lead to bitterness and recrimination and thus to the construction of another romance, with Frank Church or Sam Ervin playing the part of the redeemer. The sequence works nicely on the stage, but in most other public places it gives rise to recurring cycles of violence and despair. □

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

SILENCE ON CAMPUS



Paul Richer

A professor laments student apathy

by Joseph N. Bell

A FORMER STUDENT stopped by my office the other day. I remembered her instantly. Every teacher has a small collection of students, arranged carefully in a trophy case, to be brought down and examined in low periods. I've had maybe a dozen in eight years of teaching, and Susan was one.

She came to the Irvine campus of the University of California as a transfer student in 1970—a white, upper-middle-class product of southern California, blonde, pretty, athletic—and unhappy. She was tearing at her own roots, reluctantly, but she knew it was inevitable. It was a painful process that she tried to put on paper, not very successfully.

From those agonized writings of hers, I learned that her parents were politically and socially conservative, and that Susan—thoughtful but not belligerent—had gone off to the Santa Barbara campus of the University of California in the late 1960s. There she found herself increasingly disturbed at American activities in Vietnam and at Washington's lack of response to the public mood of disenchantment with them. Because activism was not her style, Susan was pulled between the strong need to declare herself and dismay at what seemed to her the excesses of some of her fellow students.

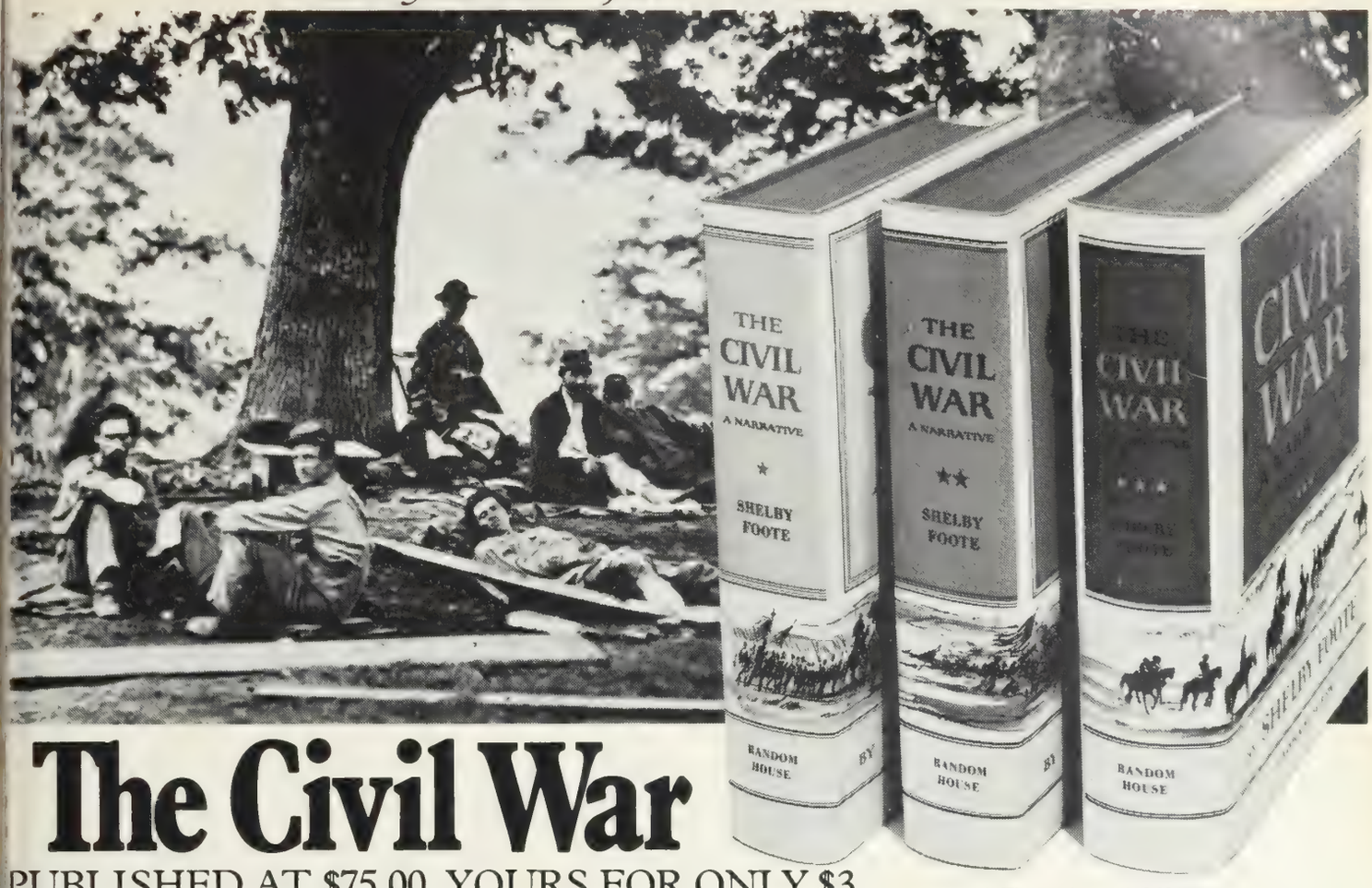
Then the United States invaded Cambodia, and American campuses erupted in protest. Susan saw police men swarm into her campus community and drag students from their rooms and beat them up outside. Outraged and sickened, she joined the demonstrators, was picked up in a police dragnet, and spent two nights in jail before being released without any charges preferred against her.

She transferred to my campus the following fall, and as a student in my writing class tried to articulate the changes that were taking place in her to put them in perspective without breaking completely from her roots. To some of the people in her home town, this concerned young woman had been radicalized by university left-wingers when she graduated a year later.

I didn't see Susan again until a few weeks ago. After working for several years, she had returned to her old campus for a graduate degree, earning her room and board as a counselor in a freshman dormitory. She was depressed over what she had seen and heard. She had been asked—and had agreed—to help organize a student movement against a law that would effectively disenfranchise students by preventing them from registering to vote at their university home. Susan felt deeply about this: she had once worked very hard to extend the vote to eighteen-year-olds. For university students, those efforts would be thwarted by the new law.

Petitions in hand, Susan worked her way through the dormitories. "It was awful," she said. "There wasn't the slightest interest among those students in what was being taken from them. They weren't aware, and they didn't want to listen to me. I came away defeated. I just couldn't believe the change that has taken place in college students in the last few years."

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I HAVE FOUND it hard to believe, too—particularly because the change has been so abrupt and pervasive. I teach nonfiction writing, and I tend to give students a lot of latitude in subject matter. Three-fourths of the essays I read five years ago dealt with some form of social change. Now they bear such titles as "How Students Can Invest in the Stock Market" or "How I Became a Christian."

A lot of Americans—most of them, I suspect—are relieved at the quiet that has fallen over our college campuses after the chaos of the Vietnam war years. I am not. The passive students today alarm me far more than the activists of a few years ago ever did. They are, I'm sure, the inevitable result of two things: public hostility toward the universities during the hyperactivist years and private disenchantment—not always rational—among young people over their inability to dent the system.

There is little question that many colleges today are being punished for the campus upheavals that took place during the war years. Public officials who always feared and suspected free-wheeling intellectual give-and-take have used citizen revulsion at student excesses (a relatively small part of campus activism) as a club to beat down university budgets and anesthetize the troublemaking potential of students and faculty alike.

When Richard Nixon became President, the federal government spent $262 million annually to help support 51,400 graduate students in our universities; when he left office, federal support had shrunk to $33 million for 6,600 graduate students. At the same time, inflation was putting college out of reach for a growing segment of our society. During the same period at the University of California, I have watched faculty salaries go down relative to other top universities, research projects with considerable potential for public benefit aborted, and faculty-student ratios climb, as a result of a state administration that has denigrated its own fine university whenever possible. Moreover, this decrease in university funds and support has accompanied a wave of post-activist students who seem to reflect these public attitudes.

Last year, a high-school civics teacher wrote to a Los Angeles newspaper: "The majority of young people with whom I come in contact was never enthralled by politics. Now, they seem to be sinking even deeper into an apolitical torpor. Watergate taught them not to care. I see the silent majority growing in my classroom every school day. It is a frightening development."

Other evidence is all around. When the University of California at San Diego opened a new school recently that stressed "professional and preprofessional training," it was immediately oversubscribed—in a period of generally declining admissions elsewhere. This response, the provost explained, was due to "a new breed of student who is thinking more about jobs, money, and the future." A study by the Rockefeller Youth Task Force found that "the challenge of traditional cultural values has shifted to non-college youth," and the task force director, Daniel Yankelovich, added: "In a brief five-year period, the gap between the campus and the country has begun to close, but a new gap between working youth who have not gone to college and the country's social institutions is now opening up."

If this means that healthy challenges to pernicious national policies have moved from the campus to the young working class, it may also mean that the challenges will be more effective. But if it means that the young have simply detached themselves from social activism and criticism, we are in trouble.

I pondered these questions the other night on my way home from a talk I had given to a group of social-science classes at a local high school. My oldest daughter had been a student in this high school when John Kennedy was murdered. She had sat numbly in a classroom for a few minutes, then walked out of school and several miles to the ocean, where she sat on the beach alone until darkness drove her home. She had been expelled for this agonized act, and I vividly remember my own anger and outrage when I took her case before the school authorities.

Speaking in that same school a little more than a decade later, it came as a shock to me that many of the young people in my audience were no more inspired by John Kennedy than by Grover Cleveland or Millard Fillmore. A few minutes into my talk, I realized we weren't even on the same planet. I was assuming certain social awarenesses and interests they obviously didn't have, so I tried to penetrate the glaze over their eyes with more and more outrageous statements, hoping for some kind of response. *Anything* at all.

When nothing came back, I began asking them questions. And, slowly, I began to see that I was dealing with students who had happily accepted the social and political changes won by the activists of the 1960s, and totally discarded the commitment that produced the changes. At last I asked these students if they would be enough outraged to demonstrate if we started massive bombing of Vietnam again tomorrow. Nothing. In desperation, I said: "For God's sake, what *would* outrage you?" After a pause, a girl in the front row wearing a cheerleader uniform raised her hand and said tentatively, "Well, I'd be pretty mad if they bombed this *school.*"

I RECOGNIZE THAT this is one upper-middle-class high school in a conservative area of California and that generalizing from such an experience is dangerous. But from this same background came young people who marched in Mississippi and unseated a President of the United States in New Hampshire, who demanded and got long overdue educational reforms, who broke down outmoded social castes and attitudes. True, they also disrupted classes, undermined useful social values and traditions, loved the sounds of their own voices, and frequently substituted rhetoric for reason and self-indulgent impulse for effective action. They were noisy and abrasive, and when it was all over, I was relieved. For a while.

But now I contemplate the reaction—and I wonder about our future. Now I'm told to honk if I love Jesus. I hear students dismiss Watergate as "the way it's always been, so why hassle it?" I see them single-mindedly pursuing grades and worrying about jobs with secure retirement plans. I even see a resurgence of those pillars of the American social caste system, fraternities and sororities.

When I express dismay about these changes, I catch it from all

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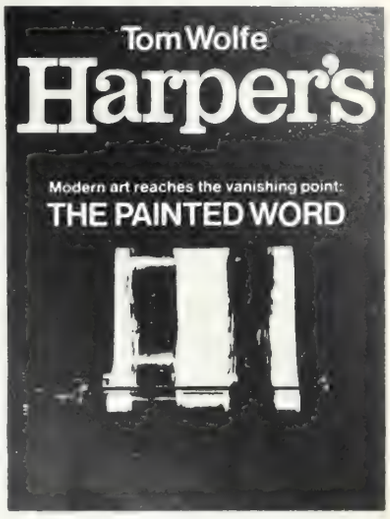
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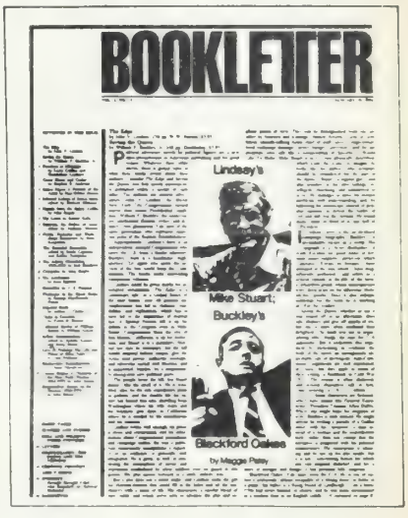
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sides. My own children—formed ideologically by the Kennedy years—tell me I'm a crashing idealist as far as young people are concerned, that I should never have imputed all those selfless motives to the activists of the Sixties. By way of corroboration, they point out that the demonstrations stopped almost immediately after the military draft was suspended. The point is well taken, and I've not heard any students of that period deny it when faced with this fact.

But it is also true that the threshold of social and political awareness—for whatever reason—was extraordinarily high, was acted on, and produced results that in my view were mostly progressive and badly needed. Student activism had a direct effect on our slow withdrawal from Vietnam, on the eighteen-year-old vote, on progress in the black and other minority communities, on women's rights, and on the critical examination of religious, ethical, and institutional values that were out of step with the world in which we lived. Admittedly, there were dangerous and distressing side effects, but too often the threat of these side effects was allowed to obscure the progress initiated by the students of the Sixties.

Some of my old activist student friends are still around and in touch. One is working as an organizer for a trade union, fighting that monolith from within, while he writes and tries to publish impassioned exposés of the perfidy and greed of the automobile industry. Another is writing poetry in a secluded southern California canyon and repairing automobiles for a living. A young woman who worked for Robert Kennedy and saw him killed is struggling through law school so she can join the young attorneys who are fighting our system on behalf of the powerless. A determined young man is trying to finish graduate school so he can teach, bedding down in various offices around the campus because inflation and rising university fees have made it impossible for him to afford a room. These people are oddly anachronistic on campus today, artifacts of a time and place that seem light years away.

Meanwhile, as noted by Prof. Martin Marty, the nation continues to discourage social activists like them. "The people," writes Professor Marty, "have tended to turn from those who disturbed the peace with manifestos, experiments, or searching questions. Where people now rise above apathy at all, they seem to want only to be soothed. Today's prophets are invited to dinner, where they offer the sweets."

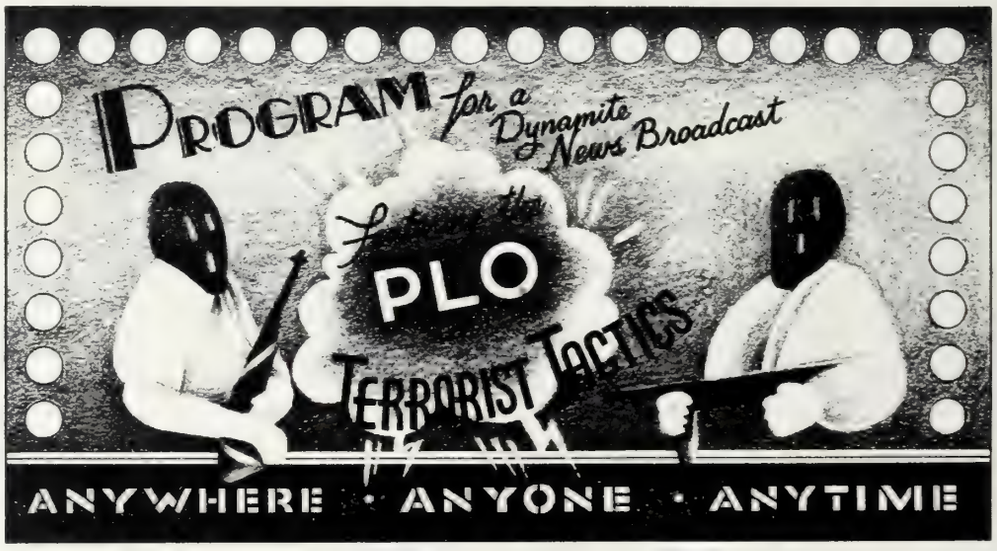
The good citizens who are relieved at this state of affairs might ponder the possibility that a group like the Symbionese Liberation Army arises, not from a society of young people working actively to correct social injustice, but from a society where injustice is ignored. Without responsible activism to contain them, revolutionaries can turn into dangerous, demented, and frustrated people, toting machine guns and a death wish.

At the other extreme are those students writing about the stock market, joining frats and sororities, sweating grades, and honking for Christ. Most of them are pleasant and terribly earnest. Maybe, I tell myself, this is just the transition generation, which will soothe public attitudes toward our universities. Maybe a new and idealist group of young people will follow them, and shake up their elders all over again. Maybe that excitement, or at least some of it, will return. □

Joseph N. Bell, a California-based free-lance writer, has contributed to several national magazines.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

ARAFAT'S PRESS AGENTS



Paul Richer

Old journalism at its most sensational, least responsible

by William J. Drummond and Augustine Zycher

ON NOVEMBER 19, 1974, three Palestinians crossed the Jordan River into Israel and attacked a block of apartments in the frontier town of Beit Shean. Four Israeli civilians were killed and nineteen injured before the Arabs died in an army assault.

Journalists who were tipped off about the incident raced to the scene, but the shooting was over before they arrived. Many were on hand, however, when angry townsmen seized the bodies of the Arabs, threw them from a window, and set them ablaze.

The stories on the Beit Shean massacre told of the mutilation of the Palestinian terrorists' bodies because the mutilations took place before the eyes of the horrified journalists and photographers. They were not on hand to watch what had happened hours earlier when the Palestinians murdered the civilians in their homes. Thus a stigma of guilt was attached to the Israelis, who had been the targets of the PLO attack.

None of the journalists covering the story was acting out of evil motives. Their approach was exactly that which characterized the Ameri-



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can media in Vietnam, a philosophy summed up by Peter Arnett of the Associated Press: "We told of the civilian dead and how they died, but we didn't make judgments because we were witnesses."

The failure of the mass media to make judgments has allowed Palestinian terrorists to rely almost exclusively on violence as a means of gaining world attention. Dispossessed by the creation of the State of Israel, Arabs have brought their message across through mass-media coverage of raids on civilian settlements, hijackings, assassinations, bombings. The grisly formula is simple, but effective: the bigger the massacre, the more the press coverage, and the more the readers would take note of Palestinian demands. Today, in the wake of President Gerald Ford's close calls with would-be assassins, the press in the United States has, reluctantly, been moved to question its practices in dealing with American terrorists. As yet, the same questions have not been asked in the context of the Middle East.

The Palestine Liberation Organization was formed in 1964, when 400 delegates from Palestinian communities throughout the Arab world met in Jerusalem. Its leadership was originally relatively conservative, but by 1969 control had passed into the hands of the *Fedayeen* (literally, "men of sacrifice"), who had been engaging in sporadic terrorism against Israel since the mid-1950s.

In September 1970 (the so-called Black September), Jordan's King Hussein purged his country of the PLO in a bloody civil war. Deprived of an important base for attacking Israel, the Palestinians began to implement a new kind of terror strategy. They broadened their targets to include Israelis anywhere in the world, along with diplomats, airlines, or other vulnerable targets belonging to pro-Israeli countries, such as the United States.

The Arab terrorists "strayed across a frontier and into the eerie world of Mr. McLuhan," wrote Arthur Fromkin in the July 1975 *Foreign Affairs*, "and they have transformed terrorism into a form of mass communication. . . . Theirs is a campaign that needs publicity in order to succeed, and therefore they have come to operate within the ambit of contemporary public relations and communications arts: the world of cinema, camp fashion, and pop art, in which deadlines and prime time are the chief realities and in which shock value is the chief virtue."

The press was eagerly responsive to this trend. Arab terror had a bigger impact in the 1970s than it had in the 1950s because of the unprecedented technological advances in the mass media. Jetliner transportation and satellite transmission put a skirmish in the Galilee on the Cronkite television news within a few hours. Similarly, Telex transmission and wire-photo picture services have moved print journalists into almost immediate touch with their desks.

The political impact of these advances was proved in Vietnam, the first war covered on network television. After Vietnam, the Middle East has evolved into the hottest journalistic assignment going, and Israel's attraction to foreign correspondents has increased dramatically. When the Yom Kippur war broke out on October 6, 1973, an estimated 1,000 media personnel flooded the country from abroad. The Foreign Press Association of Israel today numbers about 300, of whom about 120 are full-time correspondents. It is to this gallery that the terrorists play.

Despite the media's new hardware and impact capability, they would like to pretend that they are merely a neutral conduit for reporting events. The prevailing philosophy today is the same as that enunciated by Charles Dana in the last century: if God, in his wisdom allowed it to happen, the press should not be above printing it. Nevertheless, "a hell of a story" in the Middle East these days is not defined by the new journalism, but by the old, old journalism at its most sensational. Space-age technology is saddled with Pony Express notions of journalistic responsibility. The symbiosis between the needs of the terrorists and the requirements of the media has had a clear influence on the spread and escalation of violence: undiscriminating publicity following acts of supervviolence is nothing more than a de facto reward system for terrorists.

Through repetition, terrorist acts have become routinized when treated by the press. They emerge, in the words of one correspondent in Jerusalem, as "engagements in a continuing battle." Killing civilians, no longer an atrocity, has been elevated to a military act.

DESPITE WHAT editors might say about the public's right to know, the precedent has long been tacitly accepted that certain kinds of violence do not merit extensive press treatment.

Editors are much more sensitive to the effects of coverage on local and national issues than they are on foreign stories. Any reporter who ever covered Southern civil-rights violence in the 1960s almost certainly received a directive, more or less explicit, to avoid inflaming the situation. But in the case of foreign reporting, the press has no policy, no stake in the community which produces the story. The many restraining factors operative in local coverage do not apply. But the absence of a policy decision is, in effect, a decision in itself, which can, and does, lead to irresponsibility.

In May 1975 the Israeli government cautiously took steps to curtail the coverage of terrorism. Radio journalists had used telephone connections to make live broadcasts during a terrorist attack on the Tel Aviv waterfront and had thus given any terrorist with a transistor radio an opportunity to eavesdrop on the Israeli operation.

Defense Minister Shimon Peres announced that live broadcasts would be prohibited and the press would be kept away from the scene in the future while any incident was under way. Peres concluded by saying, "I should add that the censor alone cannot enforce restraint in regard to publications that will inadvertently serve the enemy in his psychological warfare. For this purpose we must depend also on the responsibility and good taste of the press."

Responsibility and good taste are vague and amorphous concepts to a working newsman when he is faced with what his senses tell him is a good story. Terrence Smith, the *New York Times* correspondent and one of the most widely respected newsmen in Jerusalem, observed: "It is unarguably true that there is an infectious quality to headline-grabbing acts. But even if the acts are designed to get headlines and little else, the implicit answer of minimizing

overage and toning down is wrong. t is oversimplistic to say the PLO s what it is because of the media."

Eric Silver of *The Guardian* goes urther: "Objectivity comes from reating them both [terror and re-risal] as military operations. In riting about them, I don't make ig value judgments. I write about hem as military operations because hat is what they are, even if it is hree guys coming across the border n the middle of the night, snipping heir way through barbed wire."

The military metaphor is a conenient one, yet it is questionable in lealing with the border raids. The 'LO's "military operations" do not eek to take territory or to defeat the srael army. They are trying to moilize the political pressure of outide parties—the Arab world, the 'hird World, Europe, and America.

This goal explains why the targets f the terrorists need have no relaonship to the Middle East dispute. 'he impact of the act of violence is 'hat counts. Consequently, the PLO ould kill international passengers at ie Athens airport to get its message cross. As long as its operation is reported, the journalist's objectivity is irrelevant. He has still been had.

Many reporters seek psychological shelter in the familiar argument that somehow news coverage of terrorism might lead to reform. "If coverage of those events moves countries to come to grips with the essence of the problem, the outcome is hardly bad," said Smith.

The terrorism coverage no doubt brought the Palestinian problem to public attention after years of neglect. Nevertheless, the media behavior could hardly be vindicated on these grounds alone. The press made society pay a staggering cost: increased probability of terrorist acts.

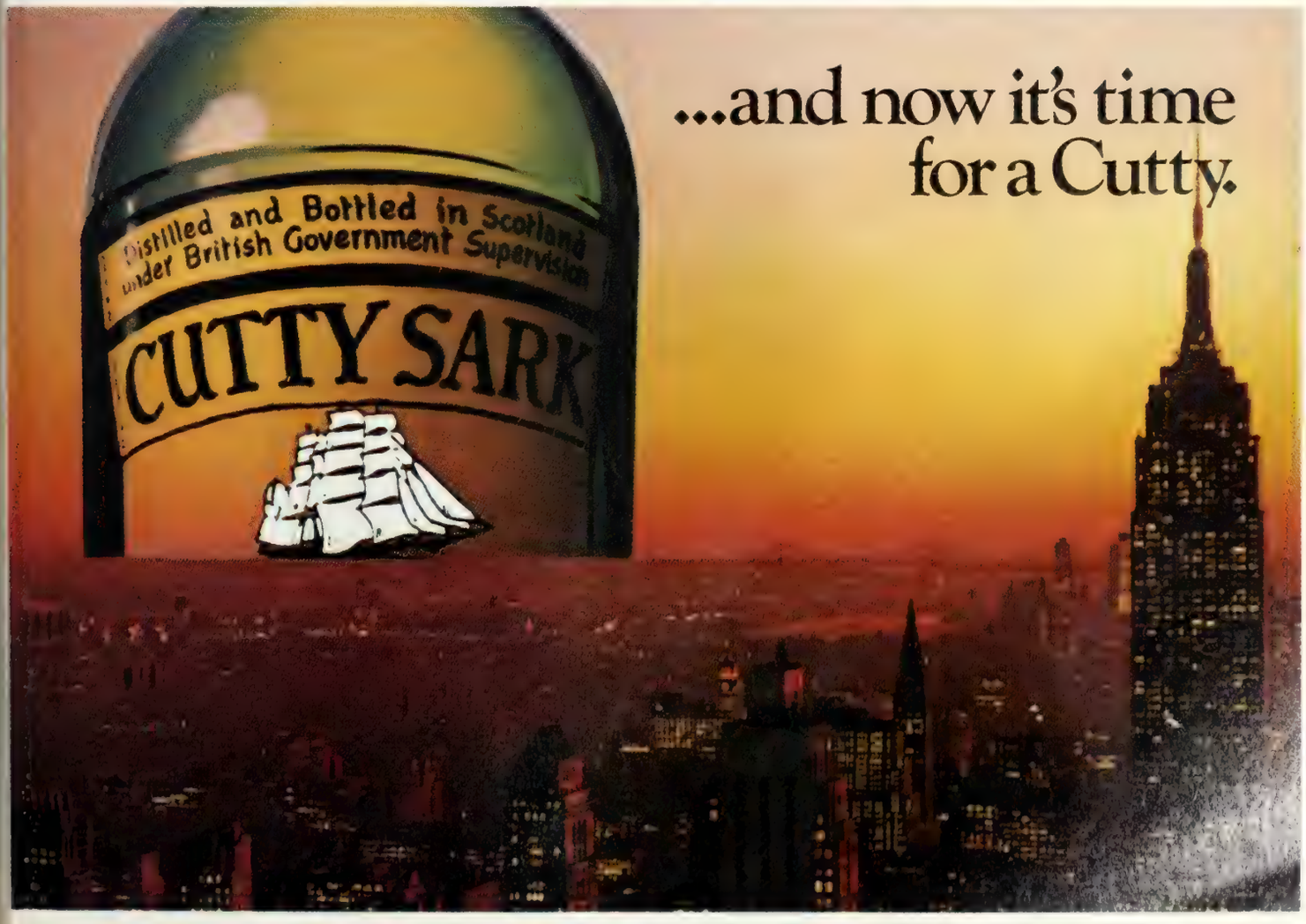
Raymond Tanter, a political scientist at the University of Michigan, has been using quantitative analysis techniques to study the effectiveness of Israeli reprisals on terrorist operations. He is convinced that the wave of political success the PLO enjoyed in the fall of 1974—recognition by the Arab summit at Rabat, Yasir Arafat's U.N. appearance—was a direct result of the terrorists' communications strategy.

Without this, the PLO is a weak and ineffectual organization, with negligible fighting strength. Intelligence estimates place the total number of PLO members at around 6,000, while those trained and ready for commando operations number about 70 at any given time. The weakness of the PLO is such that the Israeli army can challenge them even on territory they hold across the border in Lebanon.

The PLO has not been vanquished altogether because it is willing to undertake bombings and strikes across the border against civilian settlements. But this display of the politics of desperation would never succeed if it were not for the fact that in the heat of the fray, journalists habitually play into their hands.

TERRORISM IS NOT the fundamental issue in the Arab-Israeli conflict. The basic issue is the political future of the Palestinians. However, after five years of media distortion, the terms *Palestinian* and *terrorist* have become virtually synonymous.

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"What makes America work



by Henry G. Parks, Jr.
Chairman, H.G. Parks, Inc.

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The important point, frequently overlooked when the press is caught up in a PLO raid, is not that there are so many terrorist acts in Israel, but so few, relative to other societies with insurgency problems. For example, in the first six months of 1975, according to *Newsweek*, more than 1,000 people had been killed by insurgent groups in Argentina (population 23 million). In Northern Ireland (population 1.5 million), UPI reported on June 23, more than 100 persons had died in Ulster's political-religious fighting.

Thirty Israelis died at the hands of terrorists in 1975. This includes fourteen victims from the July 4 Zion Square bombing in Jerusalem, which took the heaviest toll of any single bombing incident since independence. In 1974 Israeli deaths in terror incidents in Israel (population 3.2 million) numbered sixty-two.

To those immediately involved in the act of terrorism, it is a traumatic experience. However, other Israelis have different degrees of involvement. Numerous studies have shown that there is no panic, no serious political unrest, no breakdown of Israel's will to resist.

Indeed, the remarkable thing about the scene of a terrorist incident, once the shooting subsides, is how relaxed the mood becomes. The Tel Aviv waterfront, only a few hours after the final assault on the Savoy Hotel last March, resumed its holiday atmosphere. Vendors sold ice cream, couples strolled by on the strand, people splashed in the surf not 100 yards from the scene of violence and death. Onlookers thronged around police barriers around the Savoy with the same morbid curiosity of people watching a house on fire.

"Every human being is dear, and this [terror incident] is no doubt a tragedy," said Brig. Dov. Sion, the Israeli Army's official spokesman. "But in the overall picture of what is going on in Israel, this is a distortion of the atmosphere. All Israel is not wailing. . . . The whole country is not in constant hysteria or shock."

A surprisingly large proportion of Israelis would, however, like to see mandatory press controls. Yehezkel Dror, a political scientist at Hebrew University, says that total "nonresponse" to terror tactics would defeat the PLO aim of gaining publicity. However, no responsible Israeli official is willing to go that far. "Whether we release the news or not, there is no vacuum of information, and this would only allow the other side to come out with their own distorted version," said Sion. Journalistic silence would also jeopardize the government's credibility with the Israeli population.

Clearly there is a need to change the focus of coverage from terror acts to the main issue involved in terrorism—Palestinian aspirations. Instead of waiting passively for the next border raid, reporters and editors must show that they respond to something other than bloodlust as a criterion for coverage.

The media incentives have thrust the most violent Palestinian group to leadership of the movement. In rewarding PLO tactics, the media in effect intervened in the competition for leadership among the Arabs and gave an advantage to the violent camp, which knew best how to manipulate the media. Moderate Arabs were penalized by having to remain in obscurity.

Still, after all this time, and all this publicity, "the legitimate rights of the Palestinians" remain a mystery. All we know for sure is that some Palestinians commit terror acts. Some live in refugee camps. On the whole, they remain an undifferentiated mass. How much do local disputes, clan rivalries, and internecine conflicts among Palestinians affect their attitude toward Israel? What is the outgrowth of Israel's policy of banning all Palestinian political activity in the occupied territories? What do the Palestinians *really* want? A state of their own in the West Bank and Gaza? Or do they want to push the Jews into the sea? Answering such questions would be difficult. And it might not satisfy the current definition of a "good story." But it would be helpful and enlightening to give the readers some insights.

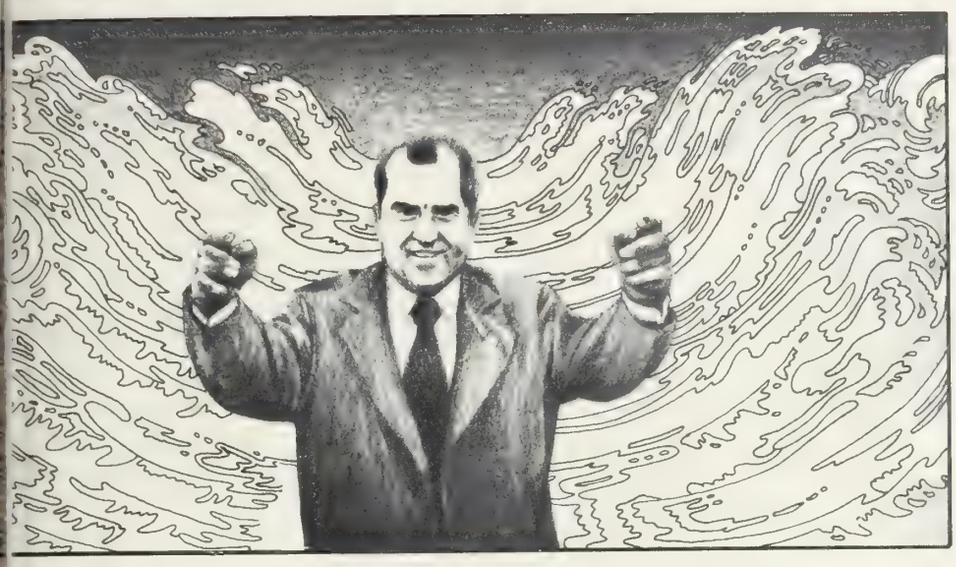
"Journalists are eunuchs," complained one Israeli official who has frequent dealings on terrorists with the press. "They know how to do it, but they cannot do it." □

William J. Drummond is chief of the Jerusalem Bureau of the Los Angeles Times. *Augustine Zycher is a journalist and doctoral student in the Department of International Relations at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.*



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NIXON'S NIGHT OUT



comedy of errors

Charles Colson

ONE NIGHT in early October 1971 I was working late with George Shultz, director of the Office of Management and Budget, pre- ring for delicate negotiations with ion leaders over wage- and price- ntrol policies. By 9:00 P.M. we had pers strewn all over Shultz's office. We had just finished watching the esident's television address to the tion on the economy, and I was pecting his call.

A few minutes after nine the phone ng. "Well, what did you think of Chuck?" he asked. "How did you e the point I made about public operation? Remember, that's what u were so concerned about." We mbled on.

About four minutes into the con- rsation, however, he asked, "Where Eugene Ormandy tonight?"

"I don't know," I answered, won- ring what the conductor of the iladelphia Orchestra had to do th a speech on economics.

The President explained that Julie d been to the Kennedy Center a w days earlier for an Ormandy rformance which she had highly commended. "Find out if Ormandy still at the center. I might want to tonight," he said.

Simple enough, I thought. But through the White House operators I discovered that staff members who usually handled such details had left for the day. Shultz's secretary, Barbara Otis, began thumbing through newspapers. There were performances listed for the two other theaters in the Kennedy Center—the Opera House and the Eisenhower Theater—but none for the Concert Hall nor any mention of Eugene Ormandy.

I was becoming a trifle concerned; four or five minutes had passed, and the President would be getting restless. Recognizing my distress, Shultz had abandoned the complex papers that were spread out on his desk. All three of us, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, his secretary, and the President's special counsel, were flipping through newspapers and weekly entertainment magazines.

White House operators, who had never failed us in reaching anyone, anywhere, anytime, were now frantically trying every conceivable number at the Kennedy Center: backstage phones, the manager's office, emergency numbers—all to no avail.

Six minutes had elapsed since the President's call. As I feared, he called again. He was very pleasant. "Just wondered if you have found out what is at the Kennedy Center?"

"Not yet, sir. We're still searching."

He made a muttering noise, cleared his throat, and suggested I call him back when I had the information.

I was getting nowhere in Shultz's office and decided to return to my own. My resourceful secretary, Joan Hall, would surely be able to handle this.

Joan came up with a reasonable idea. She called Eugene Ormandy at his home in Philadelphia.

"Mr. Ormandy, this is the White House calling."

"Really."

"Yes, the President is trying to find out if you are at the Kennedy Center tonight."

Long pause. "No. I am here at home reading a book."

"Oh. Well, thank you. Sorry to have disturbed you."

Joan hung up a bit sheepishly. I have often wondered what thoughts went through Mr. Ormandy's mind that evening about the President, and how well we were managing the nation's affairs.

Previously, in handling special tasks for the President, I had remained cool. And never before had I been given such a simple request. But in those few moments after his second call—it was now about 9:25 P.M.—I began to panic. Ormandy wasn't at the Kennedy Center, but what if the President liked what *was* there? I had never had anything to do with arranging his travel.

MEANWHILE Joan continued making calls to the social office, the newspapers, the military aide's office, and elsewhere, trying to find out what was playing at the Concert Hall. Harried, frustrated, I decided to send a message to the President through his valet, Manolo Sanchez.

"Manolo, this is Mr. Colson."

"Yes, sir. Do you want to speak to the President?"

'No, no. Has he . . . er . . . retired for the night?"

'No, Mr. Colson. He is walking around the Lincoln Room. He seems restless, sir."

"Manolo, please take him a note.

Tell him that Mr. Ormandy—Yes, O-r-m-a-n-d-y—is not playing at the Kennedy Center."

I hoped that the note from Manolo would satisfy the President. After all, it was now 9:30 P.M., really too late to go anywhere. Maybe—I hoped he would just decide to read a good book. But no.

At 9:35 P.M. the President called again. "Well, Chuck, you found out that Ormandy wasn't at the Kennedy Center, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's very good, Chuck, very good," he replied. There was a short pause. "Do you suppose, Chuck, you might find out what *is* playing there?"

I explained that none of the papers had been of any help.

"Have you thought about calling the Kennedy Center, or should I?" the President asked, deliberately measuring each word.

I told him that I had tried that, but the phones didn't answer, that I would keep trying and call him back.

He said, "That is very good. You do that," and hung up.

By now my tie was down and I was perspiring. My assistant, Dick Howard, was also in the office calling friends, seeking their help.

Then Joan signaled me. She had on the phone the head waitress from the Kennedy Center restaurant, La Grande Scène. The young lady, Raquel Ramirez, was Spanish and did not speak English very well. Would I talk with her? Yes, I sure would.

"Miss Ramirez, my name is Charles Colson . . . Colson . . . C-o-l-s-o-n. Yes, I am a special counsel to the President—the President of the United States, that is. . . . Yes, that's right. . . . Mr. Nixon."

I loosened my tie further.

"Now, Miss Ramirez, the President would like to go to the Concert Hall tonight. But we cannot seem to discover what is playing there. Would you be kind enough to walk over to the Concert Hall and find out what is going on?"

This is utterly ridiculous, I thought. She will think I'm a nut, that this is a practical joke.

"The President wants me to go over to the Concert Hall?" a small voice asked incredulously.

Carefully I went through it again. "I'll wait on the line until you come back," I said desperately.

La Grande Scène is on the four floor of the mammoth building at th far south end. Fortunately—the on break so far in the evening—th Concert Hall is also on the sou end. It is a good ten-minute wa from one end of the center to th other.

For some reason that waitress b lieved me. I waited for what seeme like an eternity. Within a few mi utes, she was back, explaining th the hall seemed to be filled with mi itary officers in dress uniforms, an a military band was playing. I aske her for one other small favor: to g backstage, find someone who looke like he might be in authority, an tell him that the President might b coming and to make necessary a rangements.

With this clue, Joan reached th duty officer at the Pentagon an learned that this was a formal blac tie affair for senior officers, plus performance by the four militar bands. With a sigh of relief I calle the President at 9:53 P.M. to tell hi it was a military concert, private, b invitation only.

"These are the same bands yo hear at the White House, sir. I don think you are missing anything These bands will come and play fo you any time you like."

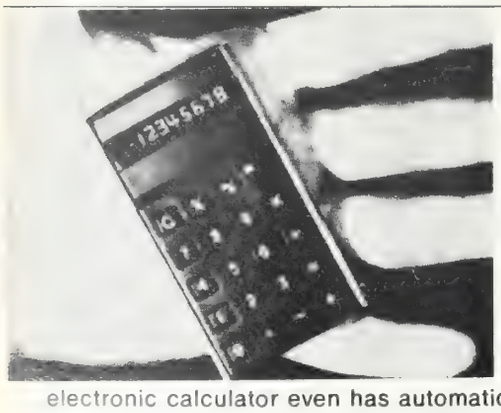
"Marvelous," he replied. "That i just what I feel like hearing tonigh but I'm not dressed. If it's black tie I'll have to change."

"Do you really want to go to a that trouble—I mean, you must b tired," I suggested meekly. I shoul have known better. That was th surest way to guarantee that h would go.

"Have the car at the south en trance in five minutes, Chuck."

I SAT FOR A long instant froze in horror. How did I sta this process by which the Pre ident could have a night on th town? There were Secret Se vice men to notify, and there was th problem of carrying that vital littl black briefcase housing the nuclea alert device. Doctors, the press, ra dio hookups—for the President t walk across the street involved a sembling a small army.

Fortunately, my assistant had bee an advance man for a year-and-a half. He called W-16, the Secret Se



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e control office in the White House sement. He would take care of get- g the President to the Kennedy nter, Dick told me as he pushed out the door. "You get down to e Concert Hall and let someone ow that the President is coming." Dashing out the door, I jumped o a White House limousine Joan d called. "Come on, step on it. e President is right behind us," I outed to the driver, forgetting give him directions. The driver ked startled, then suspicious. Fi- lly, when I told him our destina- n, we shot out of the driveway.

As we sped down Virginia Av- ue toward the Kennedy Center at enty miles an hour, I could listen the two-way radio to the frantic ls from W-16 summoning agents ck to the White House, calling for President's car and an accom- nying Secret Service car. All but o agents had retired for the night, ater learned.

Suddenly a horrible thought oc- rred to me. What if the Concert ll performance was already over? My stomach began to tighten as I agined the President arriving at Kennedy Center only to find the wd pouring out. We had been un- le, except through the waitress at Grande Scène, to let anyone know t the President even might be on way. Would they believe her? I thought about it, I became even re mortified. Why should they be- ve her? I wouldn't have.

When we arrived at the south en- nce to the Kennedy Center, I was ieved to see one of the President's n Secret Service agents there with radio plug in his ear. The pro- sionals had taken over. Backstage re a collection of stagehands, a tall d very distinguished man stand- g in the shadows, and the conduc- of the Marine Band. Cheerily I ve him the news: "The President on his way to listen to your con- rt."

He turned pale. "It's too late. Tell n not to come. All four service nds are now playing together on e stage. It is a final medley. In six nutes the program will be over."

"The President will be here any ment. You'll have to play some- ng. Play the medley over again," aid firmly.

Marines follow orders. The con- ctor took a full breath, stared at me for an instant, then turned and marched onto the stage. He began whispering into the ear of the Army conductor.

The Marine nodded his head up and down vehemently.

The Army musician shook his head stonily from side to side.

More whispers. The same thing all over again. One head bobbing up and down—the other shaking side to side.

Good God, I thought, this whole performance will wind up in a war between the Army and the Marines.

Suddenly there was another flurry of whispering. Then the Army conductor began nodding his head up and down. I sighed in relief.

As the pantomime was going on, I peered into the hall full of women in evening gowns and men in dark-blue dress uniforms trimmed with gold braid. I began to wonder what they would think when they heard the medley that was now being played repeated note for note.

The Marine conductor returned backstage with his colleagues from the Navy and Air Force, working out additional numbers that would extend the program another half hour. It was then I recognized the tall, distinguished man nearby. He was William McCormick Blair, Jr., director of the Kennedy Center, former Ambassador to Denmark, and a prominent Washington socialite. He, along with much of the Washington establishment, viewed us Nixon men as uncultured intruders at his center.

I introduced myself to Blair, who dilated his nostrils and said, 'This is highly irregular, you know."

I explained that the President had a regular box at the Kennedy Center, and had the prerogative to use it at any time. In the future, I promised, some better communications would be arranged in the event the President again had a last-minute desire to attend a performance.

"I have had a very clear understanding with the White House that the President will always give us twenty-four hours' notice before he attends," he said testily.

I decided I didn't have time to stand there arguing. I was also afraid that if he made one more complaint, I might punch him in the nose.

Expecting the President at any moment, I sped back down the passageway to the double doors which

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led back into the main lobby. I was running and there was no point in slowing down. So I hit the two release handles at full speed.

Pow! The doors exploded open. Barely a foot away was a startled President and an agitated Secret Service man who had started for his gun. I had nearly knocked the President down!

"Well . . . Chuck!"

I noticed that the President was wearing a red smoking jacket with black lapels. I started to tell him he had forgotten to change, but quickly thought better of it. "Everything is in order," I said breathlessly. "You can go directly to your box."

"Where is the box?" the Secret Service agent asked.

"I'll lead the way," I said nonchalantly, not knowing the location but hoping that I could bluff it through.

Halfway down the long passageway leading to the back of the hall, the President turned and said, "Have you made arrangements for them to play the you-know-what, Chuck?" He didn't want to come right out and say it, but I knew he meant "Hail to the Chief."

According to protocol it had to be played when he entered the hall. Once more I sped backstage to find my new friend, the Marine conductor, grateful that the Secret Service agent would now have to find the entrance to the President's box.

The Marine band leader did not seem happy to see me. "Watch for the President. When he appears in his box, have the band play "Hail to the Chief," I told him.

The conductor looked startled. "The four bands are still on stage. They have never played 'Hail to the Chief' together, and I don't see how they could do it without rehearsing."

I must have looked on the verge of apoplexy because he raised his hand. "Wait a moment." Another consultation. More pantomime. Then he was back. "We'll have the Marine Band play it alone," he said.

Back down the long hallway I loped until I found the President's box. To my relief, the Secret Service agent was guarding the door. The President was standing alone in the small anteroom which is between the open entrance hall of the mezzanine and his box. The scene is forever engraved in my consciousness. The President was staring at the wall, h arms hanging limply by his side the most dejected posture I ha ever witnessed. I imagined that h was either counting to ten or el repeating over and over to himsel "Colson must go. . . . Colson mu go. . . ."

I went into the box, brought o General Haig, who was using it th evening, opened the door wide s the Marine conductor would get t signal, and ushered the President i The Marine Band then struck u "Hail to the Chief," and the Pre ident began waving to the cheerin crowd.

Slowly I returned to my waitin limousine. My legs were weak. I the car I advised the Secret Servic command post by radio that th President was in his box and the should do whatever they normall do to take the President home aft the performance.

At home, halfway through the se ond Scotch, it did occur to me th I should let someone other than th Secret Service know that the Pre ident was at the Kennedy Center. called Ron Ziegler, the press se retary, and gave him the news.

"The President couldn't be there, he said stiffly, "Otherwise I woul have been notified."

The next day H. R. Haldema summoned me to his office an dressed me down for breaking ever rule in the book. "You know, Chuck this isn't funny. You could have pu the President's life in jeopardy. Th Secret Service wasn't prepared. was a thoroughly stupid thing fo you to do."

I agreed it certainly had bee stupid, but I asked what I should d if it ever happened in the future.

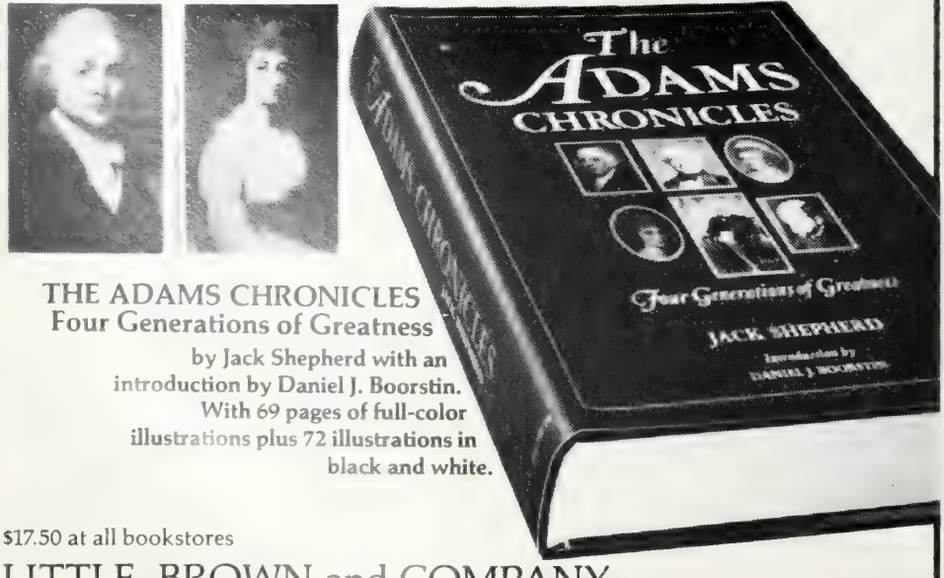
"Just tell him he can't go, that all. He rattles his cage all the tim You can't let him out." While I po dered the startling thought, the us ally stern Haldeman softened. "Th President enjoyed himself and came out well. I guess that's wh counts."

The next time the President calle me, to my relief it had to do wit the war in Vietnam, inflation, an negotiations with Russia.

Charles Colson was special counsel to Pre ident Nixon from 1969 to 1973. This artic is adapted from his forthcoming book, Bo Again, *published by Chosen Books, distribu ed by Fleming H. Revell. Copyright © 197 by Charles W. Colson.*

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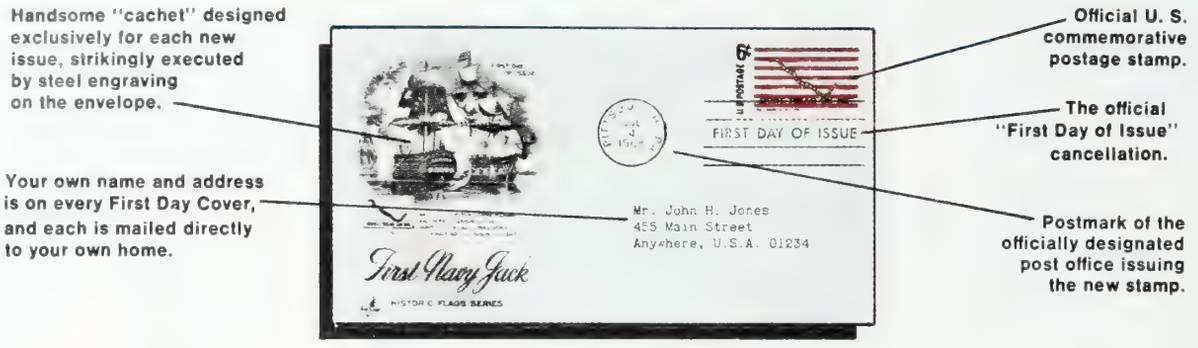
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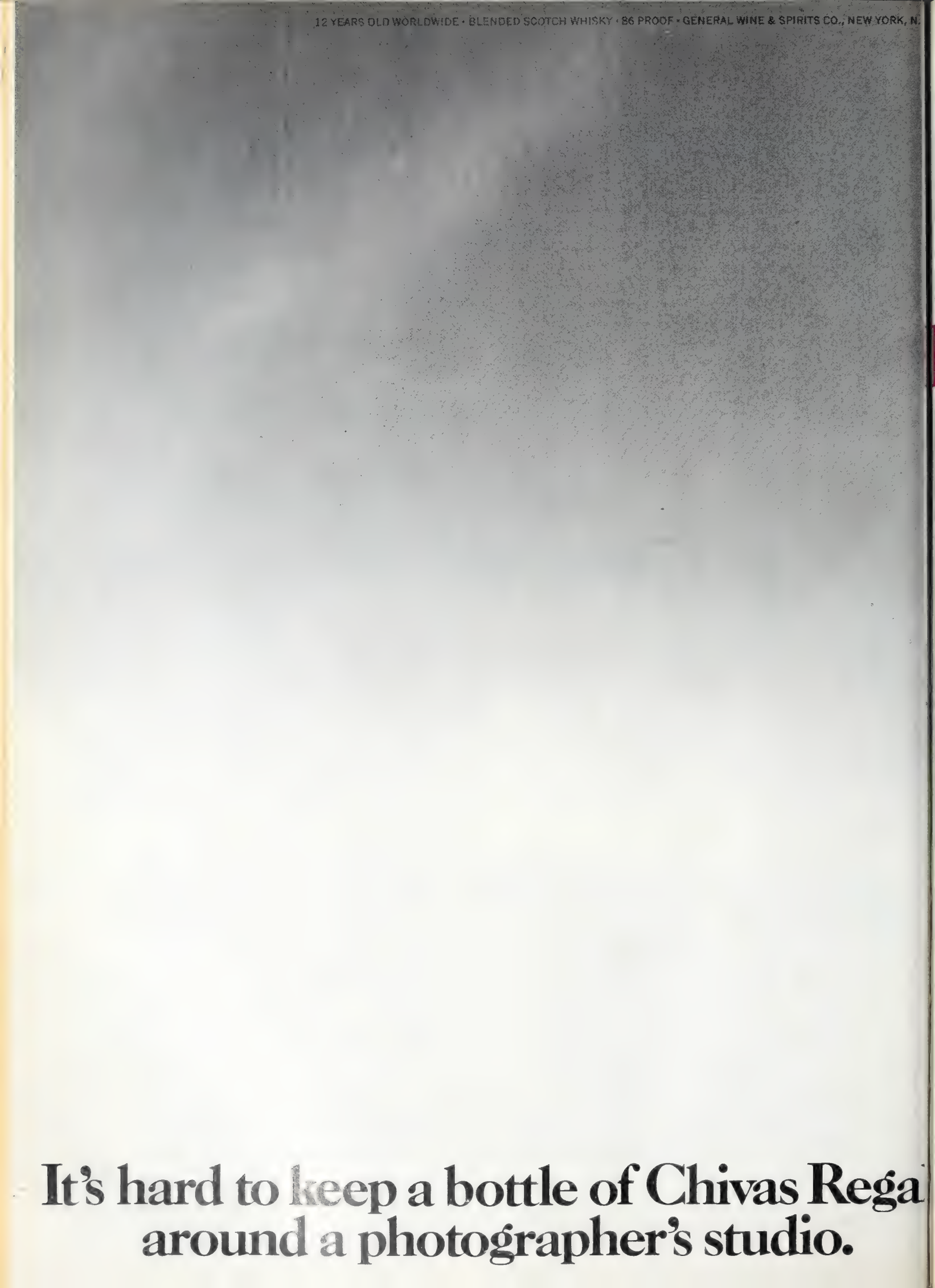
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Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.

HARVARD ON THE WAY DOWN

Instead of a community, either of scholars or of interests,
the university has changed itself into a government divided by political factions

RUMOR IS HARDENING to conviction that Harvard University is in decline. Such talk has been heard before in Harvard's 340-year history, but certainly not in the years since World War II, when every yardstick, including especially its own, showed the university's superiority over its rivals. Its endowment of over $1 billion was prodigious, greater than that of any other private university in the world. Its faculty was preeminent in celebrity and in real achievement, in the sciences as well as the humanities. Its students were peerless in their aptitude for learning and in their appetite for scholarship. It was blessed also with alumni whose distinguished service to country and profession was surpassed only by their loyalty to alma mater.

Much has changed. The splendid endowment is proving insufficient to make up a current deficit of well over $1 million a year. In scholarship, Harvard's academic departments are no longer accorded the reflexive deference they were once so pleased to enjoy, and for the first time they are finding it difficult to hire first-rate scholarly talent. Bright high-school students across the country, and their guidance counselors, are beginning to sense that, while Harvard may still provide the most prestigious road to success, it's not all that much better a road, and treading it costs a discouraging $7,000 a year. As for the alumni, although they continue to demonstrate an exemplary generosity to the college, there is a worrisome question whether postwar graduates will be able or willing to give the support of previous classes.

Yet the trouble with, and at, Harvard goes deeper. The university has lost its sense of itself. *The Crimson* uses the rubric "The Real World" for non-Harvard news bulletins. These days the phrase has a wistful ring to it. The ivory tower was demolished long ago and nobody can now say, or much cares, where the real world ends and Harvard begins. The suspicion is strong that they are the same. Walls and gates still encircle Harvard Yard, but Cambridge has become a "college town" in the full meretricious sense that was unimaginable in a community riven by town and gown. Harvard Square is an expensive shopping center where the quantity of bookstores ("more per square inch than any other city in the U.S.," chortles a Harvard brochure) seems less significant than the ubiquity of expensive boutiques. The late-afternoon traffic heading out toward Newton or Concord or Sudbury carries away as many college professors as other members of the upper salariat.

The perceptual blur can stand for another. The image is one of dissolution, not in a moral sense, but as any enterprise eventually loses coherence and melts away into its surroundings. Harvard today seems somehow to lack clarity of outline, energy of purpose, distinction. The arrogance it's still accused of by "the real world" is now only a joyless complacency. The confident assumption of superiority, which is still thought to be a defining characteristic of Harvard quite as much as the search for *veritas*, has given way to a dim confusion about the uses of superiority and the nature of Harvard's truth.

Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr., class of '57, is a contributing editor of Harper's.

The perplexity is everywhere. Derek Curtis Bok, the current president, has warned, "An institution that cannot articulate its purposes is forever vulnerable to the outside world on which it ultimately relies for its existence." Committees, those precipitates of institutional anxiety, have been formed to study every aspect of college life, from the curriculum to housing. Study groups have been set to work on answering the unanswerable, such as "What is a Harvard man?" a question that properly belongs to myth and in-jokes, not social science. Other questions—what's the best use of professorial time? for example—are being raised with an insistence unheard of even five years ago. The answers will bring a new dogma. Five years ago few felt the need of new dogma. That so many now do testifies to the conceptual rot at the heart of the Harvard enterprise.

The rot sets in

In September of 1953, Nathan Marsh Pusey addressed his first freshman class as the new president of Harvard University. Like his successor eighteen years later, Mr. Pusey had been elected by the overseers to fight a war that was already coming to an end. Mr. Bok's war in 1971 involved a fractious faculty and a substantial body of leftist students who in 1969 had been fully prepared to destroy Harvard in order to save the world. Mr. Pusey's war in 1953 was against the churlish Right; he had been called to stand fast behind the principles of academic freedom, then under the flailing assault of McCarthyism. Mr. Bok's task was to cool the over-ardent enthusiasm of the students for radical social change, an enthusiasm they had expressed (after the example of Columbia students a year earlier) by the forceful takeover of a building housing a number of Harvard's bureaucrats. He had also to soothe the ideological passions of the faculty, which had been enflamed by his predecessor's calling in of the police to bust the building's occupiers, an intemperate act that cost Mr. Pusey his job and gained Mr. Bok his. Sixteen years earlier, Mr. Pusey's task, as he saw it, was to drum some moral courage into a community seriously depressed by the calumny and threats of the Senator from Wisconsin.

"Nobody can now say, or much cares, where the real world ends and Harvard begins. The suspicion is strong that they are the same."

Accordingly, the president's speech that day in 1953 was pitched as a call to arms: "You are perhaps too wise, too close to those recently burned, to give yourselves quickly to easy enthusiasm. And yet it will be a tragic lack and a very unwise kind of 'wisdom' if your generation feels no compelling urge to make the world over after its own heart's desire." Generations succeed each other in America each time *Newsweek* chooses to spot a trend. Mr. Pusey in 1953 was addressing "the silent generation"; the young men of 1969 who tried to make over a bit of Harvard real estate after their hearts' desire were another generation entirely—"the children of fat suburb," perhaps. Yet Pusey fathered the sins of the one "generation" as much as he did those of the other.

Irony, though it bracketed his career, was not Mr. Pusey's style, and though his favorite author was said to be Thucydides, his disposition seldom wavered from the cheerless optimism of a man of public duty. In another sense, however, Thucydides was really a most fitting author for Mr. Pusey's study; the historian's subject, after all, is Athens, the hubris and decline of an imperial democracy. This is Harvard's story as well, and if it lacks the grandeur of Athens's perhaps it makes up for that in instructive amusement.

By the time Mr. Pusey called on the power of the state to quell the Great Rebellion of 1969, the authority of his office had leached away. Nothing was left him but power, the power that had come to him—much of it, like the police, also from the state—in the course of fifteen years of the most egregious institutional growth. It was the sort of power that could move mountains of earth, but was helpless to move men.

A tense prelude

Many people at Harvard these days can be heard defending the past over the present. And while some are sentimental about it, and all are powerless to retrieve it, none is stupid about it. Harvard before 1960 was different, and the difference demands a valuation, a judgment. Angrily, sadly, but mostly ironically (because that is Harvard's way), many among the faculty, administrators, and alumni are trying to assess what went wrong and why. The answer has something to do with privilege and something to do with freedom.

For most of its history, Harvard has been seen as a place of privilege, and in many senses of that word. It was a privilege to be admitted; the honor, whether taken for granted or with gratitude, was still indisputably an honor. Harvard was also a privileged place, off bounds to parents as well as police. But the Harvard man of the past was privileged in another, more invidious, sense as well. For at least a hundred years, access to Harvard could be gained by anyone able to pay the tuition and to pass the entrance examination. In practice, this meant that entry was vouchsafed to very few young men who were not already well endowed with family wealth and a more or less classical education, an education almost unattainable except at expensive prep schools. The privilege of a Harvard degree was open only to the privileged.

Yet that is to put the matter too crudely. The past hundred years or so of Harvard history were, until the Sixties, a struggle between these privileges of wealth and status and an emergent classless sort of privilege, the privilege of having a good mind. New forms were taking shape and breaking out of old ones, and at Harvard, naturally, the process was seen in the most portentous terms: aristocracy *vs.* democracy, romanticism *vs.* rationalism, the liberal arts *vs.* the useful arts. Most usually, of course, it was seen as an ideological battle, as a

ontest between privilege and merit, between the pre-
umptions of the rich and the earnings of the poor, be-
ween insouciant power and worthy intellect. It *was* that,
ı fact; but today it is difficult, if not impossible, to say
ıst how the privileges of wealth are any more offensive
to judgments of character, say, or to the principles of
quality) than are the privileges of intellect.

These were years of uncommon creative tension—
ometimes dramatic, often painful, and always interest-
ıg. The crucibles of the struggle, for example, were the
ouses built by President A. Lawrence Lowell in the
920s. Each was designed to accommodate 350 or so stu-
ents in a manner that few, however wealthy or wellborn,
hould consider beneath them. The convenience of wood-
aneled dining rooms, the agreeable views of the Charles
iver afforded by many of the suites, the touch of Ox-
ridge ambiance in the dignified but somehow republi-
an Georgian architecture, their multiple entryways giv-
ıg on to elm-shaded cloisters—all this was meant to
ompensate undergraduates for the loss of the great
ersonal freedom they'd enjoyed under Mr. Lowell's
redecessor, Charles W. Eliot, in the late nineteenth cen-
ıry. Then the only laws students had to observe were
ıose of the marketplace in housing, and the standards
f scholarship, while high, were not terribly demanding.
he accommodations, in other words, were as luxurious
s money could buy, or as plain as necessity would have
ıem; and the quality of teaching was as high as any
ıtellectual ambition could grasp, though neither the free
lective system nor the state of society much obliged any-
ne to strain too hard in the reaching.

Mr. Lowell was a man of unabashed elitist sentiments. Strongly animated by an ethic of service, the closest thing we have in this country to an aristocratic ideal of leadership, he could see little of value in the idle rich squandering the talents and education which alone redeemed their elite status. The solution, as it came to Lowell, was a new stringency in the curriculum. At the same time, he opened the school even further to bright and talented young men who had proven their capacity for useful service, and it was in the houses that these intellectually gifted sons of the lower middle classes were to mix with the careless sons of obnoxious wealth, the ambition of the one to bond with the style of the other creating a new republican class of leaders.

On the whole, this experiment worked admirably. Principally, it worked because the pressure for admission could remain under control by the exercise of informal personal judgment on the part of all those concerned with admissions. Objective tests had nothing, yet, to do with it. Writing about the Fifties, the former dean of faculty, McGeorge Bundy, said, "Undergraduates were given the prize of admission for their promise, not for their performance." In time, of course, as the privileges of wealth slowly, even harmoniously, gave way to the privileges of intellect, more and more students were coming to Cambridge without the broad culture which the exclusive private schools claimed to, and often did, give. Consequently, the determination of whether there were indeed any privileges of IQ in such candidates came increasingly to be made on stricter and more objective grounds. Aptitude tests were devised that were relatively, as we would say now, culture-free, a different matter altogether from requiring a demonstrated proficiency in



Ike Mazzaschi/Stock, Boston

Greek or Latin, or a knowledge of European history. The latter could be acquired only at great expense. Aptitude, on the other hand, could be found anywhere, and democratic principle demanded that Harvard look for it anywhere.

But until the late Fifties or so, the numbers of applicants remained reasonable enough, so that some sort of bond could be struck between those who were let in, whether grinds or preppies, and the people who let them in. The numbers remained reasonable, moreover, because the degree had not yet come to be thought of as a commodity to be parlayed in the marketplace of individual ambition. Its dollar value was subsumed, almost hidden, in its social value. This was true, not only in the sense of the people one got to know (the "old school tie") but primarily in the nature of the slightly unreal and profoundly liberating experience that Harvard provided in those days. Whatever the social nature of one's prior condition of servitude, the often brutal severity of boarding school or the bewildering alternation of love and bribery at the hands of striving lower-class parents, Harvard offered every possible delight of freedom. And novelty. Smoking and sex were as new to some freshmen as a conversion to atheism or Marxism was to others. Even in the allegedly conformist Fifties, the college seemed to encourage those passing through to find the limits of their talents, even to the point of eccentricity, often *especially* to the point of eccentricity.

"The privilege of a Harvard education was thought to be of such prodigious value that the notion of putting a dollar cost to it was absurd, if not obscene."

There was the sense, above all, that Harvard was the beginning of an opening to life, and that even if one went on to graduate school it was *reculer pour mieux sauter* into a real world of action and personal power that the Harvard world, for all its cushioned unreality, had promised and prepared him for.

The failure of success

Mc GEORGE BUNDY, Pusey's first appointed dean of faculty, was later to say that "only at the edge of growth was there much room for administrative initiative." The edge of growth was a good place for Mr. Pusey to be. His reputation among the faculty was never high ("They wouldn't give him tenure, so they made him president," was a remark often heard in senior common rooms), and he seemed to be forever undercutting it further by a tedious preaching of virtues that seemed silly to academics who were nothing if not proud of their moral sophistication. Growth was also a gratifying goal for a man like Mr. Pusey, whose avowed Christian faith seemed to express itself most happily in works. While his wife knit Harvard sweaters for faculty children, Mr. Pusey commissioned buildings.

He built more buildings than any Harvard president before him or, it is certain, after him. Mr. Lowell's houses added 5 million square feet of Harvard property; Mr. Pusey did him over half a million better. The visible evidence of his activity extends from the skyline to far underground, from Holyoke Center, which dominates the boutiques in the Square like a stevedore at a Halloween ball, to a library now named after Pusey himself.

Yet the president's monumental achievements were almost trivial beside the growth he oversaw in the faculty. Teachers and administrators almost trebled, mostly during the Sixties, from nearly 3,000 to 8,500. The number of students in the entire university grew from 10,000 to 15,000. The undergraduate population grew hardly at all, however, and so a very generous ratio of teachers to students was maintained, if not improved. The number of tenured faculty enjoying the dividends of endowed chairs rose in Pusey's time from 122 to 277, and those dividends are more than competitive, ranking fourth in the country and first among the private schools. A noncontributory pension plan, an extended medical benefit plan, hospital care, disability benefits, life insurance, loans for real estate investments and further education—the list of welfare and security benefits accorded tenured faculty at Harvard would have brought a blush of pride to any right-thinking corporate manager.

Mr. Pusey's success as a reaper and sower of public and alumni funds was unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The libraries swelled to bursting with a collection that's now over 9 million volumes. The catalogue of courses offered by the faculty of arts and sciences grew to almost 700 pages, a stupefying list of about 900 courses open to undergraduates and graduate students at the college. And the teachers of those courses! Their names were renowned in scholarly circles around the globe; their credentials were thick with honors, prizes, and publications; their advice was solicited by the great and powerful in Washington and abroad. "It was our habit," recalled the quondam dean of this faculty, McGeorge Bundy, "to ask ourselves, about every really first-rate scholar everywhere, why he should not be at Harvard. Very often there were good answers in terms of his own preferences—and even our own. But sometimes the asking of the question would lead to a really remarkable appointment. . . . Collectively [the faculty] was probably the strongest academic company anywhere—or if not, it was the one that others claimed to match. Its own opinion of itself was plain."

The "special radiance of Cambridge," as Bundy called it, approached the blinding point after yet another son of Harvard, John F. Kennedy, won the Presidency of his country, in the process snatching away the dean and what seemed like half the faculty to help him run it. Robert Frost, another alumnus, went so far in his celebration of this union of power and academy that he forgot his own injunction about maintaining good fences, which applies as well to politicians and professors as to other neighbors. Another alumnus, Theodore White, was for years beside himself with devotion to a Kennedy-conjured vision of a democratic technocracy to be staffed entirely with Harvard professors and alumni. There had, of course, been other Harvard presidents in Washington, but Kennedy was the first to use the media to carry a wondrously acted presentation of himself into the

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dreams of all America. And part of that performing self, very evidently, was Harvard. It seemed to be there in everything he showed the voters—his accent, his irony, his vaunted pleasure in things of mind and art, and in the subtle intellection of the Bundys, Schlesingers, and Galbraiths whom he chose to advise him.

ADMITTANCE TO HARVARD became in the Sixties the most desired gift which it was the power of privilege, whether of wealth or intellect, to grant a young man. Whole legions of newly prosperous young Americans, intoxicated with Education, wanted to get in. If, for most of these candidates, Harvard was a rather questionable (and certainly an unfamiliar) place to be, it was obviously the only place to be from. Twenty-odd years before* there were slightly over 3,000 candidates competing for 1,150 places: after the magic Sixties nearly 8,000 competed for about 1,600 places. The number of applicants therefore increased by more than 250 percent.

The rhetorical effect of this burgeoning was simply to enhance the special radiance. When, in a period of twenty years or so, one's chances of admission to a school change from one in three to one in five, the new odds become very persuasive of the belief that the object of such striving must be a rare and beautiful place, and that those permitted on the premises are an exceptionally fine and deserving lot. A more practical consequence was to make possible a very considerable rise in the price of admission. The question was, What kind of price?

"By the Sixties, the fine tension between the privileges of wealth and the privileges of IQ had snapped; Harvard had resolved decisively in favor of the latter."

One kind that seemed never to have been considered was the dollar price. The cost of a Harvard education went up in this period along with the cost of everything else. But Harvard early resolved that no candidate brilliant or talented enough to be accepted should be denied this great privilege merely because he or his parents might be unable to pay for it. The privilege, in fact, was thought by many at Harvard to be of such prodigious value that the whole notion of putting a dollar cost to it was absurd, if not obscene. Such sublimity was made possible, of course, by the generosity of government and the altruism of alumni. Government was responding to the real and imaginary needs of the country, which seemed to have undergone a sudden mass conversion to the redemptive promise of higher education. The sources of the alumni's altruism are less clear; but altruism it surely was to reach into their pockets every year for money that would in good part be used for scholarships, not for their own sons, but for those who were, ostensibly, privileged with more brains and less wealth.

For, needless to say, the price of admission that did rise, and very dramatically, was the price represented by the scores on entrance examinations. In the last twenty years the median verbal score on the SAT of an entering class has gone up about ninety points, from nearly 585 to about 675. The top 10 percent of the class of '78 scored about 760; the top 10 percent of the class of '56 scored about 674. The *bottom* 10 percent of the class of '78 scored about 550; the bottom of the class of '56 scored 474. The fact is that almost a generation ago students entering Harvard scored only slightly higher, at the median, than the least verbally gifted of students today, who could be their sons, but very likely are not.*

By the Sixties, in other words, the fine tension between the privileges of wealth and the privileges of IQ had snapped; Harvard had resolved decisively in favor of the latter. The creative struggle was finished: those who, for many generations perhaps, understood a Harvard education to be as much a part of their inheritance as, say, the family place on Martha's Vineyard, were replaced by those who knew nothing about Harvard except that they had to sweat blood to get in there, and who tended to think of it, once there, not as a vacation spot but as a good means of acquiring one.

That, perhaps, is too schematic. The critical point is that in the Sixties Harvard's fame changed to celebrity, and just as the famous behave differently from the celebritous, so does the audience behave differently toward them. Harvard in the Sixties, in other words joined the world. As Harvard joined the government, government came to Harvard; at present it provides a bit more than a quarter of the university budget, not counting the grants it offers the really poor and the graduate student. As professors became more worldly, they began to transfer their loyalties from Harvard to the profession, jetting about to conferences with each other and consultations with the managers of states and industries.** The students became more worldly as well. They not only converted the Harvard degree into a commodity enhancing their own marketability in the economy, but they redefined the university as a significant factor in the political economy of the country.

That large numbers of those students saw Harvard's activity in the real world as pernicious, if not actually evil, seems now like an historical accident. The leftists who took over the administration building in 1969 were no more "political" than the bureaucrats they drove out into the Yard. By that time the university had been politicized in a much deeper and more destructive sense than the division of Left and Right. The community of educated men had been "smashed," not by the radicals who loved that word, but by the signs and substance of its own success: riches, intellectual democracy, prodigious resources, and, of course, celebrity. Today there is nothing left but those aggregates of common appetite

* These figures compare the early Fifties and the mid-Seventies and refer only to males, but neither the inclusion of girls nor a more precise time comparison would vitiate the point, which is that Harvard achieved stardom in the Sixties.

* At Harvard, as at Yale, sons of alumni have a slight advantage. The admissions people say they accept 40 percent of those who apply.

** To resist this, to put the institution ahead of the profession, was not only to invite disparagement by one's colleagues elsewhere, but to jeopardize one's scholarly standing at Harvard itself.

that everyone has now learned to call constituencies. So there are students here and faculty there, administrators above and alumni around, each conceiving Harvard as the magic tool of their own ambition.

Getting ahead and getting learned

IT IS REPORTED OF DEREK BOK that he has the capacity for *always* saying the right thing. Unlike Mr. Pusey, Mr. Bok did have tenure at Harvard; he was dean of the Law School. He has also written a book on labor negotiation (with the man who was his first dean of faculty, John T. Dunlop, who then moved to Washington as Secretary of Labor). His favorite reading, at the time of his ascension to the presidency, was said to be in Gibbon, as appropriate a choice in his time as Thucydides was in Mr. Pusey's.

As an expert compromiser, Mr. Bok must have seemed to the serious men who called him to his post almost perfectly endowed to accomplish what they saw as his most pressing task for the Seventies: the restoration of peace to a torn faculty, and modesty to the student body. With the help of the *zeitgeist* and a shrinking economy, he appears to have done both. His task now, as the same serious men see it, is not numbered among the beatitudes: no one blesses the budget-cutters. Yet Harvard's deficit for 1974-75 is expected to be about $1.5 million, up 50 percent from last year, with most of it incurred by the college. To help in this thankless duty, Bok has rationalized his administration, providing it with vice-presidents—for financial matters, for buildings and grounds, for government relations, and for alumni and long-term development—each with a substantial staff. Significantly, only one of these people, Chase Peterson, is a graduate of Harvard College, and only one other, Bok himself, held a job there before Bok appointed him.

These bureaucratic developments have excited murmurs of anxiety among the faculty, and laughter among the students. In the Sixties professorial productivity was as beyond question as the probity of a Boston Cabot; now there is much discussion of finding better ways to use faculty time and energy, of obliging professors to pay more attention to the students, less on conferences or their own research. Students now derive near-constant amusement from the bumbling efforts of vice-president Steven Hall, a former hotel executive, to cut costs; last fall, for example, in a drive to prevent nonstudents, or the otherwise unauthorized, from eating at the house dining halls, he proposed to install in each hall an electronic scanning device that would identify students by their palmprints.

On the subject of education, seemingly the most obvious of Harvard's purposes, Mr. Bok has himself declined to lead. "It has been clear for some time," he wrote to the overseers a few years ago, "that the president is neither equipped nor empowered to produce the blueprints for educational policy that some forceful presidents were able to draft in the changeable decades around the turn of the century."

Back in the Fifties, when the admissions office was taking one in three, the old blueprints seemed valid enough. In those days it was the perfunctory custom of the admissions people, as they went their rounds of prep and high schools, to ask why a candidate wanted to attend Harvard. One representative remembers being amused when a preppie negligently replied that, while he fully expected to be a bum when he grew up, he also wanted to be a cultivated one, and that he rather expected Harvard could be of assistance to him in one regard if not the other.

Today such a response is inconceivable—and not just because of the 8 percent unemployment rate. It is inconceivable because the preppie and his interviewer of the Fifties knew, or thought they knew, what a cultivated man was. Today no one is sure. Mr. Bok, however, knows why. "Student bodies," he has written, "have become more diverse, and "knowledge has proliferated to the extent that it is harder than ever to agree on a body of knowledge that can be considered basic to the education of undergraduates." He notes that, while other leading institutions have tried to grapple with this problem, they have come up with little more than "platitudes so vague that no one would bother to disagree." * Mr. Bok's own preliminary thoughts on the matter aren't likely to incite much disagreement either, but less platitudinous imaginations than his tend to agree with his analysis.

"The preppie and his interviewer of the Fifties knew, or thought they knew, what a cultivated man was. Today no one is sure."

Stanley Hoffmann, a great teacher and productive scholar who has had experience with students since the middle Fifties, says that part of the problem is that students have only the most casual acquaintance with culture when they arrive at Harvard. "They have acquired a smattering of discrete and disconnected globs of learning. They know no history other than that of the U.S.—and often not even that. They know very little of foreign cultures and languages, and their experience of literature is limited to a handful of classics. Being bright, they have often excelled in each of the assignments they've had. . . . [But] they often do not know how to construct an argument and to organize their thoughts, or to turn their insights into ideas: and they have no real sense of intellectual discipline."

The fragmented state of student intelligence is a mirror of the fragmented state of the faculty. The boom years of the Sixties had an explosive effect on the academic community in Cambridge; Stanley Hoffmann speaks of a "scattering"—literally, in the sense that many of the new faculty were driven out of Cambridge by rising rents and overcrowding in the "good" schools, but also figuratively, in the sense that the proliferating appointments were both cause and effect of a scholarly specialization that has broken down, in many departments, whatever coherence they may have had.

Equally debilitating, in the view of some people at Harvard, is the change that came over the motivations

* Yale and Princeton have tried to revise their curricula, and in both cases the proposed reforms foundered after being caught in crosscurrents of constituency-mongering.

of teachers at the end of the Fifties. Prior to that time, prior certainly to Kennedy's burlesque of the academics, few of those who went into teaching did so because they expected to ride an escalator to the upper middle class. They aspired to "the honor and freedom of a Harvard permanent appointment," as Bundy has grandiloquently described it, because they were enthusiastic about studying and talking and writing about certain things, or simply because they were good at it and liked getting As. Others, notably sons of gentry, joined the professoriat because it was a dignified and generous calling, like the ministry, and entailed little of the competition or other grubby activities that middle class people have to worry about.

Such motives are no better or worse than others for doing something generally considered socially valuable, but they are different from those that seemed to be driving the academic generations of 1960 to 1970. In that decade, says a bemused Harvard professor, "People began to go into teaching because it promised to make big shots out of them. People went to graduate school then who had neither culture, nor modesty, nor even curiosity . . . except about how to climb the next rung of the academic ladder. . . . Now these guys are going to law school or business school. But in the late Fifties and Sixties, they were going to the graduate school of Government or Sociology or Economics, and of course the natural sciences. You would expect that, but the *weird* thing is that you found them in English!"

The change is expressed in tone—in the way, for instance, that faculty members now speak of being "hired" by Harvard, as their predecessors spoke of being "appointed," or as their predecessors spoke (so Congregationally) of receiving a "call." Bundy called the faculty in the Fifties "probably the strongest academic company anywhere." It may still be, but only a dwindling number of them are likely to take his company metaphor as an allusion to guilds, or even to soldiers. Today they would be quick to take it as a reference to General Motors.

But one hears this tone above all in the peculiar consonance of professorial worldliness—their loyalty to the profession over the institution, their eagerness to sell their advice, to fly to exotic meeting grounds—and the spread of student instrumentalism, that dull and often cynical fascination for the "credential," which is about all that imagination or the spirit of the times seem able to offer them as a reason for going to college, or making sense of it once there.

At a pre-med chemistry lab recently, students grumbled that organic chemistry, the course they were tak-



Richard Kalvar/Magnum

ing, was merely a screening device, an obstacle course they had to pass to enter medical school; it had nothing to do with the practice of medicine. Another student, asked about the almost pathetic hunger of his classmates for what they call a "meaningful relationship" with the faculty, remarked with solemn knowingness, "In the big senior year competition it's very good to know some tutors and professors to recommend you for law school and fellowships and stuff like that." The same student seemed genuinely puzzled, however, at the larger question of Harvard's purpose. "What sort of community is it," he asks, "that exists only to give you a recommendation to go somewhere else?"

Clearly, for the students, for all those whom aptitude tests and the Harvard admissions office have deemed worthy of the privilege, the contours of the Harvard experience have changed rather sharply over the past twenty years. Far from being a protected and liberating staging ground opening out to Life, Harvard is now seen as merely another space to be filled on a life career that extends from nursery school to professional suite.

This sort of cynicism is ritually deplored at Harvard, principally by believers in the old traditions of the liberal arts. The curriculum has become invertebrate and soft. It's now possible to graduate with honors in history by taking only a handful of courses and writing a thesis on an obscure American moviemaker. Stanley Hoffmann laments the passing of the great generalists. "We may do without gurus," he says, "but we cannot do without men and women who can connect, transcend, and make intellectual and moral sense of the slices of learning which specialists produce and polish." The students' hunger for such teaching is plain; it's why they want a "meaningful relationship" with a professor.

Yet it seems pointless to go on about the great traditions of liberal education. What use is there in talking about classics of Western literature when some 60 percent of each entering class intends to be pre-med, to get the most clear-cut, if most competitive, credential of all? Isn't it simply silly to insist on an acquaintance with political philosophy when Economics 10 (an introductory course thought to be useful for aspirants to a stake in society) leads the list of the ten most popular courses at Harvard, when Government 30 (on American political institutions, and thought to be good for future attorneys) ranks second, and when Natural Science 3 and Chemistry 20A are sixth and ninth (both, of course, are thought to be crucial for entering medical school). No wonder that traditional faculty members say they feel like custodians of the library at Alexandria.

Envy, guilt, fairness, and lotteries

IF NEITHER the liberal-arts tradition, nor pre-professional training, nor research seems wholly satisfactory as a reason for Harvard's being in the world, what is? Perhaps the answer is "All of the above." But that's what Harvard offers now, and either it isn't enough, or it's too much. There is, moreover, a significant group of undergraduates who would reply, "None of the above."

"In the Sixties professorial productivity was as beyond question as the probity of a Boston Cabot; now there is much discussion of finding better ways to use faculty time and energy."

Uppermost in the minds of the adults at Harvard is their conviction that political views of the "kids" of the mid-Seventies haven't moved a hair from the radicalism of the Sixties. "It's only dormant," they say, looking over their shoulders. While such views tend to mask the degree to which everyone at Harvard has become politicized, they also testify to a widespread, if dim, apprehension of a very powerful force which they take to be emanating from the students, a force that might be called "leveling" if it were more activist. As it is—passive, dull, and slightly sullen—it might be better to label the force, and the undergraduates who animate it, as the party of fairness.

If there had to be a residual ideal left after the wave of radicalism receded, fairness isn't a bad one. Fairness is, after all, a rudimentary form of justice, softer than justice, insisting more on even breaks than just deserts, squeamish about punishments and appalled by power, but a form of justice nonetheless. That it should flourish in a nursery of elites is an irony that should surprise no close student of the paradoxes of privilege in America.

The most obvious emblem of the party is a uniform seen practically everywhere at Harvard—construction boots, jeans, plaid flannel shirts, and puffy quilted parkas. This is an outfit marvelously calculated to serve two social functions. On the one hand, it is an act of protective coloration, a way of passing among the crowds of envious hardhats who are the object of so much solicitude by the party of the fair. On the other hand it sets one safely apart from wearers of the other uniform seen at Harvard, that of the clubbie. This is the garb of Topsider moccasins, pastel Shetland sweater, and out-at-the-elbow tweed jacket, part of the new ethnic assertion of the Wasp.

To the party of fairness, it seems wrong somehow that one should even be in such a place as Cambridge. Swallowing whole the assumption that Harvard does indeed confer greater advantage on its graduates than, say, Brand X College, some undergraduates can think of no better way to respond to the opportunity than to proclaim their guilt at taking advantage of it. Richard Turner, of the class of '76, is blessed with intellect, good looks, and mannered ease. "Certainly I feel guilty," he said recently, "guilty for being privileged. I'm embarrassed in the outside world to say that I come from Harvard. You can feel that people resent it."

Such professions of embarrassment are an effective defense against the envy of the less privileged. But the forces of fairness can be felt elsewhere as well. Although Harvard has resisted the grade inflation of recent years better than most colleges, it does have other scarce valuables beside As, and it is in a concern for the fair distribution of these things that the party of fairness has hit on a most ingenious proposal: lotteries.

There is, for example, the matter of freshmen seminars. This is a program in which classes of a dozen or so students are taught by senior faculty members. It is one of those special features that Harvard likes to advertise. But since there aren't enough seminars to go around, about half of each entering class finds itself discriminated against by the instructors, whose sad duty it is to choose the students they want in their classes. For those left out the experience of rejection can be traumatic; these, after all, are adolescents whose childhood instruction has been in nothing if not in the superiority of the intellectual apparatus they brought with them to Cambridge. They feel that having gotten into Harvard in the first place should be evidence of the intelligence needed to do the work of any seminar. To be turned away, therefore, seems preposterously unfair. The solution lies in some sort of lottery. Not for the instructors to choose their seminarians. Let him get in who pulls the shortest straw.

The lottery idea has already triumphed in the distribution of housing. The history of President Lowell's great experiment in social chemistry demonstrated the good sense and laudable aims of that demanding man. In time, natural affinities—of students for each other, of housemasters for certain kinds of students (for each had some freedom to associate, or not associate, with the other)—began to assert themselves. People, in other words, eventually began to practice discrimination. A certain house came to be thought of as a playground for preppies or clubbies, another as a training table for jocks, a third as a cubicle for grinds and wonks.

The spirit of fairness soon put a check on this drift toward distinctiveness. The merest suspicion of discriminate assembly by students and housemasters raised the specter of an old Harvard of snobbish hauteur, the specter (oh, how hated!) of social class. And so the administration, following the lead of the students, curtailed the masters' freedom to choose and the students' freedom to associate; room assignments are now made according to the luck of the draw.

"Harvard is now seen as merely another space to be filled on a life career that extends from nursery school to professional suite."

One housemaster tells of trying to persuade a fair-minded student that giving the master some scope to choose his tenants was a more equitable method of distributing people among the houses than the present computer-run lottery. "I tried to explain it to this kid in terms he could understand," says the master. "I said, 'Look, there are 120 students who want to get into my house, and there are only 100 beds. So twenty people are going to be unhappy under any system. If it's the computer there are going to be twenty unhappy people, and if it's me there are *still* going to be twenty unhappy people. Except that if I get to choose, then there will be 101 *happy* people.' The kid replied with a little lecture on fairness and arbitrariness, and finally he said, 'I'd rather be rejected by a computer than by a human being.' "

Today, President Lowell's wonderful houses are "apartment buildings," distinguishable only by the quality of their facilities, the square footage per capita, and the friendliness of the help in the kitchen. As for the masterships, it is said that the administration is having considerable difficulty in persuading men to take on a job that once used to carry great prestige. Indeed, the president has hit on the expedient of bribery: housemasters now receive a $5,000 bonus if they will move into one of the houses. And since their wives can be given coequal status, the post is said to be becoming attractive to elderly couples looking for a Cambridge address.

No one has yet advanced the lottery idea as a means of distributing the privileges of a Harvard education amongst thousands of qualified claimants. L. Fred Jewett, in fact, finds the idea repugnant. Jewett, a graduate of the Class of '57, is one of those unchurched religious who, in a secular age, are naturally drawn to serve in the chapter houses of the higher learning. He has lived for the past seventeen years in a dormitory in Harvard Yard. The Yard is where most Harvard freshmen are housed, and Jewett is Harvard's dean of admissions.

In his corner office in Byerly Hall, Jewett endures questioning by candidates and their parents with practiced serenity. His well-rehearsed speech manages to obscure the matter of admissions, of Harvardness, in weighty mystery, like a problem in the election of saints. "We start out," he says, "by trying to identify in the application pool those who are *so* academically talented, so distinguished in their academic potential, that we feel we must bring them here pretty much regardless of what else they do. There are between 200 and 300 people in our pool like that, people who are going to be the real scholars. That's roughly a quarter of the class. Then we take 400 or 500 people who are very strong academically, not super-scholars but very strong, capable of first-rate work. They probably also have some well-rounded qualities. Then, in the bottom quarter of the class, we try to bring people who have less than the strongest academic qualities, but they have unusual talents that we really want. These are some of the most interesting people in the class, no question about it."

So far, except perhaps for that "bottom quarter of the class," Dean Jewett has said nothing to dampen the suspicion that the overwhelming majority of a freshman class could be chosen on the basis of numbers (grades and aptitude test scores) alone. This, after all, was the nature of the triumph of intellectual privilege over traditional privilege in the Sixties. Class (of the sociological sort), character, or alumni parentage clearly have no place in his selection criteria. Yet lest he be accused of the sort of mentality that enjoins folding, spindling, or mutilation, Dean Jewett is quick to qualify the foregoing part of his speech. Nevertheless, "we are trying," he says with the air of one who always promises to do better next time, "to go beyond the easily quantified, the easily observable qualities, to pick people *within* ranges of talent who show special kinds of human qualities, special strengths, a variety of other kinds of things which are subjective, intuitive rather than easily demonstrable, that show some traditional values. Like alumni parent-

age." The last phrase is to be inserted as the audience might see fit. Dean Jewett is an apostle of fairness. Yet he is an intelligent man; he knows well that a lottery, even a lottery open only to those with a 750 on their SATs, would make Harvard extinct and him with it.

Governments and universities

THE CONSTITUENCIES, then, are these: the students, divided between the careerists and the party of fairness; the faculty, likewise divided, but crosscut by a self-styled saving remnant of traditional humanists; the alumni, generous as always, but possibly, as time goes on, more mindful of the luster their SAT scores brought to Harvard than of the contribution that Harvard made to their scores on the next test for graduate school.* The government, a representative democracy most impressed with Harvard's R&D capacity, but decidedly twitchy about the place of privilege in the admissions policy, (no matter whether privilege of wealth or privilege of intellect or, as usual, a combination of the two). The university, in short, is a shattered place, a loose congeries of interests and values and ideologies, peopled by men and women who are ferociously defensive of their notions of the right way to make use of it.

Staying on top of these formidable bundles of self-servers requires the agility of a dancer on rolling marbles. It is a skill that Derek Curtis Bok has mastered, the skill for which he was chosen president. It is a political skill. Thus it's perfectly understandable that the only "edge of growth" that Mr. Bok has staked out for himself should be the public policy program.

At times, as he describes it, the program seems to be no more ambitious than an institutionalization, in a sort of graduate school, of the hundreds of how-to courses in public policy that are now taught, often redundantly, at the schools of law, business, design, education, public health, and medicine. Yale has announced similar plans.

At other times, however, Mr. Bok sounds like a parody of those college officials of the Sixties who used to rebut radical student allegations that they'd sold out to Washington by saying that if "we" didn't do it, then (oh, contemptible!) maybe RAND or West Point would get the contract. Harvard, Mr. Bok seems to be saying, owes it to the country to train and humanize these public officials. It is a mission that one of his employees traces back to young Derek's attendance at a Los Angeles military school where his drill instructor was H. R. Haldeman. "Perhaps," muses this professor, "he thinks that

* They are probably right. While there's no easy obverse for the computer phrase "Garbage in, garbage out," I've heard one that might do for Harvard: "Good beef in, good beef out."



Richard Kalvar/Magnum

if only there'd been a Harvard public policy program for Bob to have gone to, there wouldn't have been a Watergate."

But the public policy program is more significant for what it suggests about Mr. Bok's view of his presidency (and so perhaps for Harvard's future) than for what it tells us about his schooldays. In arguing for his program to Harvard's governing boards, he wrote: "Like it or not, public officials will establish the framework that determines the ability of each segment of society to achieve its goals," adding that universities have a "unique opportunity and obligation to prepare a profession of public servants equipped to discharge these heavy responsibilities to the nation." Perhaps they do. What is dismaying, however, is the nearly perfect congruence of Mr. Bok's notion of the role of a public official and that of the president of Harvard University.

In his first annual report, Mr. Bok modestly characterized the opportunities of his new role as follows: "In the end the president must recognize that the progress of the university will always depend fundamentally upon the imagination and ability of faculty, students, and staff. But there will be much for him to do in suggesting new directions and helping to maintain an environment in which the great talents of the university are encouraged to express themselves as fully and creatively as possible."

"What institution could maintain its integrity against the reverential touting that Harvard has received in the last twenty years?"

This is a splendid description of the functions of political leadership in a democratic republic. The difficulty with it is that Harvard is not a government, and should be run like a government only at the risk of being absorbed by government. Government exists, as Bok says, to provide the framework in which citizens can achieve *their* goals and purposes. A university, on the other hand, is, or should be, a purposeful institution with goals of its own. If these goals are understood, even dimly, then a community can grow around them, an intellectual community. If Mr. Bok imagines his role to be merely that of a facilitator of the expressiveness of others, he will have little to fear from a government takeover. It will be the apt fulfillment of the goals of fairness, and a final capitulation to constituency politics in a university.

For government, in a democracy, must be fair, and mindful of constituencies. It cannot afford much individual discretion, it must use "objective" tests, it knows nothing of intuitive judgments and must use objective test scores, it rejects all discrimination, it considers all comparisons odious, all distinctions invidious. It may aim at justice, but it's at its best when trying to be fair and serving the self-servers.

But Harvard, like any university, is not a government, and to view it as though it were a government will be to make it useless or worse, indistinguishable from its surroundings. To regain its character Harvard will have to give its energies to intuition over fairness, to judgment over test scores, and it must discriminate before it facilitates. The dancing on marbles can go on forever, but one doesn't get very far and after awhile the act becomes tiresome.

This, however, is to ask the impossible. Such a conception of the university entails a wholly different view of privilege than the current one, and a quality of self-confidence now always condemned as arrogance. Keynes expressed that quality perfectly in his memoir of Cambridge, England, before World War I: "We entirely repudiated a personal liability on us to obey general rules. We claimed the right to judge every individual case on its merits, and the wisdom, experience, and self-control to do so successfully. This was a very important part of our faith, violently and aggressively held, and for the outer world it was our most obvious and dangerous characteristic." It was a dangerous characteristic indeed in McGeorge Bundy, but he had to emerge into the outer world of Vietnam for it to do any harm. It would be comforting to think that L. Fred Jewett and Derek Curtis Bok don't have to go to Washington to enter the real world. Yet they are already happily ensconced there, and even if it occurred to them, any claim they might make to Keynes's "right to judge" would be met with hoots of laughter, or, more likely, howls of "unfair!"

Harvard's decline, as is always the case, has been the mirror image of its success. It was a success that transformed the value of the degree, for so long confusedly cultural and social, into something clearly economic, and as such it has become eminently marketable both to those who confer it and to those who receive it. The celebrity that came its way in the Sixties may have been a historical accident, the conjunction of charisma, a Harvard alumnus as President, a national worship of higher education, and a media helpless to understand values except as events, or character except as "personality." What institution could maintain its integrity against the reverential touting that Harvard has received in the last twenty years? Any place so lauded, so widely desired, risks becoming a national resource, and national resources have a tendency to turn into public property, in fact if not name.

One future for Harvard, then, is that it will become what the French call a *grande école*, one (but only one) of the pinnacles of a national educational system. Entrance, as to the École Normale Supérieure, will be controlled entirely by objective competitive examinations, and the mission of the school, its curriculum, will be explicitly designed (perhaps by Mr. Bok) to produce the nation's public servants or professors. There is, and has been since President Eliot's day, very powerful support within Harvard itself for such an outcome. It has the virtue of conceptual clarity and the appearance of fairness. If the appearance should prove insufficient, a lottery can be used, first as a supplement to the exams, then perhaps as a substitute.

The alumni, however, will not stand for this—not until their number includes a predominance of teachers and public servants. In the immediate prospect, therefore, Harvard will be much as it is at present, the lines between the inner and outer worlds broken down, if not erased, in the triumph of the "real" world over the unreal one. Neither may have been "better" than the other; the pity is in the loss of the contrast. □

Steven Brill

JIMMY CARTER'S PATHETIC LIES

The heroic image is made of brass

As we flew from Mississippi to Georgia in a chartered jet one night last December, Jimmy Carter settled back and casually volunteered the most revealing statement of our four hours of conversation. "You know what McGovern's biggest mistake was?" he asked, and continued without waiting for an answer. "He never should have made the Vietnam war an issue." I mentioned that the war might have been one of the issues that gave birth to the McGovern campaign, and not vice versa. Carter stared back blankly and said, "That's not how it works."

Carter says he decided to run for the 1976 Democratic Presidential nomination in September of 1972, when he was less than halfway through his term as governor of Georgia—before the revelations of Watergate, the energy crisis, the fall of South Vietnam, the economic downturn, and most other events that should shape the '76 race. These issues, however, were irrelevant to Carter's decision, because he knew he'd run on personality. So far he hasn't changed his mind.

Sincerity first

At 4:30 in the afternoon in the Admiral Benbow Inn in Jackson, Mississippi, Carter sits opposite a dozen seventeen-year-olds, asking them to help him become President. Each teen-ager is a leader in a neighboring high school, and the group is there because Mississippi law allows seventeen-year-olds to vote in the January 24 delegate selection caucuses if they will be eighteen by Election Day. Carter's local organizers, who have been working the state for months, are counting on the students to flood the otherwise sparsely attended caucuses with their friends.

"I grow peanuts over in Georgia," Carter begins softly, his blue eyes finding each of them one by one. "I'm the first child in my daddy's family who ever had a chance." His voice is humble yet proud. "I used to get up at four in the morning to pick peanuts. Then I'd walk three miles along the railroad track to deliver them. My house had no running water or electricity. . . . But I made it to the U.S. Naval Academy and became a nuclear physicist under Admiral Rickover. . . . Then I came back home to the farm and got interested in community affairs. . . . In 1970 I became governor of Georgia with a campaign that appealed to *all* people. I reorganized the state government and proved that government could provide love and compassion to *all* people, black and white—because I believe in it. . . . Now I want to be your President, so I can give you a government that's honest and that's filled with love, competence, and compassion. . . . And when I am your President," he grins, his eyes lighting up now even more, "I hope you'll come see me. Please don't leave me up there in the White House all by myself." After predicting a first-ballot victory at Madison Square Garden with matter-of-fact certainty and blandly answering a few questions about energy and foreign policy, he closes with a request that "If you have any questions or advice for me, please write. Just put 'Jimmy Carter, Plains, Georgia' on the envelope, and I'll get it. I open every letter myself and read them all. . . . One more thing," he continues, his voice starting to quiver. "If I ever lie to you"—his voice drops off; he waits about three seconds—"or if I ever mislead you"—two more seconds—"please don't vote for me."

When the meeting is over, Carter, having

Steven Brill, a political writer, is a contributing editor of New York magazine.

Steven Brill

JIMMY CARTER'S PATHETIC LIES

been introduced to the students before his speech, remembers all their names.

The kids are now Carter converts. One of them, Blake Bell, explains later: "I'm going to help him because he's totally sincere, and he's not a politician."

Mississippi teen-agers aren't the only ones for whom the personality pitch works. "I'm for him because of his total sincerity," explains William vanden Heuvel, a former Robert Kennedy aide who has been associated with liberal causes and candidates in New York. Four days after Carter's session with the students in Jackson, vanden Heuvel introduced him to liberal Democratic activists at a Manhattan cocktail party as "someone who has stood with us on the right side in every fight that's been important to us over the last two decades."



Andrew Schneider / Black Star

To vanden Heuvel and, apparently, his audience, it didn't matter that Carter led the stop-McGovern forces at the 1972 Democratic convention, nominated Scoop Jackson there, and urged a month before that George Wallace be the Vice-Presidential nominee; that he has always opposed abortion reform, busing, and, until this year, a federal takeover of welfare; that he favored right-to-work laws; that he supports the death penalty and preventive detention; that he opposed federal aid to bail out New York City; or that in 1972 he sponsored a resolution at the Democratic Governors' Conference urging all Democratic Presidential candidates not to make the Vietnam war an issue, because, as he explained to me, "We should have appreciated and supported Nixon's efforts." What did matter, beyond the delight the partygoers seemed to take in having discovered a real live "enlightened Southerner," was Carter's intoxicating sincerity—as evidenced by the low-key voice, the Kennedy-like grin, the sixteen-hour person-to-person campaign days, and the way he looks you in the eye. What also mattered was that he looked and talked like a winner.

Nationwide, this is his appeal. "Carter is what got me interested in Carter," explains Jim Langford, his Southern states organizer. "He's smart, he's honest, and he's going to win." "No issue brought me here," says Rick Hutcheson, Carter's stone-faced, brilliant twenty-three-year-old delegate hunter. "Just the fact that he's very intelligent and that he's going to win. He can move where I think the Democratic Party is moving." "He's just totally honest," explains Lisa Bordeaux, a twenty-two-year-old who's volunteering full time for Carter in Meridian, Mississippi. "And that's what we need. He's better than any politician."

This is where we are in 1976. The activists want a winner. The rest of the country wants a saint. As a nation we are tired of fighting over issues like Vietnam or busing, fed up with corruption and an economy that won't spring back, and fearful that the humiliation in Vietnam and the energy shortage spell the end of our ability to control the rest of the world. So we yearn for a hero—an honest, sincere, smart, fresh face who can worry about all of these things for us.

Carter seems to understand this better than the other candidates. He more than anyone is convincing people as disparate as Bill vanden Heuvel and Lisa Bordeaux that he is the totally sincere antipolitician they're looking for. It's easy to believe, for instance, that he really does, as he told the high-school students, open all his own mail. I did, until his press secretary told me the next day that the mail sent to Plains, Georgia, is forwarded to the Atlanta headquarters.

This is the paradox of Jimmy Carter. His is the most sincerely insincere, politically antipo-

litical, and slickly unslick campaign of the year. Using an image that is a hybrid of honest, simple Abe Lincoln and charming, idealistic John Kennedy, he has packaged himself to take the idol-seekers for a long ride.

IN 1970, WHEN CARTER RAN for governor of Georgia against former Gov. Carl Sanders, the package was different. According to his media consultant, Gerald Rafshoon, the campaign slogan, "Isn't it time somebody spoke up for *you*?" was "directed at the state's rural working people. We were running against the powerful special interests, the bureaucrats, and people in cities." The campaign may have been anti-special interests, but it was also anti-mainstream Democratic politics. One Carter television commercial featured a Sanders campaign button; when a rag was rubbed over it, Sanders's face turned into Hubert Humphrey's, as a voice warned that Sanders was really a Humphrey Democrat. On August 22, Carter announced that the next day he would hold a press conference at which he would reveal information so damaging to Sanders that Sanders would be forced to withdraw from the race. What he did give the press the next day was a copy of a picture of Sanders and Humphrey on the same platform, which, Carter charged, proved that Sanders was ready to sell out the interests of Georgians to the "ultra-liberals." On the same day he also accused Sanders of selling out to the "big unions" by favoring repeal of right-to-work laws.

On June 21, 1970, Carter told a Georgia reporter that if he received the Democratic nomination for governor, "I would run as a local Georgia conservative Democrat. . . . I'm basically a redneck." Nine weeks later, he went out of his way to deny having said that the Supreme Court decisions on school integration and other issues were "morally and legally correct."

In the runoff primary, Carter received only 7 percent of the black vote, against 93 percent for Sanders. His appeal to black voters had not been helped by his well-publicized visit to a whites-only private academy five days before primary day. The school had been established to avoid school integration, and when Carter told the press that he was there to "reassure Georgians of my support for private education," the implication was clear. Carter also ran with a promise to invite George Wallace to speak before the state legislature, and with the endorsement of Roy Harris, a virulent segregationist who had run Wallace's Presidential campaigns in Georgia, and who had organized the state's White Citizens' Council.

Personal attacks on his opponent were as much a Carter trademark in 1970 as the grin and low-key, living-room campaigning are today. Carter called the former governor "Cuff Links Carl," and one of his TV spots showed a man wearing huge cuff links stepping out of a private jet and accepting a bucket of cash from another prosperous-looking man. Repeatedly, Carter told his audiences that *the* issue of the campaign was "Sanders's integrity and how he got rich so fast." (Carter had so built up his peanut warehousing business by then that he may have been wealthier than Sanders.) Carter also charged that Sanders had promised to do favors for his campaign contributors. He never substantiated the charge, and, indeed, refused to make his own list of contributors public. (Today Carter says that the list of those who gave him money in 1970 is still unavailable.)

"Jimmy Carter's campaign is the most sincerely insincere, politically anti-political, and slickly unslick one of the year."

Beginning in June, Carter repeatedly claimed that he had a "list" of occasions on which Sanders, as governor, had used his office for personal financial gain. Finally, on August 26, he gave reporters the "Carter proof packet" of charges against Sanders. The list, it turned out, consisted of an allegation that Sanders had interceded on behalf of a friend with the Federal Communications Commission. That allegation was never substantiated, nor in fact was there any charge of illegality or personal gain.

Perhaps the lowest blow was dealt by an anonymous leaflet which showed Sanders, who had been a part owner of the Atlanta Hawks basketball team, being given a champagne shampoo by two of the team's black players during a victory celebration. The leaflet was mailed statewide to white Baptist ministers and white barbershops. Carter denies any knowledge of the leaflet, saying, "The campaign was not involved in any way." However, Ray Abernathy, an Atlanta public-relations man who worked for Carter's media director, Rafshoon, in 1970 says, "We distributed that leaflet. It was prepared by Bill Pope, who was then Carter's press secretary. It was part of an operation we called 'the stink tank.'" He also says that Carter's current campaign manager, Hamilton Jordon, was "directly involved in the mailing. He and Rafshoon masterminded it." Pope, who no longer works for Carter, confirmed Abernathy's allegation that the campaign was involved but denied his own role. Rafshoon and Jordon deny any knowledge of the mailing.

In the 1970 primary, there were three major candidates: Carter, who was the conservative; Sanders, who appealed to white moderates and liberals and to blacks; and C. B. King, a black lawyer who appealed essentially to blacks. Clearly, King took votes away from Sanders. Abernathy also alleged that "Carter's campaign financed King's media advertising. I personally prepared all of King's radio ads while I was on Rafshoon's payroll and supervised the production. And I helped channel money to the com-

pany Rafshoon used to pay for them. . . . I don't know if Jimmy knew about it, but everyone else did." Rafshoon denies the allegation. King, when asked about Abernathy's charge, said, "I never knew specifically of that, but it could have happened. . . . I found out later on that I was naive, and a lot of crass and evil people helped me for the wrong reasons."

Carter beat Sanders for the nomination, and then ran in the general election with Lester Maddox (who had been nominated for lieutenant governor in a separate primary). In October of 1970 Carter said he was "proud to have Lester Maddox as my running mate," and that Maddox represented "the essence of the Democratic party." On November 3, he was elected governor.

The easy explanation for Carter's 1970 campaign conduct is that he had to do and say all these things, even though he didn't believe in them, in order to be elected in Georgia. That may be understandable, although it ill befits the man who wrote in his campaign autobiography that one of the biggest obstacles he faces this year is that "I don't know how to compromise on any principle." It also raises the question of what he's willing to do and say that he doesn't believe in 1976—running this time as the anti-politics sincerity candidate.

Warped record

THE 1976 CARTER STUMP SPEECH invariably begins with him introducing himself as a "nuclear physicist and a peanut farmer." Neither claim is entirely true. His only academic degree is the standard Bachelor of Naval Science he got at Annapolis. He did do some graduate work, although not enough to get a degree, but this was in engineering, not nuclear physics. Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, says, "We're in the process of changing the literature." As for being a peanut farmer, Carter is actually a wealthy agribusinessman, whose income comes from warehousing and shelling other farmers' peanuts and from commodities trading. He does own and live on a peanut farm, but it is run by his brother.

"I admit the *People* picture of him shoveling peanuts was a phony," says media man Rafshoon. "But those are the only pictures the press wants of Jimmy." Rafshoon isn't exactly discouraging them. A planned TV ad pictures an overall-clad Carter sifting peanuts while a voice-over asks, "Can you imagine any other candidate working in the hot August sun?"

Carter was a good governor. Although his legislative proposals often suffered because of the heavy-handed and, some say, stubborn way he treated Georgia's independent-minded legislators, his regime had none of the phony, corrupt populism that has marked the Wallace years in neighboring Alabama. He fought for tough consumer laws and banking regulation, and opened the government to blacks and women. He developed new programs in health care, education, and corrections, although Georgia's prisons are still terribly overcrowded and lacking in medical and psychiatric care. He constantly traveled the state listening to citizen complaints, and he was the kind of down-to-earth officeholder who could strike up a conversation with a prison inmate mowing his lawn, find out that lawyers were bilking prisoners with fake promises of parole, and do something about it.

But whatever good Carter did do as governor is blurred now by the legend he is trying to make of it. On the campaign trail his reorganization of 300 state agencies into twenty-two super-agencies, which indeed made the government more manageable and easier to understand, has become "a revolution in government that got rid of 278 of 300 state agencies and reduced administrative costs by 50 percent." To hear him in Mississippi, it's as if most of the government was wiped out with no loss to the public. In fact, the reorganization merely consolidated state agencies, preserving most of them as "divisions" under umbrella super-agencies. (One of them, the Department of Human Resources, has become an unmanageable blob.) When I asked Carter what he was referring to when he said administrative costs had been cut 50 percent, he referred me to a member of his staff, who, as of this writing, has been unable to point to anything specific. Georgia budget documents show that funding for the agency most involved with administration—the governor's office—increased 49 percent in the four years Carter was in the statehouse. As for total government costs, Georgia's expenditures in Carter's last year as governor have not been tabulated yet, but, according to Winford Poitevint, an analyst in the state budget office, Carter's spending increased 50 percent in his first three years in office, from $1.6 billion in fiscal year 1971, to $2.4 billion in fiscal year 1974; during his four years, the total number of state employees increased 30 percent, from 52,000 to 68,000. Carter's increased spending probably was the result of inflation and upgraded social programs, but that does not explain his distortion of his fiscal record.

Carter also claims that he left Georgia with a $116 million budget surplus. (In his autobiography it's $200 million.) When I was with him, he usually mentioned this right after he attacked New York City officials for having distorted *their* budget figures. In fact, according to the state auditor's office, Carter *inherited* a surplus of $90,950,096 and *left* a surplus of

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Steven Brill

JIMMY CARTER'S PATHETIC LIES

$43,135,552 in the last fiscal year that he had control of the budget —which means he recorded a net depletion of $47,814,544.

Consistently, Carter talks, as he did one night in a Mississippi living room, about a plan under which "I achieved welfare reform by opening up 136 day-care centers for the retarded and using welfare mothers to staff them. Instead of being on welfare, these thousands of women now have jobs and self-respect. You should see them bathing and feeding the retarded children. They're the best workers we have in the state government." This sounds like an excellent program, and, indeed, Carter was praised for it in *The New York Times Magazine*. However, while Carter did establish 134 community centers for retarded children, the idea of welfare recipients staffing them remains only an idea. According to Derril Gay, deputy director of the state Mental Health Division, "There is no such program. . . . I'm not sure what the *Times* article was referring to. . . . No one has been taken off welfare and put in any mental-health job." Betty Bellairs, director of the division of benefits payments, agrees, saying that there is "definitely no such program." Jody Powell commented that "if Carter ever mentioned such a program, I guess he was mistaken." While I accompanied him, he made the mistake before five audiences in three days.

The other aspects of his record Carter mentioned while I traveled with him were an upgrading of rehabilitation programs in the prisons and a strict merit system for cabinet and judicial appointments. Both claims are essentially true.

THE TANTALIZING promises Carter is making are potentially more disillusioning than the myths he is floating about his past record. They are vague enough to please everyone—for now —and Carter hypnotizes his audience with them so effectively that most seem to go away convinced that all his pledges will materialize about four hours after his inauguration.

For example, he promises he'll cut the number of federal agencies from 1,900 to 200. As he says it you can almost see the red tape being slashed and the briefcases floating down the Potomac. But when I asked him to name a few, or even one, of the 1,700 agencies he'd abolish, he said he hadn't worked out the details yet. Similarly, although he talks passionately about wiping out government waste and says that the Pentagon "is by far the most wasteful bureaucracy," he told me that the Pentagon budget could be cut only "about 5 percent."

Carter raises his voice when he talks about taxes. "The tax system is a *dis*-grace to the human race," he told a group of municipal laborers. "I believe all income should be treated th same. It's a scandal that a businessman can d duct his $50 lunch but a worker can't deduct th sandwich in his lunch pail." This sounds lik populist tax reform, including, for example, a end to preferential treatment of capital gain and a limit to business entertainment dedu tions. But, again, when asked later about sp cifics, Carter said he hadn't yet worked out th details and that he couldn't be sure what he' do with capital gains or entertainment dedu tions. Three days later, he responded to a que tion at a Manhattan cocktail party by sayin he'd consider taxing capital gains the same a other income. When the audience moaned, h smiled and said, "I said I'd *consider* it, not tha I'd do it."

Carter's positions on specific issues are, ther fore, difficult to determine from his campaig pitches. But, when forced to articulate the during a long interview, he emerges, essentiall as a conservative Democrat, although there ar enough exceptions to make him difficult to cla sify.

He feels that "détente has been pushed to far," and that the Russians have gotten the be ter of us in every deal we've made with then including the joint space flight. His main fo eign-policy advisers are Dean Rusk an Zbigniew Brzezinski, and his chief militar adviser is his former boss, Adm. Hyman G Rickover. He never publicly opposed th Vietnam war until 1971, and even now, he de fines it as a mistake of strategy, not of polic or morality. In 1972, as noted, he argued tha the Democrats should support the Nixon Vie nam policy. He feels that "the right thing to d is to go and fight even if you think a war i immoral," and that the CIA has been "crip pled" by the recent investigations and revela tions.

Carter's welfare-reform plan, he says, woul cut off aid, now given under the Aid to Fam lies with Dependent Children program, to chi dren of able-bodied parents who won't worl and he thinks chronic alcoholics or drug addic should be considered able-bodied. His tax-r form plan includes the elimination of "doub taxation" of corporations by abolishing the co porate income tax. He favors capital punish ment "in some cases" and preventive detentio of "habitual criminals," and he thinks the *Mi randa* Supreme Court decision limiting crimina confessions contained "too many technicalities."

Carter said he would be against any jol opportunity plan that required the hiring o specific percentages of persons from minorit groups, and he thinks the union seniority sys tem should not be amended to help blacks an women. As for abortion, he is "totally oppose to it," and noted that after the Supreme Cou struck down the Georgia law in the landmar

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abortion case, he had signed a new law that "was as restrictive as possible consistent with the Court's decision." He does not favor a constitutional amendment on abortion, but he would not approve any national health-insurrance plan that includes abortion as part of the medical care to be covered.

Carter says he would support the Democratic ticket even if George Wallace was on it, and that "next to myself, I'd say Scoop Jackson is most qualified to be President." Repeatedly during our talk and in his Mississippi speeches he referred to Fred Harris, Birch Bayh, Morris Udall, Sargent Shriver, and Frank Church as "the five ultra-liberals in the race."

On some issues, though, Carter is quite liberal. He favors comprehensive national health care, hand-gun control, and tough environmental and energy policies. He supports strong antitrust enforcement, reform of federal regulatory agencies, and a halt to production of the B-1 bomber. He opposes mandatory minimum jail sentences and would pardon all Vietnam-era draft evaders. He favors repeal of right-to-work laws, although he never tried to repeal Georgia's, and ran against repeal in 1970. He supports the Equal Rights Amendment.

Who is Jimmy, what is he?

THE PROBLEM with evaluating Carter's stated positions is that inconsistent statements in his past record, such as the ones on right-to-work laws, make it difficult to tell if he really means what he says. In fact, a scanning of Carter's six-year public record leaves one wondering who he really is.

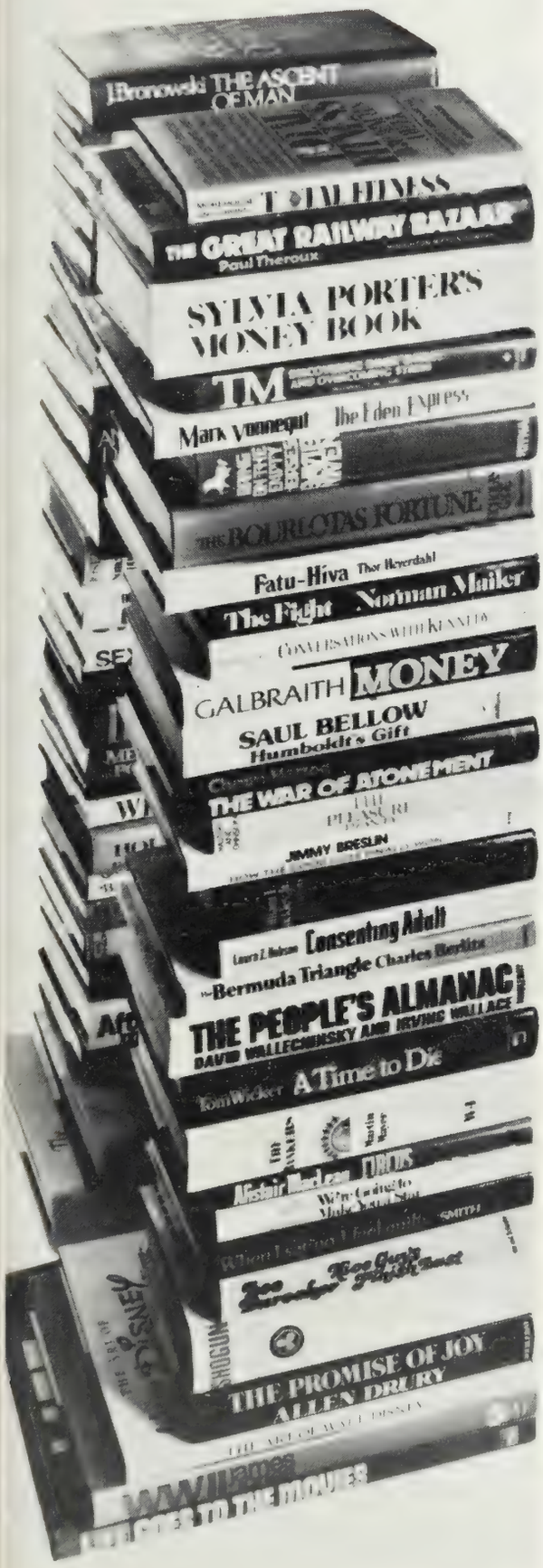
Is the real Carter the candidate who told the voters in Brunswick, Georgia, on July 31, 1970, "I was never a liberal; I am and have always been a conservative," or the one who is now telling adoring audiences, "I've always been a liberal on civil rights and social needs"? Is the real Carter the Presidential candidate who says the school integration decision and the Civil Rights Act "were the greatest things that ever happened to the South," or the gubernatorial candidate who, in 1970, denied saying that the Supreme Court school integration decision was "morally and legally correct"? Is the real Carter the candidate who wrote in his autobiography that our involvement in Vietnam lacked moral principle, or the governor who urged Georgians to protest William Calley's conviction and said he thought Calley was a "scapegoat"? Is the real Carter the candidate who, in 1976, has inspired rock bands to play benefit concerts for him, or the one who, seven weeks after the Kent State tragedy, promised to send National Guardsmen with live ammunition onto college campuses to put down disorder "even befor violence erupts"? Is the real Carter the gover nor who told a Congressional committee in Jun of 1971 that he opposed any total federal financ ing of welfare and was against the federal gov ernment bypassing the states to aid cities direct ly, or the Presidential candidate who now say he favors a federal takeover of welfare an wants federal revenue-sharing to bypass th states and go directly to the cities? Is the rea Carter the candidate who tells conservative busi nessmen in Mississippi, "Mayor Daley is m friend; he knows I'm the only one willing to g against [Governor] Dan Walker for him," o the candidate who campaigns against the "pow erful politicians"?

There could be legitimate explanations fo these and other contradictions. Politicians ar entitled to grow and change their minds like th rest of us. But Carter's changes seem to spa the range of basic national issues and corre spond totally with the constituency he seeks And they must be considered in the context o the pious antipolitics campaign he is running

More than that, they may be the tip of an as yet concealed iceberg of contradictions. At th Georgia State Department of Archives and His tory there is widespread feeling that, in th words of one research librarian, "Governor Car ter and his people censored documents, espe cially speeches, that should be in the public record." According to Frank Daniel, a veteran archivist who every four years prepares a vol ume of the complete public statements o Georgia governors, his attempts to compile the Carter volume have been "blocked by [Car ter's] people. . . . They've only sent me the speeches they want to include. That's never happened to me before." Another archivist ex plained, "You can't find any speeches Carter made to groups in Mississippi, Alabama, rura Georgia, or places like that, because they never sent them over here. We got a copy of his sched ule every week, so we can see all the ones that are missing." For example, after a careful search the librarians were certain they never received a tape or text of a speech Carter made or George Wallace Appreciation Day in Red Lev el, Alabama. Powell explained the absence o the tape by saying that "The troopers who are supposed to record everything that he says out of state forgot to record it, I guess." (The loca newsclips of the event did not report the spe cifics of the speech.)

One document that was sent to the archives suggests that the complete record might be quite damaging to Carter. On August 4, 1972, Carter replied to a letter from Mrs. Lena Mae Demp sey, who had written to complain to him that he should have endorsed Wallace at the Democrat ic Convention instead of Jackson. Carter wrote back as follows:

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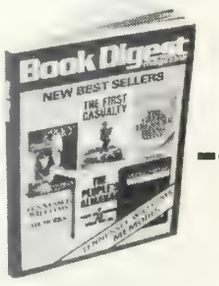
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JIMMY CARTER'S PATHETIC LIES

Dear Mrs. Dempsey:

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Let me ask you to consider one other factor before I close. There are times when two men working toward the same end can accomplish more if they are not completely tied together. I think you will find that Governor Wallace understands this.

Please let me know when I can be of service to you or your children in Atlanta. I hope I have been able to give you a slightly better impression of me.

Sincerely,
Jimmy Carter

Such letters notwithstanding, Carter became known nationally for disavowing the veiled racism that elected him when he said in his inauguration speech that the time for racial discrimination was over. As governor, he opened jobs to minorities and initiated a host of programs for the disadvantaged. For this he has earned the 1976 support of Andrew Young, the Atlanta Congressman who was a key aide to Martin Luther King, Jr. But Carter's civil-rights record should not be exaggerated. For example, he now says that although he is against busing, he does not favor a constitutional amendment to ban it. But in 1972 he praised a Georgia legislative resolution calling on Congress to pass such an amendment, and he urged Georgians to demonstrate against the assignment of students *or teachers* on the basis of race. On August 17, 1971, he praised George Wallace's defiance of a court desegregation order. "Jimmy Carter wouldn't be my first choice for President or even my fifth," says Georgia State Senator Julian Bond. "His liberalism is largely a myth. The reason he gets such good press is that whenever the rest of the country thinks of Georgia, they think of Lester Maddox. By comparison, Jimmy looks good."

John Lewis, a longtime civil-rights leader who heads the Atlanta-based Voter Education Project agrees that "Carter's liberalism on race is overrated." He points specifically to "Carter's attempt back in 1972 to get the Democrats to weaken the Voting Rights Act."

Whatever the strengths of Carter's record, such things as the letter to Mrs. Dempsey, the incomplete records in the archives, the alleged campaign dirty tricks, and, above all, the false campaign he is now running as the peanut farmer antipolitician encourage the most cynical interpretation of it. Friends say that the *Time* cover story written just after he took office, which labeled him the "voice of the New South," planted national ambitions in his head. (By law he couldn't run for reelection anyway.) If so, everything good he did from that point could be attributed to a realization that to go national he had to separate himself from Georgia's Stone Age image. Certainly, this could hold true for anything he did after September 1972, the point at which he says he decided to run for President. This would include his most endearingly symbolic liberal act—the placing of a portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr., in the State Capitol on February 17, 1974—seventeen months after he knew he was running for President as an enlightened Southerner.

JIMMY CARTER has many qualities that could make him a good President. He has the drive and stamina to take a firm hold of the government, and his two years of house-to-house campaigning will probably have taught him more about the country than most Presidents ever know. Although you can't tell from his speeches, he absorbs complex issues easily, studies new ones constantly, and has developed ideas in energy policy and other areas that are original and well thought out. He is, in short, a hard-working, smart politician. It is arguable, in fact, that his abilities are such that his phony campaign and past and present contradictions should be winked at because he'd make a good President. But in this regard, one of his campaign homilies holds true: "I'll only be as good a President as I am a candidate," he often says.

The reason he is right is that his campaign expresses his basic flaw. Carter's friends and enemies agree that, if one thing characterizes Jimmy Carter, it is his obsession with Jimmy Carter. It is what gives him the ability to portray his opponents, like Carl Sanders in 1970, as representing the forces of evil; and it's what gives him the drive to get up an hour earlier and work an hour later than any of the other candidates. "If Jimmy Carter decides he wants something he usually finds a way to get it," observes Bill Shipp, a veteran Atlanta political reporter. It should be no surprise, then, that Carter sees issues only as props in the campaign sales pitch, and minor, often bothersome, props at that. This is why he couldn't understand McGovern "using" the war as an issue. And it was natural that, instead of admitting his mistakes or his limited credentials as a one-term governor of Georgia, he'd try to find a shortcut to get to the White House on schedule—that he'd try to blur the history of the 1970 campaign and of his record as governor, and run as the new idol the country yearns for. So he packaged himself as a legend and began campaigning in the name of peanut-farmer, antipolitics sincerity. Jimmy Carter's campaign—hungry, no philosophy, and brilliantly packaged—*is* Jimmy Carter. □

IN DARKEST AFGHANISTAN

Between trains with the remnants of the counterculture
by Paul Theroux



The hotel in no-man's-land

"CUSTOMS OVER THERE," said the motioning Afghan. But the Customs office was closed for the night. We could not go back to the Iranian frontier at Taquīābād, we could not proceed into Herāt. So we remained on a strip of earth, neither Afghanistan nor Iran. It was the sort of bedraggled oasis that features in Foreign Legion films: a few square stucco buildings, several parched trees, a dusty road. It was getting dark. I said, "What do we do now?"

"There's the No-Man's-Land Hotel," said the taller hippie, with the pajamas and bangles. His name was Lopez. "I stayed there once before. With a chick. The manager turned me on."

In fact the hotel was nameless, nor did it deserve a name. It was the only hotel in the place. The manager saw us and screamed, "Restaurant!" He herded us into a candlelit room with a long table on which there was a small dish of salt and a fork with twisted tines. The manager's name was Abdul; he was hysterical, clearly suffering the effects of his Ramadan fasting. He began to argue with Lopez, who called him "a scumbag."

There was no electricity in this hotel; there was only enough tea for one cup apiece. There was no toilet, there was no place to wash, neither was there any water. There was no food, and there seemed to be a shortage of candles. Lopez and his friend Bobby grumbled about

Paul Theroux's most recent book is The Great Railway Bazaar: By Train Through Asia *(Houghton Mifflin).*

this, but then became frightfully happy when Abdul told them their beds would cost 35 cents each.

I had drunk half my gin on the night mail to Mashhad; I finished the bottle over a game of hearts with Lopez, Bobby, and a tribesman who was similarly stranded at the hotel.

As we were playing cards (and the hippies played in an unnecessarily cutthroat fashion), Abdul wandered in and said, "Nice, clean. But no light. No water for wash. No water for tea."

"Turn us on, then," said Lopez. "Hubble-bubble."

"Hash," said Bobby.

Abdul became friendly. He had eaten; his hysteria had passed. He got a piece of hashish, like a small mudpie, and presented it to Lopez, who burned a bit of it and sniffed the smoke.

"This is shit," said Lopez. "Third quality." He prepared a cigarette. "In Europe, sure, this is good shit. But you don't come all the way to Afghanistan to smoke third-quality shit like this."

"The first time I came here—in '68," said Bobby, "the passport officer said, 'You want nice hash?' I thought it was the biggest put-on I'd ever heard. I mean, a passport officer! I said, 'No, no—it gives me big headache.' 'You no want hash?' he says. I told him no. He looks at me and shakes his head: 'So why you come to Afghanistan?' "

The bus with a hole in it

LOPEZ SAT BESIDE ME. He said he liked me, "because freaks are so fucking boring, and straights are sometimes a groove."

I dreaded the journey, not merely because we were traveling across a patch of stifling desert to the blighted town of Herāt, but because I loathe buses. Any bus reminds me of a church summer-school outing to Nantasket Beach where everyone ends up producing a pool of vomit. This bus was on its last legs; it was filled with dust and gasoline fumes. We started out with eighteen people and picked up seven more along the way: a blind child, a very old woman, a man with a rifle, a family of four and their five chickens. No one got off. The men's turbans were loosely tied; one man hung out the window, and as he gawped at the desert his turban began to unravel, making a long flapping rag which reached nearly to the back of the bus. It was only when another man called his attention to it that he gathered it in.

We began to pass the black tents of nomads. The large black tents ominously pitched in the Afghan desert reminded me that in Marlowe's tragedy Tamburlaine always pitches black tents when he is about to go to war. The historical Tamerlane actually traveled this same desert and captured the town of Herāt.

We stopped again and again. The little bus was hot and crowded; all the windows, except the broken side one where the man had almost lost his turban, were closed and sealed, and a woman near me, who looked very ill, began to vomit quietly. The children were crying, and the blind boy, squatting on the floor near the driver, was singing—that high, tuneless Muslim whining. Two hours passed in this way. Lopez said, "You digging it?"

Suddenly—I cannot describe my surprise at the speed of this occurrence—there was the loudest bang I've ever heard; it was so loud I could not imagine what caused it. The whole interior filled up with blue smoke reeking of cordite. There was a moment of shock and confusion—the driver swerved, nearly overturning the bus and brought us to a halt.

When the smoke cleared, we saw a hole in the green Formica ceiling; it was oval, about an inch-and-a-half wide, and edged with soot. Beneath this hole a trembling Afghan held a smoking shotgun. The gun belonged to another man who, wedged at the front of the bus, had had no room for it. He had passed it to the man to hold, but had not warned him that it was loaded. The man might have pulled the trigger, or else the bumpy road might have set it off. There was a brief argument, and then we went on our way.

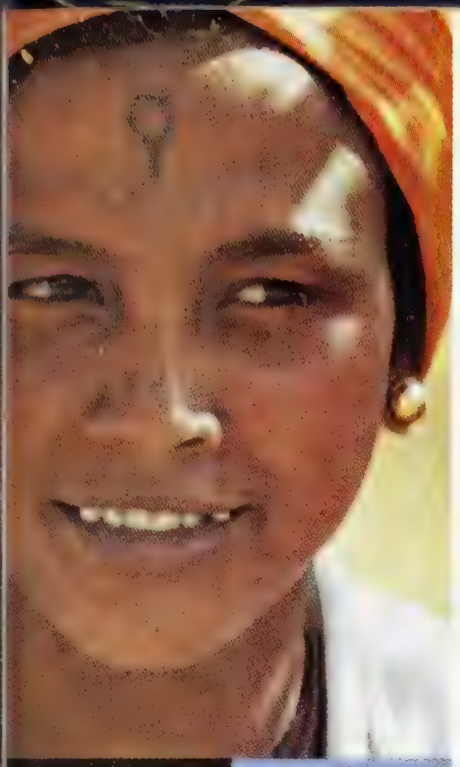
The frightening part came an hour later, when the man with the gun got out. There was a fierce argument between the driver and the man with the gun, and then the male passengers leaped out and they all stood in the desert beside the bus, shouting in the sunlight. It was complicated: the man who owned the gun hadn't been holding it when it went off; the man who was holding it hadn't known it was loaded. But there was a hole in the bus to pay for, and as everyone's belongings were tied to the top of the bus, the slug had penetrated suitcases and bundles. The argument became a fight, and three men rolled in the sand, shouting and kicking, as the shotgun changed hands.

Lopez said, "It's getting hairy."

The owner of the shotgun held the muzzle and swung it at his attackers, who dodged it and got him to the ground. They punched him; he shrieked and tried to get free. The other passengers hooted at him and kicked him when he rolled near.

"I think we should get out," I said. I was for leaving the bus and hitching a ride. My fear was that someone would reload the shotgun and start shooting, and when that happened I wanted to be able to flatten myself against the ground.

"No, no, no," said Lopez. "You don't understand these goofs. They're not going to kill the guy. They just want to get some money out of







In Ethiopia, we speak many languages. But our smiles are universal.

From Massawa on the Red Sea to cosmopolitan Addis Ababa, from the Arabian Nights marketplace of Harrar to the lakes of the Rift Valley, you hear the music of many tongues. Amharic, Tigrinya, Gallinya, Italian, French, English. More than 70 languages and nearly 200 dialects are spoken in Ethiopia.

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We are proud of our country. Of its green valleys and cool plateaus. Of its crisp air and comfortable climate. We are secure in our heritage. In our 30 centuries of recorded history and in the comfort of our customs and traditions.

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Trade your hog

You loved that car of yours when it was new, didn't you?

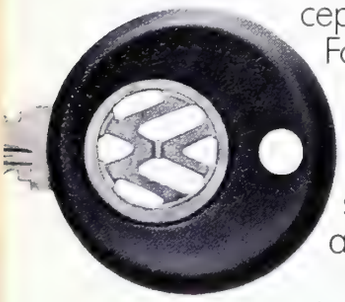
All bright and shiny and everything?

How could you know the world would change? How could you know it would use too much gas, too much space, too much everything?

How could you know that there would be a VW Rabbit?

We knew 5 years ago. That's when we started—from absolute scratch—to design the one and only car that honestly makes any sense today.

It's almost as if we re-invented the wheel. We re-thought every detail, every old concept of car design to get to the new concept of the Rabbit.



Even the key is padded for safety.

For example, size:

The Rabbit is a big car. Not to look at. Outside, it parks in almost no space.

But inside, there is more glass area than in a Lincoln Continental Mark IV; as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars; and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.



Seat belts put themselves on.

Quite an achievement.

Another example: safety.

The Rabbit helps make you a safer driver.

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius helps you to a straight stop.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit is still there.

A totally new rear axle makes the car more stable (and safer) on rough roads.

The deluxe Rabbit also has an utterly unique safety belt that puts itself on as you sit down.

Still another example: economy and performance.

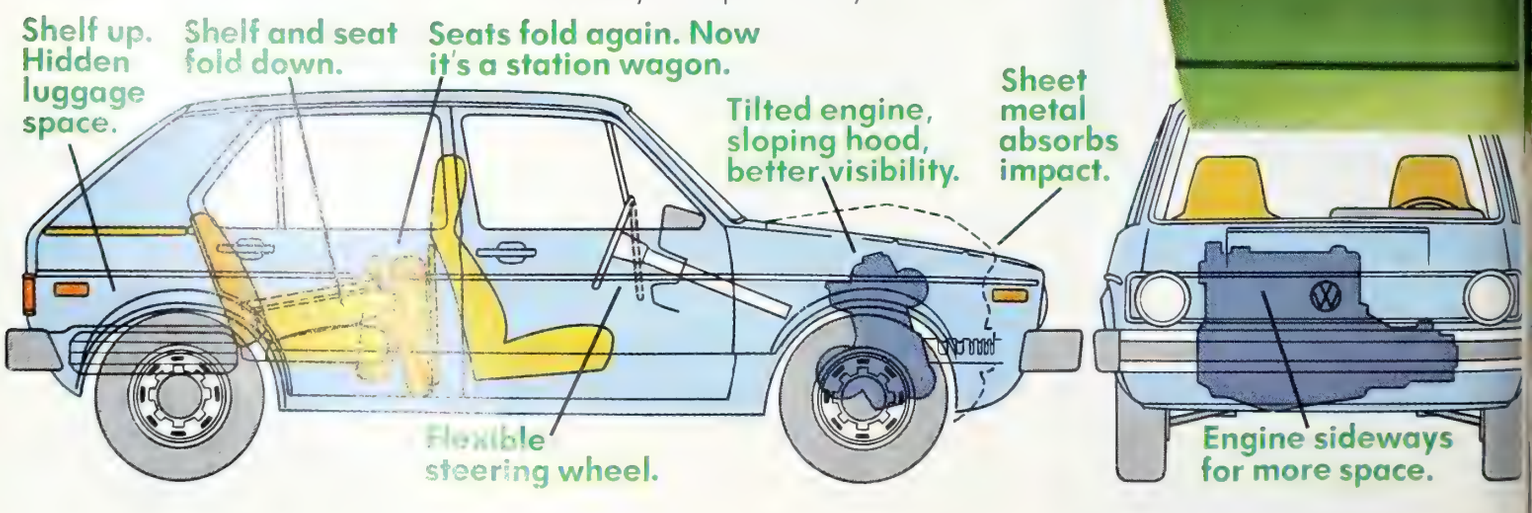
The EPA estimates that the Rabbit with stick shift got 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city.

(Actual mileage may vary, depending on type of driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Economy alone is a major accomplishment. But economy plus great performance is close to a miracle.

We've done it.



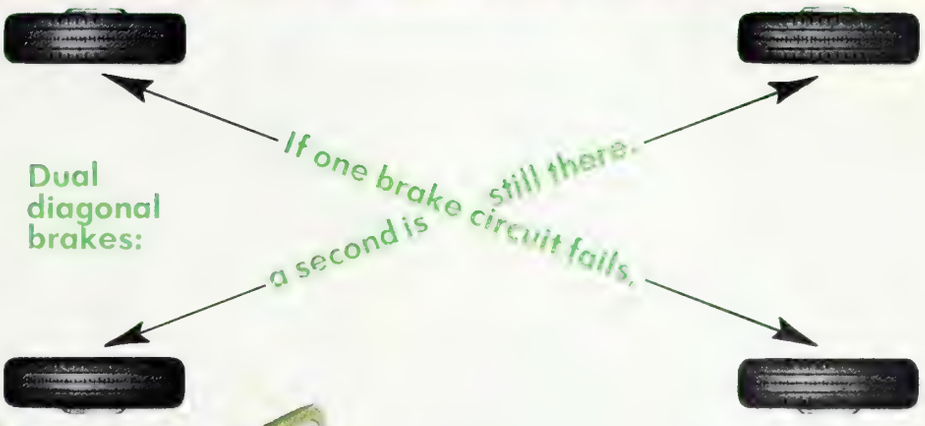


ior a Rabbit.



0-50 mph in 8.2 seconds. No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

ne Rabbit zips from 0 to 50 mph
mere 8.2 seconds.
1,000 Maserati doesn't do
h better.
No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.
There are more than 80,000 VW Rabbits



hopping around the U.S. already.
It is the most successful new foreign car introduction in history.

The Amazing Rabbit

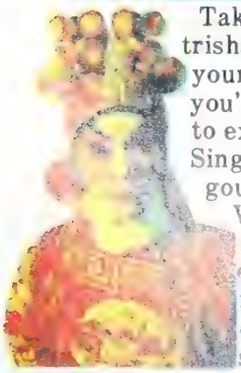
Our biggest sale was to Detroit's Big Three–56 Rabbits. We don't think it was a gesture of friendship or because they liked the colors. They are tearing them to pieces to find out how we did it. We did it the hard way–from scratch.
But it was worth it.
The Rabbit is a happy car, and we're happy with it.
At first, we were worried about the future of the car.
Now we've come up with the car of the future.

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Take a passing trishaw or a cab from your hotel, and you're on your way to experiencing Singapore — the gourmet's paradise. Western cuisine and every Eastern dish, Chinese noodles, Indian curries, fresh seafood or barbecue Malay style.



To the rhythmic clanging of gongs and cymbals, the lion dancers bring a message of welcome.

An invitation to experience the sights and sounds of Singapore.

A carnival of color and costume to the strains of age-old rhythms at an open-air Chinese opera. The fantasy of a Malay puppet shadow play set to mood music. The pulsating dance and drama of India.

Wherever you go, the color and movement of Asia are just round the corner.

Singapore, you'll find, is an uncommon blend of many races. People with their own languages and their own beautiful differences. Yet, just about everyone speaks English! Plus a language which speaks for itself — a sunny, welcome smile.





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him to fix the roof. He doesn't want to pay, see, because he wasn't holding the gun. But he'll pay—he's outnumbered."

"Meanwhile, we sit here . . ."

"Look, take it easy. In five minutes they'll all be back in here and we'll be going down the line. It'll be like nothing happened."

It took ten minutes, but Lopez was right: we were on our way. It was another hour to Herāt. I spent it tremulously vowing that this would be my last bus ride.

It is hard to decide where Asia begins. The Russians say at the Urals, the Turks at Haydarpasa, but these are meaningless cultural perspectives of geography. Surprisingly, many faces one sees in eastern Turkey, in Iran, and Afghanistan have a European cast, but they are darker and more deeply wrinkled. Perhaps Asia begins when the first dusky hand reaches out with obsequious arrogance for *baksheesh*. That's what I thought in Turkey. But now I knew. I had crossed the imaginary line between Europe and Asia. When that gun went off with such a crack, blasting a hole in the desert bus, Asia began.

A bazaar

TO BE IN HERĀT, in the western corner of Afghanistan, is to be nowhere; and Herāt is so far from Kabul there are still people in it who refuse to believe the king has been dethroned. News travels slowly; there are no newspapers in Herāt. On the other hand, the bazaar is unexpectedly crammed with merchandise, dirt cheap in all senses of that expressive term. Herāt is a town of clumsy craftsmen who have forgotten the fine points of their trade. They squat, biting on their tongues, making dangerously sharp jewelry and wooden objects, hacking at leather with dull scissors, and making wolf pelts into valises much as one would make a sow's ear out of two or three silk purses. Between the shops—the tiny closets and cupboards where these crude results are displayed—are antique stalls, some selling genuine treasures, ancient Afghan flintlocks with mother-of-pearl inlay, braces of pistols, chunks of carving pilfered from temples, old silver, carpets smuggled from Russia, brass samovars, and rare coins. And further along, where the sidewalk ends, and bridging the open drain which is dammed to overflowing with the green excrement of donkeys, are the fruit stalls: grapes, figs, and pomegranates given hairiness and sound by the clusters of wasps on them. The stallholders do not shoo them away. They laze and watch the passersby, mainly women, who in spooky pleated shrouds really do look ghostly as they peer through the thick lace at their eyes. These small draped figures move swiftly among the stalls, putting the wasps to flight when they unveil their skinny hands to choose their fruit.

Men stand idly in Herāt's main street. You think they are jaywalkers until a horsecart approaches; then several men wave their arms—they are traffic policemen in Afghan robes and turbans; and several more scurry around with twig brooms and squares of cardboard—they are the Department of Sanitation. The driver reins his horse, obeying the frantic signals of the man with flapping robes, and the red pompoms and bells on the decorated cart sway as the vehicle proceeds. But the horse has been startled; he raises his tail and shits, and as he does so the men with brooms rush to the steaming pile, sweeping and scooping, and this they deposit at the side of the road, in the drains under the fruit stalls.

"It is hard to decide where Asia begins. Perhaps it begins when the first dusky hand reaches out for *baksheesh*."

The rate of exchange

THE YOUNG VAGABONDS were considerably exercised about the exchange rate, and most of the conversations I overheard sounded like financiers' anxieties rendered into demotic.

The news was bad: the dollar was quoted at fifty afghanis, but the first shock the hippies got was from a sleek robed man who offered them forty-five afghanis.

"So the black-market rate is lower than the bank's. Right? Beautiful."

"I remember when you could get seventy to the dollar."

"Seventy! I remember when it was around ninety—and a bed was fifteen. You figure it out."

They stood in groups, cawing like brokers faced with a plunging market, the worst in years. And the amazing thing was that these youths, whose own description of themselves was "freaks"—the girl in the torn blouse, the bearded one with the cracked guitar, the ones in pajamas, pantaloons, dhotis; the men with ponytails, skullcaps, and sombreros, the girls with crew cuts and books by Idries Shah, all of them fatigued after their flight across Turkey and Iran—the amazing thing, as I say, was that they talked with impressive caution about money. They were carrying French and Swiss francs, German marks, pounds sterling, and dollars; their money was in greasy canvas pouches and gaily colored purses and sequined bags with drawstrings.

When the topic was drugs or religion, they were impossible to talk to. They struggled with a debased language of drug psychosis to express abstract concepts they had got third hand from dropout philosophy majors. But when the subject was money they never mocked: they

were serious, cunning, and shrewd by turns, because they knew—even better than their detractors—how much their life, so seemingly frivolous, was underpinned by cash.

"Listen, Bugsy got fifty at the bank."

"That's his fault for going to the bank."

"Yeah, fifty's not the official rate. Maybe here, but not in Kabul. I'm sure we can get fifty-eight."

"Fifty-eight is peanuts!"

"Anyway, we can't afford to get to Kabul at this rate."

"Bad scene, man," says a boy wandering over to the group. "I just changed some money."

Several eagerly importune him: "What'd you get?"

"Fifty-one."

"Hear that? So there's hope," says another. "I'm not changing mine for less than fifty-five."

The difference between fifty-one and fifty-five afghanis is about seven cents.

"We've got English pounds," says a girl in a long gray skirt who has been listening with some intensity.

"You're fucked, baby."

A very thin boy with a scraggly beard considers this obscenity for a few moments, then says, "Yeah, you are. See, they're only buying dollars because the rate is low. They don't buy pounds, but they'll sell you dollars for them—probably about two bucks for a pound. Then they'll buy the dollars from you. So you get ripped off twice."

The conversation continues; it is circular, studded with rumors, and inconclusive. The oddest thing about it is that it is taking place in the wildest part of Afghanistan, where only thistles grow. Money is the unlikeliest subject here, but it is the only subject, because it seems as if the hippies are being priced out of the country, and, like restless speculators in a time of crisis, they find they are being driven to different places, to Pakistan where the rate is fairer, and to India, where at the Mohan Singh bazaar you can still get (so one fellow remarks with a touch of confidence) eight-and-a-half rupees for a dollar.

An asylum in Kabul

ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1973, a Dutchman, an Englishman, and a Canadian entered Afghanistan from Pakistan. They had come from India and were driving what might have been a stolen Volkswagen. Their knapsacks were on the back seat. Outside Kabul they picked up an Indian hitchhiker. They drove to Kandahār and then to Herāt.

Herāt is a good contact point: it is safe and changeless. When the hippie is confused he refers to Herāt's message board: "Patrick it's behind the mirror," "*Je reste à l'hotel Yaquin depuis le 12—Chambre no. 1 t'attends,*" "Couldn't go Northern Route. Left for Kandahār Mon. Sept. 24th. We'll be waiting," "*Estoy en el Hotel Shaib,*" "Dying to see you. Peace, Judy," "If we are not there on the second look for note at Mustapha Hotel," "Hope you don't look like this from your dysentery [postcard with skull on it]. Get well soon and contact me in London to hitchhike Scotland." And there is the occasional telegram, such as the following which I eventually decided was a birth announcement: "TRUE HAS SOON BOTH WELL NUM."

The travelers dropped the Indian and established themselves in a hotel. Later they discovered that the Canadian's knapsack had vanished. Concluding that the Indian had stolen it for the money and passport, the three went to the Herāt police station.

It is not clear what happened then. The police would not say later what exactly took place. What is certain is that when the police asked for identification none of the three could produce it. The Canadian, whose name was Peter, grew violent and attacked the policeman who told him he was under arrest. They were all handcuffed, and because Peter was especially violent, he was put into leg-irons as well as manacles.

After being held three days at the Herāt police station, they were taken in the back of a truck, handcuffed and lying on the floor, the bumpy 420 miles to Kabul. This must have taken two days. The Englishman and the Dutchman were released with a warning; Peter was held. "And we could hear him yelling," the Dutchman said.

About a week later the Dutchman was walking down a back road in Kabul and saw, quite by chance, Peter shambling in the sun, still in his handcuffs and manacles. He was being transferred from one prison to another, though at the time the Dutchman thought he was just being allowed some fresh air. He was surprised that Peter had not been released, and felt it must have something to do with Peter's bad temper. He contacted the British Embassy.

The embassy official who saw Peter a few days later said that he was certain Peter was insane, either from the ordeal of the Afghan prison or from an imbalance of long standing. Peter was raving, and he showed signs of having been badly beaten. The embassy official secured Peter's release on the understanding that he would be committed to the Kabul insane asylum.

It was from the Canadian third secretary, a man I shall call Albert, that I heard this story. Albert was nervous. The police had not given him any help, but had said Peter had assaulted them. And there was a further problem: as-

Biplane to Jet Plane: 50 Years of Airline Service

The bicentennial year of 1976 marks the 50th birthday of scheduled airline service in America. It all began with the Air Commerce Act of 1926. This Act and later legislation provided the regulation, financial stability and opportunity for expanded service, which attracted private investment to the field of commercial aviation. Within five years airlines were spanning the country.

Today, the airlines are the dominant intercity public transportation system, with a record of safety, economy and dependability that is the envy of the world.



Airlines and Growth

We've flown a long way in 50 years! After a first quarter century of steady growth, the airlines in 1950 carried 19 million passengers 10 billion miles. In 1975, scheduled airlines carried more than 200 million passengers 163 billion miles. This represents almost 80 per cent of intercity public passenger miles traveled in this country. Airlines also account for 93 per cent of travel to overseas destinations. The U.S. scheduled airline fleet in 1976 includes 2,200 jet aircraft worth $18 billion, serving passengers and shippers in thousands of communities with 13,000 daily flights.

Airlines and Fares

Airline travel continues to be a bargain, with many fares actually cheaper than travel by car, bus or rail. Today's fares are substantially lower in the U.S. than in Europe and in virtually every other country in the world. While the Consumer Price Index since 1950 has risen 120 per cent, the average airline fare has gone up less than 30 per cent. In 1950, a Washington to Los Angeles flight cost $171. In 1976, the same flight—more than twice as fast—costs just $179. Discount fares can save up to 35 per cent.

Airlines and Mail

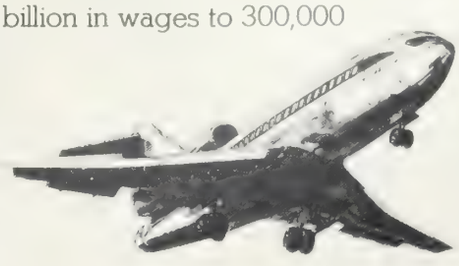
In 1926, the Post Office helped the airlines get off the ground when it contracted for scheduled air mail service. In 1976, more than 8 out of 10 first class letters will move by air between our cities. From biplane to jet plane, the airlines have carried the mail to help America grow.

Airlines and Freight

Air freight now moves millions of tons of high-value commodities ranging from medicine, computers and electrical appliances to high-fashion clothes and fresh produce. The U.S. scheduled airlines provide more than a billion dollars worth of air freight transportation annually in jet freighters and in the underbellies of passenger aircraft.

Airlines and Employment

The airlines in 1976 will pay over $6 billion in wages to 300,000 employees and will make possible hundreds of thousands of other jobs in the aerospace and travel industries. And airline growth means airport growth. Airports have become small cities, contributing millions of dollars in jobs and to the strength of communities large and small.



Airlines and Defense

A half century ago military pilots helped carry the mail. Today, the responsiveness and flexibility of the scheduled airline system, with its skilled professionals and world-wide facilities, constitutes a key reserve in the event of national emergency. The airline Civil Reserve Air Fleet saves taxpayers millions of dollars in readiness costs.

Airlines and the Future

The next 50 years will see new advances in scheduled air transportation service. The Federal Aviation Administration predicts that airline passenger traffic will increase by 7 per cent in 1976, and about 6 per cent a year through 1982.

Competition under common sense controls has helped make possible the steady advance in commercial aviation since 1926. Improvements in airline regulation are needed, but before any radical changes are made in the air transportation system, let's ask:

Can we risk a national asset?

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suming the legal tangle could be unraveled, how was it possible to get Peter out of the country if he was raving mad?

"I hate going up to that nuthouse," said Albert. "I get depressed."

"I'd like to have a look at it," I said.

"You'd have to be crazy to want to go there," said Albert. He gave an embarrassed honk of laughter.

WE PARKED IN THE SHADE of the asylum to keep the car out of the hot sun, and posted the driver nearby. Albert had been warned that patients sometimes tried to hijack visitors' cars. The building was a low one-story affair with a corrugated iron roof and thick bars on the windows on which patients clung, staring out with large eyes. Their heads were shaven, their faces were gray, and some —clutching and balancing like monkeys—yelled to us as we passed by.

We were admitted by a fat, sad-looking guard in a faded blue smock and skullcap. He shut the door after us, and secured it with two bolts and a padlock. I took one step, and the stink hit me, a reek of putrescence, piss, dampness, mold, and stale food. The chattering patients, all in dirty striped pajamas, flocked over to us. They were skinny, many were old, but, although their eyes were wild and their teeth rotted to fangs, they did not appear violent. Then it was easy to see why: the guard, I noticed, was carrying a heavy truncheon. He paddled his palm with it as the lunatics frisked about us.

"Hello, mister!"

"Goo' morning, sir!"

They knew more English and used it with greater fluency than most Afghans I had met so far.

One put out his dirty hand, and so as not to offend him I shook it. The others were encouraged. They gathered, wagging their hands at me, until the guard raised his truncheon, making them cower. I counted the men as we walked into the ward; there were twenty-six men, but only seventeen beds. It would have been impossible to fit more beds in the room—they were less than a foot apart—but I wondered where the others slept.

Under a filthy blanket, in a bed jammed against the wall, Peter was sleeping. His feet protruded from the blanket, and I could see sores on his ankles from the leg-irons, some scabs the size of quarters. He was tall; even though he was sleeping in a crouched position, his head butted the top of the bed and his feet were against the bars at the bottom end. His skin was yellow-gray, his cheeks sunken, and my first thought was that he was dead; he was covered with flies—on his face, on the blanket, on his open sores. Albert touched his shoulder and shook him slightly. He did not wake; briefly the flies left him, then returned.

"He sleep," said one of the lunatics. "No sleep at night—all talking and—" He made fluttering gestures with his hands to indicate excitement.

Albert said, "I think he's been up all night. We should let him sleep."

"What about the food?" I asked. Albert had brought a bag of chocolate, cheese, and ginger ale because Peter had complained about the hospital food.

"If I leave it they'll steal it," he said.

We left, and returned in the afternoon about five o'clock. Peter was still sleeping, but he woke up and raised his head when Albert called his name.

"Hi," he said drowsily. "What have you got?"

"Some food," said Albert. "How're you feeling?"

"Okay. I want to go," he said. The blue-smocked guard was standing behind Albert. Peter said to him, "I'm going with my friends. Let's go."

"In a few days," said Albert. "Here." He opened the bag and took out a can of ginger ale.

"Freedom," said Peter when Albert popped the opener.

Albert took out a bar of Toblerone chocolate and tore off the wrapper.

"Freedom," said Peter, and he began to eat it. He had spoken the word languidly; he repeated it, chanting in a deadened voice.

"There's some bread in the bag, and cheese, and another can of ginger ale. You'll be okay."

"English." A lunatic stood several feet away, hugging himself. "English iss goot."

"Get me out of here, man," said Peter. "Let me come with you." He spoke softly, not moving his head, still eating the chocolate. His hands were large, and I could see the sores on his wrists. The manacles must have been huge: he wore a six-inch cuff of sores.

"You've been sleeping a lot," said Albert. "That's good."

"I love candy bars."

"Do you sleep at night?"

"No." Peter put his hands over his eyes. "The past three nights they tied me up."

The guard smiled and played with his truncheon. He didn't understand English. He was a big man: he had been chosen for his size.

"I want to go. Get me out of here."

"We'll be sending you back to Canada pretty soon."

"No, I'd rather stay here."

I said, "In the hospital?"

"Afghanistan. I love Afghanistan." He lifted his hand and kissed the largest sore. □

alter Laqueur

THE FUTILITY OF TERRORISM

ıe bombs seldom accomplish anything

A FEW DAYS BEFORE Christmas a group of terrorists broke into the OPEC building in Vienna; the rest of the story is still fresh in the memory and need not be retold. Coming so soon er the attacks of the South Moluccan sepaists in the Netherlands, the incident occaned great hand-wringing and tooth-grinding ong editorialists all over the globe with e comments about the power concentrated the hands of a few determined individuals l harrowing predictions as to what all this ıld mean for the future. Because the signifiıce of terrorism is not yet widely understood, h a nine days' wonder could be regarded an action of world-shaking political conseence. Yet, when the shooting was over, when terrorists had vanished from the headlines l the small screen, it appeared that they were no means nearer to their aims. It was not n clear what they had wanted. Their operan in Vienna had been meticulously prepared, they seemed to have only the haziest notion what they intended to achieve. They broadt a document which, dealing with an obscure ject and written in left-wing sectarian lanıge, might just as well have been broadcast Chinese as far as the average Austrian liser was concerned.

The Vienna terrorists claimed to be acting behalf of the Palestinian revolution, but only ne of them were Arabs and it is not certain t there was a single Palestinian among them. eir leader was the notorious "Carlos," a Venıelan trained in Moscow and supported by ban intelligence in Paris—a branch of the viet KGB. Yet the operation, according to Egyptian press, was paid for by Colonel Qaddafi. The working of modern transnational terrorism with its ties to Moscow and Havana, its connections with Libya and Algeria, resemble those of a multinational corporation; whenever multinational corporations sponsor patriotic causes, the greatest of caution is called for.

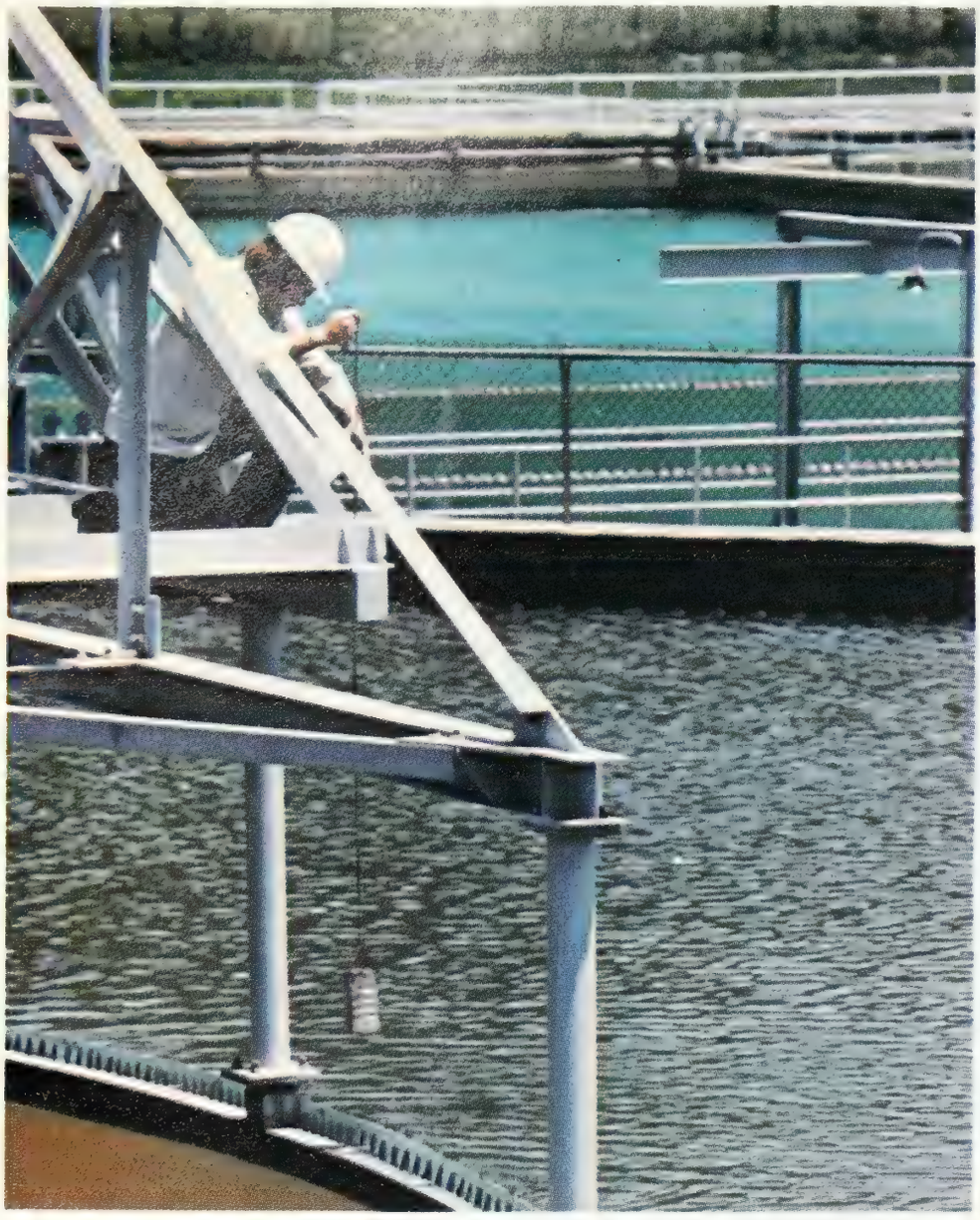
Similar caution is required if one is to avoid exaggerating the importance of terrorism today. It is true that no modern state can guarantee the life and safety of all of its citizens all of the time, but it is not true that terrorists somehow acquire "enormous power" (to quote our editorialists) if they kidnap a few dozen citizens, as in Holland, or even a dozen oil ministers, as in Vienna. If a mass murder had happened in Vienna on that Sunday before Christmas, long obituaries of Sheik Yamani and his colleagues would have been published—and within twenty-four hours, ambitious and competent men in Tehran and Caracas, in Baghdad and in Kuwait, would have replaced them. Terrorists and newspapermen share the naive assumption that those whose names make the headlines have power, that getting one's name on the front page is a major political achievement. This assumption typifies the prevailing muddled thinking on the subject of terrorism.

In recent years urban terrorism has superseded guerrilla warfare in various parts of the world. As decolonization came to an end there was a general decline in guerrilla activity. Furthermore, rural guerrillas learned by bitter experience that the "encirclement of the city by the countryside" (the universal remedy advocated by the Chinese ten years ago) was of doubtful value if four-fifths (or more) of the population are city dwellers, as happens to be the case in most Western industrialized coun-

Walter Laqueur is the chairman of the Research Council of the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington.

IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Kansas City Water Department engineer takes a sample of Missouri River water for use in some of the 1,200 laboratory tests conducted every day.

New efficiency in purifying 'Big Muddy'

Each day the Kansas City, Missouri Water Department has the enormous job of pumping and purifying 100 million gallons of water from the Missouri River, which by the time it gets to Kansas City, has really earned its nickname, "Big Muddy."

In the summer of 1973, the city water department installed an IBM computer to help it operate more efficiently. The computer's immediate contribution was in more productive use of electricity. The average peak power demand per million gallons pumped has been cut by 13 per cent, and city officials say the system has more than paid its way in power savings.

More recently, programs have been developed to use the computer to improve procedures in the purification process itself. The department conducts an average of 1,200 laboratory tests a day. That figure may rise to 6,000 a day in the winter and spring when rapid variations in the quality of the river water make the process of water purification most difficult.

According to water department officials, the computer helps the staff respond more quickly to changes in the river and to reduce the overall use of chemicals needed to purify the water. The result is consistently better drinking water with greater control of costs for the people of Kansas City.

Less paperwork for policemen

The police in Longview, Texas report spending more time on patrol and less on paperwork since installing IBM typing and dictating equipment. Immediately after investigating a crime or an accident, an officer dictates his report from the nearest phone. It is recorded and typed in draft by a clerk. The typewriter then produces final copies automatically at 150 words-a-minute. According to police officials, the system gives patrolmen and detectives more time to do the most important parts of their jobs. It also provides fuller, more accurate reports because the officers dictate them while the facts are still fresh in their minds.





inancial assistant Marcia Shannon, using small computer, finds she can mplete reports in an hour that used to take two or three days.

Small computer proves effective tool in managing small business

In today's economic climate, busi-ss management is becoming increas-gly complex. Large companies have en able to keep pace with this com-exity by using modern data process-g techniques. But in the past many all businesses simply could not af-rd the necessary equipment.

IBM's System/32, a computer spe-ally designed for small business, was troduced to meet this need. The first mpany to install it was Midwest In-stries, an Omaha, Nebraska construc-n firm. Within a month the company as making significant savings.

"When we did our job cost reports anually, they could get so far behind at it was nearly impossible to make eaningful management decisions," ys Midwest chairman Al Daubman. oday, all our information is kept right up to date on the computer. We can look at each current project and try various adjustments to increase our productivity and profitability. We've already found and corrected one problem that was costing us three times what we're paying for the computer."

The System/32 is the first IBM computer to be marketed with complete industry application packages available right from the start. This enabled Midwest to begin producing reports the day after the computer was installed.

"Our reports are much more readable than they were before, with far more accuracy," says financial assistant, Marcia Shannon. "With the System/32, I can now complete a report in one hour that previously took me two to three days to do by hand."

Administrative productivity helps hospital meet growth problem

With the rise in the demand for health care, many small hospitals need to increase productivity in handling the reports required by government and private health insurance programs.

Taft Hospital, in San Patricio County, Texas faced such a productivity problem in 1973. Taft had 40 beds, 112 employees, two doctors—and 60 percent of its patients on Medicare or Medicaid. Taft met the challenge by installing a small IBM computer. "We were facing a three-month backlog of paperwork," says hospital administrator Leo Davis, "and it was getting worse every day, with more requests for reports. Before we developed our computer system we simply couldn't comply."

Today, according to Mr. Davis, the hospital's paperwork stays current with the help of the computer. This, he says, has made it possible for Taft to contemplate future growth. Since solving the problem, the hospital has increased its staff by four doctors and is adding 40 new beds this year.

Practical texts help math teachers and students

According to a recent survey, 61 per cent of Americans between the ages of 26 and 35 can't decide whether the "large economy size" in a grocery store is really more economical, and 60 per cent can't figure out the cost of new carpeting for a room.

To better equip children for such everyday calculations, a highly effective math program for elementary schools has been developed by Science Research Associates, a subsidiary of IBM. In two years of field tests across the country, student achievement scores were 15-49 per cent higher than normally expected for grades one through eight. The program now is being adopted for regular use by many schools nationwide.



Teacher Susan Phillips of Underwood Hills Elementary School in Omaha's Westside Community Schools, Dist. 66, involves students in math problems.

The textbooks and teacher guides, designed to make it easier for children to learn—and for teachers to teach—focus on *practical* math. While there's still plenty of drill to ensure mastery of the basic skills, many of the problems deal with everyday situations such as the supermarket or the cafeteria so that students can see the usefulness of what they are learning. Since some students learn faster than others, the program can be individualized to help them progress at their own pace.

IBM



David Wilhelmson

tries—and quite a few Latin-American coun tries too. With the transfer of operations fro the countryside to the cities, the age of th "urban guerrilla" dawned. But the very ter "urban guerrilla" is problematical. There hav been revolutions, civil wars, insurrections, an coups d'etat in the cities, but hardly ever gue rilla warfare. That occurs in towns only if pub lic order has completely collapsed, and if arme bands roam freely. Such a state of affairs i rare, and it never lasts longer than a few hour at most a few days. Either the insurgents ove throw the government in a frontal assault, o they are defeated. The title "urban guerrilla is in fact a public-relations term for terrorism terrorists usually dislike being called terrorist preferring the more romantic guerrilla image.

There are basic differences between the rura guerrilla and the urban terrorist: mobility an hiding are the essence of guerrilla warfare, an this is impossible in towns. It is not true that th slums (and the rich quarters) of the big citie provide equally good sanctuaries. Rural gue rillas operate in large units and gradually trans form themselves into battalions, regiments, an even divisions. They carry out political and so cial reforms in "liberated zones," openly prop agandize, and build up their organizationa network. In towns, where this cannot be done urban terrorists operate in units of three, four or five; the whole "movement" consists of a few hundred, often only a few dozen, members This is the source of their operational strengt and their political weakness. For while it i difficult to detect small groups, and while they can cause a great deal of damage, politically they are impotent. A year or two ago anxious newspaper readers in the Western world were led to believe that the German Baader-Meinho group, the Japanese Red Army, the Symbionese Liberation Army, and the British Angry Bri gade were mass movements that ought to be taken very seriously indeed. Their "communi qués" were published in the mass media; there were earnest sociological and psychologica studies on the background of their members their "ideology" was analyzed in tedious detail Yet these were groups of between five and fifty members. Their only victories were in the area of publicity.

Terrorist myths

THE CURRENT terrorist epidemic has mystified a great many people, and various explanations have been offered—most of them quite wrong. Only a few will be mentioned here:

Political terror is a new and unprecedented phenomenon. It is as old as the hills, only the manifestations of terror have changed. The pres-

idemic is mild compared with previous aks. There were more assassinations of g statesmen in the 1890s in both America urope, when terrorism had more support- an at the present time. Nor is terrorist ne a novelty. In 1884 Johannes Most, a n Social Democrat turned anarchist, pub- in New York a manual, *Revolutionary n) Warfare*, with the subtitle "A Hand- of Instruction Regarding the Use and facture of Nytroglycerine, Dynamite, Gun- , Fulminating Mercury, Bombs, Arson, s, etc." Most pioneered the idea of the bomb and argued that the liquidation of ' was not murder because murder was the killing of a human being, whereas police- lid not belong in this category.

is sometimes argued that guerrilla and ist movements in past ages were sporadic ssentially apolitical. But this is not so; ussian anarchists of the last century were ll organized as any contemporary move- and their ideological and political sophis- n was, if anything, higher. The same goes e guerrilla wars of the nineteenth century. uerrilla literature published in Europe in 30s and 1840s is truly modern in almost respect. It refers to "bases," "liberated " "protracted war" as well as the gradual ormation of guerrilla units into a regular The basic ideas of Mao and Castro all red at least a hundred years ago.

rrorism is left-wing and revolutionary in cter. Terrorists do not believe in liberty ality or fraternity. Historically, they are , contemptuous of the masses, believing historical mission of a tiny minority. It aid about the Tupamaros that one had to Ph.D. to be a member. This was an exag- on but not by very much. Their manifestos e phrased in left-wing language, but pre- generations of terrorists proclaimed Fas- deas. Nineteenth-century European par- and guerrillas fighting Napoleon were nly right-wing. The Spanish guerrilleros d to reintroduce the Inquisition, the Ital- rned the houses of all citizens suspected t-wing ideas. Closer to our own period, A and the Macedonian IMRO at various in their history had connections with Fas- nd Communism. The ideology of terrorist nents such as the Stern gang and the Pop- ront for the Liberation of Palestine en- sses elements of the extreme Left and Slogans change with intellectual fash- and should not be taken too seriously. eal inspiration underlying terrorism is a oating activism that can with equal ease right or left. It is the action that counts.

rrorism appears whenever people have ne, legitimate grievances. Remove the ance and terror will cease. The prescription seems plausible enough, but experience does not bear it out. On the level of abstract reasoning it is, of course, true that there would be no violence if no one had a grievance or felt frustration. But in practice there will always be disaffected, alienated, and highly aggressive people claiming that the present state of affairs is intolerable and that only violence will bring a change. Some of their causes may even be real and legitimate—but unfulfillable. This applies to the separatist demands of minorities, which, if acceded to, would result in the emergence of nonviable states and the crippling of society. It is always the fashion to blame the state or the "system" for every existing injustice. But some of the problems may simply be insoluble, at least in the short run. No state or social system can be better than the individuals constituting it.

It is ultimately the perception of grievance that matters, not the grievance itself. At one time a major grievance may be fatalistically accepted, whereas at another time (or elsewhere) a minor grievance may produce the most violent reaction. A comparison of terrorist activities over the last century shows, beyond any shadow of doubt, that violent protest movements do not appear where despotism is worst but, on the contrary, in permissive democratic societies or ineffective authoritarian regimes. There were no terrorist movements in Nazi Germany, nor in Fascist Italy, nor in any of the Communist countries. The Kurdish insurgents were defeated by the Iraqi government in early 1975 with the greatest of ease, whereas terrorism in Ulster continues for many years now and the end is not in sight. The Iraqis succeeded not because they satisfied the grievances of the Kurds but simply because they could not care less about public opinion abroad.

Terror is highly effective. Terror is noisy, it catches the headlines. Its melodrama inspires horror and fascination. But seen in historical perspective, it has hardly ever had a lasting effect. Guerrilla wars have been successful only against colonial rule, and the age of colonialism is over. Terrorism did have a limited effect at a time of general war, but only in one instance (Cuba) has a guerrilla movement prevailed in peacetime. But the constellation in Cuba was unique and, contrary to Castro's expectations, there were no repeat performances elsewhere in Latin America. The Vietnam war in its decisive phase was no longer guerrilla in character. There is no known case in modern history of a terrorist movement seizing political power, although terror has been used on the tactical level by radical political parties. Society will tolerate terrorism as long as it is no more than a nuisance. Once insecurity spreads and terror becomes a real danger, the authorities are no longer blamed for disregarding human rights

"Terror is noisy. It catches the headlines. But seen in historical perspective, it has hardly ever had a lasting effect."

Walter Laqueur

THE FUTILITY OF TERRORISM

in their struggle against it. On the contrary, the cry goes up for more repressive measures, irrespective of the price that has to be paid in human rights. The state is always so much stronger than the terrorists, whose only hope for success is to prevent the authorities from using their full powers. If the terrorist is the fish—following Mao Tse-tung's parable—the permissiveness and the inefficiency of liberal society is the water. As Regis Debray, apostle of the Latin-American guerrillas, wrote about the Tupamaros: "By digging the grave of liberal Uruguay, they dug their own grave."

The importance of terrorism will grow enormously in the years to come as the destructive power of its weapons increases. This danger does indeed exist, with the increasing availability of missiles, nuclear material, and highly effective poisons. But it is part of a wider problem, that of individuals blackmailing society. To engage in nuclear ransom, a "terrorist movement" is not needed; a small group of madmen or criminals, or just one person, could be equally effective—perhaps even more so. The smaller the group, the more difficult it would be to identify and combat.

Political terrorists are more intelligent and less cruel than "ordinary" criminals. Most political terrorists in modern times have been of middle- or upper-class origin, and many of them have had a higher education. Nevertheless, they have rarely shown intelligence, let alone political sophistication. Larger issues and future perspectives are of little interest to them, and they are quite easily manipulated by foreign intelligence services. As for cruelty, the "ordinary" criminal, unlike the terrorist, does not believe in indiscriminate killing. He may torture a victim, but this will be the exception, not the rule, for he is motivated by material gain and not by fanaticism. The motivation of the political terrorist is altogether different. Since, in his eyes, everyone but himself is guilty, restraints do not exist.

Political terror therefore tends to be less humane than the variety practiced by "ordinary" criminals. The Palestinian terrorists have specialized in killing children, while the Provisional IRA has concentrated its attacks against Protestant workers, and this despite their professions of "proletarian internationalism." It is the terrorists' aim not just to kill their opponents but to spread confusion and fear. It is part of the terrorist indoctrination to kill the humanity of the terrorist—all this, of course, for a more humane and just world order.

Terrorists are poor, hungry, and desperate human beings. Terrorist groups without powerful protectors are indeed poor. But modern transnational terrorism is, more often than not, big business. According to a spokesman of the Palestine "Rejection Front" in an interview with the Madrid newspaper *Platforma*, th come of the PLO is as great as that of ce Arab countries, such as Jordan, with paym by the oil countries on the order of $150 mi to $200 million. Officials of the organizat are paid $5,000 a month and more, and e one gets a car as a matter of course; they l acquired chalets and bank accounts in Swi land. But the "Rejection Front," financed Iraq, Libya, and Algeria is not kept on a sta tion diet either. The Argentine ERP and Montoneros have amassed many millions dollars through bank robberies and extort Various Middle Eastern and East Euro governments give millions to terrorist m ments from Ulster to the Philippines. abundance of funds makes it possible to en in all kinds of costly operations, to bribe cials, and to purchase sophisticated weap At the same time, the surfeit of money br corruption. The terrorists are no longer and hungry after prolonged exposure to in Hilton hotels. They are still capable carrying out gangster-style operations of s duration, but they become useless for long c paigns involving hardship and privation.

All this is not to say that political terro always reprehensible or could never be effect The assassination of Hitler or Stalin in 1920s or 1930s would not only have chan the course of history, it would have saved lives of millions of people. Terrorism is mor justified whenever there is no other remedy an intolerable situation. Yet it seldom occ and virtually never succeeds, where tyra is harshest.

The terrorist's frie

EVENTS IN RECENT YEARS offer cert obvious lessons to terrorists. Th lessons run against the terrorist gr and have not yet been generally cepted. For example, terror is alw far more popular against foreigners than aga one's own countrymen. The only terrorists our time who have had any success at all those identifying themselves with a religi or national minority. It is sectarian-chauvi support that counts, not drab, quasirevoluti ary phraseology; Irish, Basques, Arabs, the rest have found this out by trial and er The media are a terrorist's best friend. The rorist's act by itself is nothing. Publicity is Castro was the great master of the public-r tions technique, from whom all terrorists sho learn; with less than 300 men he created impression of having a force of overwhelm strength at his disposal. But the media ar fickle friend, constantly in need of diver and new angles. Terrorists will always have

novative; they are the super-entertainers
r time. Seen in this light the abduction of
PEC ministers rates high marks.
e timing of the operation is also of para-
t importance, for if it clashes with other
tant events, such as a major sports events
natural disaster, the impact will be greatly
ed. Whenever terrorists blackmail govern-
, it is of great importance to press realis-
mands. Democratic authorities will instinc-
give in to blackmail—but only up to a
. The demand for money or the release of
terrorist prisoners is a realistic demand,
ere are limits beyond which no govern-
can go, as various terrorist groups have
out to their detriment.
chiatrists, social workers, and clergymen
e terrorist's next-best friends. They are
to advise, to assuage, and to mediate,
eir offer to help should always be accept-
the terrorist. These men and women of
vill think they know more than others
the mysteries of the human soul and that
have the compassion required for under-
ing the feelings of "desperate men." But a
ed study of the human psyche is hardly
d to understand the terrorist phenomenon;
sic techniques have been known to every
specting gangster throughout history. It
former terrorist, the renegade, who has
ionally been the terrorist's most dangerous
ent. Once again, the terrorist should
forget that he exists only because the
rities are prevented by public opinion at
and abroad from exercising their full
against him. If a terrorist wishes to sur-
e should not create the impression that he
be a real menace, unless, of course, he
nctuaries in a foreign country and strong
rt from a neighboring power. In this case
al terrorism turns into surrogate warfare
hanges its character, and then there is
s the danger that it may lead to real, full-
war.
ent terrorist experience offers some les-
o governments too. If governments did not
n to terrorist demands, there would be no
, or it would be very much reduced in scale.
ttitude of Chancellor Bruno Kreisky and
inister of the Interior, who virtually shook
rrorists' hands, is not only aesthetically
asing, it is also counterproductive. It may
few human lives in the short run, but it
invitation to further such acts and greater
shed. However, it would be unrealistic to
determined action from democratic gov-
nts in present conditions. In wartime
governments will sacrifice whole armies
ut a moment's hesitation. In peace they
gue that one should not be generous with
people's lives. Western politicians and
ialists still proclaim that terrorism is con-

demned "by the whole civilized world," forgetting that the "civilized world" covers no more than about one-fifth of the population of the globe. Many countries train, equip, and finance terrorists, and a few sympathetic governments will always provide sanctuary. Western security services may occasionally arrest and sentence foreign terrorists, but only with the greatest reluctance, for they know that sooner or later one of their aircraft will be hijacked or one of their politicians abducted. Ilyich Ramírez Sánchez ("Carlos"), the Venezuelan terrorist, is wanted in Britain for attempted murder, yet Scotland Yard decided last December not to press for his extradition from Algiers. For, in the words of the London *Daily Telegraph*, "the trial of an international terrorist could lead to political repercussions and acts of terrorist reprisals." A good case could be made for not arresting foreign terrorists in the first place but simply deporting them. The European governments on a West German initiative have had some urgent deliberations in recent weeks as to how to collaborate in combating terror. But, according to past experience, it is doubtful whether international cooperation will be of much help unless it is worldwide.

These observations do not, of course, refer to the South Moluccans, the Kurds, and other such groups in the world of terrorism. They fight only for national independence; they are on their own because they fulfill no useful political function as far as the Russians and the Cubans are concerned. The Libyans and Algerians will not support them because they belong to the wrong religion or ethnic group, and even South Yemen will not give them shelter. They are the proletariat of the terrorist world.

"Terrorists do not believe in liberty or egality or fraternity. Historically, they are elitists, contemptuous of the masses."

TERRORISM IS, OF COURSE, a danger, but magnifying its importance is even more dangerous. Modern society may be vulnerable to attack, but it is also exceedingly resilient. A plane is hijacked, but all others continue to fly. A bank is robbed, but the rest continue to function. All oil ministers are abducted, and yet not a single barrel of oil is lost.

Describing the military exploits of his Bedouin warriors, Lawrence of Arabia once noted that they were on the whole good soldiers, but for their unfortunate belief that a weapon was dangerous in proportion to the noise it created. Present-day attitudes towards terrorism in the Western world are strikingly similar. Terrorism creates tremendous noise. It will continue to cause destruction and the loss of human life. It will always attract much publicity but, politically, it tends to be ineffective. Compared with other dangers threatening mankind, it is almost irrelevant. □

THE RULE OF SENTENCE



Jos. Smith

by Jimmy Breslin

1876, by Gore Vidal. Random House, $10.

"WORDS, AFTER ALL, define us," writes Gore Vidal. The reader's mind then staggers about as it is exposed to Vidal's dazzling sentences. How do you envision this person whose words turn each page into a tray of jewelry? As a bullfighter, perhaps. Arrogant body drawn like a bow, eyes disdainful. The clumsy stupid bull so easy to handle that the great danger is boredom. Or maybe he should be seen, Gore Vidal, as a prizefighter born with hands that think. Left hook. The other man covers and moves away from the left hook. Another left hook. Moving away again. A third left hook. More moving away. Moving away from the left hook and directly into the fine right hand, which was the idea from the beginning. Head moving into the right hand, right hand moving into the head. And Vidal walks to the corner without as much as a glance back. The referee counts the fight to an end, and Vidal's second, swinging through the ropes, holds aloft a comb. But the comb is not needed—the fighter has not even broken sweat.

However, more sensible thoughts arise as the reading goes on. Writers most certainly are not heroic figures. They drink much less than insurance salesmen, they are poor lovers, and they cannot fight. I once saw two great he-man writers have a tremendous go at each other—eyes closed, hands flailing like Wellesley undergraduates. Ernest Hemingway? My dear old friend from Broadway, M. Harry (Champ) Segal, assures us, "He was the world's greatest writer, but he didn't even know how to make a fist."

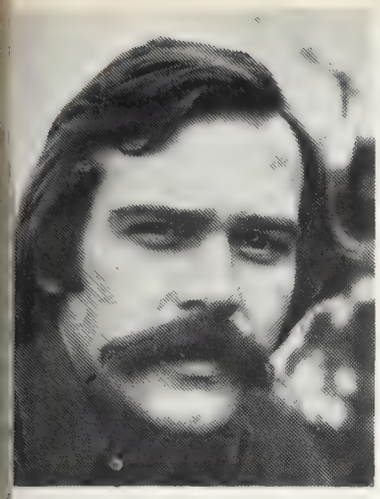
How, then, do the words of *1876* define the writer? Examine first the words:

> *Whenever I see trees falling before the wind, hear thunder, observe the sea furious, I think of the December day and the paleness of the mother's face in vivid contrast to the redness of her blood, that endless hemorrhaging of blood.*

> *Certainly there were hundreds of smart equipages; and innumerable fine horses, snorting steam like so many railway engines: in the modern industrial age the writer must use only mechanical references to define old-fashioned fleshly things.*

> *Of the three Delmonico restaurants, the one at Fourteenth Street and Union Square is certainly the most fashionable. The carpeting is thick. The lamps are richly shaded. How important it is to see the food plainly, yet not to see or to be seen too closely by those one dines with! Damask curtains comfortably contained the warmth but not the heat th one gets so often in overcrowde poorly ventilated eating places.*

All of which leaves you with notion of Vidal as a man sittin Italy for six months while this n nificent gift with which he was b pours out the words in arrangem which please the mind, please ear, please the palate. Somewh somebody may be able to write tences as well as Vidal, but I wor who there is who can write as eas Vidal's is a smashing gift, allow him to write with so much less ef than is usually associated with trade. Which is a very good th A common laborer he is not. *1876* is a glorious piece of writ and it should and will be bou and read and kept and reread anybody with a taste for words. do not come to this book look for a new, interesting charac Vidal is too busy concentrating words to provide us with that. *1876* he has Charles Schermerh Schuyler, foreign correspondent, turning to New York with his dau ter Emma, thirty-five, born and rai in Paris and now the widow of Prince d'Agrigente and hungry a man who can sustain her ha of being rich. Schuyler wants hook up with a successful Democ ic candidate in the election of 1 and come away with an ambassac ship to France. Or at least th what I think Schuyler desires. H not close to a strong character, an have trouble remembering mu about him. Vidal uses Schuyler the narrator of this book, and wh Schuyler fails to couple himself you, his words always do. As daughter Emma, her I cannot e see. Murky murk. This ends Vid notions of character creation. P these two, the people in his book Samuel J. Tilden, William Cul Bryant, James G. Blaine, U. S. Gr —are familiar to anybody who attended high school. So many these characters displease Vida only Grant, and Tilden, whom Vi elevates to the priesthood, disso his scorn—that the effect is nea wearying. And I know Vidal delib ately twists characters to make bad into the good. Therefore, I tr none of these judgments. But aga what does it matter? The sentenc supreme.



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

My name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me to start an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND. It was to be an experiment in person-to-person communication on a national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt this magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of view about what's important in advancing the human condition.

It became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much so that it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S WEEKLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.

Like WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to human growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and where we're going—and how we can but hang together on the way.

However, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is issued biweekly. Which permits it to be more diverse, wide-ranging, timely, and keyed to current events and controversies. But most important is the fact that . . .

HARPER'S WEEKLY is written almost entirely by its readers.

That means you. And if you come through for me—for all of us—the way you did on WRAPAROUND, we'll be making some kind of history together.

But—a publication written by its readers? A bold approach, certainly. However, nothing else would be compatible with HARPER'S WEEKLY's aims. Which are, in a moderate-size nutshell, to take issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal institution, the anonymous committee. To provide a village-green debating platform where the *people* take charge. To help reckon *individual* roles and responsibility in our increasingly faceless society.

To focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In business. In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't, for example, report the latest public-be-damned corporate decision. But we did examine how individual shareholders can band together to redirect policy and goals. HARPER'S WEEKLY hasn't lamely joined the national chorus singing the recession blues. Instead, we have been running a penetrating, grass-roots symposium on how people around the country are coping.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't simply bemoan the flow of power into the hands of bureaucrats, technocrats, and autocrats. We try to do something about it—by celebrating the truly democratic exercises of power wherever we find them.

And HARPER'S WEEKLY will not recap the oft-told and anesthetizing sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But it could very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the moral dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find safety for your family.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is, then, a return to the source. People. *You.* Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations, crises, and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left you a more effective, more independent, more powerful individual . . . information that should be passed along to others, enabling them to more easily cope and perform.

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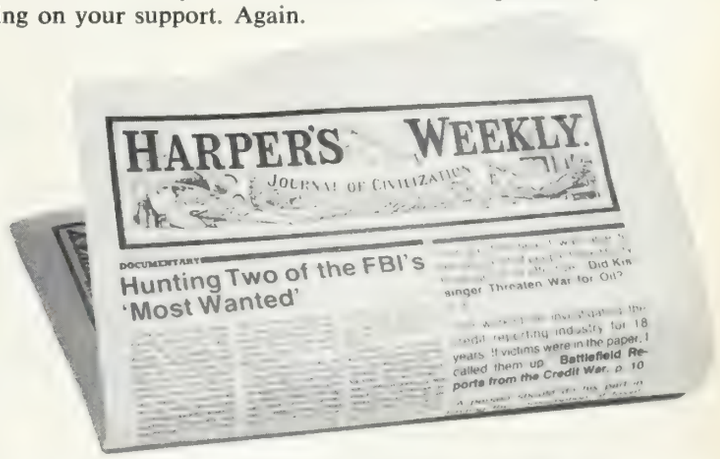
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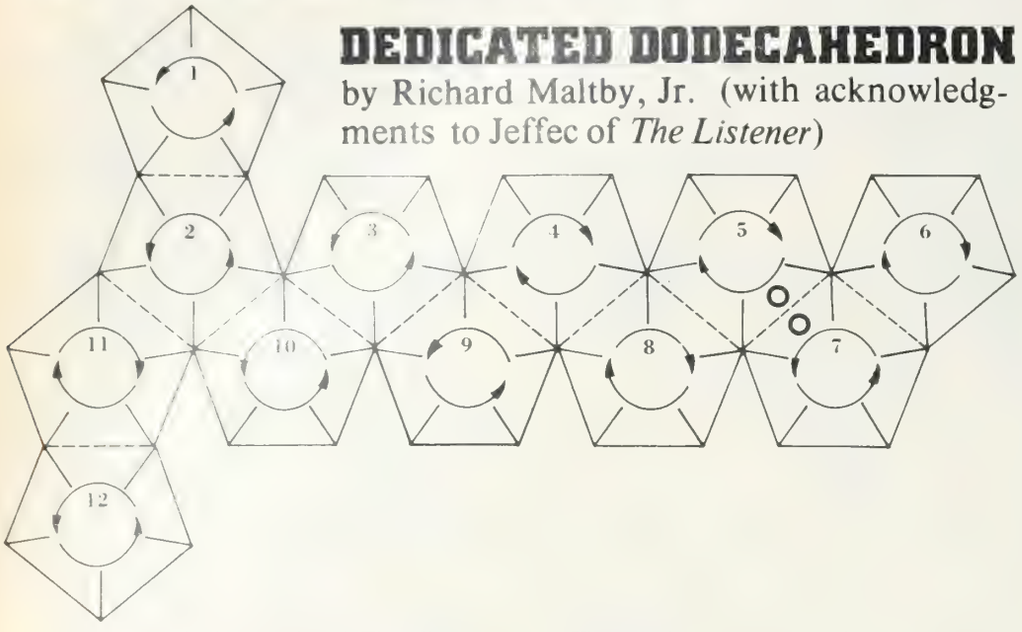
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PUZZLE

DEDICATED DODECAHEDRON

by Richard Maltby, Jr. (with acknowledgments to Jeffec of *The Listener*)



This month's instructions: The diagram would form a regular twelve-sided solid if folded along the dotted lines.

The clues in group A lead to words of six letters; each of these words contains all the (mixed) letters of a five-letter word plus one extra letter. The five-letter words are clued in group B. The extra letters are to be entered in the centers of the appropriate pentagons with the associated five-letter words inscribed around them (to read in the direction shown by the arrows) in such a way that, *at each edge of the solid, adjacent letters are the same.* When the diagram is complete, the central letters from 1 to 12 will spell the name of the person (a royal pretender?) to whom the puzzle is dedicated. N.B.: the clues are in no particular order; the answer to clue (a) in group A is not necessarily associated with the answer to clue (a) in group B. The solver must figure out which six-letter answers are "associated" with which five-letter answers, and where to place them.

Example: The answer to a clue in group A might be WARDEN; the answer to a clue in Group B might be DRAWN. Since WARDEN contains the letters in DRAWN, these two words would be "associated" and DRAWN would be entered (in the direction of the arrows) in a pentagon, surrounding the extra letter E, in such a way that the D, the R, the A, the W, and the N would each be duplicated in another word on the adjacent side of an edge. Answers include one proper name and two foreign words (one common; one well-known to gourmets.) Three answers are uncommon words, but none is obscure.

One letter, with its duplication, has been printed to help you get started.

As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 125.

CLUES

GROUP A: SIX-LETTER WORDS

(a) Composed extremely dry endless novel
(b) Kneaded to cure French pie crust
(c) Awful woman makes a good deal of progress
(d) Like a plain dull-colored liner inside
(e) In past, mixed colors
(f) Ocean fish, each caught in the dregs the wrong way (*hyphenated*)
(g) Finch took a room in hotel? Just the reverse!
(h) Drunken miser follows royal poets of old . . .
(i) . . . even around English stills
(j) Pot can get you tenure
(k) Verses—bad parts
(l) Grace and Martha (the funny one in public relations)

GROUP B: FIVE-LETTER WORDS

(a) Go in the middle, but not the front
(b) Avoid, in fencing railroad, being limited by salary
(c) Ground route off the beaten path
(d) Watering place in European country
(e) Broken lease—it's a frame-up!
(f) Prophets understand reading, writing, and 'rithmetic
(g) Gibe born in the *Saturday Review*
(h) Front of gable beams gets older
(i) 12 x 12 rank
(j) I'm found on a map, printed in plain letters
(k) He just got up between two treads
(l) Pleasant-sounding bedroom furniture, e.g.

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Dedicated Dodecahedron, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. This month's winners are Reuben Goldman, Seattle, Washington; Sally Porter, Davis, California; and Joseph E. Donnelly, Grand Cayman.

Note for beginners: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

AS FOR THE PLOT, at first there isn't any. Schuyler moves about in New York society of a hundred years ago: "With a marvelous silken, whispery, jingling sound, the ladies followed Mrs. Astor to the vast art gallery that runs parallel to the dining room." And: "We are not exactly slender at Paris, but few of us are as fat as these grand New Yorkers. It is especially pitiable to watch the eyes of the ladies grow round with greed as pheasants and lobsters, sorbets and desserts, are presented them. Even those who do not betray their appetite by staring, who continue to talk with animation of other subjects, give themselves away when, without warning, a polite and cultivated syllable will suddenly drown in an excess of saliva."

Vidal has Schuyler spend about three paragraphs telling us that "according to the *Herald* more than thirty thousand homeless children are adrift in the streets, living in cellarways, in barrels, packing crates. The few who manage to survive into adolescence turn to prostitution and crime." The story of central Harlem today. And also: "At night the Elevated's shadow makes absolutely dark the street or jungle, the word most used by vivid journalists. . . . The pillars of the Elevated do suggest sinister trees, perfect hiding places for gamblers and whores, for thieves and murderers, as well as for those who would play with them or be played by them, the victims ending, often as not, on a rag heap, to be cut up by the 'street rats' who sell the remains for fat, for bone, for hair." He mentions—just—beggars who are Civil War veterans: "Lost my arm at Chickamaugua, sir." But this is about all. Vidal has us skating swiftly on a brisk day, mufflers flying, and only for a moment does he ask you to look down and see what is beneath the ice—the body of the young child who fell in and was trapped under the surface the day before.

His undertaking is not to dissect the poor, but rather to inspect the ways of the rich, to record and comment upon the unspoken agreements by which gentlemen live their lives: "The young man nodded politely in my direction, acknowledging the presence of a gentleman whilst emphasizing his own position so much

urther down the long American so-ial ladder."

Following an inspection of how the ich lived in New York a hundred ears ago, Vidal takes up the last alf of the book with a well-paced lescription of how Rutherford B. Hayes, Republican, stole the election f 1876 from Samuel J. Tilden, Democrat. Vidal does such a job of elling me Tilden that I am holding ny breath, rooting for him to make t while the *New York Times* attacks im, and a coalition of Army troops, ail barons, and bought Senators and upreme Court judges steal the elec-ion from him. Tilden won the popu-ar vote by a then solid 250,000. He ost the Presidency in Washington y a single electoral vote—lost it, idal says, because a civil war again hreatened and Tilden did not want o be the one who fired the first shot. If Governor Tilden has a fatal law," Schuyler observes, "it is his urious notion that men can be com-elled by good argument to be hon-st, to show disinterest where there s only interest and greed."

Now I don't know if Tilden was his good at all. Vidal is cheating ike a bitch when he steals from a istory textbook to get a plot for his ovel, so why shouldn't he freak round the facts too? So what? He s a writer of such supreme ability hat he can do whatever he wants. He need not grope, agonize, writhe, noan, caterwaul as do those who write only half as well or less. He loes as he pleases . . . he can write bout virtually nothing, as he does in he first half of *1876*, and it can be ompelling reading. And then he an take history, as he does in the econd half of the book, and make t powerful and astonishing.

In the first part of *1876*, Gore idal is in places and with people really don't want to care about, ut the book was impossible to put lown. In the second part, he went off nto a hundred-year-old election, and ny interest is in this year's. I still ound myself trying to turn a page efore finishing it. His approach al-ways is haughty and bloodless, and I ike more pulse in words. But for the ast time, what does it matter? □

*Jimmy Breslin is the author of two novels—*The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight *(Bantam) and* World Without End, Amen *(Viking)—and* How the Good Guys Finally Won: Notes from an Impeachment Summer *(Viking). He is now at work on a third novel.*

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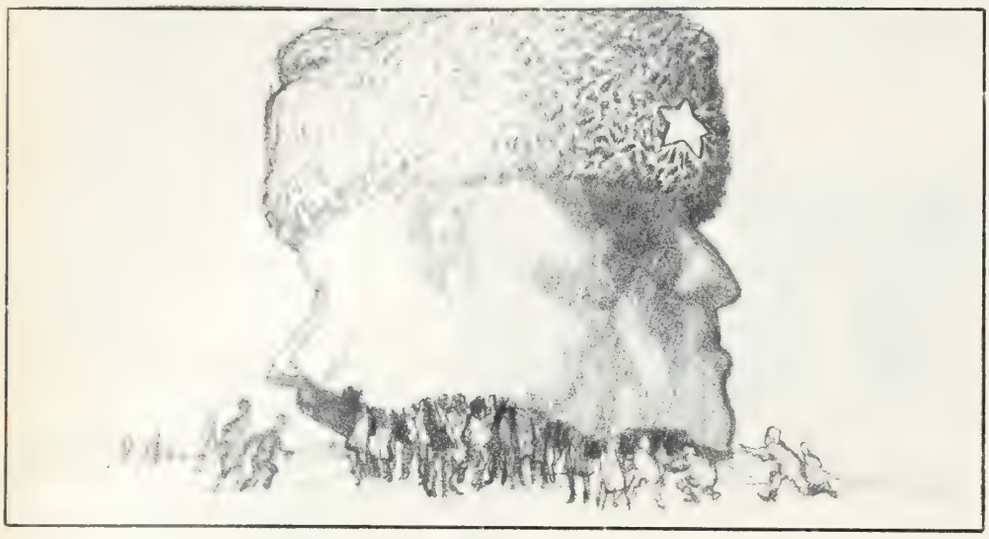
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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN



Jos. Smith

by George Feifer

The Russians, by Hedrick Smith. Quadrangle, $12.50.
Russia: The Power and the People, by Robert G. Kaiser. Atheneum, $12.95.

ROBERT G. KAISER of the *Washington Post* and Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* were together in Moscow's foreign compounds in 1971 to 1974, seeing the same informants, pursuing the same stories, attending the same plays, visiting the same writers' graves, and making the same press trips with the same watchdog escorts. Now they have published surveys at almost the same moment. Some duplication was inevitable, but from descriptions of factories to citations of divorce statistics, the two volumes often match page for page. These enterprising reporters not only enjoyed the moving conversational embrace of Moscow intellectuals at the same kinds of kitchen tables, but sat in the very same chairs: then they recorded the disarming mixture of literary and political discussion, jokes, and intimate reflections in diligent, unedited bulk, worthy of their newspapers.

The two were the first Western journalists to interview Solzhenitsyn, although they gave little hint in 1972 of the tsarlike highhandedness that seems to characterize him now. For all of his fierce opposition to the Politburo, Solzhenitsyn appears in their pages as part of a larger Russian pattern of arbitrary power, accepted by most of the ruled as well as the rulers. Although both writers readily acknowledge his literary gifts and immense contribution to exposing crimes and lies, they have less faith in his powers of prophecy. What most Russians want to do about Stalinism—apart from the many who hanker for the Leader's strong hand—is not to protest or repent, but to forget. Rather than confront today's less brutal authority, they will spend their time looking for loopholes. Kaiser and Smith emphasize that the Russian people do not resent, much less want to change, the system that relentlessly fetters them, but to beat it: to get a piece of the action. To some extent, people *do* get the government they deserve.

BOTH WRITERS feel that many of Russia's fundamental arrangements operate only to hinder the pursuit of happiness. Together with appalling restrictions on freedoms and rights, Russians endure a "socialism" seemingly designed to make a rich nation poor: to keep the drones in shortage, shoddiness, and line-standing submissiveness, each laboriously acquired banana substituting for one of civilization's unobtainable fruits. Plagued by monumental inefficiency, cheating, waste, and alienation, the economy achieves what it does—including delusion and intimidation of the West, two of its principal functions—only by savage exploitation of backward components to produce prize-winning pianists, excellent tanks, and other isolated victories, the priorities of which are established by the state. From an economic base wobbling in mud and vodka, up to 40 percent is extracted for military purposes by means of The Plan, a stifling law of the land passed off as scientific socialism's distributive instrument.

The managers of this monstrous machinery stand atop a Byzantine caste system, their Westinghouse kitchens and other enormous privileges hidden by concealed entrances to special emporiums, fences around their mansions, and curtains on their limousines, from which cossacklike policemen wave away other traffic when the cars are not on private roads. With all its accompanying attitudes—especially "Don't take any initiative"—the gigantic bureaucracy controlling the country's every legal means of producing goods, services, and art resembles an army whose principal purpose is not sanity for today but preparation for war tomorrow. The party kingpins themselves, their awe and hatred of the West provoking an inferiority complex the scale of the Russian landmass, endlessly boast of Soviet superiority. Even without the defeat-the-evil-West ideology on which they were raised, they regard any relationship with a stranger as a test of strength. Westerners who theorize about "convergence," especially businessmen who assume trade will hasten it, know as little about these people as about Russian history. The scattering of Russians who struggle for liberalization have no such illusions. A KGB army of half a million is ready to deal with the handful of dissidents still at large after the crushing of the "Democratic Movement."

The Western press overplayed and misinterpreted this protest from the beginning. In fact, the secret police

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are rarely needed because very few Russians are disaffected or disgusted. The huge edifice of Soviet rule might crash one day for some unpredictable reason, but meanwhile, most Russians vaguely believe what they are told.

Most of them don't care anyway. From early childhood, they are conditioned to live wholly separate public and private lives. Home is the place for everything pleasurable and "real." Leaving it for their offices, Russians switch for eight hours from their legendary, enchanting candor and warmth to the cynicism and hypocrisy they learn from their bosses. They make the required motions at work, and the right noises at political musters.

This is why engineers and editors who servilely produce the regime's hackwork are not always as contemptible as some freedom fighters make them. The dichotomy between public and private helps careerists to live with themselves, even to be accepted by artists—who also must compromise.

To feather private nests, goods stolen or otherwise diverted from The Plan to the black market contribute to a huge countereconomy of creeping capitalism, equal to perhaps 10 percent of the GNP. But, from holding children to picking mushrooms to writing poetry for the desk drawer, most of the joys of Russian life are nonmaterial. Under the crust of authoritarianism, the Russians are wonderfully disorderly. Life in the small circle of family and friends is as relaxed and unorganized as it is mean and distasteful in ministries and on the dour, crowd-trudged streets. Unavailable to most Westerners, this private ambience, which nourishes and comforts even dissenters, is an essential element in the Russians' attitude to their lives and their country.

At bottom the vast majority prefer the socialism that feeds them to the capitalism they fear would not. Ideology is dead, and massive political indifference hangs over the country like a February cloud. The only unfaked enthusiasm is for Western rock tapes, obtained on the gray market, or for a shipment of Hungarian raincoats, which will put a store under seige in thirty seconds. Yet the pair of Levi's for which a doctor pays three weeks' wages does not represent a yearning for democracy, a spirit of rebellion. Even Soviet youth, with its ever keener longing for Western treats, has a mother's-milk antagonism toward the free enterprise that produced them. Freedom to make one's own political and economic way stimulates more fright—of failure, unemployment, riots—than longing. The Russian instinct is for security, not opportunity; and dread of social chaos persists as it can only among those who feel anarchy in their own bones.

Thus, for all the people's complaints, "the most important fact is that the Soviet regime succeeds. Nearly all Russians accept its leadership and organize their lives around the norms, customs, and criteria of success which it sanctions." Underneath everything, feeding even this basic political instinct, is a Russian-earth patriotism so strong that it stuns sophisticated Westerners. The spectacle of Soviet Jews weeping for the land of their persecution is beyond the understanding of some, but even a long treatise on the Russian landscape and psyche would probably fail to explain why mystical Russia has always been loved, not only despite but also because of her failures and sorrows.

THIS IS THE PICTURE Kaiser and Smith give of life in contemporary Russia. To say that I've been making the same points for years will stress how accurate I take it to be. However, their major achievement is to have de-enigmatized Russia, vividly, sensibly, and comprehensively.

An era is ending in journalism about Russia. At last the country's power to generate emotion among American supporters and opponents of revolutionary socialism has faded. General acceptance that it has long been neither revolutionary nor socialist—and has little to teach us except what methods and rhetoric to avoid—has removed the need to apologize, defend, or shout out warnings.

The day of the dispassionate account has arrived. Simple curiosity about real Russian life is emerging from behind the punctured dreams and illusions that once obscured it. Thanks to this, the Russia Kaiser and Smith evoke will no doubt be the one Americans will know many years.

It is a relief to have straightforward, sober surveys from reporters of their credentials and talents. The very authority of their tone ma me pine for what has been left o Much Russian life is just as th describe it—but at other times, it the stuff of fiction: unpredictabl nonrational, full of emotion and f tasy where Americans look for n and bolts. This is the compon missing from these hardwork tomes.

From the construction of gi new plants to the devices intellectu use to retain a measure of digni Smith and Kaiser range wide, b not deep enough—and deep is wh counts when the Russian door closed and the bottle opened. Th do not explain, for example, w this unhappy country produces many non-neurotic people. It is commonplace that a private eveni with Russians, sometimes even th who do some dirty work, is a hu dred times more easy, honest, a open than one with their Weste counterparts. This is no mirac there is an explanation.

Debunking the conventional wisd about the essential similarity betwe easy-going Americans and easy-g ing Russians, Smith and Kaiser cle ly define vast disparities in func mental attitudes toward work (t Russians are against it), author (Russians not only accept but di out petty, dictatorial commands every opportunity), and human r ture (Russians expect the worst fr it, which makes their attitudes to most everything very different fr ours.) But neither even mentions crucial similarity underlying the differences. Both peoples are esse tially religious in the sense of livi with a daily yearning, expressing constant need to attach themselv to some higher purpose. It is le talk about money or socialism th separates Russians and America from, say, Englishmen, than the e istence of a dream and all the ang sacrifice, and spiritual relief (or d lusion) attached to it.

Needless to say, portraying su states of mind would have been formidable task. The paradox is th Smith and Kaiser's very diligen often depletes the atmosphere of Ru sian life. It is a question of *mood-*

essential element. In their repor- l and businesslike earnestness are the antithesis of the people describe. Saying one thing, they unwittingly impart another; more assiduous, fair-minded, and ise their explanations, the wider open the gap between what is iat strange realm and what the er feels. This is why Kaiser's e awkward prose and less com- survey sometimes works bet- his stumbles allow some emotion reak through.

When you leave Russia, your pest memory is of heightened tion—of love and anger for 's goodness and evil. You feel algia for the countryside, for ll, marvelously unpretentious erings and the wretchedness of r attendant hangovers. You feel air at the unholy weight of the aucracy. But you remember that, aking people to their limit and rendering personal the confrontation with monumental natural forces, even the succession of boring winter days produces visions. You feel closer to yourself than ever before.

Someday a modern de Tocqueville may appear to take us to the sources of the "Russian experience." Sixty years of Soviet rule have, of course, brought about much change, but, as ideology evaporates, the reversion to Russianness—without artistic genius, intellectual purity, and other bourgeois attributes sacrificed to revolutionary logic—is faster than ever. The celebrated nineteenth-century novels are still the best place to catch its flavor, for the great Russian writers are the best reporters of the Russian sitting room and soul. Without their art, Russia can be described but not conveyed. □

George Feifer is the author of six books on Russia, of which the most recent is Moscow Farewell *(Viking).*

EMINISM RAISED TO THE OWER OF THE ABSURD



Ann Banks

men, Money and Power, by llis Chesler and Emily Jane dman. William Morrow, $8.95.

THERE ARE A lot of things in this book you probably don't know. For example: "Most women are (comparatively) short people believe that they are 'ugly.' " urally they are unhappy, since, ur culture, "men, and therefore nen, both value height." And why, you may wonder, are thin women admired? The answer takes no more than one sentence in the chapter on the psycho-economics of beauty: "Sociologically speaking, our culture is a male homosexual one: women who look like men, particularly like beautiful male adolescents, will command the highest price as either models or wives." That might seem like an overly simple interpretation of fashions in physiques, and the authors may have suspected this,



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for they also take note of an opposite trend: "And yet, aren't we the culture that celebrates large, non-functioning breasts? Do women want to be 'thin' and 'big-breasted?'" The contradiction is not explained.

Emily Jane Goodman and Phyllis Chesler have written a book that is both depressing and familiar. *Women, Money and Power* retails a shopworn array of grievances well known to anyone who so much as opened a magazine during the last five years. The authors have compiled a catalogue of atrocity stories which suggests that the literature of feminism has not advanced beyond the organizing principle of "If you think *that's* bad, just wait until you hear this one."

Who's to blame for the sorry plight of women? Chesler and Goodman stick with the old-timey villains —those shadowy, mysterious exemplars of competence and worldly power, akin to the class Agatha Christie's Miss Marple refers to as "The Gentlemen." The authors have chosen this Victorian notion of masculine nature as the backdrop against which to present their recitation of sex discrimination. The effect is hardly subtle; we feel as if we are expected to hiss with each new turn.

The starting point of *Women, Money and Power* is that women have little money and less power. What they do have is negotiable only under certain demeaning conditions and, even then, not of any reliable value. "Women may *feel* like a million dollars when they look good—*but they haven't got a million dollars*" (authors' emphasis). When they are young girls, we are told, not much is expected of them. They are taught to "sit with their knees pressed close together, their hands folded in their laps—to take up as little male or prohibited space in the universe as possible." If, by chance, girls do excel at a skill, they have already lost half their audience because of their sex. "Mothers and fathers cheer their sons on; only fathers cheer their daughters on—and then only in areas that please them." If they grow up poor, the men of their class use them as their last-ditch chance to be among the oppressors rather than the oppressed. If they grow up rich, their fathers turn the "ships of industry" over to their brothers.

WE ALSO LEARN that women who work don't earn much money. Even successful women are not successful compared to men. Considering Mary Wells, who owns her own advertising agency, the authors say that her salary ($384,000 in 1972) is "unimaginably high—for a woman. But not for the (male) president of General Motors." Married women, furthermore, have a hard time finding work because they might get pregnant. And single women can't get bank loans because they have no collateral. And if they could, what would they do with the money? ("What woman goes out and buys a Porsche?")

Even selling sex is no sure thing. A prostitute may have made good money, but, the authors ask, how many prostitutes have "parlayed their profits into blue-chip stocks or into daring business adventures, or into pleasure palaces in the Caribbean? How many women who sell sex for money have made as much money as men who sell financial wizardry for money? Or men who sell their athletic ability for money?"

What the book lacks in intelligence, it makes up for with numerous assertions that range from painfully obvious to merely peculiar. Here is one of the latter: "As of 1975, only a handful of women in the world have real sexual power." This cryptic declaration is never explained, but it is preceded by the clue that "sexual power . . . means the power of sexual enjoyment. Very few women have this power."

This pronouncement is drawn from a Faustian shopping list the authors have drawn up. They classify twelve major forms of power, most of which, they tell us, are controlled by men. These are: physical force, technology, science, military strength, consumerism, religion, secular institutions, social position, influence, ideology or charisma, physical beauty, and motherhood. Then there is money, the thirteenth power, "which can buy and control the twelve powers."

The authors conjure up this demonic power in language that all but glows in the dark. It's worth quoting at length, though it seems to be intended for reading aloud, with occasional clashing of cymbals a cries of "Praise the Lord!"

> *Money is the thirteenth power. Money is human energy trapped and counted in measures of gold, silver and paper. Money is love. Money is sex. Money is life—or time. Money is human and animal blood. Money is bloody. For all its magical powers, money has not been able to legislate violence out of human existence. Human energy protests its imprisonment into coins; it engages in bloody riots, it creates chaos, it deflates the value of currency and of its own energy. Money is highly sacred to men. . . . It represents the male's ability to perform alchemical magic. Men can turn land—or ideas—into gold. . . . Money keeps men awake. Money turns men "on."*

At appropriate intervals in t text, the authors remind themselv and us, that not every problem c be interpreted solely on the basis sex. They occasionally try to co centrate on those instances whe class differences play a complicati role, but their hearts just aren't in Qualifications are sprinkled throug out, though they have a grudging a to them, as if they were afte thoughts. At a quick glance, it seen possible to detect the outlines of system: qualifications based on cla distinctions are in parentheses, as "When boys say, 'What shall I b when I grow up?' their horizons (they are white and middle class) a unending"; qualifications related gender are footnoted, as in the fo lowing: "And it is not only wom who turn to artificial means of kee ing their youth alive. Some men d too."

Publishers have a lot to answ for here. One need only wand through the local bookstore to o serve that women's books have b come the most durable publishi fad since foreign cooking. Thoug some of these books have inde been authentic contributions to o attempt to think the issues throug many others merely use feminism an advertising gimmick. If the pu lishing industry keeps on at the ra it's going, the women's moveme may be in danger of collapsing und the weight of remainders.

Ann Banks is an editor at large of Harpe Weekly.

'he Twain Meets...Animals

Delhi monkeys: We had a freshing rest, there in Delhi, a great old mansion which ssessed historical inter- t. . . . In the Mutiny days the ansion was the British neral's headquarters. It ands in a great garden— iental fashion—and about it e many noble trees. The ees harbor monkeys; and ey are monkeys of a atchful and enterprising sort, id not much troubled with ar. They invade the house henever they get a chance, id carry off everything they on't want. One morning the aster of the house was in his ath, and the window was pen. Near it stood a pot of ellow paint and a brush. me monkeys appeared in ie window; to scare them way, the gentleman threw his onge at them. They did not are at all; they jumped into ie room and threw yellow aint all over him from the rush, and drove him out; ien they painted the walls nd the floor and the tank and ie windows and the furniture ellow, and were in the dress- ig-room painting that when elp arrived and routed them.

Two of these creatures ame into my room in the arly morning, through a win- ow whose shutters I had left pen, and, when I woke, one f them was before the glass rushing his hair, and the ther one had my notebook, nd was reading a page of umorous notes and crying. I lid not mind the one with the airbrush, but the conduct of he other one hurt me; it hurts ne yet. I threw something at im, and that was wrong, for ny host had told me that the monkeys were best left alone. They threw everything at me hat they could lift, and then vent into the bathroom to get ome more things, and I shut he door on them.

The vulture: A vulture on oard; bald, red, queer-shaped ead, featherless red places ere and there on his body, intense great black eyes set in featherless rims of inflamed flesh; dissipated look; a businesslike style, a selfish, conscienceless, murderous aspect—the very look of a professional assassin, and yet a bird which does no murder. What was the use of getting him up in that tragic style for so innocent a trade as his? For this one isn't the sort that wars upon the living, his diet is offal—and the more out of date it is the better he likes it. Nature should give him a suit of rusty black; then he would be all right, for he would look like an undertaker and would harmonize with his business; whereas the way he is now he is horribly out of true.

The chameleon: He is fat and indolent and contemplative; but is businesslike and capable when a fly comes about—reaches out a tongue like a teaspoon and takes him in. He gums his tongue first. He is always pious, in his looks. And pious and thankful both, when Providence or one of us sends him a fly. He has a froggy head, and a back like a new grave—for shape; and hands like a bird's toes that have been frostbitten. But his eyes are his exhibition feature. A couple of skinny cones project from the sides of his head, with a wee shiny bead of an eye set in the apex of each; and these cones turn bodily like pivot-guns and point every which way, and they are independent of each other; each has its own exclusive machinery. When I am behind him and C. in front of him, he whirls one eye rearward and the other forward—which gives him a most Congressional expression (one eye on the constituency and one on the swag).

The porpoises: The passengers were sent for, to come up in the bow and see a fine sight. It was very dark. One could not follow with the eye the surface of the sea more than fifty yards in any direction—it dimmed away and became lost to sight at about that distance from us. But if you patiently gazed into the darkness a little while, there was a sure reward for you. Presently, a quarter of a mile away you would see a blinding splash or explosion of light on the water—a flash so sudden and so astonishingly brilliant that it would make you catch your breath; then that blotch of light would instantly extend itself and take the corkscrew shape and imposing length of the fabled sea-serpent, with every curve of its body and the "break" spreading away from its head, and the wake following behind its tail clothed in a fierce splendor of living fire. And my, but it was coming at a lightning gait! Almost before you could think, this monster of light, fifty feet long, would go flaming and storming by, and suddenly disappear. And out in the distance whence he came you would see another flash; and another and another and another, and see them turn into sea-serpents on the instant; and once sixteen flashed up at the same time and came tearing toward us, a swarm of wiggling curves, a moving conflagration, a vision of bewildering beauty, a spectacle of fire and energy whose equal the most of those people will not see again until after they are dead.

It was porpoises—porpoises aglow with phosphorescent light. They presently collected in a wild and magnificent jumble under the bows, and there they played for an hour, leaping and frolicking and carrying on, turning somersaults in front of the stem or across it and never getting hit, never making a miscalculation, though the stem missed them only about an inch, as a rule. They were porpoises of the ordinary length—eight or ten feet—but every twist of their bodies sent a long procession of united and glowing curves astern. That fiery jumble was an enchanting thing to look at, and we stayed out the performance; one cannot have such a show as that twice in a lifetime. The porpoise is the kitten of the sea; he never has a serious thought, he cares for nothing but fun and play. But I think I never saw him at his winsomest until that night. It was near a center of civilization, and he could have been drinking. **—Mark Twain**

From The Higher Animals: A Mark Twain Bestiary, *edited by Maxwell Geismar, illustrated by Juan Claude Suarès, to be published this fall by Crowell.*

BLESSED IS THE CLEAN SHOT

I find it difficult to describe this moment of the hunt. Food hunters, as compared to trophy hunters, rarely speak of it. The moment itself is paradoxical, and all hunting peoples have ritualized it in forms of acknowledgment and forgiveness to the spirit of the animal. There is immediate remorse at the sight of a majestic creature, crimson staining the ground beneath it. Relief that the perfectly placed neck shot has brought instant death, with no suffering. Undeniable elation that the hunt has provided winter food. And a realization lurking somewhere in the back of the mind that the pristine antiseptic package of meat purchased at the supermarket, if not the equivalent of a lie, is then only one of many plastic-wrapped fantasies in our consumer world of "instant" manna.

—Billie Wright

Four Seasons North: A Journal of Life in the Alaskan Wilderness
1973

WRAPAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

So Long, Chump

One of man's closest links in the evolutionary chain, the chimpanzee, is on the way to becoming extinct in the wild. A yet unpublished U.S. Department of Interior report warns that chimpanzee populations are rapidly declining in the eighteen African countries in which they are found. The chimp is also listed as "vulnerable" by the World Wildlife Fund, meaning that, if present conditions persist, *Pan troglodytes* will soon be an endangered species.

The threat comes from two directions. First, African countries are clearing forests that were once the chimpanzee's habitat in order to feed and shelter burgeoning populations. Man's encroachment is so pervasive that there have been reports of wild chimpanzees contracting human diseases.

Second, chimpanzees are steadily exported for use in zoos, circuses, laboratories, and as exotic pets. The way they're captured is particularly brutal and wasteful. They have to be taken when infants—usually less than a year old—because no one wants a wild, full-grown, unmanageable chimp. And like the young of many primates, a chimpanzee infant clings to its mother's fur; to get the baby, the hunters shoot the mother. The hunters, most of them tribesmen with contacts among animal dealers, do not use tranquilizer guns because of the expense and because the drugs wouldn't take effect quickly enough to prevent the mother from escaping. Also, chimpanzee meat is a delicacy in certain parts of Africa.

The death of a female chimp is a great loss, especially when one considers that in her fifty-five-year life span, she could give birth to ten or more offspring. But even her death does not guarantee successful capture and shipment of the baby: for every chimpanzee that makes it to its final destination alive, an estimated five to twelve others die—from shooting, neglect, or disease.

Even after it is sold, a chimp's future is bleak. Those most of us see on television and in circuses, and the ones laboratories want, are usually youngsters three to four years old. Not until chimpanzees are ten do they reach their full size, weighing as much as 165 pounds, and when they become adults they're not so cute. The main problem is their incredible strength and aggressiveness. A male has been recorded pulling 847 pounds with one arm—and he was said to be in a good mood.

Circuses cannot use full-grown chimps because they become dangerous. Laboratories cannot use them because they don't have the facilities to maintain them for any length of time. People can't keep them as pets because of their destructiveness. So the fate for many, who never have the chance to breed, is an early death. A few lucky ones are donated to large zoos or to the Primate Foundation of Arizona, the only place in the United States set up to support abandoned chimps.

Is there a solution? Of course there is: leave the chimps forests to live in, and stop exporting them. Obviously, that will not be easy; demand for chimps shows every sign of increasing, and if the trend continues, exporting the animals will become more and more profitable. But the United States does not have to compound the problem. First, we can and should reevaluate the necessity of using chimpanzees as laboratory animals and as entertainment fare. Second, we can step up efforts to supply, through domestic breeding programs, all the chimps we really need. This won't stop all exploitation of chimps, but it would go a long way toward keeping them extant. —**Jason Shaw**

Jason Shaw is a free-lance reporter based in Tempe, Arizona

In 1887 it became a misdemeanor in New York State to give food or shelter to English sparrows, because there were so many of them.

AND FAREWELL TO YOU, FRIENDS

The World Wildlife Fund lists 812 species of animals as being "rare and endangered." Most endangered species share similar characteristics: they are long-lived, with low rates of population increase; sexual maturity is delayed; few young are raised; and parental care is extended. Examples are listed below.

Ozark big-eared bat—less than 100
Woolly spider monkey—2,000-3,000
Orangutan—15,000 in Sumatra; unknown population in Borneo
Gorilla—15-38,000, declining
Utah prairie dog—6,000
Blue whale—12,500
Humpback whale—7,000-8,000
Red wolf—less than 200
Northern kit fox—possibly extinct
Glacier bear—800
Mexican grizzly bear—possibly extinct
Polar bear—5,000-20,000
Cheetah—8,500
Asiatic lion—200
Bengal tiger—2,000
Siberian tiger—less than 180
Florida panther—10-20
Eastern cougar—25
Asian elephant—15,000
Vicuna—12,000-18,000
Key deer—600
Bighorn sheep—less than 20,000
Trumpeter swan—2,000-3,000
California condor—50
Galapagos hawk—150 pairs
Galapagos tortoises:
James Island tortoise—500-700
Pinta tortoise—1 male
Southern bald eagle—325 pairs
American peregrine falcon—less than 100 (in U.S.)
Hawaiian crow—50
Whooping crane—58 wild, 24 in captivity
Gray-headed blackbird—50
Ivory-billed woodpecker—thought to be extinct
Tennessee snail darter—confined to one stream
Devil's Hole pupfish—confined to a single pool in Nye County, Nevada
American alligator—500,000
American crocodile—200 (in U.S.)

Did NBC Know This?

In the Punjab, smoking a peacock feather in a pipe is an antidote against snakebite. I have seen feathers sold in many Indian bazaars, their burned ashes guaranteed as a remedy against vomiting. . . . In southern India, the fat of the peacock, the bird that struts so gracefully, is believed to cure stiff joints. Pliny recorded that peacock dung served as a remedy for several eye diseases and that the tongues were eaten to cure epilepsy. —**Jack Denton Scott**
Speaking Wildly, 1966

"EXPERTS DISAGREE ON A WORM'S I.Q.
Definition of Learning Is at Heart of Scientific Issue"
—Headline in the *New York Times*, February 14, 1965

An Opportunity to Win $2,000

The Society for Animal Rights is offering a $2,000 award to anyone who invents, develops, and markets a permanent method of marking dogs and cats with their owners' names. The method must be painless to apply, have no injurious effects, and cost less than $5 per animal. In addition, the identification must be readable without special equipment, and must not involve tattooing or conventional tags. All rights are retained by the inventor. To apply or to get more information, write to Animal I.D. Awards Committee, Society for Animal Rights, 900 First Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

low Animals Make You Sick

Monkeys should not be pt as pets. They are ansmitters of a number of ngerous diseases easily mmunicable to humans, ch as tuberculosis and patitis. Most people have a rtain level of resistance to B, but monkeys don't. They t it easily; if you are living in ose contact with a carrier, u can get it, too. If you must ep a pet monkey, have it sted for TB immediately and ke it for a yearly checkup.

Federal law now prohibits e sale of turtles in pet shops cause they are spreaders of lmonellosis, a form of diar-ea, severe cases of which n be serious in small ildren. Transmitted through e water turtles are kept in, lmonellosis can be pre-ented by soaking turtles in tracycline, but since there is o way of adequately overse-g this, turtles are inadvisa-le.

If your parakeet or parrot as a prolonged cough and en dies, take it to the vet for n autopsy. It may have been e victim of psittacosis, a res-iratory infection. This infec-on is transmittable to umans but is easily treated ith antibiotics.

During the third to ninth nonth of pregnancy, a woman s susceptible to toxoplas-nosis, a disease that is carried y cat fecal matter (and possi-ly by uncooked meat). If she as never been exposed to it efore it can cause severe con-enital defects in her unborn hild. Toxoplasmosis comes rom oocysts (dividing eggs) hat proliferate in an infected at's stool when it is kept round at room temperature or several days. If the mother ngests these oocysts orally, hey are transferred to her hild through the placenta and an migrate to its vital organs, where they multiply and are apable of doing considerable damage. If you become preg-nant, however, don't get rid of your cat. A simple blood test determines whether you have had the disease before. If you haven't, just wear gloves when changing the kitty litter, or wash your hands well afterward. Your vet can also test and treat your cat for this disease.

Sometimes a dog or cat is blamed for passing ringworm on to humans when it is the other way around. This contagious skin disease, caused by a group of parasites called dermatophytes, appears in both animals and humans as circular or blotchy red-brown skin lesions. In people they may itch. The treatment is the same for owners and pets: application of Tinactin ointment, pills, or ultraviolet radiation.

Should your dog appear listless and peaked, while you look somewhat jaundiced yourself and haven't been feeling well for a while, you might both be suffering from leptospirosis, a liver and kidney disease transmitted from dogs to people through infected urine. Leptospirosis can be detected in blood tests that will show a high white-cell count, and you can prevent your dog from getting it by yearly vaccinations, the first of which is usually administered along with a puppy's distemper shot.

All warm-blooded animals can get rabies, a fatal disease involving painful convulsions. The rabies virus is spread through the saliva of an infected animal. In the United States bats and foxes have been the major sources, although lately the disease has been seen increasingly in raccoons and skunks. A dog infected by another sick animal can start an epidemic. There is no excuse for not vaccinating your dog yearly from the time it is three months old. If they are allowed to roam outside, cats should be vaccinated, too. Remember, rabies frequently causes a change in the temperament of wild animals before the convulsive stage, so it's best not to pet an overly friendly raccoon or squirrel in the wild.

Dogs can be carriers of a disease which hardly ever reaches people but, when it does, comes to us through the undercooked meat of cows and sheep. Spread by pasture animals who have orally ingested an infected dog's feces, hyatid cysts, which develop from a tapeworm embryo, fill with fluid and multiply. Inside the human body multiplying fluid-filled cysts can put destructive pressure on organs and even get into the lungs. To keep this relatively rare disease under control, your dog should have a stool examination once a year, and stray dogs should be confined.

As a matter of perspective, it should be kept in mind that for every disease your pet can give you and yours, a close relative can transmit a dozen more with greater ease.

—Michael H. Milts

Dr. Milts operates two animal clinics and serves as veterinarian for the New York City zoos.

WHALE POLITICS

"Saving the whale is, and always has been, symbolic of saving the planet in the very real sense that the forces which can cause the extinction of the whale are the same forces that can destroy the earth. The problem has been, and remains, how to define and bring into being a politics of ethics. How to free the body politic from the assumptions and constraints, the warp and woof of technological civilization in order to live and let live."

The above statement was contributed by Joan McIntyre, author of *Mind in the Waters* (Scribners/Sierra Club) and head of Project Jonah, a group dedicated to saving the whale. Readers interested in finding out more about the group may write to them at the following address: Project Jonah, P.O. Box 476, Bolinas, California 94924.



From Mind in the Waters, *by Joan McIntyre. Copyright © 1974 by Project Jonah.*

Books for Sale

In light of all the books on animals that have been published in the past few years, it came as a delightful surprise in preparing this issue to find that, far from being overworked, the theme of animals has lately inspired some extraordinary pieces of writing. Below, we have singled out a few we think are of particular merit. You can order any of them, if you wish, through Tools for Living.

Every serious student of the animal kingdom will love the *Larousse Encyclopedia of the Animal World*, with an introduction by Desmond Morris. At $50, the book obviously has high pretensions; in our opinion, it lives up to them. The book proceeds through the animal world class by class, using numerous and excellent photographs to illustrate a lively, knowledgeable text. In a *New York Times* review, Anatole Broyard wrote: "Here, in more than 1,000 striking color pictures, we are reminded that nature is the

(Continued on next page)

(continued from page 121)
boldest and most experimental of all artists. . . . There is an implicit philosophical message, too, in the richness of the book. 'Can all this grandeur perish?' "

In the opinion of a science editor of a major New York publisher, the most exciting book on animals to be published last year was *The Secret Life of Animals*, by Lorus and Margery Milne and Franklin Russell (E.P. Dutton, $29.95). Photographically, this book is amazing. See how a tarantula attacks and kills a wasp; how a snake unhinges its jaw and swallows a frog twice its girth; how bees select and nourish their queen; how a female praying mantis breeds with, then devours, its mate; how cheetahs establish a pecking order. The accompanying text would have been exciting even without the pictures.

Borne on the Wind: The Extraordinary World of Insects in Flight, by Stephen Dalton (Reader's Digest Press, $18.95) is the most visually enthralling book we have seen. It is poetry in still-frame photography, a masterpiece of closeup drama that leaves one in awe of the mystery and elegance of winged insects. Get it for the pictures; the text, while interesting, is not inspired.

One of the most talked-about books of late is *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*, by Edward O. Wilson (Belknap/Harvard, $20). In searching for the parameters of behavior that govern all animals, Wilson, a Harvard zoologist, finds that altruism—self-sacrifice—is the cornerstone of behavior within each species. While that conclusion has been hotly debated among scientists, the 700-page book itself has been almost universally lauded. It is packed with unusual information gathered, it seems, from every nook and cranny of the world.

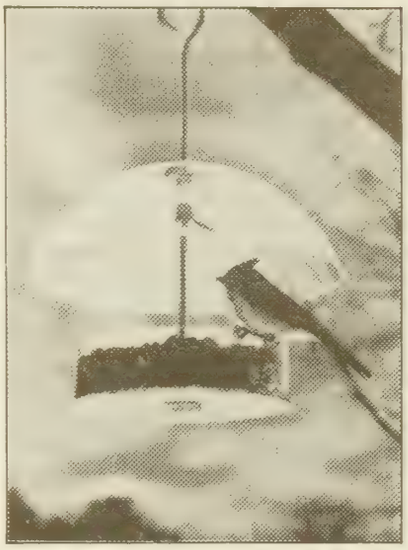
A word from Pulitzer Prize-winning author, Annie Dillard: "Please let me recommend a very good new book, *An American Bestiary: Notes of an Amateur Naturalist*, by Jack Schaefer (Houghton Mifflin, $10). This is serious mammalogy, all-American, full of fascinating stuff, all new to me, and wild." We agree.

Few books have sparked as much reluctant praise as Peter Singer's *Animal Liberation: A New Ethics for Our Treatment of Animals* (New York Review, $10). Written by a young Australian whose background was in ethics and political philosophy, this extremely engaging book has won over the most cynical book reviewers, who, until reading it, thought they had had enough about cruelty to animals. Are the ways we kill our food animals actually cruel and torturous? What of the millions of animals that die in laboratory experiments? Are the experiments really necessary? Are there safeguards to minimize suffering? As Richard Adams says in the introduction to this WRAPAROUND, *Animal Liberation* is a book "everyone should read."

The same subject is skillfully and more optimistically pursued by Gerald Carson in *Men, Beasts, and Gods: A History of Cruelty and Kindness to Animals* (Scribners, $8.95). This book has one unusual account after another of man's quixotic affair with animals, and is nicely illustrated with old woodcuts. One editor here thought it was the most rewarding book on animals he had ever read.

Last, we don't want to miss this opportunity to praise *Four Seasons North: A Journal of Life in the Alaskan Wilderness*, by Billie Wright (Harper & Row, $8.95). Ignored by critics when first published in 1973, this book is a poignant, beautifully written account of life 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, by a woman, who, with her husband, abandoned civilization in favor of the austere, but more satisfying life of the Eskimo. It's a fascinating glimpse of a life that is beyond the ken of most of us. In this sub-zero, nearly barren land, either you understand how the animals around you live, or it's hello, deep-freeze.

—L.S.B.





AVIAN ARCHITECTURE

Droll Yankees of Rhode Island makes two exceptionally well-designed bird feeders that will grace any backyard or patio, as well as supplement the diets of many species of birds. Model A-6 is a sixteen-inch-long, clear plastic cylinder with six separate feeding perches. It can be hung from a tree or wire, or attached to a pole; the bottom is threaded to accommodate a half-inch-diameter pipe.

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The A-6 is $15; the catch tray pictured with it is an additional $3.50. Model X-1 is $13. All prices include shipping. (D-1)

BRUSHSTROKES

Dogs and cats love brushing—and they need it, especially in the spring and summer, when they shed most heavily. And if you're at all sensitive to animal hair and hate when it accumulates on carpets and furniture, then, for your own sake, you ought to brush your animals regularly. We recommend the brush used most often by professional groomers, the Slicker Wire Brush, manufactured by Lambert-Kay. With its long, double tin-plated wire bristles, set in a "live" rubber backing, you'll be able to brush deep into the thickest coat. The bristles are bent in order to better remove dead or matted hair and to slick up a glossy coat. Turn the brush around, and it works like a comb. It can be used on any dog, cat, horse, or other fur-bearing animal. The Slicker can be purchased at pet shops, or through us for $2.50 plus 25 cents for shipping. (D-2)



IVING WRAPAROUND

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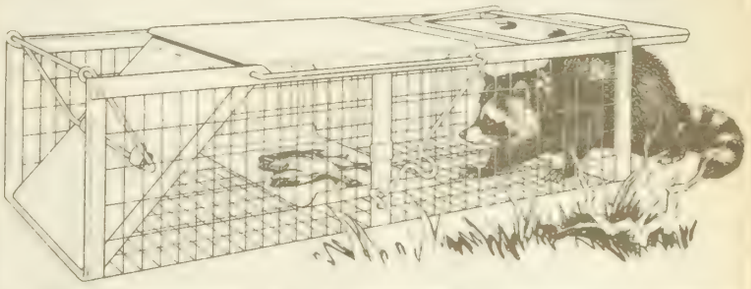
Go away for a couple of days, have a good time, come back
re's kitty litter all over the damn floor, and the cat barely
ses his head to see what boor is intruding on his peace. Ar-
ance is one thing; dirt on the floor is another. For all those
owners who keep threatening to throw ol' Puss-Puss out the
ndow the next time they have to clean up after him, we've got
t the thing—the, ah, Kitty Potty. Well, it works, because it's
a hole in the upper part and the cat has to jump up and out of
hole when he's finished, and so it knocks the sand off his
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y. It measures 22 by 16 by 18 inches, and is made of unbreaka-
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t and department stores, it can be ordered through Tools for
ving for $19 postpaid. (D-4)

HIRTING THE ISSUE

The Fund for Animals, headed by Cleveland Amory, has
en one of the most active and successful animal protection
ups. It was a major force behind the campaign to get the
nerican alligator and wolf placed on the endangered species
t. Now T-shirts with the fund's logo and motto, "Animals
ve rights, too," are available through Tools for Living for
.50 postpaid. Proceeds will go to the fund, which is a nonprofit
ganization. The shirt is available in small, medium, large, or
tra-large, and in blue, green, yellow, or red. (D-5)

THE TENDER TRAP

If you've ever coddled tomato seedlings all spring, only to lose them to a voracious woodchuck or rabbit, then you know the feeling—get that !#©&* varmint! But of course you don't want to injure or kill the critter just because he prefers garden greens to slimmer pickings; you merely want to get him away from your backyard or back forty. The perfect tool for this task is a Havahart humane trap. Easy to use, it captures an animal without harming it; put the animal and the trap in your car, drive a few miles, release the animal, and bring the trap home. Several different sizes are available depending on the animal to be captured. For mice and shrews, use Number 0 ($6); for squirrels, rabbits, and muskrats, use Number 2 ($13); and for woodchucks, raccoons, opossums, and porcupines, use Number 3 ($27). When ordering a trap, please specify its number. Prices include shipping. (D-6)



PSST!

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READERS CLASSIF

A few months ago we asked readers to send us their thoughts on the subject of feminine beauty, specifically whether it might make a suitable topic for a future WRAPAROUND. Here are a few of the responses we had received by press time.

Gentlemen (no women would have made this suggestion):

Your consideration of a WRAPAROUND devoted to feminine beauty is shocking, degrading, sexist, and stupid. Why can't you pigs leave us alone so we can develop as human beings? Have you been working so hard (while your wives stay home and "raise the kids") that you've never heard of Germaine Greer, Simone de Beauvoir, Betty Friedan, or Emma Goldman?

—Nancy Gordon
(No address given)

If you fail to do the WRAPAROUND on women's physical beauty, you'll be allowing ugly women to dominate your editorial policy.

—Rita Whitney
Santa Rosa, Calif.

As a feminist, I find nothing objectionable in anyone's appreciation of beautiful women. The love of beauty comes naturally to all people, men and women alike. The women's movement can't change that and doesn't want to try. The real danger in any discussion of beauty is the weight and value we place on it. There is no doubt that the importance of a woman's beauty (or lack of it) is vastly overrated in our society. We have lost our collective sense of perspective here.

—Susan Reynolds Arndt
Berkeley Heights, N.J.

The painters showed us what was considered beautiful, desirable, and noteworthy in women. Each painter showed a predominant type of a woman, so that we can speak of the Botticelli type, the Titian type, Rembrandt, Raphael, et cetera. Those artists were sharp boys, and I feel that any woman who does not fit into any of the types caught by the great painters is a blah, even if her measurements are great.

I looked at women in this light, and preferred the Renoir type—not exactly the same facial features, but the total female who could be described as the Renoir type. One day I met a girl who was the Renoir type, and I knew at once that I wanted to marry her. We have been married twenty-six years, and she is still my Renoir girl. Our friends agree. My oldest son is the Murillo type; every girl he was interested in was a Murillo, and he is married to a girl who is a pure Murillo type.

—Max Doriani
East Smithfield, Pa.

Women. Beauty. Sex. To me they always have been synonomous. My standards haven't changed since I was sixteen: if it is female and it moves, get it to lie down.

Sure, I've taken the pledge. I've told myself I'm a perpetual adolescent with no firm moral commitments. I've tried everything from willpower to the Bible. But the old surge of active appreciation comes back at the least provocation; a nicely turned leg, a full sweater, rounded hips, piquant smile—anything at all about a woman's physical appearance.

I mention all of this only as background for my idea. You see, I don't particularly like what I am. Even I can see the sadness, the futility of it all. Yet I continue. So I propose a federally funded treatment center for those legions of men like myself, men for whom too much of existence revolves around too keen an appreciation of feminine physical beauty. A place such as the drug-treatment hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, sort of a colossal methadone-type plan whereby we are furnished enough of what we must have—or an acceptable substitute—to bring us down.

But wait until the Democrats come back. They are good at taking care of social misfits and lost causes.

—Robert Coram
St. Marys, Ga.

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In all the world nothing is more wonderful than a truly beautiful woman, although a close second would be a chipmunk that could play "Darktown Strutters' Ball" on the harmonica. Where does a woman's beauty lie? Is it in her hair, her eyes, her nose, her mouth, her body, her mind? It is in none of these, although a woman lacking three or more of the above would find it hard to get a date for the prom.

Keats held that Truth was Beauty, and Beauty Truth. When someone asked for clarification, Keats became nasty. "That is all ye know on earth," he snarled, brandishing a club, "and all ye need to know." Keats died early, to the surprise of practically no one.

One way of discovering whether or not a woman is beautiful is to hold a beauty contest. This is a ritual in which women walk across a stage demonstrating their talents in such things as tap-dancing the Gettysburg Address in Morse code, creating a duplicate of the *Mona Lisa* on an anchovy-olive-and-pepperoni pizza, or perhaps singing an aria from *Madame Butterfly* under water. Meanwhile a panel of men ("judges") makes obscene remarks about the women. At the end of the contest, the judges award the prize to the girl they think is the easiest.

—Bradley Strickland
Gainesville, Ga.

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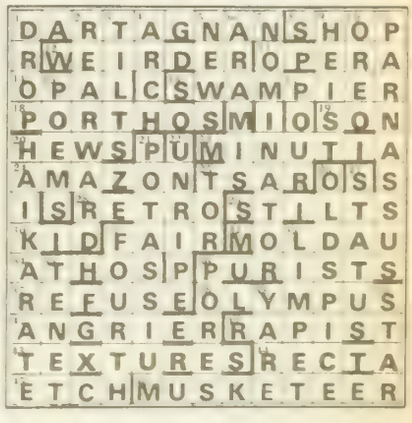
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Solution to February Puzzle



Notes for "Theme and Variations": The Theme-Words are the Four Musketeers; the "variations": for Athos, PARNASSUS and OLYMPUS (Greek mountains); for Porthos, SHOP and TOR (anagram); for Aramis, OLD SPICE and HAI KARATE (men's colognes); for D'Artagnan, FOURTH MUSKETEER

For beginners, once again the trickiest of the clues are reprinted, repunctuated. *Across:* 12. "Rewired" switches (anagram); 13. "Works": "a rope" trickily (OPERA, anagram); 14. "H*opal*ong"; 16. Being "more waterlogged": "moved through water" to "dock" (SWAM-PIER); 19. "Star" vocally, in "the descendant" (homonym of SUN); 20 "Rich eccentric" sounds from "axes" (homonym of HUGHES); 23. "Detail": untrained "unit"—"to point a gun" the wrong way, outside (MI[NUTI]A, "aim" reversed around an anagram of an *"untrained"* spelling of "unit"); 24. two meanings of AMAZON, with pun on flow-er, i.e. river; 25. Liberal "arts" (anagram); 28. (P)orter "flips over," i.e., reverses: RETRO (rocket); 29. "tilt" in "SS"; 30. "K": I.D.; 31. "Just": "a country get-together" (FAIR, two meanings); 32. "European river," in "shape," "a," "hairpin turn" (MOLD-A-U); 36. Reactionary "gentleman" in "places" for "fastidious linguists" (PU[RIS]TS, reversal of "sir" in "puts"); 37. two meanings; 41. anagram of "earring"-"more inflamed"; 42. Wayward (i.e., reversed, going a contrary way) "drink" in "sailor" (T[SIP]AR, reversed); 43. anagram; 44. Secretly, "trace" ... (anagram); 45. "Some draw-ers do this": "and the rest," start "harder" (ETC-H[arder]). *Down:* 1. "Bead": mounting, "for, Spanish", "death's head" (POR-D[eath]); 2. "What guardian does": "toward the back" (REAR-WARD, pun); 3. "Pitches": "a kind of curve" and "I" (i.e., the answer) make "29A" (i.e., the answer to 29 Across (S-TILTS); 4. "It supports highly": "everything after the first (letter) of the month" ([M]ARCH); 5. N.E.W.S.; 7. I'm transformed "into Roman" (anagram); 9. Crooked "is the" (anagram); 10. (m)ORE-O(f) "shortening" on both ends; 15. POE-MS; 17. "Rain": "softly" on "what belongs to us" (P-OUR); 21. anagram; 22. "Raw": "one, in France" about "to split" (UN[RIP]E); 27. "Standing": up, makes lace," "American" (TATS, rev.-U.S.); 33. "Little devil" is in-"let" (L[IMP]ET); 35. Aspect of "forgot*ten eth*ical" ... (hidden); 36. anagram; 39. hidden; 40. RATS, reversed, i.e. "up."

ROUND & ROUND

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"If this musical runs long enough to generate word of mouth, the word is likely to be 'blah.'"

nn Duncan



"It is not clear how the notion entered the producers' heads that the saga of Joan of Arc had the makings of a musical comedy. At that crazed moment, they should have consulted an exorcist."

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You know what TIME does. And reading it every week reminds you how well.

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The Weekly Newsmagazine

LETTERS

The right of free listening

Frank Mankiewicz's answer to his own question ["What's Wrong with the Democrats?" January] is both interesting and well reasoned. But on his way to it he makes assumptions about the role of television which I think need examining.

Mr. Mankiewicz recounts the self-serving refusals by CBS and NBC to give the White House free time: "So when Ford spoke on Monday night, appearing only on ABC, he drew barely a 20 percent share of the TV audience. What he said, however, was worth a great deal more attention."

Whose attention? And who says so? If the President could draw only 20 percent of the television audience, presumably it was because 80 percent of the viewers preferred to watch what was being offered by NBC, CBS, and local channels.

Why in the world should all three networks be forced to air *any* program or spectacle simultaneously? Why should viewers be deprived of the opportunity to decide for themselves what to watch?

The right of free speech has plenty of defenders, although it is susceptible to sharply differing definitions. Let's put a little more muscle behind the right of free listening. It's just as valid, just as important, and a hell of a lot easier to define.

DIGBY WHITMAN
Wausau, Wis.

I was stunned by the Frank Mankiewicz article—not, God knows, by anything he said, but that *Harper's* would offer it. Frank Mankiewicz was the architect of the most stupendous botch in the history of American politics, a fiasco that gave us four more years of Richard M. Nixon and, as a bonus, Watergate.

I now look forward with confidence to a *Harper's* article by Harold Stassen, who will also give us his thoughts on how to conduct a Presidential campaign.

RICHARD HANSER
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

FRANK MANKIEWICZ REPLIES:

Mr. Hanser has the political pages confused with the sports pages; if Vince Lombardi's dictum has any validity at all, it is in sports and not in politics. If 1972 was such a fiasco for our side, then does Mr. Hanser think George McGovern would willingly change places with Richard Nixon, or that Sen. Gary Hart and I envy John Mitchell and H. R. Haldeman? Elections are not a game where the score is all important, but rather a continuing contest of ideas and character. Senator McGovern's ideas are increasingly accepted—he was all too right about Vietnam for example; neither he nor any of his associates had to accept a pardon. All we did was lose an election, Mr. Hanser; we're not going to jail.

Love and health

I wish supposedly open-minded or intellectual forums would stop using these forums to show how unaffected by "chic" they are. I don't care if bisexuality is in, or if they feel the books are making too much money. For some reason Dr. van den Haag ["Straight Talk For Homosexuals," January] believes it is okay to use a book review to spout his own ideas on the morality, rightness, or mental health of homosexuals.

I am bisexual, prefer women, and have had unceasing difficulty justifying myself to others and mostly to myself over my lifetime. It is tough enough trying to integrate my nee into my necessities and vice ver without some pompous man who h obviously not experienced homose ual love adding to my tribulation

Homosexuals are no more compu sive than men lusting after wome What makes homosexuals compu sive and heterosexuals not? What "normal," noncompulsive behavio Who says so?

If married couples are not mono amous are they compulsive? If a h mosexual is in the closet, or no practicing, is he noncompulsive? a heterosexual is obvious about (i.e., a member of a constructio crew) is he compulsive?

Is a transvestite compulsive? Ar military men or women? Are ce tain artists, writers? Is their menta health suspect?

Many of us are bisexual; man more will be. It is the natural state only people like Dr. van den Haa deign it anything but. H. BERNIE
Cambridge, Mass

Ernest van den Haag's review o *The Homosexual Matrix* makes th essential point quite cogently: th mere occurrence of a phenomeno does not make it acceptable.

If we refuse to call homosexualit an abomination, as per Leviticu 18:22, neither are we forced to re gard it as healthy, acceptable, o useful. In the present state of affair we should have to say that it is per missible and tolerable, but nothin more.

As Professor van den Haag indi cates, we are verging upon passing laws which would compel some peo ple to like and approve of some oth er people. Even the Christian reli gion would not go so far, and the Christian religion is pretty far out

HERBERT L. SMITH
San Carlos, Calif

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by Peter Forbath

April 1976 $1.00

Harper's Magazine

HE AMILY UT OF AVOR

hoose to have nily used to be teresting. It is, y, an act of ligence and age."

Michael Novak

r Starr: nd Word t Money

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k kiewicz: ll Market olíticians

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A LUXURY SEDAN BASED ON THE BELIEF THAT ALL OF THE RICH ARE NOT IDLE.



Since the time of the Caesars, the inspiration for the carriages of the gentry has been the blatant, unbridled, unabashed pursuit of opulence.

Opulence often to the exclusion of all else: performance, efficiency, engineering intelligence.

50-70 mph, 5.9 seconds. "...high-speed passing acceleration borders on the brilliant," the editors of Motor Trend magazine.

Even today one sees occasional evidence of this misguided sense of priorities—this basic misunderstanding of what it is that constitutes true luxury.

Opera windows that obscure vision. Mammoth engines pulling mammoth cars. Interiors fashioned more along the lines of a Persian Pleasure Palace than a serious driving machine. Cars made primarily for sitting.

At the Bavarian Motor Works it has always been our contention that a car ought to be made primarily for driving. That when all is said and done, extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money.

And, in this age of automotive enlightenment, we believe our time has come.

POWER TO SATISFY EVEN THE MOST POWER HUNGRY.

Beneath the hood of the BMW 530i is a singularly responsive 3-liter, fuel-injected engine that has been called by no less an authority than Road & Track magazine "...the most refined in-line six in the world."

Patented triple-hemispheric, swirl-action combustion chambers develop remarkable power from relatively small displacement.

And seven main bearings and twelve crankshaft counter-balance weights give the whole operation a turbine-like smoothness that never ceases to astound even the experts.

THE MAN WHO CONTROLS CORPORATIONS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS OWN CAR.

If you're accustomed to the leaning and swaying one experiences in the conventional luxury sedan, you will thoroughly appreciate the uncanny road holding capabilities of the BMW 530i.



The 700 Ft. Slalom Test, designed by Road & Track magazine to measure lane changing capabilities. BMW ran the course at a remarkable 51.6 mph.

Road holding—driver control—is largely a function of a car's suspension system.

And, to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system. Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic—and many foreign—sedans, the BMW suspension is fully independent on all four wheels.



Results of the Motor Trend "200 Ft. Circle Test" clearly illustrate the superior road holding abilities of the BMW. At .82g BMW was still on the road, other makes were not.

And this, combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, allows each wheel to adapt itself independently to every driving and road condition—with a smoothness and precision that will spoil you for any other car.

A DECIDED LACK OF OPERA WINDOW OPULENCE.

While inside, the BMW 530i features as long a list of luxury items as one could sanely require of an automobile, its luxury is purposefully engineered to perform a very significant function: help prevent driver fatigue.

"...no detectable sign of (brake) fade. The more and harder they're used, the stronger they seem to get." The editors of Motor Trend sum up the results of their rigorous multiple-stop brake test.

All seats have an orthopedically molded shape. Individual seats are adjustable forward and back—with variable-angle seat back and cushion supports.

All instruments are clearly visible; all controls are readily accessible.

For many serious drivers in all parts of the world, the BMW 530i has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass something more than a thin veneer of brocade and chrome.

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we urge you to phone your BMW dealer and arrange to take a thorough test drive.

The ultimate driving machine.

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

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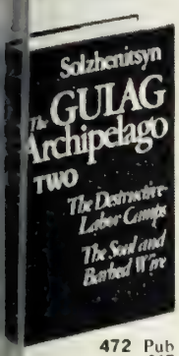
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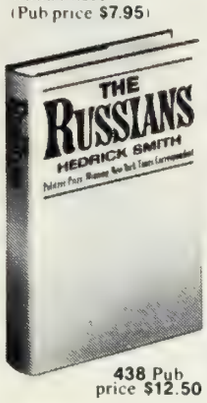
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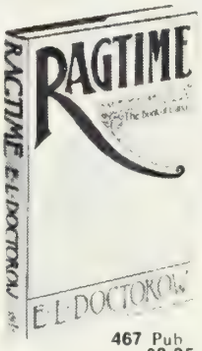
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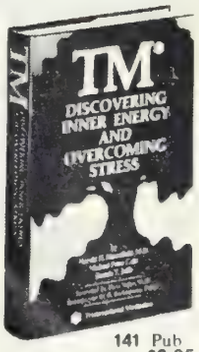
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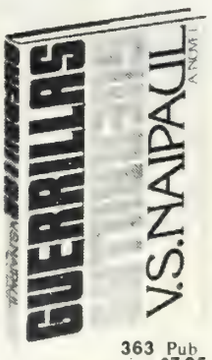
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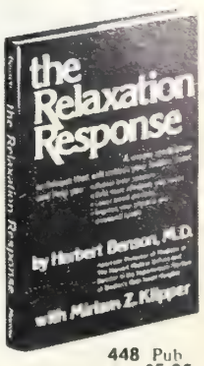
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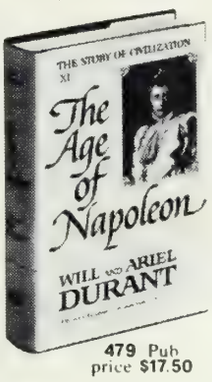
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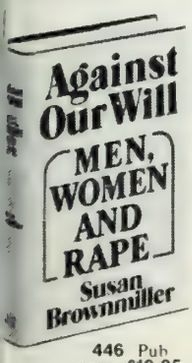
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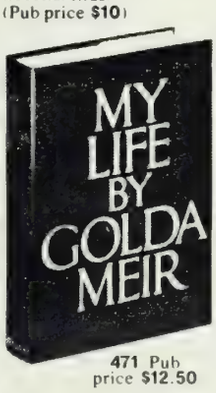
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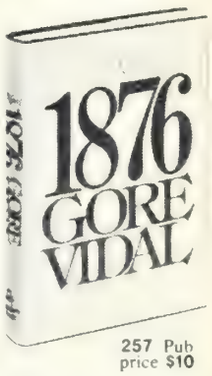
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Frank Mankiewicz **14** WASHINGTON: A BULL MARKET IN POLITICIANS
It seems that, after running through many loopholes, the new campaign-financing law puts us back in the same place

David Schneiderman **20** CAMPAIGNING FOR SECRETARY OF STATE
The race is to the swift, the well dressed, and the inoffensive

Stephen Darst **28** A VIOLENT MAJORITY
Why advocates of gun control in St. Louis have still got a long way to go

Michael Novak **37** THE FAMILY OUT OF FAVOR
Strengthening family life is necessary not only for the emotional well-being of the nation, but for its political health as well

Peter Forbath **47** A MONTH ON THE CONGO RIVER
An African diary

Philip Nobile **67** THE STATE OF THE ART OF ALGER HISS
A poll and some theories on one of the most problematic verdicts of the century

Roger Starr **79** A KIND WORD ABOUT MONEY
The root of all evil as the bulwark of the egalitarian ideal

BOOKS

Francis Steegmuller **94** THE LAST OF THE DANCE
A review of *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, by Anthony Powell

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. **99** A CHANGE OF VENUE
A review of *Punishing Criminals: Concerning a Very Old and Painful Question*, by Ernest van den Haag

Gail Godwin **101** OUT OF AFRICA AND INDIA
A review of *Selected Stories*, by Nadine Gordimer, and *Heat and Dust*, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala

George W. S. Trow **103** MUSIC: GROWING UP IS HARD TO DO
Paul Simon, Bruce Springsteen, and the sophomore dilemma

Edwin Diamond **105** THE FOURTH ESTATE: THE OSTRICH EFFECT
Some of the biggest non-stories of the year

VERSE

Jordan Crittenden **92** Four poems

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS
10 THE EASY CHAIR
109 CLASSIFIED
112 PUZZLE

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LETTERS

The evolution of theories

The only "mistakes" emerging from the article by Tom Bethell purporting to dismiss the evolutionary theory of natural selection ["Darwin's Mistake," February] are those of the author himself. Mr. Bethell betrays an egregious failure to master the rudiments of the theory he presumes to pronounce "on the verge of collapse." His argument, such as it is, turns on semantics rather than science.

Simply stated, evolution is a change through time in the overall genetic composition of a population or species. Natural selection is the differential success of individuals in passing on their genes to succeeding generations as a result of interactions with their environment, including other organisms. *Individuals* do not "evolve" by being different from their parents, as Mr. Bethell seems to believe. *Populations* evolve when some individuals possessing particular genetically determined traits leave more offspring than other individuals lacking those traits, until the traits gain greater representation in succeeding generations.

Mr. Bethell's only valid point of contention is his apparent inference that the historical term "survival of the fittest" is archaic and presently tautological. True, the term "fitness" today denotes relative success under natural selection and is, by definition, an a posteriori appraisal of what has already occurred. Darwin's basic paradigm of evolution, however, remains intact. That we cannot yet test it empirically, or accurately predict future events from it, is an indication only of the enormous complexity of ecosystems and the geological time scales involved. We may never be able to foretell the future course of evolution for a species under natural selection any more than we can completely define the niche of a single organism.

S. E. Thompson
Berkeley, Calif.

It is extremely difficult to find situations in the natural world where selection can be seen in action. But one example was the evolutionary change in color in some populations of moths in industrial areas of Europe during the last hundred years. Both a light and dark form occur in natural populations. Originally, the dark form was extremely rare, while today it is common and the light form is rare. Dr. Kettlewell of Oxford University showed experimentally that in areas where tree trunks were darkened by soot and smoke the dark moths survived better than the light ones. Birds, a major predator on the moths, could detect the light ones more easily. One could predict that in the dark environment the dark moths, which were camouflaged and so better adapted to that environment, would have a higher survival rate.

Rolf Koford
Berkeley, Calif.

The only thing we know for certain is that there is life on this planet and its variety is such as to suggest that changes are "allowed" as long as the changes don't interfere with survival. In other words, mutations occur seemingly at random and for no apparent reason. But they become as permanent for being worthless, for not getting in the way, as they do for increasing efficiency, an efficiency which is rather suspect in view of the fact that the relatively inefficient continue, somehow, to get along, too.

With both the amoeba and man existing simultaneously can we speak, even, of evolution? And, if we do, are we really certain which way it's going?

Robert Trelawny
Harrisonburg, Va.

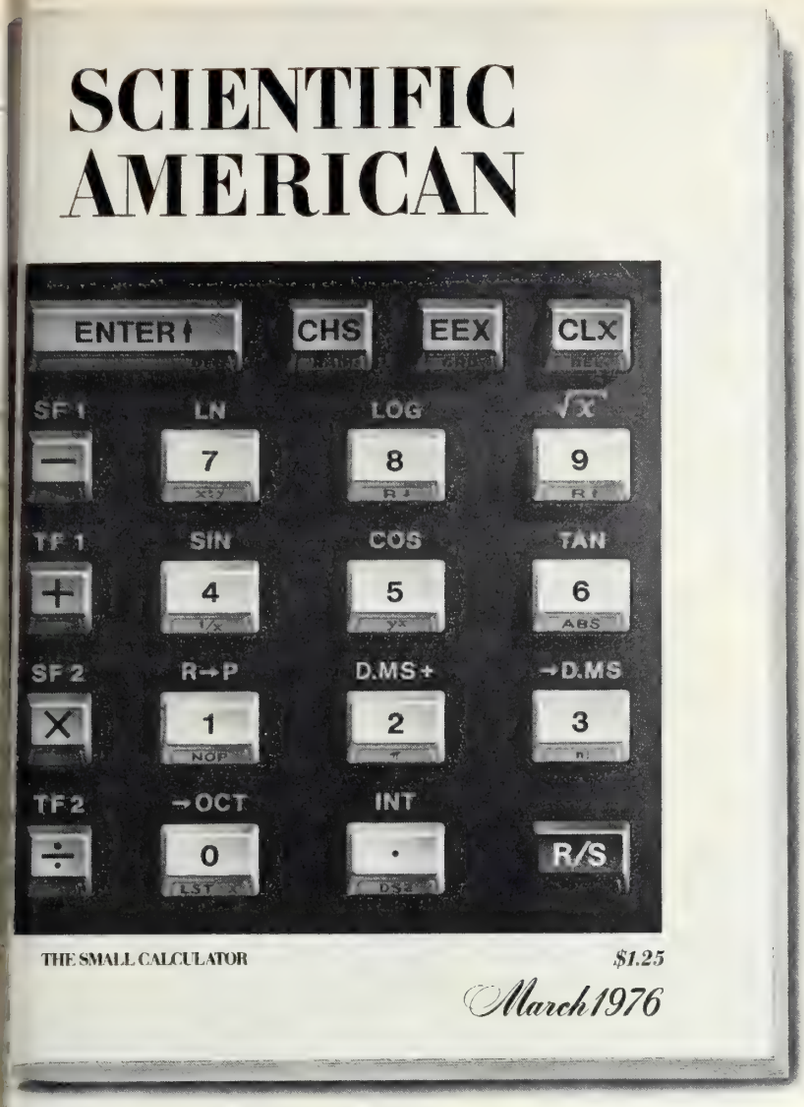
Tom Bethell replies:

Mr. Thompson remarks that "ev lution" merely means a change the genetic composition of the po ulation, and that individuals do n evolve, populations do. He is qui right—evolutionary theory has r treated into just this corner of lat But he should not pretend that th was what Darwin or Wallace had mind. *They* thought individua evolved, meaning that the offsprin of an organism would, over the ge erations, "depart from the origin type," in Wallace's phrase—that a ape's remote descendent eventual became a man, to use a familiar e ample.

Nowadays evolution means not ing more than a change in popul tion ratios. Let me give an exar ple to illustrate how devoid of mea ing this is. Since the 1930s, censu figures show, the proportion blacks in the U.S. population h steadily increased. This *is* evolutio according to Thompson. But if th ratio of blacks and whites began change back again, as it very easi could, this would *still* be evolutio What, if anything, does this tell about the origin of species?

Thompson concedes that we ca not yet test Darwin's "basic par digm" attributing this to the "eno mous complexity of ecosystems." B there is a more serious difficult Darwin's theory cannot be test because there is no organism, r outcome, no prediction that wou falsify the theory, and this is becau it is not a scientific theory at all, b a semantic muddle.

Mr. Koford has identified the mo frequently cited instance of natur selection "in action." The propo tion of black moths was observed increase in polluted environment He says that we could predict, ther fore, that in a "dark environmen dark moths would survive better. this prediction were falsified, ho



From the twinkle in its eye, to the clock in its heart

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The cover story of the March issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN takes you inside a typical small electronic calculator. While it is well known that the hand calculator's working turns on a tiny microelectronic "chip," few realize that the chip contains the major elements of a big computer —a central processor and an active memory. And what about the twinkle (that lights the light-emitting diodes) and the read-only memories called in by the function keys and the 250-kHz main clock (12,000 clock cycles for a simple instant addition)?

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ever, we would not regard the natural-selection theory as having been disproved. We would assume that there was some new hitherto unidentified element acting in the environment. The concept of the "environment" in evolutionary theory works to make all predictions unfalsifiable. Upon examination, Koford's prediction turns out to be nothing more than a restatement of the principle of the uniformity of nature in disguised form.

Mr. Trelawny makes an interesting point. How, indeed, do we know which way evolution is "going," if, indeed, it is going anywhere. Consider a dictionary definition of evolution: "a gradual process in which something changes into a significantly different, especially more complex or more sophisticated, form."

What is the biological or historical evidence for this? Here is a comment by R. C. Lewontin, Agassiz Professor of Zoology: "Complexity is the scale most appealed to in organic and social evolution. For organic evolution it is supposed that modern organisms have a more complex structure than primitive ones." But he adds, "No criterion of complexity can distinguish between mammals and bony fish, although there are 270 million years between the first appearance of each."

In the large mail responding to my article, the letters from the biology departments had a notably more dogmatic tone than the letters from laymen. This is a reverse of the situation in Darwin's time, when the scientists tried to be reasonable, and the laymen and churchgoers often refused to listen. My appeal is simply for open-mindedness about evolution, and it is directed primarily at the biologists, for many of whom Darwin's theory seems to have acquired the status of a religion.

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Rich in spirit

Jim Hougan's article ["Poor Birds of Paradise," February] is not on a par with *Harper's* excellent editorial reputation. The article that appeared in the January issue of *National Geographic* refers to the same poor conditions of Haiti, but gives more objective reasons for its plight. Haiti may be poor economically, but it is one of the richest countries in terms of its art and its hardworking people, who are among the friendliest in the world. They may have had bad political leadership in the past, but the present leadership is working hard to improve the economy. One of Haiti's main economic thrusts is in the field of tourism. It offers a unique product, and the vast majority of tourists coming to Haiti enjoy a great vacation experience.

It is unfortunate that *Harper's* printed such a biased story about a country that is struggling to survive and relies on tourism as a major contributor to economic growth.

JAMES PEPPERDINE
Executive Director
Caribbean Tourism Association
New York, N.Y.

The Senator self-destructs

In all the comments on Senator Muskie's tears since that episode—and I assume this is referred to when R. M. Koster says, in "The Democratic Super Bowl" [February], that Muskie "self-destructed"—I have not seen one view as to why tears (of anger, I presume) stroyed the Senator, but Richa Nixon's whining about his slush fu in 1952 did not destroy him.

I would have a hard time expla ing this by the difference in "t times," inasmuch as those seem me somewhat more tolerant of h man emotions than ever before.

VIRGINIA PE
Weirton, West V

R. M. KOSTER REPLIES:

Miss Pell erred when she assum that I was referring specifically the crying episode when I mention Senator Muskie's self-destruction. was referring to a complex proc of which those tears in public we only a small part, the part visible the public. Muskie's nominati strategy was to line up party lead and collect endorsements—a go 1968 strategy obsolete in 19 Grown fat on the endorsements officials who, given the mood of t party and the new delegate selecti rules, couldn't deliver the rank a file, the Muskie campaign w sluggish and complacent. Musk couldn't put together a good st or get the staff he had to work out for him. He indulged himself many private fits of temper, and h staff imitated him by squabbli among themselves. Muskie is an fective Senator, a valuable pub servant at that level. Running f President, he was out of his dep and league. A Presidential candida has to act and look like a Preside

When Nixon made the Checke speech, he was running for Vi President, an office which was th much less important in the pub view than it is now. The peo elected Eisenhower, who, by the w was within an inch of booting Nix off the ticket and who resisted th urge on the ground that it wou hurt him more than help him. N on's 1968 strategy was directed most entirely toward preventing a other public breakdown such as curred in the Checkers speech a after his 1962 loss in the Califor gubernatorial election. In 1968 N on ran from a TV studio—see J McGinniss's *Selling of the Preside 1968.* As one of Murphy's La states, you can fool some of the pe ple all of the time and all of t people some of the time, and that usually sufficient.

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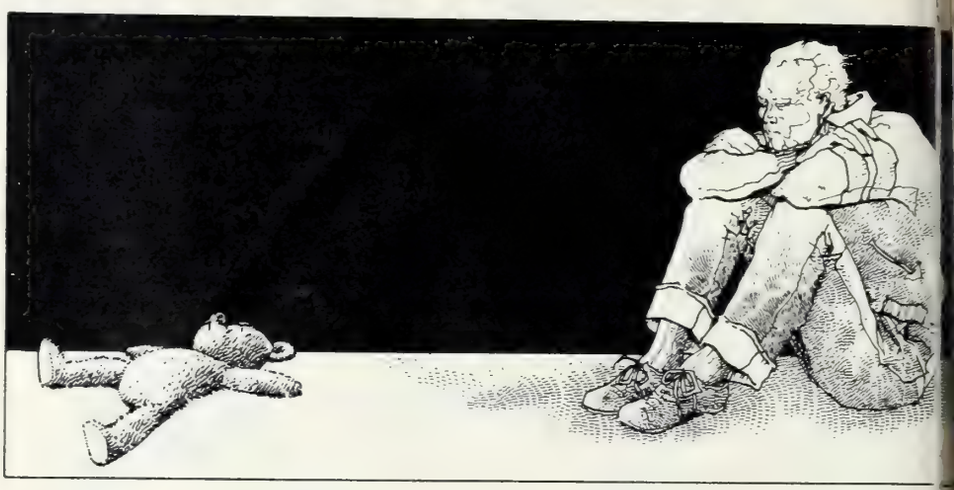
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THE ART OF INNOCENCE

The fashion in disillusionment

by Lewis H. Lapham



There wasn't any real snow in 1928—you gave it some money, and it went away.
—F. Scott Fitzgerald

I READ IN THE PAPERS that I live in an age of disillusion. Almost every day yet another witness comes forward to announce that the society has become sick and jaded, that it grows cynical with the consumption of lurid spectacle. Nobody lacks the occasion for an impromptu sermon. The woman on my left talks about the beast of capitalism, about the CIA conspiring against the liberties of Peruvians and people dying every afternoon at the hands of incompetent surgeons, about federal judges indicted for conspiracy and multinational corporations paying bribes not only to Prince Bernhard but also to native Americans (even to such high-minded men of principle as Wilbur Mills and Gerald Ford). The man on my right mentions the serpent of big government and draws dismal conclusions from reports of debutantes abandoning themselves to debauchery and professors of economics distorting their knowledge of the truth in exchange for government office. Intellectuals of both sexes and various political convictions remark on the decline of Western civilization and the debasement of art. Journalists of noble aspiration compete with one another to reach the largest possible audience with the worst possible news.

When confronted with rumors of so much wickedness in the world, I know that I am supposed to affect an attitude of regret. If I hope to make a favorable impression (i.e., as a man of sensibility), I should also say that it is impossible to arouse the conscience of an indifferent public, that the people have lost their capacity for moral outrage and that the United States in its Bicentennial year resembles the Roman Empire under the reign of Caligula. I cannot say such things because I know them to be untrue. Most of the news advertised under the headings of sensational revelation falls into the category of routine human nature. To discover that the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation pays bribes to foreign governments is to discover that clergymen drink distilled spirits.

Nor is it true that the American people have misplaced their capacity for moral outrage. Anybody who could read the letters addressed to the editors of this magazine would understand that we live in an age of belligerent innocence. Far from being disillusioned, a majority of the population appears to cling to their illusions as if they were teddy bears, insisting that their happiness depends upon rumor and opinion rather than fact. If they can pretend to be fifteen years old, and if they can perceive the world as the dreadful place they want it to be, then they can enjoy the pleasure of denouncing it.

I DON'T KNOW what the less enlightened periods of history were like, but at present I can think of nothing easier than to outrage large sectors of public opinion by merely stating the obvious. Anybody who doubts this has merely to consider the experience of Daniel Patrick Moynihan as An sador to the United Nations. Pr sor Moynihan made so bold as t mark that the interior fantasie the U.N. had little to do with realities of international politics roar and pious denunciation. State Department joined with *New York Times* in censuring Ambassador for conduct unbe ing a statesman.

So desperate is the wish for i cence that even the people who succeeded in the world, who pre ably know the difference betwe press release and a private conv tion, must pledge allegiance mythology that invalidates thei perience and encourages the sul sion of their real interests. I listened to corporation presid who proclaim their indifferenc statements of profit and loss, to versity professors who say they k nothing of departmental politic journalists who disavow their g tude for catastrophe. They ca afford to do otherwise. If they to maintain their reputations for ousness they must pretend to a gree of naiveté that would emba a college sophomore. The man defies the convention (who act says, "What we need for the firs tion is a really good plane cra stands accused of heartlessness. society that insists upon the fa of innocence, this is tantamount confession of heresy.

Even in New York, a city posedly synonymous with atheis phistication and shocking truths er before revealed, the rules of liamentary procedure discourag expression of any idea likely t fend the dominant sages.

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

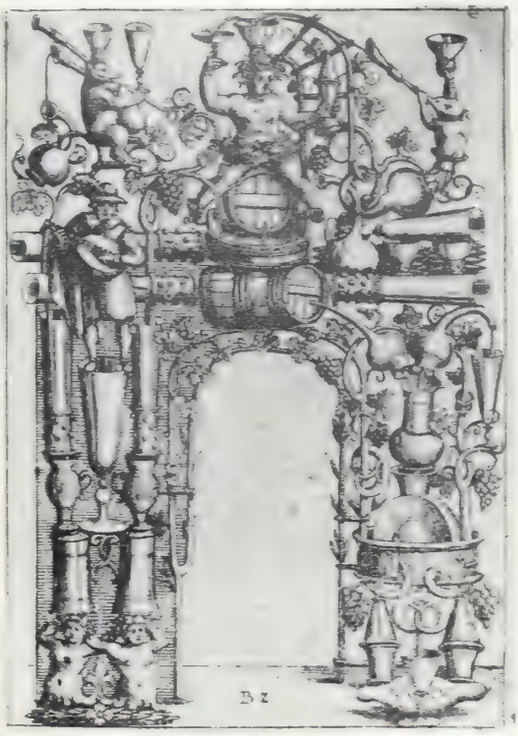
THE NATIONAL PREFERENCE for even the shabbiest of illusions—detente, the romance of marriage, the courage of the press, and n—results from the tendency to ate innocence with virtue. The n who knows nothing, who has been tarnished by his passage ough the world, supposedly re- s the innocence of a child, still ling, at age fifty-four, Words- th's clouds of glory. Such a su- stition can only be supported by at wealth. Just as the rich man afford to buy whatever mirrors tect him from the necessity of ing other people, so also the Unit- States can ignore the reality of erests inimical to its own. It is an pensive luxury, but a man with ough money to pay the musicians n listen to anything he wants to ar. He can do so because, if he esn't like the music, he can hire other band. The idea of marriage the United States comes dressed a trousseau of romantic nonsense ecisely because a marriage can be easily dissolved. Candidates for e Presidency can wear the costumes circus clowns because most peo- e believe that it doesn't matter who ts elected President. The black man ceives the benefit of civil-rights gislation because he is not con- lered an equal. In all instances the nderlying assumption is the same. ne affluence of the United States stifies its carelessness and permits e playing of charades. The rich an bestows his generosity on the tle people. If the little people fail appreciate the magnanimity of his sture, if it turns out that they have terests of their own, quite apart om those in the script written for em by their benefactor, well then, ere are always other little people, ch as wives, minority groups, hus- ands, Presidential candidates, for- gn countries, who will understand eir proper place.

As the rich man expects his ser- ants to bring him good news, so lso does American society employ s media to provide an assortment of attering images. Does the country ack for heroes? The media offer Henry Kissinger and Jimmy Carter. No matter that Kissinger repeatedly demonstrates his contempt for the ery idea of democracy; no matter hat Carter is a confidence man

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dressed up to look like a Kennedy. The necessity for an illusion takes precedence over the lesser consideration of the illusion's worth. Does the country want to imagine itself enjoying a cultural renaissance? The media offer Francis Ford Coppola and the National Endowment for the Arts.

At the moment it is fashionable to worry about the nameless mysteries, to conduct the equivalent of college "rap sessions" about truth, beauty, life, death, and the transmigration of souls. The media respond with seasonal lists of disquieting announcements—about the CIA, the meaning of terrorism, the despoliation of the environment, the dangers of atomic energy. Groups of concerned businessmen convene symposia to discuss the future of the American university. Journals of learned opinion devote hundreds of pages to the collective failure of the American will, nerve, and imagination. It all seems very important and very sad, but almost nobody takes it any more seriously than the college students who expect to leave the next morning for two weeks in Acapulco. The authors of the most doom-ridden essays earn upward of $50,000 a year and live in pleasant suburbs alongside oil-company presidents. When everything has been said, when the businessmen return from a weekend on Mount Parnassus in Williamsburg, Virginia, all those who made the journey will know that if anything terrible happens, it certainly won't be their fault. They read their assignments and listened with dutiful attention to the prophecies of collapse. What else could they be expected to do? Didn't they give money to the Public Broadcasting System, and didn't they deserve to think themselves enlightened? Who could blame them if the worst of the world's calamities happened to befall somebody else?

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I attended such a conference in the wilderness of Connecticut. At the time it was the consensus of mournful opinion that the right of free speech in the United States wouldn't last through the winter, and so the Ford Foundation had summoned a delegation of New York publishers to brood about the meaning of the F Amendment. For the better part two days I listened to the publish tell one another that it was only a n ter of time before the federal gove ment forged the chains of censors and stilled the voices of disse Gradually I came to understand t they didn't much care what happe to the First Amendment. What t wanted was a clarification of rules. They wanted somebody to lieve them of the burden of defe ing their rights. So often it requi money and courage to find out w was meant by the First Amendm and it was always a great deal m trouble than the lawyers promise the beginning. Much better if government simply would info them of their obligations and n the contracts for signature. The p lishers couldn't admit to so bas desire (not much different from desire of Lockheed to do business the Netherlands and Japan), and throughout the conference, they t turns making speeches about the lainy in Washington. All of th were intelligent and well-inform men, and many of them had ma large sums of money by publishi books that accused the governm of every conceivable crime. And nobody seemed to have noticed t the government has very little pow to impose even its benign intentio that it lost the Pentagon Papers c and every other case in which it tempted to impose prior restrai that the trend of the Supreme Co decisions over the past twenty-f years has consistently favored a m generous interpretation of the Fi Amendment. As recently as 19 Justice Lewis F. Powell observed t under the First Amendment there no such thing as a false idea, t "however pernicious an opinion m seem, we depend for its correcti not on the consciences of judges juries but on the competition other ideas."

And yet, to hear the publishers t it, the government in Washington sembled a police state. They had choice but to construct such a ficti if they hoped to preserve their art innocence. If the government cou be portrayed as both omnipotent a determined to suppress the tru then the publishers could become t helpless victims of repression. N having had the experience of repr

they could further imagine that would be allowed to earn their while congratulating one an- for their brave defense of the nitarian spirit. Only in the ed States is it possible to enjoy ighest degree of personal liberty assuming that everyone else ost it.

is the backdrop of assumed in- nce that makes the market in dal. The discovery of crime or mpetence becomes news only if n be presented as an exception e rule. It is one thing to be told, ne words of a headline in the *York Times*, that "thousands because of faulty prescriptions," is quite another thing to be told thousands will continue to die exactly the same reason, that all ns of energy are dangerous, that ors are as incompetent as jour- sts, and that even a Senate sub- mittee cannot restore the elector- to the Garden of Eden.

s has been said, the man who de- the promise of next week's re- ption does so at his peril. His as- ates speak of him as if he were ent or slightly deranged. Oh, yes, say, I remember him when he younger, before his wife left and he got lost for six months he Atlas Mountains. The cause of disaffection must be attributed accident or the force of circum- ice. Any other explanation re- res a rearrangement of the cul- al furniture. It cannot be admit- that a change took place within precincts of the man's own mind, a result of study or experience, or orst of all possible reasons) as a ult of growing older. Who wants know about the mechanics of his n body or be reminded of the in- tability of his own death? If hap- ess depends on rumor and opin- , then why bother to acquire ts? An opinion is so much easier come by than a fact, and if it is d with passionate intensity, then at matter if it is false? Nothing be known for certain, events be- too complex and people too par- oxical, and so why trouble one- f with unpleasantness? Thus the soning of a nation that is pleased think itself disillusioned. Like the h man who plays at being poor, it rs nothing but the passing of time. erything else it can buy, even the age of failure. □



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A BULL MARKET IN POLITICIANS



Martin Avillez

The Supreme Court decides in favor of boodle

by Frank Mankiewicz

AS I WRITE THIS (early February), Washington is in a mood even more surly than has been customary for the past few years. Candidates, managers, media people, reformers, party officials—all are busy comparing notes and conspiring to get around the Supreme Court's decision on the Campaign Financing Act. It is difficult for them to know what to do, since the Justices clearly didn't know, either, and reading their opinions is of little use in trying to understand what they said.

The decision, with all of its labored explanations, concurrences, dissents, concurrences in part, and dissents in part, stands as one of the longest (more than 150 pages) in Supreme Court history, and, like most long and complex decisions, pleases almost no one.

As things stand now, without any remedial legislation and with none in sight, everyone is unhappy. The reformers are in disarray (Common Cause's John Gardner's elation the first day, and his statement that "we will never go back to the old ways of politics" turned out to be unwarranted), the candidates are confused as to where, how much, and from whom campaign funds can be raised, the party chairmen are anxious only to preserve the federal contribution to the parties (as opposed to the candidates), Sen. Eugene McCarthy, the "successful" plaintiff, has been virtually wiped out by his victory, and traditional "fat cats," their right to give unlimited funds restored, are uncertain about the legal objects of their considerable bounty.

There is, as well, an uncertainty in the minds of politicians here that is related to the fat cats' dilemma. The law which was under attack, inadequate and burdensome as it was, had in it an enormous boon to candidates and their managers and handlers—you didn't have to *talk* to the big contributors any more.

In the old days—that is, the *old*, old days before the post-Watergate reform—there was no limit on the amount of a contribution, and most candidates quickly realized that it was a great deal easier to get $100,000 from one source than it was to get $1,000 from 100 different people.

Frank Mankiewicz is the author of Perfectly Clear: Nixon from Whittier to Watergate *and* The Final Crisis of Richard Nixon (*both Quadrangle*).

In all campaigns, however, t method brought problems. If so body gave a substantial amount money, he required attention. As p itics became less and less a matter simple patronage and more and mo a contest of ideologies, the mo likely it was that a big contribut would want to talk about natio policy, about which he usually kn very little, and the less likely would want to talk about embassi —about which he knew equally litt but who cared?

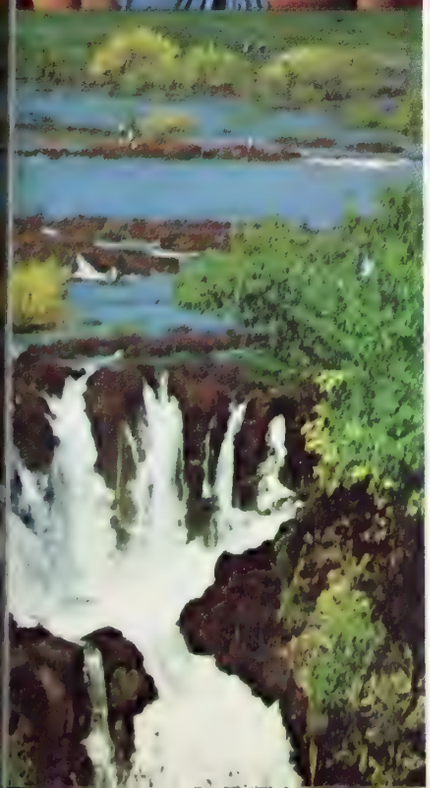
This meant an inordinate amou of time spent—by the candidate if he was lucky, by his managers talking with rich people about c endar reform, the United Natio imaginative ways to revise real-esta taxation, or the malign influence the economy of taxing inherited ca tal gains.

WITH THE NEW LA those of us who ha worked in Sen. Geor McGovern's Preside tial campaign were d lighted for those who would con after, that no longer would the a rival of a big giver be announce









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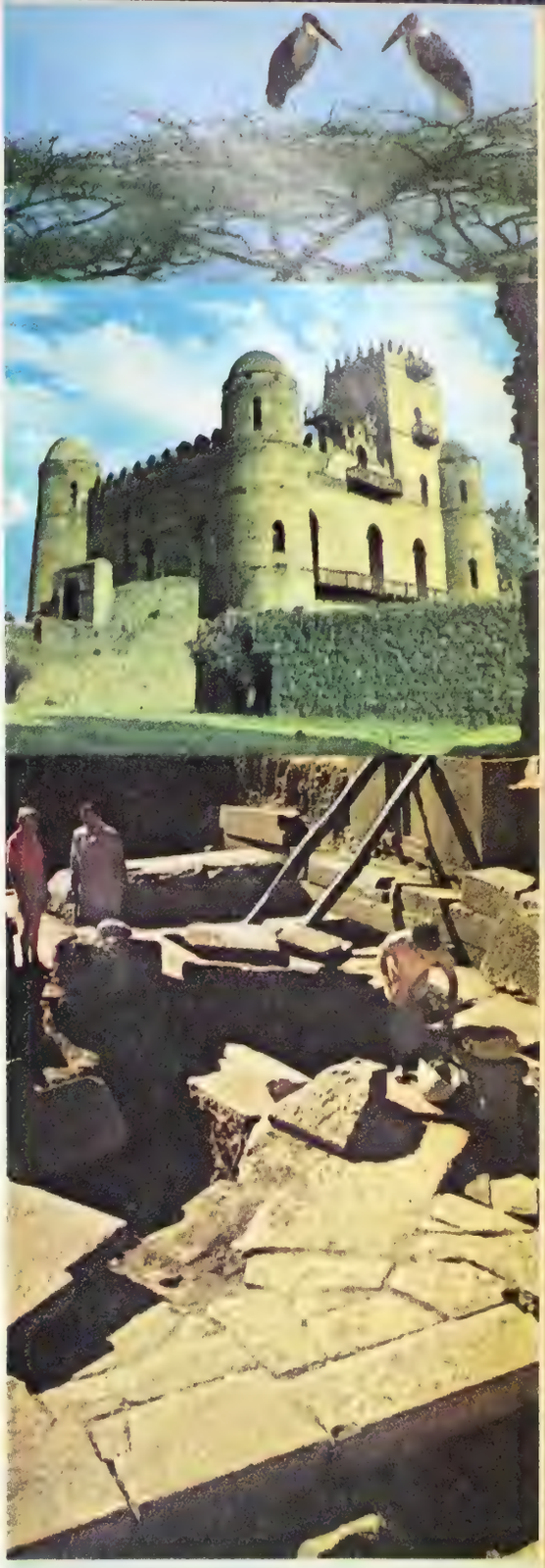
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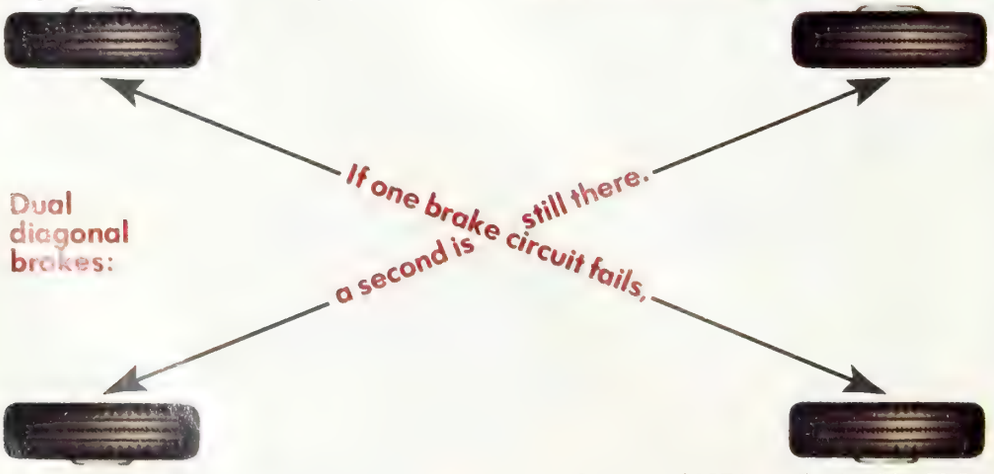
If you've been considerin Cadillac Fleetwood, you sh know that the Rabbit (with rear seat folded) has more trunk space.

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act that the hood slopes
so dramatically in front is
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with its accompanying feeling of dread that now somebody must *talk* to him, perhaps to explain why he could not run the whole campaign.

And I have been reliably informed by those in other campaigns—including Republican ones—that they shared the same relieved feeling; there would be no more big givers, since contributions had been limited to $1,000. At that level of giving, the conversation could be short: "Are you sending the grand? Thanks."

But the new decision has put all that in doubt. Here, briefly, is what the Court did:

(1) It retained the principle of federal financing, out of tax contributions (the $1 box on your return), for Presidential races only. This means that candidates for President can get so-called matching funds from the federal treasury, a dollar for each dollar raised privately (up to $250 per contribution), limited to a total level of spending of $10 million in the prenomination period, and $20 million thereafter. It also provides large sums of tax money for the two national parties to defray convention expenses—up to $2 million each, with no requirement for matching funds. *However:*

(2) The Court struck down the mechanism for distributing those funds, the Federal Election Commission, on the ground that it had been created in a patently unconstitutional way. Some of its members had been appointed by Congress, and one branch of government (legislative) may not perform the functions of another (executive); the commission had been charged with enforcing the law. There is some support to reconstitute the commission, allowing the President to appoint the members, but there is also a lot of sympathy in Congress to let it die, since many House members detected a willingness on the part of the commission to look into how they financed their campaigns. If the commission is abolished, then the clerks of Congress and the Congressionally appointed Office of the Controller General would disburse the funds and police the act, and no one doubts that they would be understanding.

(3) The Court summarily dismissed, in a bit of circular reasoning that will delight the legal scholars for generations to come, the claim of third parties on the public purse on the premise that they have never (well, hardly ever) been successful. The Court has now made sure they never will again. If third-party candidates get a relatively high percentage of the vote, they can qualify for matching funds after the election. But, of course, if that happens it will only constitute proof that they hadn't needed the money, anyway.

(4) The limit of $1,000 was kept on contributions by any individual. *However:*

(5) The limit was removed on contributions by any individual "in behalf of" a candidate, so long as they are not directly contributed to the campaign fund, and so long as there has been no "collusion" between the contributor and the candidate.

(6) No limit was set on the amount a candidate can spend of his own money for his own campaign. (This portion of the opinion will be

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ne known as the Rockefeller Re- ification Act of 1976).

(7) Limits were also removed m the amount which can be spent a campaign overall; if, however, a ndidate takes the federal match- ; money, he must accept the spend- ; limits as well. This has the effect licensing unlimited spending for ery other race than the one for esident, and can be called the Rich ngressman's Entitlement Act.

NOW, CLEARLY, it is paragraph five which is causing most of the trouble and apprehension. The party leaders will see to it that me compromise is arrived at which ll keep the tax money flowing, and body, except some staunch reform- s, cares very much about the com- ission. And nobody whose voice is ard very loudly cares about third rties—that's why they're third. t if paragraph five means what eople are coming to think it means, en the lid is off, and the $1,000 nitation on contributions will be nored on a level with, let us say, rty platforms.

What the Court seemed to be say- g was that a fat cat can give mon- y in any amount to support a candi- ate, for any purpose, so long as it n't an "official" one. It isn't hard imagine how this might go. "Stew- rt (or Max, or Clement), the can- idate sure would like to present is views in radio spots, but, gosh arn it, we just don't have the mon- y. If we had, we'd send it to the eading station in each of the major narkets in California (or Florida, or llinois, or Texas), and the whole hing would only come to $3 million. Maybe you and some of your friends nterested in robust, untrammeled ublic discussion share our views." And, bear in mind, there will almost ertainly be no commission, or any ther group, with the power or the nterest to determine if this sort of hing involves "collusion."

If that's the way it's going to go (and there is no one in this city pre- pared to say it is not), then we are back at square one, back to the kind of politics where money speaks loud- er than votes—where the rich have more of a say than anyone else. Worse, back to the days when some- body has to *listen* to them. □



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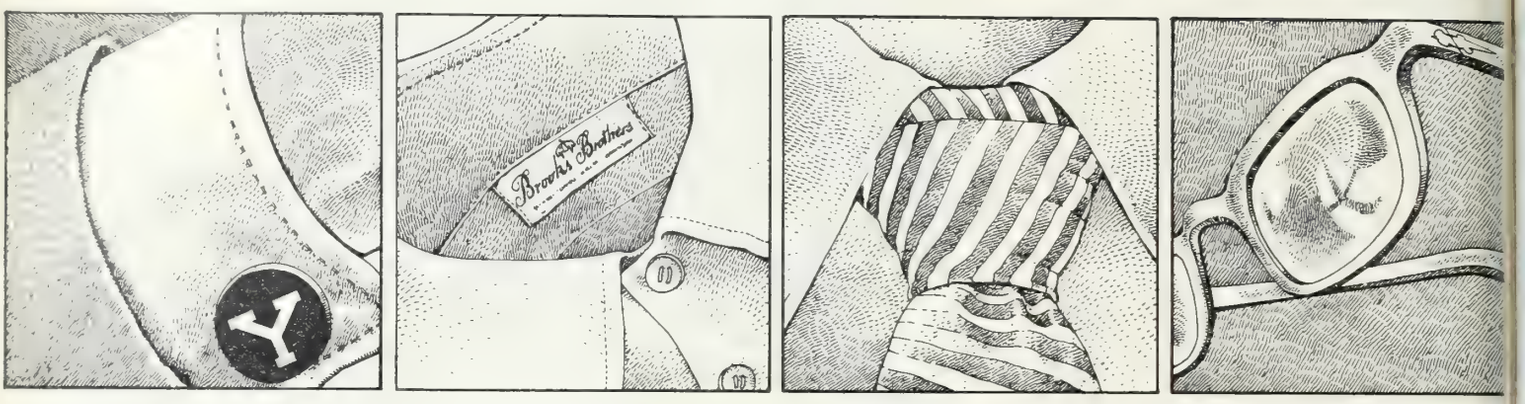
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CAMPAIGNING FOR SECRETARY OF STATE



Martim Avillez

The candidates speak in discreet whispers

by David Schneiderman

ON A CLEAR, CHILLY Washington afternoon, Thomas L. Hughes, hatless and in a camel's-hair coat, ventured across the street from his modern office on DuPont Circle to an old brown brick mansion, the headquarters of the Women's National Democratic Club. Hughes, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and former director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, was going to give a luncheon speech from one of Washington's most prestigious platforms. Harry S Truman, Adlai E. Stevenson, and Dean Acheson had preceded him there.

The meal was consumed in less than thirty minutes, and then the 200 spectators put aside their coffee cups to listen to Hughes deliver a campaign speech. Though there is a Presidential campaign in swing, Hughes has not set his sights on the White House. Rather, he and a handful of other men are competing for the golden apple of foreign policy—the State Department.

David Schneiderman is assistant editor of the Op-Ed page of the New York Times.

IN THIS PRESIDENTIAL year, (assuming Henry Kissinger will not succeed himself) the campaigning for the job of Secretary of State will be intense. For those interested in such matters, the people to watch most carefully are: George W. Ball, Under Secretary of State in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations and now senior partner in Lehman Brothers; Cyrus R. Vance, Deputy Secretary of Defense and diplomatic troubleshooter for Johnson, now a partner in the Wall Street law firm of Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett; Elliot L. Richardson, Secretary of Commerce, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's under Ford, Under Secretary of State, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Secretary of Defense, and Attorney General under Nixon; Peter G. Peterson, chairman of Lehman Brothers and Secretary of Commerce under Nixon; and Thomas L. Hughes.

The campaign for Secretary of State is governed by a set of rules that determines the serious candidates and circumscribes their behavior. The rules, representing the values and norms of the foreign-policy community, are not carved in stone, but no one who defies them has a chance of being Secretary of State. In no particular order of importance these rules are:

1. *Know the electorate.* The voters are the members of the foreign-policy community, and it is essential to know them and gain their support. The community is located along the Washington-New York-Boston axis and consists primarily of lawyers, bankers, academics, businessmen, foundation officers, military men and government officials. The largest and most important bloc of voters is the Establishment wing, with its New York City clubhouse, the Council on Foreign Relations. Before Vietnam, the Establishment was an effective political machine, providing the State Department with a steady flow of ambitious men and, whenever necessary, a Secretary of State. That conflict split the machine into warring factions, and this campaign will be a test of whether the Establishment can maintain its traditional role.

Vying with the Establishment for influence is a group of former government officials, academics, and Congressional aides. Though these young dissidents do not agree among



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themselves on all foreign policy issues, they do form a consensus around the necessity for a greatly reduced role for the United States in world politics. Many worked in Washington and Saigon as young bureaucrats during the Vietnam war, and, profoundly disturbed by the experience, they are determined to avoid another debacle. Their influence is felt primarily on Capitol Hill, where they have worked with like-minded Senators and Representatives to set the tone of American foreign policy.

While the dissidents are giving Henry Kissinger fits, the Establishment has its candidate to succeed the Secretary of State and is pushing him hard. Consider the following conversation with a top-ranking official of the council:

"Who is the number-one candidate for Secretary of State?"

"Cy Vance."

"Why?"

"If the Establishment chairman is John McCloy, and David Rockefeller is president, then Cy Vance is vice-president. This is the line of succession."

"What makes him so special?"

"Nobody has anything against him. Find me a man who doesn't like Cy Vance. Vance is the man everyone respects. He's brilliant at having everyone admire him. Cy Vance has got to be Secretary of State, or there's something wrong with this country."

2. *Have the "right" past and present for your future.* One would expect Harvard and Yale to be the breeding grounds for Secretaries of State. Dean Acheson was a graduate of Yale and of Harvard Law, and Kissinger is from Harvard, but that is not the norm. William P. Rogers attended Colgate and Cornell Law; Dean Rusk, Davidson and St. John's, Oxford; John Foster Dulles, Princeton and George Washington Law. There are two purebreds in this year's race—Vance, Yale and Yale Law, and Richardson, Harvard and Harvard Law—but the other candidates will not suffer from the indiscretion of having studied elsewhere.

More important is what comes after school. For an ambitious young man interested in foreign affairs, a prominent Wall Street or Washington law firm is a good place to work. Acheson (Covington, Burling & Rublee) and Dulles (Sullivan Cromwell) are the prototypes. Oth possibilities are foundations (For Carnegie, or Rockefeller), academ (Harvard), business, or bankin The rule of thumb is that any jo bringing a young man close to th corridors of power is a good job. is all right to start in Chicago c Council Bluffs, but the sooner on finds a niche in the East the bette for that is where the electorate and where foreign policy is made.

3. *Look like a Secretary of Stat* The top men at State are alway middle-aged white men. Women an blacks have never been prominen in the making of American foreig policy, which is not surprising, sinc they have never been prominent i the institutions that feed the natio al-security apparatus. The foreig policy community is not an equa opportunity employer.

Though definitions of middle ag can vary, the next Secretary of Stat will be between forty-five and sixty five. These numbers are not hard an fast, but people in that age bracke invariably look more mature and re sponsible than the under-forty-fiv set and more vigorous than their el ders.

The serious candidate should no be oblivious to what he puts on hi white, middle-aged body. Dark, non descript three-piece suits with whit shirts and silk rep or polka-dot tie are imperative. Wide lapels, doubl vents, nipped waists and flared pant are taboo. Brooks Brothers, no Yves St. Laurent, dresses the Secre tary of State.

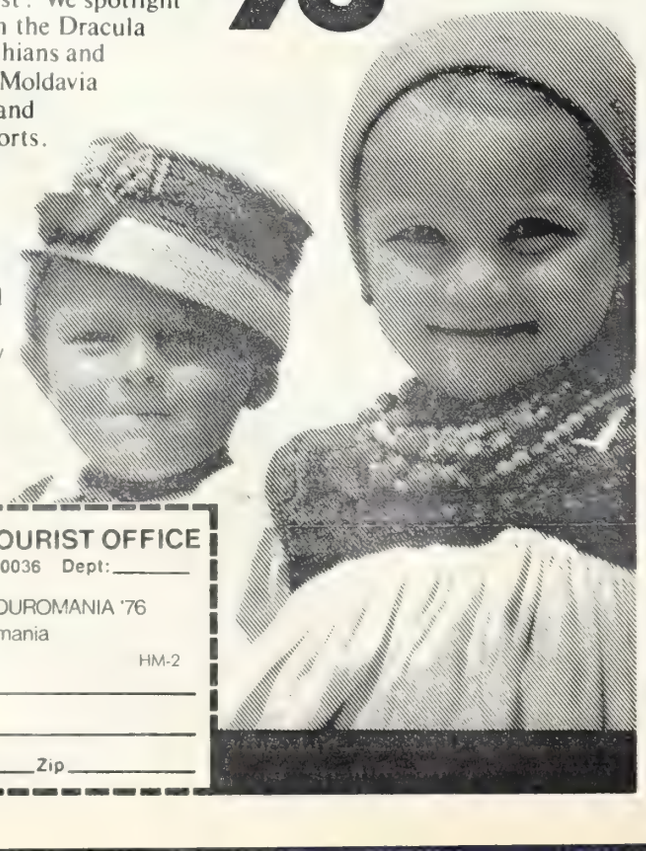
Progress *has* been made in on area. There used to be a religiou restriction for prospective Secre taries of State, but no more. Perhap Henry Kissinger's greatest achieve ment is that he proved you don' have to be a Wasp to break brea with the Arabs.

4. *Love the media and they wil love you.* It is desirable but not nec essary for a candidate to occasion ally air his thoughts in public. The most prestigious publications for thi ritual cleansing are *Foreign Policy* and *Foreign Affairs*, both quarter lies. The candidate who wants t reach a wider audience can often be found in *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and *Newsweek*.

Then there is television. Though

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electronic diplomacy is increasingly common, George Ball is the only candidate who uses television often and effectively. He is calm, self-assured, and articulate before the cameras, a producer's delight. Peterson has had a notorious weakness for the media since his Washington days, when he and his wife gave movie and popcorn parties generously sprinkled with such journalists as Tom Braden and Henry Brandon. This earned Peterson the scorn of the Nixon White House and the grateful admiration of his guests. The Petersons' parties now take place in New York at their Upper East Side apartment and are usually thick with media people, such as John Chancellor. These social functions are good politics, and Peterson should profit from his social largesse. The foreign-policy electorate will hear about Pete Peterson this year, whether they like it or not.

5. *Keep your thoughts inconspicuous.* Vance's foreign-policy ideas are invisible to the naked eye. Such obfuscation has one big advantage: what you don't say can't hurt you. Hughes's approach to this rule is masterful. He writes articles and speeches filled with catchy phrases and dry witticisms that lead the electorate to believe there are ideas lurking behind the elegant language. Hughes has successfully convinced much of the foreign-affairs community that he is one of its more profound thinkers while saying nothing offensive.

6. *Be kind to Kissinger, but not too kind.* The best way to do this is to criticize the tactical aspects of Kissinger's diplomacy while praising, preferably in the same breath, his grand design. In this way the candidate shows he can provide creative but responsible alternatives to the present foreign policy.

Richardson played this game skillfully in a speech last year to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. While crediting Kissinger for "setting forth with great clarity and eloquence the fundamental aims and specific proposals of American foreign policy," he also called for an end to "unnecessary secrecy" in the making of such policy. The message is this: I, Elliot Richardson, would retain the best of Henry Kissinger's policies and terminate the noxious aspects.

7. *Avoid controversy.* Dean R got his job partly because no could think of anything bad to about him. John Kennedy was pressed by an article Rusk had w ten in *Foreign Affairs* before 1960 election calling for gre Presidential involvement in dom policy but less concern with summ ry. It was hardly a controversial p posal, but that is precisely the po —Rusk was showing he had m tered the art of moving his lips w saying nothing. This is a skill ev Secretary of State should have.

8. *Don't worry about Viet* The war won't matter in the c paign for State unless Ford or successor considers the Bun (McGeorge or William), Walt R tow, or Robert McNamara for job, thereby opening wounds t have barely healed. It is doubt that even a President would be t stupid. When asked about his sta on Vietnam, the intelligent can date sadly terms the war an abe tion, and deftly changes the subj to the future of NATO.

9. *Know economics.* Economi has replaced nuclear strategy as de rigueur specialty area for foreig policy experts. It is essential to comfortable with production pos bility curves, two-tier markets, special drawing rights. Ball and terson speak this language and Ri ardson is presumably learning it the Commerce Department. Such perfuse, however, could backfire a land any one of them in Treasu Not a bad place but how many S retaries of the Treasury get to st flags in maps and toy with nucle weapons?

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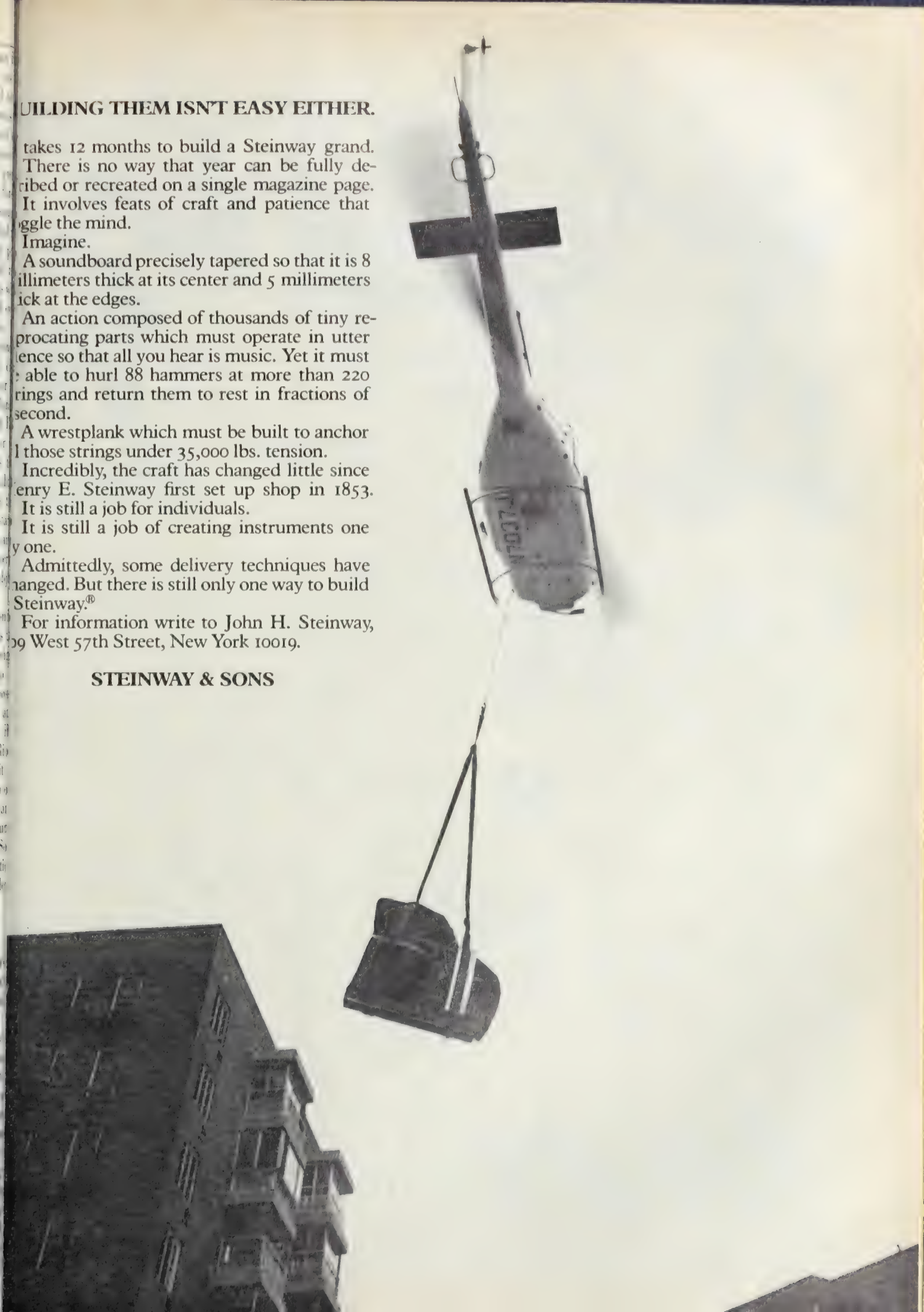
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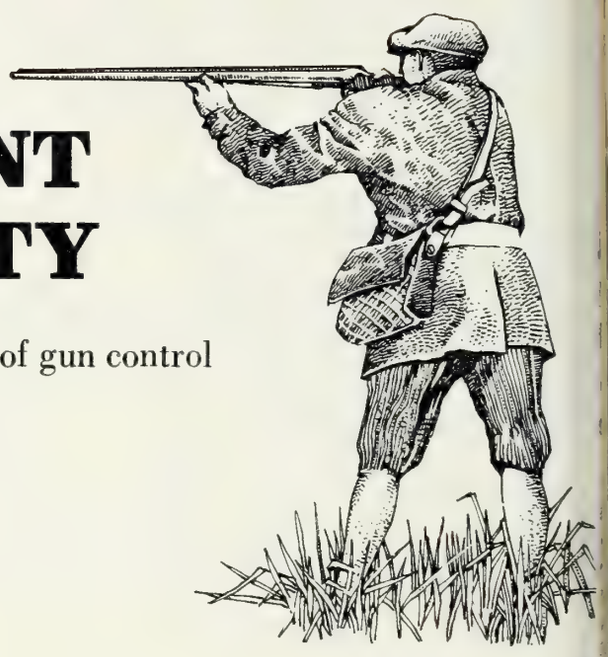


Martim Avillez

A VIOLENT MAJORITY

A cautionary tale for advocates of gun control

by Stephen Darst



THE ATTEMPTS ON the life of President Ford last year revived gray talk of gun-control legislation in the editorial rooms of the land. There is nothing like an assassination attempt or two to rouse the old firehorse in an editorial writer. The gun-control statistics, after all, are so overwhelming, the issue so vital. The ineluctable phrases leap so quickly to mind: national madness . . . no man safe . . . frontier mentality . . . each man a law unto . . .

Now I can sit back and listen to such talk and nod. But listening and nodding are all I do today. Once upon a time, though, I did more. Once upon a time I swore a mighty oath to do what I could to stop the national disgrace of carnage by firearm. As a red-blooded American legislator, I liked to think that every solon had in him a great piece of legislation trying to get out. My great piece of legislation was a gun-control bill.

It wasn't just *a* gun-control bill, but *the* gun-control bill, a masterpiece, a tour de force, a *War and Peace* of a gun-control bill. In fact, I sat down to write The Great American Gun-Control Bill. It remained only The Great American Gun-Control Bill, however, and did not become The Great American Gun-Control Law, even though it was written in 1968, the year that saw the assassination of both Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. If you couldn't pass a gun-control bill then, you will never pass one. Which is why I now confine my activities in the field of arms control to reading and listening and nodding.

READING GOT me into trouble in the first place. In 1968 I was a member of the St. Louis Board of Aldermen. The aldermanic job was very undemanding, with only one meeting of the board per week, and occasional committee meetings, plus much fence-mending work back in the ward. All the aldermen had other jobs. Several were lawyers, a few undertakers, and an ungodly number were tavern owners. It was a local joke that when the clerk put his head in the door of the board chambers one day yelling, "Your tavern is on fire" the chamber immediately emptied.

My outside job was newspaper reporting. Journalism was really a much stranger occupation than embalming or saloon-keeping to combine with politicking, but there were some points where the two professions met. For example, the reading I did to keep abreast of issues w helpful in both fields. I read a wi variety of newspapers and magazine filing away articles that might ma future articles or speeches. In 19 I read an article in the *Saturday R view* about a Philadelphia gun-co trol bill which had had a startlin success in reducing firearms crim in the City of Brotherly Love. I fil it away for possible reference.

The article would have remaine safely filed away but for the fact th shortly afterward I agreed to acce a girl on sabbatical from Webst College in suburban St. Louis as n "administrative assistant." The id was that she would work on fascina ing political projects that would l far more instructive than anythi she could learn in a poli-sci class.

The problem with my administr tive assistant was that there was serious lack of fascinating pra tical political assignments. I beg casting about for a project for he and when I ran across the *Saturd Review* article on gun control seemed promising. I told my assi tant to round up gun-control legisl tion—the Philadelphia bill and a others of interest—with the idea th we might put together a composi bill which I would introduce in t Board of Aldermen.

In addition, we made a few pho calls to legislators in other cities wh

Stephen Darst is on the staff of The Review, *the newspaper of the St. Louis archdiocese.*

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had written gun-control bills. I called the president of the Philadelphia City Council, Paul D'Ortona, the man who had drafted and pushed through the bill which had received such glowing reviews in the *Saturday Review*. I was particularly concerned, I told him, about the role the National Rifle Association had played in opposing the Philadelphia bill.

"Don't be afraid of that crowd," Council President D'Ortona shot back in a fearless voice. "They just make a lot of noise. They threatened to oppose me the next time I ran, but I got the bill through the Council and the next time I ran better than ever. The National Rifle Association is a paper tiger."

The firearms ordinances of the City Code of St. Louis were not especially permissive, but there were enough loopholes to permit any madman or criminal to buy almost any kind of gun. So the first job was to plug the loopholes in the present law, especially through requirements for registration of guns and gun owners. By this time I was working with several lawyers to draft the new bill. As we took anything that looked valuable from the legislation which had been tried elsewhere, the bill gradually grew longer and tighter. For example, the old St. Louis law required police to check an applicant before issuing a permit for a handgun. But the police check was useless. There was no positive identification through fingerprinting or photographing, and there was no check with FBI files in Washington or with other police departments across the country. An applicant could have committed mass murder with a bazooka as long as he had done it outside the city limits of St. Louis. Our bill demanded fingerprinting, photographing, and a check against FBI records. Felons, chronic alcoholics, drug addicts, and persons with histories of mental illness would be disqualified from receiving a permit, and would not be able to buy or own any long gun or handgun or ammunition. All guns had to be registered, even those owned before passage of the bill. The maximum penalty was a year in jail and a $500 fine for any violation. It was the toughest gun-control bill in the United States.

A week after it was drafted Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was killed in Memphis. Several weeks after that, Sen. Robert Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles. Both murders were accomplished, of course, with firearms. The clamor for tighter gun-control laws was immediate, loud, and seemingly unappeasable. I threw my bill into the legislative hopper within a few days of Kennedy's murder.

Several days later the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* strongly recommended immediate passage of the bill. One alderman after another came up to me in the chamber and told me it was high time we tightened our gun-control laws and took guns out of the hands of these idiots, high time we put these overarmed madmen in their place. The aldermen were behind me to a man.

"Those hoosiers down in my ward are mad as hell about this bill but I'm going to be with you when the time comes," one alderman promised. "Every one of those bastards has a gun. When they aren't shooting squirrels back home in Tennessee or Arkansas on the weekend, they're shooting each other up here in bars in my ward during the week. None of them pays taxes in this city, and none of them votes here. If they don't vote here, I don't owe them nothing. Screw those hoosiers."

SEEMINGLY, THE BILL was a shoo-in. But later, looking back on it all, I came to the conclusion that the bill had been in trouble from the start. The first problem was timing. The Board of Aldermen was in session for only a few days after the gun-control bill was introduced before the three-month summer recess began. The board was not scheduled for a regular meeting until mid-September and the bill had to be read three times before it could be voted on. So it was hard to see a vote before October. Each passing day put that much distance between the assassinations and the vote. And before the vote there had to be a public hearing.

The public hearing was generally conceded to have been the wildest meeting in the history of the turn-of-the-century City Hall. When the date for the hearing was set for a night in mid-August, the aldermen's mailboxes began to fill with letters and notes and telegrams, an average of 500 per alderman, all in opposition to the bill.

On the appointed night, the hearing room filled up early with vociferous gun nuts. (Although in public debate we always went through the obligatory gestures of respect for our worthy, if temporarily benighted, opponents, in private we always thought and spoke of them as "gun nuts." The gun nuts, in turn, referred to us, in public and private, as "bleeding hearts.")

There were a lot of theories about the gun nuts and what drove them to the obsessive acquisition of rocket launchers and bazookas and burp guns and antitank weapons. The leading psychological explanation could have been called the original second gun theory—the gun nut, obviously impotent, needed another gun to compensate for the one that had been born with, the one which consistently misfired or refused to go off altogether. Looking at the crowd at the public hearing that night, though, it was difficult to keep the second gun theory fixed firmly in mind. They certainly *looked* potent enough. You felt sorry for all the deer and quail and ducks and rabbits whose last sight on this earth had been those hot eyes staring down them down a barrel.

"They're mean looking—that's the meanest-looking mob I've ever seen," Donald Gunn, the president of the Board of Aldermen, told me. The crowd looked not only furious but armed. "The first shot you hear, turn over that table we'll be sitting at," Gunn said. "It's made out of oak and it's thick, and if we can turn it over and get behind it we might be able to hold out through the shooting until the police can restore order."

The police were there not only to keep order but also to testify for the bill. Police are generally in favor of gun control, knowing that their own chances for survival amidst a citizenry armed to the teeth are not good. But the police department was among the few supporters. Speaker after speaker rose to denounce the bill, and by the end of the hearing you could feel a definite tide beginning to run against it.

"A cooling-off period," one alderman told me, "that's what we need. Give those gun nuts a couple of months to forget about this and your bill will breeze through."

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The opposite happened. Even aldermen who had been strongly in favor of the bill began to have reservations. I tried to bring them around again through appeals to reason. One of my strongest appeals, I thought, had to do with a glaring weakness in the old bill. According to the St. Louis gun law then in force, the Sheriff of the City of St. Louis issued permits for handguns. One requirement stipulated by Sheriff Martin L. Tozer was that any wife wishing to buy a handgun had to produce a letter from her husband giving his permission. Husbands were not required to have similar letters from their wives. I pointed out this seeming inconsistency to one wavering alderman.

"What does it say there—women need their husband's permission?" the alderman asked. "Well, Jesus Christ, I should hope so. There's a lot of common sense to that. I mean what if the old lady gets it into her head to blow her old man's head off some night? With this regulation we've got Sheriff Tozer right there wanting to see that letter from the husband before he's going to issue the wife a permit to buy a gun to kill the old man with. Which the old man has gotta be crazy if he writes. Now I think that's a great idea, that letter from the husband. That stops a lot of bloodshed."

"But the husband doesn't need permission of the wife if he wants to buy a gun," I pointed out. "Does that seem fair—the wife has to have the letter from the husband if she wants to buy a gun but not vice versa?"

"Yeah, that makes a lot of sense to my way of thinking," he said. "I can understand that perfectly. You wouldn't want to have to ask your wife's permission every time before you bought a gun for the protection of your home, would you?"

But wives should need letters from husbands? I asked.

"That's right," he said. He looked at me as if he were talking to a very small and very liberal child. "Say, I thought you were supposed to be trying to take guns away from dangerous persons? That's the idea, isn't it? But now you want to arm all the wives. That's real gun control—putting pistols in the hands of every dizzy broad. You could get a lot of good men killed that way."

When I talked to th sheriff about the re quirement, he pointe out that the state la gave him great leewa in these matters. Hauling out th statute book, he opened it to th section that dealt with the powers o the Office of Sheriff.

"It says that to buy a handgu you must be of good moral characte and the sheriff must be satisfied tha the issuance of the permit will no endanger the public safety," Sheri Tozer said.

He stopped and looked at m piercingly to see if I appreciated th full nuances of the law.

"You will notice that it says 'th sheriff must be satisfied.' That means in this case, myself. Sheriff Toze must be satisfied. So I got to think ing about it one day and it occurre to me that more wives shoot thei husbands than husbands shoot thei wives. So I got the idea of requirin a letter from the husband before th wife can go out and buy a pistol And I can tell you it's one of th best and most popular things I'v ever done in this office, and I en force it."

Tozer produced several pieces o paper—applications for handgu permits from wives who had failed to include the required letter from their husbands.

"Applications denied!" Sheri Tozer said, shaking the flawed pa pers. A clerk in his office told m later that even when an applicatio form from a wife did include th husband's letter the sheriff frequentl took it upon himself to put in a quie phone call to see if the husband wa in full possession of his faculties.

Ever since Squeaky Fromme an Sara Jane Moore burst on the na tional scene with their attempts o the life of President Ford, I hav been thinking about Sheriff Toze and that letter from the husband. I sounds better and better the mor I think about it. In a world where gun policies were set according t the principles of Sheriff Tozer, there almost certainly would have been n gun in the hand of Squeaky Fromme or Sara Jane Moore. You might argue that Mrs. Moore was divorced and would therefore not have been required to produce a letter from her husband. But then the law, as the sheriff liked to point out, specifically

ed that "the sheriff must be satis-
." Sheriff Tozer would certainly
e refused a divorced woman a
permit on the commonsense
und that she was obviously buy-
it in order to shoot her ex-hus-
d. Permit denied. And it goes
hout saying that Squeaky Fromme
ld not have received a permit
m the sheriff. Martin L. Tozer
s not elected Rieve of the Shire
St. Louis in order to preside over
substitution of a letter from the
u of a commune for the letter of
awfully wed spouse.

In addition to disarming the po-
tially dangerous wives of the city,
sheriff's regulations refused pis-
s to anyone who was not a duly
gistered voter. The official reason
s the necessity of having some
eck on the address of the appli-
nt, but the real reason, I suspected,
s that the sheriff saw no reason to
a man the favor of permitting
n to own a gun if the man could
t return the favor by voting for
sheriff and his political allies.

Besides wives and unregistered
izens, easily the most undergunned
gment of the population were
e sex deviates. The statute did not
ecify what crimes disqualified a
rson from purchasing a pistol.
gain, the sheriff was given broad
scretion. Common sense might
ve decreed that crimes of violence
ould be automatically disqualifying,
t such was not the case. Persons
th violent crimes on their records
ere often given permits for hand-
ns. The sheriff came down like a
n of bricks, however, when it came
persons with sex crimes on their
cords.

"Any sexual pervert who attempts
arm himself in the City of St.
ouis will not get by the Office of the
heriff," Tozer told me. "As long as
am Sheriff of the City of St. Louis
ose deviates will not be roaming
e streets with guns."

With the sheriff standing as a first
ne of defense against potentially
loodthirsty, trigger-happy degener-
tes, we were never troubled in St.
ouis with murderous shoot-outs be-
ween rival gangs of deviates. What
e were troubled with was a homi-
ide rate among the citizens at large
at was unusually high. At about
at time the FBI came out with
s annual crime statistics, statistics
hich put St. Louis at the top of the list among the large cities of the country for murders per capita.

I THOUGHT THAT our soaring murder rate would be a good argument for my bill, but at about this time the National Rifle Association stepped up its campaign. I don't know why the NRA seemed a paper tiger to the gun-control advocates of Philadelphia; in St. Louis its influence was overpowering. A few days before my bill came up for a vote, the NRA sent out a special bulletin giving the name, address, and phone number of each alderman. Aldermen were deluged with calls and letters. Because I was the sponsor of the bill, I got no calls and only one letter, a note from the White Citizens' Councils of Greater St. Louis informing me that, although it was their policy never to work for or against any candidate, presumably preferring to concentrate their efforts on the larger cause of intolerance in the abstract, they would be willing to make an exception in my case and if I ever again filed for office they would do everything in their power to bury me.

The day the bill was to be voted on, the gallery of the board chamber was packed with gun nuts who beamed down benevolently as the roll, one nay vote after another, was called. My vote came early so I was able to record one aye for the great cause. I was certain mine was going to be the only one. And then:

"Aye."

The clerk could not believe his ears.

"Would you repeat your vote, Alderman Martin?"

"Aye—I vote in favor of the bill —my vote is aye," Alderman Ted Martin repeated. The roll call continued to a close, twenty-six nays and two ayes, as I crossed the floor to thank Alderman Martin.

"You don't owe me any thanks," he said, shaking my hand. "I didn't vote for that bill to do you a favor— I voted for that bill because it's a good bill. I voted for that bill because it's the kind of bill we're going to have to have in this town if we're ever going to reduce the murder rate. And, last and most important, I voted for that bill because I decided a couple of days ago that I was never going to run for office again." □



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THE FAMILY OUT OF FAVOR

The courage to marry and raise children presupposes a willingness (presently unfashionable) to grow up

by Michael Novak

RECENTLY A FRIEND OF MINE told me the following anecdote. At lunch in a restaurant, he had mentioned that he and his wife intended to have a second child soon. His listener registered words, stood, and reached out his hand with mistakable fervor: "You are making a politi- statement. Congratulations!"

We live in lucky times. So many, so varied, d so aggressive are the antifamily sentiments our society that brave souls may now have or the first time in centuries) the pleasure of covering for themselves the importance of family. Choosing to have a family used to uninteresting. It is, today, an act of intelli- nce and courage. To love family life, to see family life the most potent moral, intellec- l, and political cell in the body politic is to marked today as a heretic.

Orthodoxy is usually enforced by an eco- mic system. Our own system. postindustrial pitalism, plays an ambivalent role with re- ect to the family. On the one hand, capitalism mands hard work, competition, sacrifice, sav- g, and rational decision-making. On the other, stresses liberty and encourages hedonism.

Now the great corporations (as well as the universities, the political professions, the foundations, the great newspapers and publishing empires, and the film industry) diminish the moral and economic importance of the family. They demand travel and frequent change of residence. Teasing the heart with glittering entertainment and gratifying the demands of ambition, they dissolve attachments and loyalties. Husbands and wives live in isolation from each other. Children of the upwardly mobile are almost as abandoned, emotionally, as the children of the ghetto. The lives of husbands, wives, and children do not mesh, are not engaged, seem merely thrown together. There is enough money. There is too much emotional space. It is easier to leave town than to pretend that one's lives truly matter to each other. (I remember the tenth anniversary party of a foreign office of a major newsmagazine; none of its members was married to his spouse of ten years before.) At an advanced stage capitalism imparts enormous centrifugal forces to the souls of those who have most internalized its values; and these forces shear marriages and families apart.

To insist, in the face of such forces, that marriage and family still express our highest moral ideals, is to awaken hostility and opposition.

Michael Novak, professor of philosophy and religious studies, is the author of The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics *(Macmillan). His most recent book is the forthcoming* The Joy of Sports *(Basic Books).*

Michael Novak

THE FAMILY OUT OF FAVOR

For many, marriage has been a bitter disappointment. They long to be free of it and also of the guilt they feel, a residual guilt which they have put to sleep and do not want awakened. They loathe marriage. They celebrate its demise. Each sign of weakness in the institution exonerates them of personal failure.

Urban industrial life is not designed to assist families. Expressways divide neighborhoods and parishes. Small family bakeries, cheese shops, and candy stores are boarded up. Social engineers plan for sewers, power lines, access roads, but not for the cultural ecology which allows families of different histories and structures to flower and prosper. The workplace is not designed with family needs in mind; neither are working hours.

Yet, clearly, the family is the seedbed of economic skills, money habits, attitudes toward work, and the arts of financial independence. The family is a stronger agency of educational success than the school. The family is a stronger teacher of the religious imagination than the church. Political and social planning in a wise social order begin with the axiom *What strengthens the family strengthens society*. Highly paid, mobile, and restless professionals may disdain the family (having been nurtured by its strengths), but those whom other agencies desert have only one institution in which to fi essential nourishment.

The role of a father, a mother, and of ch dren with respect to them, is the absolutely ci ical center of social force. Even when pove and disorientation strike, as over the gene tions they so often do, it is family strength th most defends individuals against alienatic lassitude, or despair. The world around the fa ily is fundamentally unjust. The state and agents, and the economic system and its age cies, are never fully to be trusted. One could r trust them in Eastern Europe, in Sicily, or Ireland—and one cannot trust them here. O unforgettable law has been learned painfu through all the oppressions, disasters, and justices of the last thousand years: *if things well with the family, life is worth living; wh the family falters, life falls apart.*

Unfashionable famili

THESE WORDS, I KNOW, go against t conventional grain. In America, seem to look to the state for eve form of social assistance. Immigra Jews and Catholics have for fifty yea supported progressive legislation in favor



Evelyn Tayl

leral social programs: for minimum wage, cial Security, Medicare, civil rights. Yet dig- y, for most immigrant peoples, resides first all in family strength. Along with Southern acks, Appalachians, Latins, and Indians, most migrants to America are family people. In- ed, virtually all Americans, outside our pro- ssional classes, are family people.

There are, perhaps, radical psychological dif- rences between people who center human life atomic individuals—in "Do your thing," or Live your own life," et cetera—and people who nter human life in their families. There may e in this world two kinds of people: "individ- al people" and "family people." Our intellec- ial class, it seems, celebrates the former con- antly, denigrates the latter.

Understandably, to have become a profession- l means, often enough, to have broken free rom the family of one's birth. (How many ounds suffered there!) To have become suc- essful, often enough, leads to the hubris of inking one can live, now, in paradise, emo- ionally unfettered, free as the will to power is ree.

There are many different traditions, styles, pat- erns, and emotional laws in different ethnic and egional cultures in America. The Jewish fam- ly is not quite like the Italian family; the fam- lies of the Scotch-Irish of Appalachia have motional ties different from those of families rom Eastern Europe. The communal families of the South Slavs are not like those of the Jap- nese. There is not *one* family pattern in Amer- ca; there are many. All are alike in this, how- ver: they provide such civilization as exists in hese United States with its fundamental infu- ion of nurture, grace, and hope, and they suffer nder the attacks of both the media and the economic system. Half the families of the na- tion have an annual income under $12,500; 90 percent have an income under $22,000. How can a family earning, say, $11,000 a year (too much for scholarship assistance) send three children to college? or care for its elderly?

As for the media, outrageous myths blow breezily about. Everyone says that divorces are multiplying. They are. But the figures hide as much as they reveal. Some 66 percent of all hus- bands and wives stick together until death do them part. In addition, the death that "parts" a marriage comes far later now than it did in any previous era. Faithful spouses stay together for a longer span of years than ever. For centuries, the average age of death was, for a female, say, thirty-two, and, for a male, thirty-eight. That so many modern marriages carry a far longer span of years with a certain grace is an unprece- dented tribute to the institution.

Finally, aggressive sentiments against mar- riage are usually expressed today in the name of "freedom," "openness," "play," or "serious commitment to a career." Marriage is pictured as a form of imprisonment, oppression, bore- dom, and chafing hindrance. Not all these ac- cusations are wrong; but the superstition sur- rounding them is. Marriage *is* an assault upon the lonely, atomic ego. Marriage *is* a threat to the solitary individual. Marriage does impose grueling, humbling, baffling, and frustrating responsibilities. Yet if one supposes that pre- cisely such things are the preconditions for all true liberation, marriage is not the enemy of moral development in adults. Quite the oppo- site.

In our society, of course, there is no need to become an adult. One may remain—one is exhorted daily to remain—a child forever. It is difficult to have acquired a good education, a professional job, and a good salary, without meeting within one's circle of associates not a few adult children. In medieval paintings, chil- dren look like miniature adults. In tableaux from life today, adults appear as wrinkled ad- olescents.

"To insist that marriage and family still express our highest moral ideals is to awaken hostility and opposition."

The solitary self

BEFORE ONE CAN SPEAK intelligently of marriage, one must discuss the super- stition that blocks our vision. We lack the courage nowadays to live by creeds, or to state our doctrines clear- ly (even to ourselves). Our highest moral prin- ciple is flexibility. Guided by sentiments we are embarrassed to put into words, we support them not by argument but by their trendiness.

The central idea of our foggy way of life, however, seems unambiguous enough. It is that life is solitary and brief, and that its aim is self- fulfillment. Next come beliefs in establishing the imperium of the self. Total mastery over one's surroundings, control over the disposition of one's time—these are necessary conditions for self-fulfillment. ("Stand not in my way.") Autonomy we understand to mean protection of our inner kingdom—protection around the self from intrusions of chance, irrationality, ne- cessity, and other persons. ("My self, my cas- tle.") In such a vision of the self, marriage is merely an alliance. It entails as minimal an abridgment of inner privacy as one partner or the other may allow. Children are not a wel- come responsibility, for to have children is, plainly, to cease being a child oneself.

For the modern temper, great dreads here arise. Sanity, we think, consists in centering upon the only self one has. Surrender self-con- trol, surrender happiness. And so we keep the other out. We then maintain our belief in our unselfishness by laboring for "humanity"—for women, the oppressed, the Third World, or some other needy group. The solitary self needs

Michael Novak

THE FAMILY OUT OF FAVOR

distant collectivities to witness to its altruism. It has a passionate need to love humankind. It cannot give itself to a spouse or children.

There is another secret to this aggressive sentiment, dominated as it is by the image of enlightenment. Ask, "Enlightenment from what?" and the family appears: carrier of tradition, habit, prejudice, confinement, darkness. In this view, the seeds of reaction and repression, implanted by the family of one's birth, are ready to sprout as soon as one sets up a family of one's own.

The great escape

THEORIES OF LIBERATION, of course, deserve to be studied in the light of flesh, absurdity, and tragedy. There is a pervasive tendency in Western thought, possibly the most profound cultural undercurrent in 3,000 years (compared to it, C. S. Lewis said, the Reformation was a ripple on the ocean), in which liberation is imagined as a breaking of the bonds of finiteness. Salvation comes as liberty of spirit. "Don't fence me in!" The Fall results from commitments that "tie one down," that are not subject to one's own controlling will. One tries to live as angels once were believed to live—soaring, free, unencumbered.

The jading of everyday, the routines of weekdays and weekends, the endless round of humble constraints, are, in this view, the enemies of human liberty.

In democratic and pragmatic societies, the dream of the solitary spirit often transfers itself into a moral assault upon institutions, traditions, loyalties, conventions. The truly moral person is a "free thinker" who treats every stage of life as a cocoon from which a lovely moth struggles to escape the habits of a caterpillar. This fuzzy sentiment names each successive breakaway "growth" and "development." It describes the cumulative process as "liberation."

There is, of course, a rival moral tradition. I do not mean the conventional variant, which holds that fidelity to institutions, laws, conventions, and loyalties is sufficient. The more compelling alternative—call it "realist"—differs from the romantic undercurrent by associating liberation with the concrete toils of involvement with family and/or familial communities. The romantic undercurrent takes as the unit of analysis the atomic individual. The realist alternative takes as the unit of analysis the family. To put it mythologically, "individual people" seek happiness through concentration upon themselves, although perhaps for the sake of service to others. Most television cops, detectives, cowboys, and doctors are of this tribe. The "family people" define themselves throug belonging to others: spouse, children, parent siblings, nieces, cousins, and the rest. For th family people, to be human is to be, so t speak, molecular. I am not solely I. I am hu band, father, son, brother, uncle, cousin; I a a family network. Not solitary. On televisio both *All in the Family* and *Good Times* hav as a premise the molecular identity of eac character. The dramatic unit is the family.

There is, beyond the simplicities of hal hour television, a gritty realism in family lif Outside the family, we choose our own friend like-minded folk whose intellectual and cu tural passions resemble ours. Inside the famil however, divergent passions, intellections, an frustrations slam and batter us. Families toda bring together professions, occupations, soci classes, and sometimes regional, ethnic, or rel gious differences. Family life may remain in th United States the last stronghold of genuine co mopolitanism and harsh, truthful differences.

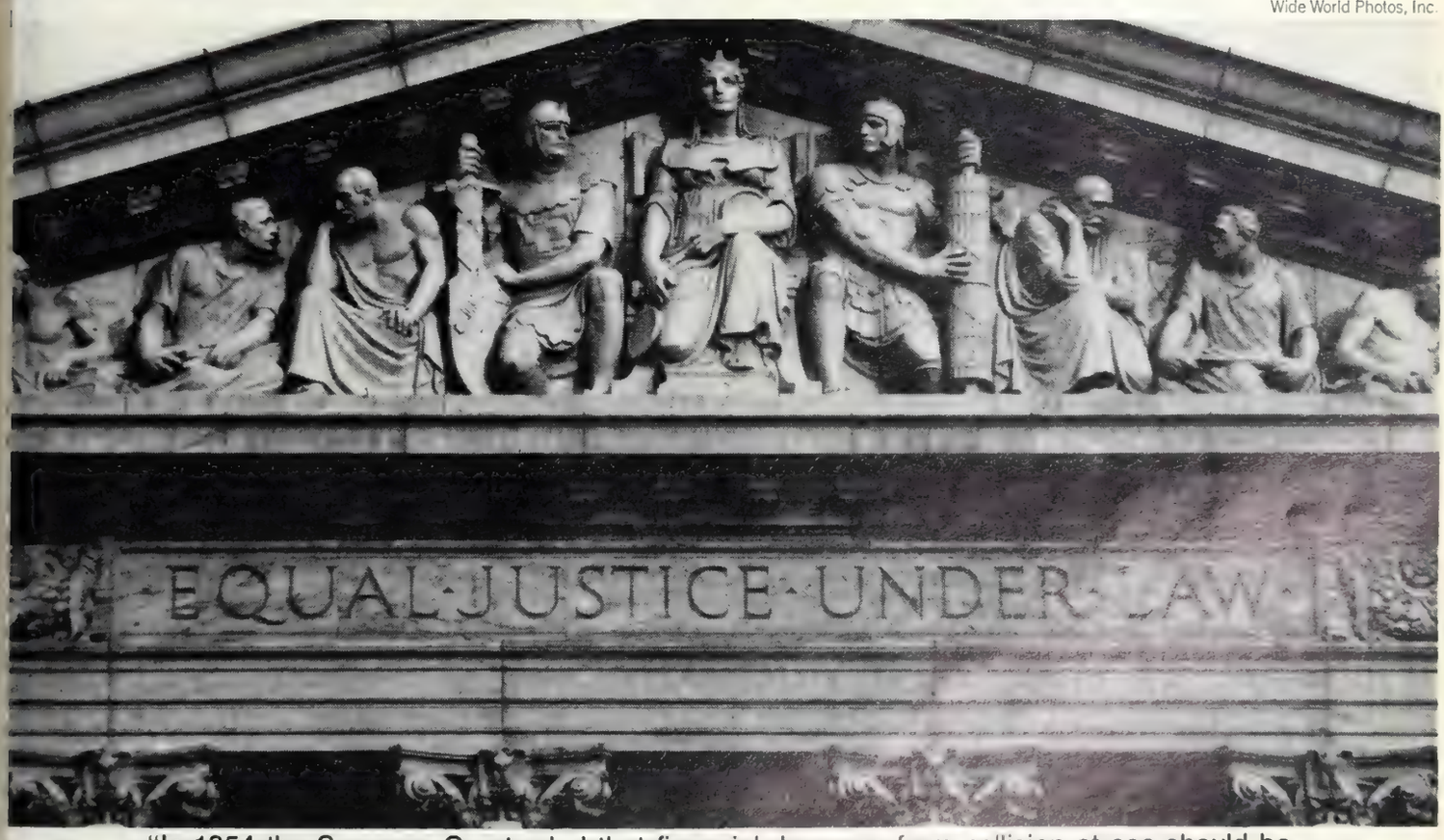
So much of modern life may be conceive as an effort to make ourselves pure spirits. Ou meals are as rationalized and unsensual a mind can make them. We write and speak abou sexual activity as though its most crucial el ment were fantasy. We describe sex as thoug it were a stage performance, in which the re of life is as little as possible involved. In th modern era, the abstract has grown in powe Flesh, humble and humbling, has come to b despised.

So it is no surprise that in our age man resistant sentiments should war against ma riage and family. Marriage and family ar tribute paid to earth, to the tides, cycles, an needs of the body and of bodily persons; t the angularity and difficulties of the individua psyche; to the dirty diapers, dirty dishes, an endless noise and confusion of the household It is the entire symbolic function of marriag and family to remind us that we come from du and will return to dust, that we are part of th net of earth and sky, inspirited animals at pla for our brief moment on this planet, keepin alive our race. The point of marriage and fam ily is to make us realistic. For it is one of th secrets of the human spirit that we long *no* to be of earth, not to be bound by death, rou tine, and the drag of our bodies. We long t be other than we are.

A generation ago, the "escape from free dom" was described in terms almost the re verse of those required today. In those days as writers like Erich Fromm rightly worried many persons were afraid of risks and respon sibilities; many sought shelter in various fixe arrangements: in collectivism, in religion, i family. But dangers to freedom change wit the generations. In our own time, the fligh most loved is flight from flesh. The restraint

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Michael Novak

THE FAMILY OUT OF FAVOR

Fromm worried about have proven, under the pressures of suburbs, automobiles, jet planes, television, and corporate mobility, all too fragile. Today the atomic individual is as free as a bird. The threat to human liberation today is that the flesh, the embodied psyche, earthy roots, bodily loyalties, will be dismissed with contempt.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF THIS freedom is likely to be self-destruction. Whoever nourishes spirit alone must end by the ultimate denial of the flesh. A flaming burst of destruction and death is the image that fascinates us (as in *The Towering Inferno*), that most expresses our drift of soul. For fear of the flesh is fear of death. A love for the concrete and humble gestures of the flesh meant, even in the concentration camps, spiritual survival.

A return to the true conditions of our own humanity will entail a return, on the part at least of a dedicated few, to the disciplines and terrors of marriage and family. Many will resist these disciplines mightily. (Not all, of course, are called to marriage. The single life can have its own disciplines, and celibacy its own terrors. What counts is the governing cultural model. The commitment of "the family people" to the demands of our humanity provide a context within which singleness and even celibacy have a stabilizing strength; and the freedom and dedication of the single, in turn, nourish the family.)

People say of marriage that it is boring, when what they mean is that it terrifies them: too many and too deep are its searing revelations, its angers, its rages, its hates, and its loves. They say of marriage that it is deadening, when what they mean is that it drives us beyond adolescent fantasies and romantic dreams. They say of children that they are piranhas, eels, brats, snots, when what they mean is that the importance of parents with respect to the future of their children is now known with greater clarity and exactitude than ever before.

Marriage, like every other serious use of one's freedom, is an enormous risk, and one's likelihood of failure is rather high. No tame project, marriage. The raising of children, now that so few die in childbirth or infancy, and now that fate takes so little responsibility out of the hands of affluent and well-educated parents, brings each of us breathtaking vistas of our inadequacy. Fear of freedom—more exactly, fear of taking the consequences—adds enormously to the tide of evasion. The armies of the night find eager recruits.

It is almost impossible to write honestly of marriage and family. Who would like the whole world to know the secret failures known t one's spouse and one's children? We alread hate ourselves too much. Given our affluen and our education, we are without excuses. W are obliged by our own vague sentiments progress and enlightenment to be better spouse better parents, than our ancestors—than ou own parents, or theirs. Suppose we are not? W know we are not. Having contempt for ou selves, we want desperately to blame the in stitution which places our inadequacy in th brilliant glare of interrogation.

Still, just as marrying and having childre have today the force of public political an moral statements, it is necessary to take one private stand. Being married and having chi dren has impressed on my mind certain le sons, for whose learning I cannot help bein grateful. Most are lessons of difficulty and di ress. Most of what I am forced to learn abou myself is not pleasant.

The quantity of sheer impenetrable selfishnes in the human breast (in *my* breast) is a neve failing source of wonderment. I do not want t be disturbed, challenged, troubled. Huge r gions of myself belong only to me. Gettin used to thinking of life as bicentered, eve multicentered, is a struggle of which I had n suspicion when I lived alone. Seeing mysel through the unblinking eyes of an intimate, in telligent other, an honest spouse, is humiliatin beyond anticipation. Maintaining a familia steadiness whatever the state of my own emo tions is a standard by which I stand daily con demned. A rational man, acting as I act? Try ing to act fairly to children, each of whom i temperamentally different from myself and fron each other, each of whom is at a different stag of perception and aspiration, is far more baf fling than anything Harvard prepared me for (Oh, for the unselfconscious box on the ear used so freely by my ancestors!)

My dignity as a human being depends per haps more on what sort of husband and par ent I am, than on any professional work I an called upon to do. My bonds to them hold m back (and my wife even more) from many sorts of opportunities. And yet these do no feel like bonds. They are, I know, my libera tion. They force me to be a different sort o human being, in a way in which I want an need to be forced.

Nothing, in any case, is more poignant an private than one's sense of failing as a father When my own sense of identity was that of a son, I expected great perfection from my fa ther. Now that I am a father, I have under gone a psychic shift. Blame upon institutions upon authorities, upon those who carry respon sibilities, now seems to me so cheap. Those who fail in their responsibilities have a new claim upon my sympathies. I know the taste

uncertainty. To be a father rather than a son to learn the inevitability of failure.

Family politics

IT WOULD BE A LIE, however, to write only of the difficulties of marriage and family, and not of the beauty. The joys are known. The more a man and a woman are in love, the more they imitate the life of husband and wife; long, sweet affairs are the tribute romances pay to matrimony. Quiet pleasures and perceptions flow: the movement of new life within a woman's belly; the total dependence of life upon the generosity and wisdom of its parents; the sense that these poor muscles, nerves, and cells of one's own flesh have recreated a message to the future, carried in relays generation after generation, carried since the dim beginnings. There may not be a "great chain of being." But parents do forge a link in the humble chain of human beings, encircling heirs to ancestors. To hold a new child in one's hands, only ounces heavy, and to feel its helplessness, is to know responsibilities sweet and awesome, to walk within a circle of magic as primitive as humans knew in caves.

But it is not the private pleasures of family life that most need emphasis today. Those who love family life do not begrudge the price paid for their adulthood. What needs elucidation is the political significance of the family. A people whose marriages and families are weak can have no solid institutions.

In intellectual terms, no theme is so neglected in American life and thought. The definition of issues given both by our conservatives and by our liberals is magnetized by two poles only: "the state" and "the individual." Both leave the family out. Emphasis on the family appears to conservatives a constraint upon the state, and to liberals a constraint upon the individual. Our remarkable humanitarianism holds that attention to family weaknesses will stigmatize those who suffer. No concept in the heavens of theory is as ill-starred. Turning toward the family, our minds freeze in their turning.

The time to break taboos in our minds must surely come. Every avenue of research today leads to the family. Do we study educational achievement? nutrition? the development of stable and creative personalities? resistance to delinquency and violence? favorable economic attitudes and skills? unemployment? sex-role identification? political affiliation? intellectual and artistic aspiration? religious seriousness? relations to authority and to dissent? In all these instances, family life is fundamental. A nation's social policies, taken as a whole, are most accurately and profoundly to be engaged by their impact upon the families that make up that nation.

There are three critical points in American political life today at which a more profound consideration of the politics of the family is closer to the essence than in any previous era: among white ethnics (some 70 million); among blacks (some 22 million); and among upper-class "opinion leaders" of all races (perhaps 10 million).

The meaning of Left and Right has, in recent years, come to be defined according to the tastes, interests, and prejudices of the upper 10 percent of the American population, that (roughly) 10 percent that has a four-year college education, an annual income over $20,000; and professional standing, so as to be paid monthly (not weekly), to possess travel privileges and expense accounts, and a considerable degree of control over the conditions of their work. Thus, Left and Right are now defined by culture rather than by economics, by attitudinal issues salient to those whose economic needs are well beyond the level of survival. The governing language of upper-class attitudes, therefore, distorts the true political struggle. The competition between the left and right wings of the upper 10 percent is interesting and important. It hardly begins to touch the restlessness of the bottom 90 percent.

In this context, the true political leanings and energies of "the white ethnics" are consistently misperceived. Richard Hamilton, in *Restraining Myths,* for instance, describes related gross distortions in the conventional wisdom. Suffice it to say that white ethnic voters, traditionally more Democratic than the national average and now more independent, are economic progressives. But in matters touching the family, they are fiercely traditional. The bulwark of conservatism in America is the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant—68 percent for Nixon in 1972; 16 percent for Wallace in 1968 (compared to 7.7 percent of the Catholic vote). Slavic-Americans gave George McGovern 53 percent of their vote in 1972 (down from 80 percent for Lyndon Johnson, and 65 percent for Hubert Humphrey). The white ethnics are becoming increasingly impatient with both Republicans (their traditional opponents) and Democrats (their former allies). Neglect of the politics of the family is the central issue. It is on this issue that "a new majority" will—or will not—be built.

For a thousand years, the family was the one institution the peoples of Eastern and Southern Europe, the Irish, and others could trust. The family constitutes their political, economic, and educational strength. The public schools of the United States failing them, they reached into their families and created an astonishing-

"What needs emphasis today is the political significance of the family. A people whose marriages and families are weak can have no solid institutions."

ly successful system of parochial schools. Hardly literate, poor, and diffident peoples, they achieved something of an educational miracle. Economically, the Jews, the Greeks, the Lebanese established one another in as many small businesses as they could open. The Italians, the Poles, the Slovaks, the Croatians gave each other economic help amounting to two or three thousands of dollars a year per family. Cousin Joe did the electrical work; Pete fixed cars; Emil helped paint the house; aunts and uncles and grandparents canned foods, minded the children; fathers in their spare time built playrooms, boats, and other luxuries in the basements of row houses.

The family network was also a political force in precinct, ward, or district. People of the upper classes could pass on to their children advantages of inheritance, admission to exclusive schools, and high-level contacts. Children of the immigrants also made their families the primary networks of economic and political strength. Kinship is a primary reality in many unions and in all urban political "machines." Mothers and fathers instructed their children simultaneously, "Don't trust anybody," and "The family will never let you down."

In contemporary conditions, of course, these old family methods and styles have atrophied. There is no way of going back to the past. (Not everything about the past, in any case, was attractive.) Education media help children to become sophisticated about everything but the essentials: love, fidelity, childrearing, mutual help, care for parents and the elderly. Almost everything about mobile, impersonal, distancing life in the United States—tax policies, real-estate policies, the demands of the corporations, and even the demands of modern political forms—makes it difficult for families that feel ancient moral obligations to care for their aged, their mentally disturbed, their retarded, their needy.

IT IS DIFFICULT to believe that the state is a better instrument for satisfying such human needs than the family. If parents do not keep after the children to do their schoolwork, can the large, consolidated school educate? Some have great faith in state services: in orphanages, child-care centers, schools, job-training programs, and nursing homes. Some want the state to become one large centralized family. Such faith taxes credulity. Much of the popular resistance to federal child care arises from distrust of social workers and childhood engineers who would be agents of state power. Families need help in child care, but many distrust the state and the social-work establishment.

Almost everything about both "liberal" and "conservative" economic thought neglects, ig nores, or injures family networks. It is not be nign neglect. Millions of dollars are spent o the creation of a larger and larger state ap paratus. Resources are systematically take from the family. Is this an accident? One b one, all centers of resistance to the state ar being crushed, including the strongest, family The trend does not augur well for our liberties

An economic order that would make the fam ily the basic unit of social policy would touc every citizen at the nerve center of daily life No known form of social organization wed affect to efficiency in so powerful a way The family is the primary teacher of mora development. In the struggles and conflicts o marital life, husbands and wives learn the re alism and adult practicalities of love. Through the love, stability, discipline, and laughter o parents and siblings, children learn that re ality accepts them, welcomes them, invites their willingness to take risks. The family nourishes "basic trust." From this spring creativity, psychic energy, social dynamism. If infants are injured here, not all the institutions of society can put them back together. Familial arts that took generations to acquire can be lost in a single generation, can disappear for centuries. If the quality of family life deteriorates, there is no "quality of life." Again, emphasis on family life is politically important because it can unite people of diverse religious, ethnic, regional, and racial traditions. Families differ in their structures, needs, and traditional inclinations; but they share many basic economic and political necessities.

A politics based on the social unit of the family would have a revolutionary impact on the sterile debate between Democrats and Republicans, and between libertarians and socialists. To strengthen the family through legislative reform is, indeed, a social intervention, but one which creates a counterpoise to the state. It is the forgotten lever of social change.

In particular, a fresh approach here promises unparalleled gains for blacks. "The repair of the black condition in America disproportionately depends upon the succor of strong families," Eleanor Holmes Norton told the Urban League in Atlanta last year. "We must make marriage and family life unabashedly a tool for improving all our lives." The stunting of black progress in America, she held, was done most effectively through tearing asunder the black family both in slavery and by discrimination. No institution, she observed, had so nourished blacks in the darkness of slavery; none had helped them to joy, laughter, and affirmation through the bitter days, as had the family. No institution is so beloved in black consciousness. None is more at the heart of social hope. "Were it not for law-enforced slav-



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ery and discrimination," she said, "our families would have thrived like most others and our time in America would have waxed into prosperity as for all other immigrant groups." She told the assembly, in sorrow, that the percentage of black households headed by women increased to 35 percent in 1975. (By the age of sixteen, two-thirds of all black children have spent some years without a father. In 1973 46 percent of all black children were born outside of wedlock.) The psychological and economic penalties, she argued, are immense. She called for a resurgence of the love and loyalty that had carried blacks in America through the centuries.

Such a call instantly makes possible alliance between the white and black working class. The families of both are in trouble; the difference in degree does not remove the similarity in root and remedy. Our media exalt the flashy, the hedonistic, the individualistic; they dwell upon the destructive orbits of the doomed: James Bond and Patty Hearst. Destruction, hustling, and defiance—one side of the Black Panthers—is picked up; the feeding of children and the nourishing of families receives no public praise. Love between a husband and wife, discipline in children, virtues of work, effort, risk, and application—these now visibly embarrass, as pornography once did. Yet these are the substance of working-class morality. They are the base of all advantage.

A choice for survival

WHY DOES THE PREFERRED liberal solution for the sufferings of blacks look to every avenue of approach—school buses, affirmative action, welfare—except the family? Could it be that the family is too truly at the center, and is the one thing that liberals themselves cannot supply? That the family is the one social standing place for independence?

Economic and educational disciplines are learned only in the home and, if not there, hardly at all. Discipline in black families has been traditionally severe, very like that in white working-class families. Survival has depended on family discipline. Working-class people, white and black, cannot count on having their way; most of the time they have to be docile, agreeable, and efficient. Otherwise, they are fired. They cannot quit their jobs too often; otherwise their employment record shows instability. Blacks as well as whites survive by such rules, as long as authority in the home is strong. From here, some find the base for their mobility, up and out. Without a guiding hand, however, the temptations to work a little, quit, enjoy oneself, then work a little, are too much encouraged by one's peers on the street. *Either* the home, *or* the street: This is the moral choice. Liberals too seldom think about the economic values of strong family life; they neglect their own source of strength, and legislate for others what would never have worked for themselves.

Consider the figures for unemployment for teen-agers. The figure frequently given for blacks in New York is 40 percent. The huge number of female-run households among blacks correlates with the unemployment rates. The rough discipline of Slavic, Italian, and Irish fathers regarding the employment of their sons is an economic advantage. One of the requirements for obtaining and holding a job, especially at the unskilled level, where jobs abound, is a willingness to accept patriarchal discipline. Many young black males find such disciplines both unfamiliar and intolerable. Many will not take available jobs; many others quit.

Consider, as well, the educational preparation of black children as they leave their homes, before they enter school. Among successful blacks, patterns are like those among whites. Parents watch over their children. Books and papers are available in the home. Where the parents take education seriously, there is high probability that children will. Where the parents do not, schools cannot reasonably be expected to reach the psyches of the young. Why, then, do we habitually try to help schools, but not families? For both blacks and whites of the working class and all the more for the still more needy "underclass," the provision of books and newspapers to the home, and sessions to assist parents in teaching their children, might be more profitable than efforts in the school.

In a word, a politics aimed at strengthening families, white and black, would be a politics of unity rather than of division. It would also have higher prospect of success. The chief obstacle in its execution is the mysterious contempt liberals unthinkingly manifest toward their own greatest source of advantage.

As Jean-Paul Sartre has taught us, it is bad faith to plead "to each his own," to permit intellectual laissez-faire. Actions speak louder than shrugs of the shoulder. To marry, to have children, is to make a political statement hostile to what passes as "liberation" today. It is a statement of flesh, intelligence, and courage. It draws its strength from nature, from tradition, and from the future. Apart from millions of decisions by couples of realistic love, to bring forth children they will nourish, teach, and launch against the void, the human race has no future—no wisdom, no advance, no community, no grace.

Only the emptiness of solitary space, the dance of death.

It is the destiny of flesh and blood to be familial. □

A MONTH ON THE CONGO RIVER

rney through the heart of darkness

Peter Forbath



Andrew Rhodes

APPROACHED FROM THE OPEN SEA, it appeared to be yet another of the many small bays and inlets that tatter the coastline of West Central Africa. From the bridge of the tug-supply boat, squinting into the shimmering humid ze of the August morning, I could make out the points two peninsulas which arced out into the Atlantic like pincers of a giant crab fifteen to twenty miles apart. e parapet of red clay cliffs that had barricaded the st further north abruptly ended here and mangrove d palm trees stretched away to the horizon in a dark, yielding forest from the shoreline's narrow strip of aming sand. Thatch huts of a fishing village were stered at the edge of the forest and on the beach I uld see a group of naked fishermen casting a net into yellowish-brown surf.

The ocean all around the boat was also yellowish-own where it broke against the prow and was churned o a wake by the boat's screws, and a thick, muddy d everywhere else as far as the eye could see. It had rted taking on this odd hue about forty miles out. om that point, the boat's captain explained, we were nning against a strong seaward current—four, six, as ich as nine knots the closer we got to shore. And zens of floating islands, mainly tangled masses of ter hyacinth, came rushing by us, riding the strong ddy current out to sea.

On another August morning, in 1482, a Portuguese caravel made this same landfall. Her captain, Diogo Cão, a veteran seaman of Prince Henry the Navigator's West African explorations, quickly recognized the significance of the odd conditions he encountered: what lay ahead, he realized, was not an inlet or bay but the mouth of a powerful river, so powerful in fact that it discharged its muddy red waters scores if not hundreds of miles out to sea. Sailing into the river's mouth, he discovered the Congo for Europe, and now I, sailing aboard the *Acadian Defender* nearly 500 years later, set out to rediscover it for myself.

"Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black," Vachel Lindsay wrote, "Cutting through the jungle with a golden track." When I saw it, however, it was no longer called the Congo. The river's name—and that of the nation which occupies most of its 1.5 million-square-mile basin—was changed to Zaire in 1971 as part of President Mobutu Sese Seko's *authenticité* campaign to erase the last traces of the hundreds of years of European presence in the region. It was a change that bothered me from the outset of my journey. I could understand well enough the sentiment behind substituting African names for European ones, such as Kinshasa for Leopoldville, Kisangani for Stanleyville, and Lubumbashi for Elizabethville, but for me, no word could be more evocative of authentic Africa than *Congo*; besides, there's nothing particularly authentic about *Zaire*; it's Diogo Cão's mispronunciation of *nzadi* or *nzere*, an ancient Ki-

ter Forbath, a journalist who has lived and worked in Africa, is writing a book on the Congo river for Harper & Row.

kongo word meaning "the river that swallows all rivers." So, whereas I did ultimately bring myself to refer to the country as Zaire, throughout my two months of traveling on the river it remained obstinately the Congo for me.

Bad for business

THE *Acadian Defender* docked at Banana, the northern point of the crab's claw that holds the river's mouth. She was a tug-supply boat used to haul provisions and equipment out to the oil-drilling platforms off the coasts of nearby Angola and Cabinda, Angola's breakaway province.

Ordinarily the *Acadian Defender* sailed out of Lobito, a few hundred miles down the coast in Angola, but in the preceding weeks the civil war there had made that port unsafe. On his last trip, the *Defender*'s captain had evacuated a few hundred Portuguese refugees, and now he planned to lay over in Banana only long enough to take on water and fuel before heading up the coast to Wari in Nigeria.

There was a very immediate sense of the Angolan troubles at Banana. The river's left bank here and half the river itself for nearly 100 miles up its estuary are in Angola, and barely fifteen miles northward up the coast from Banana, on the right bank, is Zaire's frontier with Cabinda.

Obviously, with Angola such a close neighbor, it matters greatly to Mobutu which of the three warring factions wins. He has chosen to back the FNLA, less because its leader, Holden Roberto, is his brother-in-law than because he fears sharing a frontier with a government controlled by Agostinho Neto's Soviet-backed MPLA, and he's been openly supplying military assistance to Roberto's forces ever since the civil war began in earnest. In this he has the enthusiastic support of the United States, which has also been funneling aid to the FNLA in hopes of blocking Soviet influence in this part of Africa. Banana plays a major role in this effort: its garrison serves as a training camp for FNLA contingents as well as a staging area from which Zairian soldiers and American equipment are infiltrated across the river into Angola. When I arrived, the last of the small port town's civilian population was being evacuated; a long, unhappy procession filed slowly up the sandy coastal road, on foot, pushing bicycles, dragging carts piled high with pathetic bundles of household odds and ends. Their homes and the town's only hotel had been requisitioned by the Zairian Army; as a result, the nearest place I could stay for the night was Moanda, seven miles north of Banana.

The Mangrove Hotel in Moanda was perched atop a cliff with a marvelous view out over the Atlantic. It had been a favorite resort of the Belgians fifteen years before, and was still a very pretty place, set in a grove of palms with neatly tended gardens of hibiscus and bougainvillea. But the hotel was almost completely deserted when I got there, and I had to go hunting around the grounds to find the reception clerk; the barman was asleep in the empty bar, a lone gardener leaned on his hoe staring into space, a single African sat in the restaurant with three waiters hovering at his elbow. Abo it all was the pleasant somnolescence of the end of t season at the seaside, the only sound that of the mu muring surf far below. But then, as I was signing th register, there was, suddenly, a terrific bang, like a cl of thunder. I looked up quickly at the reception cler he had turned in the direction of the sound. "What w that?" I asked. "It is the shelling in Cabinda," he r plied, turning back to me. He had a pained expression his face. "Very bad for tourism," he added with a sig

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING I returned to Banan and boarded the ferry *Kisanga* for the first le of the journey upriver. The Congo is the on major African river with an estuary (the Ni and the Niger, for example, exit to the s through deltas); for 100 miles eastward into the interio across the coastal plain, it's wholly navigable. The riv rapidly narrowed; fifteen to twenty miles wide at th mouth, it was down to four or five miles within an hou of our departure, and large, forested islands created th illusion that it was narrower still. The ferry stayed clos to the right (Zaire) bank, which was lined densely wit mangrove trees, palms, and giant ferns; in the tangle o foliage I caught sight of a crocodile lying motionles in the swampy ooze of the river's edge.

Several passengers found seats side by side in the firs class lounge and never stirred from them for the rest o the journey. Later I would regret not having followe their experienced example, for the boat, already crowded would soon be so overcrowded that I wouldn't have an place to sit. But as the morning advanced, I found th lounge increasingly suffocating—the passengers, stupe fied by the rising heat and diminishing oxygen, sprawle all over each other and me—so I gave up my seat an went out on to the deck.

Citizen Wyombo (that's another part of Mobutu's authenticity campaign; people are no longer called Mon sieur or Madame but Citizen and Citizenness) was a gov ernment veterinarian; a neat young man who frequently made this trip on the river's estuary to inspect the live stock of the villagers along the route, he was happy to act as my guide. At one point in the conversation I re ferred to the river as the Congo; he corrected me, call ing it the Zaire, and I took the opportunity to question him on what I regarded as the senselessness of the name change. Oh no, he replied, it wasn't senseless. For all of the wonderful mythology and literature about it in Europe and America, he went on with a smile, *Congo* was never a name that suited the people of the river itself. It derives, after all, from *Bakongo*, only one of some 200 tribes that live in the river basin; calling the river and the country by that name made it seem as if they belonged exclusively to that one tribe.

"But there is something else as well," he said, his smile fading. "The name, the word *Congo*, was utterly and finally debased during the years of civil and tribal war which followed our independence in 1960. *Congo* may be an authentic African word, but, because of the horrors and atrocities that occurred here in the early Sixties, it has come to stand for the most primitive and

ge things about Africa. When I was at college in ope I was ashamed to say I was Congolese; I used ay I was Guinean. I'm comfortable now to say I'm ian. The only connection people make with that, I k, is the Ali-Foreman fight."

A lost kingdom

THE *Kisanga* made for a trading village on the beach of one of the islands where a crowd was jammed on the small, rickety dock that jutted perilously out into the water. Wyombo said something that I didn't catch, and before I d ask him to repeat it, he scurried back into the ge and a crew member locked the door after him. he ferry banged up against the dock, the crowd erupt- with an angry shout, and began to desperately shove push and scramble its way onto the boat. People ted the deck railing; crates and baskets were heaved oard; crew members kicked and punched people out he way. It looked for all the world like a riot, and I, en back by the crush against the locked lounge door, not a little anxious. But then, as suddenly as the me- had started, it subsided. Once everyone was on board, he anger evaporated and was forgotten. Though now e was hardly any place to stand on the deck, let alone n the lounge, a feeling of good-humored fellowship denly reigned among people who just moments be- had seemed ready to cut each other's throats.

hey were Bakongo, descendants of the inhabitants ne of the greatest of the African kingdoms. When go Cão sailed up the Congo estuary, the kingdom of go was at its zenith, with a territory of about 100,000 are miles and a population of perhaps 3 million, tied ther by a network of roads, bridges, ferries, and rboats. Iron- and copperworking, weaving, and tan- g had been developed into high arts; vast palm plan- ons were cultivated and domesticated herds of live- k raised; a remarkably sophisticated system of gov- ment and religion flourished. Indeed, so impressive this civilization that the Portuguese king of the time ered into an alliance of equals with its ruler, the Mani- go, believing that Diogo Cão had discovered the long- ght legendary kingdom of Prester John.

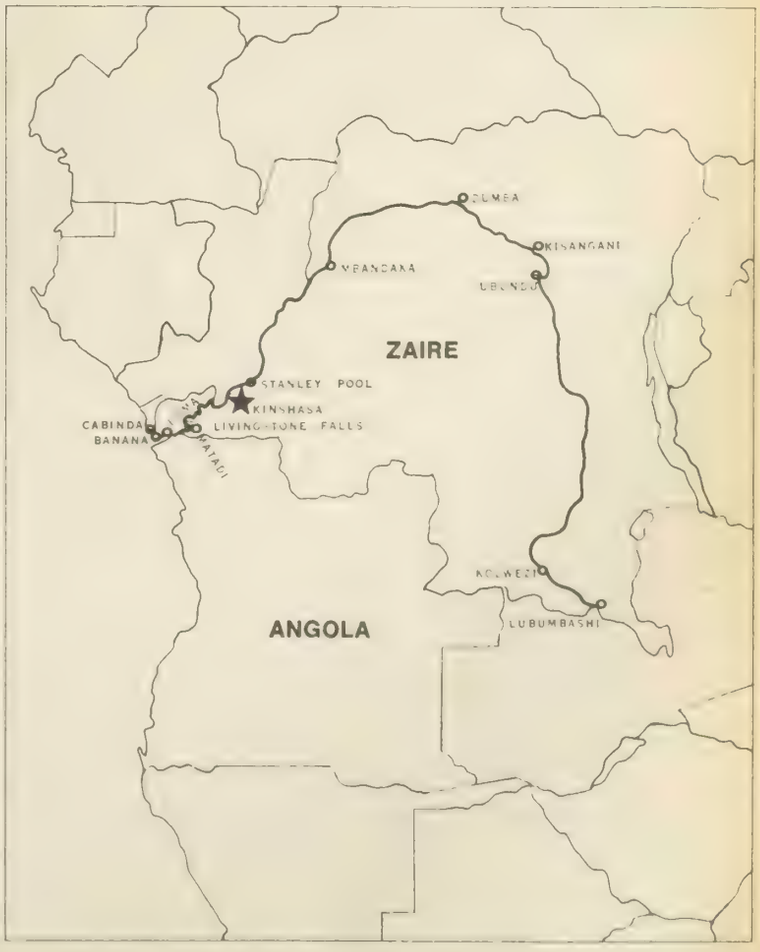
Now, however, the Bakongo villages we passed were r and undistinguished: huts built of bamboo poles ked with mud with roofs of dried palm. Most villages a small cultivated patch of manioc, a few banana s, some goats and pigs; occasionally I'd see some s standing in the shallow water of the marshland at river's edge, keeping an eye out for crocodiles. The ncipal occupation was, of course, fishing, and the riv- was dotted with pencil-thin dugouts from which the esmen, in ragged mission shorts and soiled nylon rts, trailed their nets. The special greatness of the Ba- go had been killed off too long ago for there to be sign of it left. What killed it began in the city of na, which came into view on the right bank in mid- rnoon.

Boma was the first European city of the Congo. The rtuguese who followed Diogo Cão built it, and the Dutch, French, British, and Belgians who came after them in the next three centuries expanded it into one of the main trading stations on the West African coast. The commodity they traded in was slaves.

Initially, the Portuguese intended a Christianizing mission in the Congo, and the priests, who were the first settlers, met with considerable success, converting the Manicongo and his court. But with the discovery and colonization of the New World occurring at just about the same time, the demand for slaves for the plantations of the West Indies and the Americas overwhelmed the Christian sentiment. From Boma, slaving gangs struck into the interior, marauding the villages of the bush and driving their captives back in chains to the booming port.

"We can not reckon how great the damage is," Alfonso I, one of the greatest of the Manicongo, wrote to the king of Portugal in the sixteenth century, "since the merchants daily seize our subjects, sons of the land and sons of our noblemen and vassals and relatives . . . cause them to be sold; so great is their corruption and licentiousness that our country is being utterly depopulated. . . . We beg you not to leave us unprotected or allow the Christian work done in our kingdom to be lost, for we alone can do no more." But they were left unprotected and the kingdom of Kongo was lost.

I had been told to see the famous baobab tree at Boma, and found it next to a palm-oil factory near the harbor. Twenty feet in diameter, well over 100 feet high, and



at least 300 years old, it was known as the Baobab of Stanley. At the end of his epic journey of exploration down the Congo in 1877, Henry Morton Stanley carved his name on the tree's enormous trunk, and since then scores of explorers, soldiers, traders and tourists have followed suit. But the tree had been put to another use before Stanley's time: its trunk had been hollowed out, and, when slavery had been officially abolished in Europe, and British men-of-war used to sail into Boma to police the brutal traffic, the illegal slavers would hide their captives in tree-trunk dungeons like this one. By stacking the slaves like cords of wood, more than 200 at a time would be jammed into this tree; during those years thousands died in its vegetable gloom.

DUSK WAS FALLING when the *Kisanga* left Boma. As I squeezed back into the first-class lounge, food was unpacked and babies breast-fed. A radio blared forth a brassy popular tune, and two pretty young mothers with babies at their breasts, caught up by the music's driving beat, started dancing with their shoulders in the crowded space. Through the lounge's portholes I could see, in the failing light, that we were sailing into the Crystal Mountains; the river narrowed sharply between steep banks, and the ferry began angling across the river toward the left bank. The Angolan frontier veered away from the river here, and the Congo lay wholly within Zaire's borders. We reached Matadi, on the left bank, after dark.

Matadi has an incongruous Mediterranean feel about it. Its red-roofed houses scattered up and down the hills of the Crystal Mountains and its narrow, cobbled streets winding down to the docks give it the look of an Italian seaside village. It is Zaire's major seaport, the terminus of the ocean-going shipping that sails up the Congo's estuary, with ten piers cluttered with sheds and warehouses and other dock facilities handling over a million tons of cargo a year. Matadi is as far up the river as Diogo Cão got and, indeed, it is as far as any other European got for the next 400 years. The river here, less than a half-mile wide, makes a sharp bend, and the mountains that plunge down dramatically to it on both banks cut off any further view of it just above Matadi. But around that bend is what stopped Diogo Cão and all the others: the Cauldron of Hell. For 220 miles, twisting down through a narrow gorge in the Crystal Mountains, the Congo thunders over the Livingstone Falls, a series of thirty-two cataracts of which the Cauldron of Hell is the last before the river emerges into the coastal plain and flows down to the sea. In 1816 a British naval captain, James Kingston Tuckey, commanded the first major expedition to attempt to get beyond the Cauldron of Hell and discover the rest of the Congo's course. He anchored his ship at Matadi and set off with his party overland into the mountains. The journey lasted barely two months. Tuckey managed to get about seventy miles further upriver, to the cataract of Inga, where he sickened from "fever, exhaustion and mental anxiety," as his journal recorded, and died. It would be another sixty years before a white man would lay eyes on the Congo farther upriver than that.

I took the ferry from Matadi to the river's left ba and hitched a ride on a truck going to the camp of hydroelectric power project under construction at the ca aract of Inga. I caught my first view of the cataract fr a hairpin turn high on a mountainside; it lay at le 1,000 feet below in the mountain gorge, but even that distance there was no mistaking its awesome ma nificence; the roar came up to me across the still morni air like the thunder of a dozen trains. The river c through huge black boulders in sharp, twisting tur crashing over the giant rocks, swirling madly back a around on itself, creating terrifying whirlpools and fa omless holes, boiling up into vicious yellow waves thir and forty feet high.

The electrical power potential of the cataract h tempted the Congo's rulers since earliest colonial tim Just before granting their colony independence in 19 the Belgians drew up plans for a series of dams to h ness Inga, but in the bloody chaos that engulfed t Congo after independence the plans were shelved. Wh Mobutu took over in 1965 he resurrected the Belgi scheme, and the ambitious project is now going forwa

When I visited the project, one of its four dams, In I, had been built, and a second, Inga II, was 80 perce complete, with a target date of mid-1977. An Ame can consortium called Constructeurs Inga-Shaba h been contracted to string a line to carry the 1,400 meg watts of power produced by Inga II more than 1,0 miles across the country, through some of the worl densest equatorial rain forest, and deliver it to the co per mines of Shaba province (formerly Katanga). completion, Inga II will have cost more than half a b lion dollars, $250 million each for the dam itself and t power line to Shaba.

On the face of it, the Inga-Shaba project would see to be just the right kind of exploitation by an und developed country of its natural resources. For examp with the completion of Inga II, Zaire will be able to do ble its copper production; with the completion of all fo dams, it will be in a position to market electricity neighboring African countries.

These laudatory long-term goals, however, are causi a crippling drain on Zaire's limited hard-currency serves. (Every three months, I was told, when the n comes due from the international consortium of ban which put up the money for Inga II, construction ha and the future of the project is in doubt while Mobu scrambles to meet the payment.) Indeed, so voracious does Inga eat Zaire's money that there's little left ov for other development projects. And critics, includi some of the American diplomats who once helped rai money for the dam, are now seriously questioning whe er other projects aren't more important. Developme of Zaire's agricultural potential, for example, while l less spectacular than Inga, would be a lot cheaper a of more immediate benefit to the people of Zaire.

But I realized quickly enough that this wasn't rea the issue, that for Mobutu anyway the value of the pr ect lay in its spectacular quality. An age-old mystiq surrounds the idea of harnessing the mighty Con and Mobutu has seized on it to enhance his prestige

ay that merely improving his country's agricultural
ut never could. All the immense publicity about Inga
circulates in Zaire credits Mobutu personally with
ing the furious river, describing his heroic feat as
ething no one else, European or African, had ever
1 able to do.

The wealth of Shaba

THE SOURCE OF THE CONGO is in Shaba. The province, in Zaire's southeast corner, encompasses a vast, sere plateau, some 5,000 feet above sea level, rimmed on the south and east by mountains another 1,000 feet high. It is
ered thinly in brush and thorn trees and yellow grass
spotted with giant anthills, a striking change from
equatorial rain forests which predominate in most of
river's basin. The river of the headwaters is just as
erent. It's not more than a few hundred feet wide,
stal clear and emerald green, splashing over pebble-
wn rapids, tumbling brilliant white down waterfalls,
hing swiftly between banks overhung with willows
l bamboo groves and the deep purple of bougainvil-
. It is called the Lualaba.

I flew into Shaba, to the line camp at Kolwezi, the
minus of the power line from Inga II. For as far as
eye could see below the plane, the savanna around
lwezi was scarred by huge open-pit copper mines
med with the black-metal sheds and red-brick fac-
ies of the copper refineries. A lake dammed off one
the Lualaba's tributaries foamed with scummy waste, and fires were burning everywhere in the surrounding grassland. Like the plains of East Africa, Shaba, too, had once been a region of great herds of wild game—zebra, giraffe, antelope, wildebeeste—but the relentless burning of the grass to prepare farmland for the rainy seasons, the logging of the forests to make charcoal (the tribesmen's principal fuel), the gouging out of the mines, the concentration of population brought on by the development of the copper industry, and the bloody war fought over that industry in the first years of the Congo's independence have transformed it into the ugly moonscape I saw.

Kolwezi is a modern, characterless company town, with row upon row of identical cinder-block houses lining dreary, treeless streets. The only thing I could find that resembled a town center was the Impala Hotel, and it, too, had the sterile, suburban look of the rest of the buildings. Inside there was a courtyard with a Holiday Inn-style swimming pool and a small zoo containing savanna animals—an impala, an ostrich, a lion cub, some birds—which no longer can be found in the wild.

The hotel had been built and was still owned and managed by a Belgian, Michel Courjoy, a stocky man in his late forties wearing a shirt unbuttoned to the waist exposing a hairy barrel chest. He had been born in Lubumbashi (when it was still called Elizabethville), the capital of Shaba, and had survived and prospered throughout all its troubles in a variety of businesses (bus company, import-export, restaurant, hotels), but when I met him he believed he was at last at the end of his African career. He expected that any month, any week, any day now, Mobutu would nationalize his hotel. For



the past few years, Mobutu has been engaged in a sweeping takeover of the assets of all private business, both foreign and native, in the country, starting with the really big outfits like the copper industry and moving relentlessly down the line to the smallest shops and stores, and there was no way, Michel figured, that the Impala Hotel would be overlooked. And what would happen then? I inquired. "Oh," he replied, "I'll be paid out in worthless local currency, and one of Mobutu's friends or relatives will be given the place. I could stay on as the fellow's assistant, but I'd have to be crazy to do that. What'll happen is he'll take all the cash out of the register, buy himself a Mercedes, and let the place go to hell, and if I raise one little word of protest he'll have the *gendarmes* come and get me and throw me out of the country. It's happened that way to everyone else I know and I'll be damned if I'll let it happen to me. When they take over this place, I'll just pack up and leave."

Shaba has been producing copper for at least 500 years. The Baluba and Balunda tribesmen of the region mined and smelted the rare malachite ore—using giant anthills for their ovens—as long ago as the fifteenth century, and when David Livingstone, the first European to do so, penetrated the area in the mid-nineteenth century, he found there a rich and unified kingdom based on the industry, throughout which small copper crosses circulated as the universal currency of the realm. Msiri, the king of Katanga, ruled this territory, and his power and wealth were so great that he was able to keep European colonists out until the turn of the century. At that time King Leopold II of Belgium dispatched a military expedition to Msiri's capital at Bunkeya. The African king was murdered, and the Belgians annexed Katanga into the so-called Congo Free State.

Shaba's copper replaced the ivory and rubber of the rain forests as the chief treasure of Leopold's Congo Free State and is today the principal wealth of Zaire. Much of the chaos that tore that nation apart in its first years of independence was a struggle for control of this wealth. Katanga province, then led by Moise Tshombe, attempted, with Belgian aid, to secede and set itself up as an independent state. Knowing how badly the rest of the country needed Katanga's mineral riches, the central government, led by Premier Patrice Lumumba and President Joseph Kasavubu and backed by the U.N., made relentless war on the breakaway province, setting off five years of savage bloodshed throughout the Congo.

In different forms, the struggle for Shaba's copper still goes on. Inga II is the centerpiece of Mobutu's plan to control it. The power from the dam, carried 1,000 miles across the jungle to Kolwezi, will increase Shaba's copper production from 400,000 tons a year to 850,000 tons. But expansion of the copper industry is a double-edged sword for Mobutu. The separatist feelings of the Baluba and Balunda still exist, and, as Mobutu is well aware, the stronger their copper industry becomes the more these people are likely to favor secession. With the Inga II project, Mobutu can build up Shaba's copper production, yet keep it safely under his thumb.

In the 1950s, the Belgians built two earthenwork dams on the Lualaba to generate power for the copper refineries, and, just before independence, drew up plans for several more. In fact, the Belgians calculated, the Lualaba had all the hydropower potential necessary to increase Shaba's copper output indefinitely. Thus there was no technical reason to go 1,000 miles to Inga for it and pay $250 million to bring it back, only a political one. As an engineer at Kolwezi put it, "Inga II puts Mobutu's hand on the switch. Whenever he doesn't like what's going on in Shaba he'll be able to cut the power off and shut us down. That's worth 250 million extra dollars to him."

FROM ITS SOURCE IN SHABA, the Lualaba flows almost due north for nearly 1,000 miles and crosses the equator. For 400 years after Diogo Cão sailed into the river's mouth, no one realized the Congo of the headwaters had any connection with the Congo that exited to the sea south of the equator and 1,000 miles to the west. In fact, Livingstone, who discovered the Lualaba, believed it to be the headwater of the Nile. In his famous meeting with Henry Morton Stanley, he confided this belief and on two occasions attempted to prove it. The farthest north he ever got on the Lualaba was Nyangwe, then a Zanzibari Arab slaving post under the control of the most notorious Arab slaver of the period, Tippu Tib. The slaver warned Livingstone that what lay northward on the river was an impenetrable jungle inhabited by ferocious cannibal tribes into which even his own well-armed, ruthless slaving gangs feared to venture, and Livingstone turned back.

After Livingstone's death, Stanley took up the quest. In 1876 he reached Nyangwe, bullied Tippu Tib into assisting him and struck into the fearsome Maniema rain forest, where no white man had ever gone before. For the next three months, Stanley and his party fought for their lives on every mile of their advance northward along the Lualaba, battling cannibal tribes, wild animals, unknown diseases, and, finally, sixty miles of murderous rapids and cataracts (later named Stanley Falls). At the bottom of the last of them, where the river crossed the equator, Stanley made a shocking discovery. By measuring the temperature of boiling water, he found that the river's elevation above sea level was now lower than that of the Nile at Khartoum. Thus, for the Lualaba to be the Nile, it would have to flow uphill. And there was something else to shatter the explorer's belief that he was on the Nile: he found, at that point, that the river turns away from its northward course and begins a great sweeping arc to the west and southwest, starting its journey back across the equator to the sea and so revealing itself to be the Congo. The place where this occurs is today the site of the city of Kisangani (originally Stanleyville).

Since Stanley's passage around the river's great bend Kisangani has suffered a history of almost ceaseless violence. The Zanzibari Arabs, who followed Stanley down the Lualaba, built a slave market on the site. The Belgians, whom Stanley brought back up the river some six years later, turned it into a fort in their military campaigns to drive the Arabs out and assert their sovereignty over the region. After that it became the main river port for shipping out the rubber and ivory Leo-

's agents harvested in the surrounding rain forests r the brutal conditions so vividly described in art of Darkness." I first saw the city in the wake of nother era of bloody violence—the Simba uprising 964 which, under the banner of the martyred Patrice umba, tore the Congo apart all over again after the nga secession had been put down. The Simba ahili for "lion"), a jungle army of tribal warriors on dope and the exhortations of witch doctors, Stanleyville in a savage reign of terror for 110 days. November 24, Belgian paratroopers were dropped ne city while a white-mercenary-led army of the Con- se government stormed in from the outskirts. In the ing that followed, thousands were brutally killed. the time I got there mutilated corpses lay in the ts and the river ran with blood.

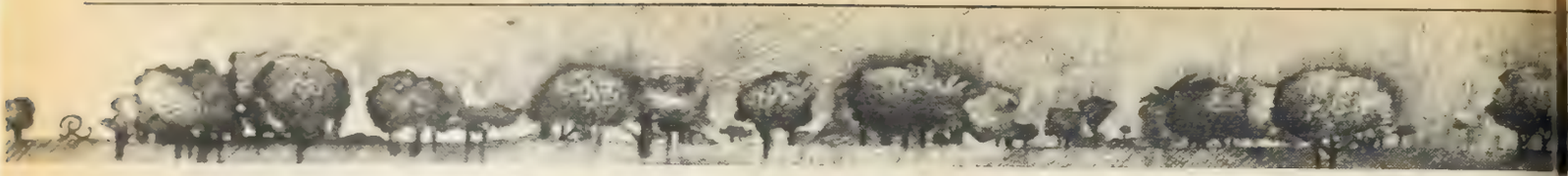
hen I returned to Kisangani this time, the specter hat violence and savagery seemed to haunt the ts. It was midday when my plane arrived, the time ne worst jungle heat, and the scent of exotic flowers g the road from the airport was sticky and oppres- y sweet. I went straight to the waterfront to check the boat I was planning to take downriver, but gate to the port was locked and no one was around. ept for a few motorboats, which served as ferries ne city's left bank, there was no traffic on the river, the Congo flowed by, greasy gray, glittering ma- lently under the beating jungle sun.

walked back to the center of the city, the sweat ring down my back and soaking through my shirt. district along the waterfront, once the European Quarter, was ruined; the large, luxurious villas of the Belgians were either abandoned or occupied by squatters, and their gardens were wildly overgrown, as if the jungle all around was closing in to reclaim the place. *Gendarmes* and soldiers, dressed in uniforms very much like those of the Belgian troops, lounged on street corners, eyeing me expressionlessly as I passed. At the once fashionable Hotel des Chutes, washing and bedding hung from the balconies. The only sound in the bright, uncanny silence was the chanting of a madwoman, dancing in aimless circles in front of the hotel.

I realized that much of the uneasiness I felt was due to the time of day, when the heat drives most people into hiding, and to my memories of the horrors of a decade before, but it was a feeling I never was able to shake altogether while I was there, and I found it was shared by the white residents of the city whom I met; they always seemed vaguely on the alert for trouble as if ready on an instant's notice to flee. In the heyday of colonialism, some 5,000 to 6,000 whites lived in the city but now there were no more than two or three hundred in its population of over 200,000. They were mainly missionaries, technicians under contract at the nationalized breweries and textile plant (Kisangani's only industries), and a polyglot of traders and adventurers, who seemed to come out only at night, forgathering mainly at La Boule.

La Boule was a small bar-casino (two roulette tables) tucked away in an alley darkly shadowed by palms and mango trees, its door guarded by an African with a huge billy club. Given the mood I was in, it seemed a





place of sinister intrigue, ruined hopes, and existential despair, the perfect setting for a Humphrey Bogart movie. A wooden ceiling fan turned slowly overhead, stirring the smoke in the flickering light; at the bar a remarkable-looking red-headed mulatto woman with blue lips languorously poured drinks; behind the beaded curtain a tall, willowy white girl with dark blond hair falling over her eyes was croupier at the one roulette table in action. She turned out to be an American, a former airline stewardess who had once tried to cross Africa in a Land Rover from Dar-es-Salaam: it had broken down in Kisangani and she had never left. She was now the partner and mistress of La Boule's manager, a short, dapper Greek Cypriot named Philo who had been born in Kisangani, had fled it several times during its various troubles, and had decided to stay on as the assistant to the Zairians who had been put in as boss when Mobutu nationalized La Boule. When I came in, Philo was at the roulette table, betting and losing heavily with a look of utter boredom in his heavily lidded eyes.

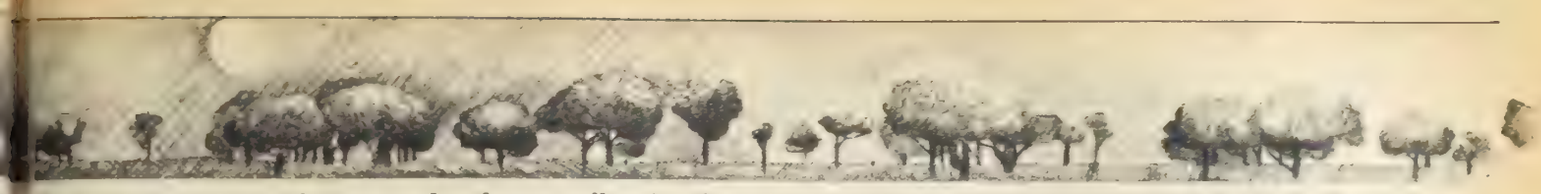
Throughout the night, whites drifted into the casino. Philo left the table and after making the rounds of customers strutted up to me at the bar, curious about a new face in town. When he learned that I was a journalist he launched into a diatribe against journalists, and when he learned I was American he attacked American policy on Cyprus. He seemed determined to provoke a quarrel, any quarrel at all, as if it were the only way he could shatter his terrible boredom, feel some excitement, distract himself. Some Belgians joined us and the conversation shifted to something about MNC membership cards. I couldn't follow the sudden jumble of references and asides, some in English, most in French and Flemish and Swahili, and I asked the croupier, Priscilla, to explain to me what the talk was about.

It seemed that a cache of MNC (Mouvement National Congolais) membership cards had been discovered in one of the outlying townships of Kisangani a few weeks before I arrived. The MNC had been Lumumba's political party (long since outlawed), and during the Simba uprising its membership cards were considered powerful fetishes by the tribal warriors. The discovery of a hidden cache of them now had sparked a panic that th Simbas were back, massing in the forests on the edge the city. The cards, it was said, were being used to r cruit soldiers for the savage army, and stories were tol of people suddenly vanishing in the night. The white in La Boule admitted that they had immediately mad plans to flee the city; there was a scramble for berth on the riverboats; gasoline was hoarded and possession packed, and for a week no one dared go out after dark Mobutu, who had been instrumental in the murder o Lumumba and thus was particularly vulnerable to threat of this sort, reacted with force; he sent police an soldiers into the townships, and there were mass arrest beatings, some killings, and a shakeup of the militar and civil administration of the region. The panic ha much subsided by the time I got there, but there wa no question how deep violence, or fear of it, ran in K sangani. Many of the whites in La Boule were convince that the Simbas, or terrorists very much like them, wer lurking out there in the darkness of the surroundin jungle, waiting for their moment to strike.

Three priest

THE NEXT DAY I crossed the river to the city' left bank in a perilously overcrowded motor boat. The sky was leadenly overcast—the rainy season was closer here than down at the coas or up on the Shaba plateau—and the river about a half-mile wide from bank to bank, had taken on the threatening dark color of the low-hanging clouds a wet wind came up, roiling the water into choppy wave which lapped over the side of the boat. A few colonia villas stood on the rise above the ferry landing on the left bank, but when we approached them I saw that they too, were abandoned; the city on this side of the rive was mainly an African township, concrete and mud hut with tin roofs sprawling away from the river and dis appearing into the vegetation of the rain forest. The main structure was the mission of the priests of the Sacred Heart Congregation, a compound of brick build





and tiled-roof arcades around a large yellow-brick ch, set in a lush tropical grove of mangoes, frangi- , locust trees, and palms. It, too, seemed deserted, I wandered around the grounds for some time, peer- into windows, trying gates, knocking on doors, with rowing feeling of unease.

he mission had suffered one of the worst atrocities he Simba revolt. During the 110-day siege of Stan- ille, nuns and priests from the forests all around were ded up and herded into the mission compound as ages against any attempt to break the Simbas' hold the city. When the Belgian and Congolese troops rated Stanleyville, they made their attack only on right bank, and by the time the soldiers had crossed river to the mission, it was too late: fifty-seven nuns priests had been killed and eaten.

uddenly a young blond man in a blue sports shirt khaki trousers appeared in the gateway to the mis- 's courtyard. He was an American, Father Dave, of the priests at the mission, and he invited me in a beer. We were joined by another priest, Father n, an Englishman as young as Father Dave, in shorts a red flannel shirt. As Father Dave explained, the iba massacre had made it almost impossible to re- it priests from Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Neth- nds, the countries which had traditionally supplied Sacred Heart Congregation, and the mission now to go to England and America for its people.

ather Dave took me on a tour of the mission com- nd, proudly showing off the beautiful brickwork of church and its bell tower, the carefully tended flow- nd vegetable gardens, the well-equipped school build- . As we walked around, the eerie feeling returned. e place was so expansive, there were so many dor- ories and chapels and chambers and arbors, and they e all so empty in the gloom of the lowering sky. The ers and sisters and brothers who were meant to oc- y it all, had long ago been killed or driven away and w there were only these two young priests, dressed like npers and ignoring any threat of danger. We went o the cemetery, and as we moved slowly down the s of starkly simple, identical white crosses, Father Dave said, "It's interesting to notice the dates. You see, they either died very young or very old. There aren't too many in between. I have a sort of theory about that. It's the first years that are the killing ones, when you still don't know enough. If you get through those first years and learn what you have to learn, then you're all right and will live for a very long time." I asked him then how long he had been in Kisangani. "Six years," he replied. He paused for a moment and smiled. "According to my theory, if I make it through the next four years I'm going to be all right."

A MILE OR SO upriver from the mission is the Wagenia cataract, named for the tribe of fishermen who live along its banks. A network of rock reefs, which jut out from the banks, and huge, isolated boulders and forested islands, which crop up in midstream, break up the river's flow and send the water rushing in several directions at once, creating a swirling, roaring mass of white-water rapids.

Wagenia is the last of the seven cataracts of the Stanley Falls, which begin at Ubundu (formerly Ponthierville) and which, although nowhere near as astounding as the cataracts of Livingstone Falls, are nevertheless rough enough to make this stretch of the river unnavigable. To get around them, the Belgians laid a railway in the early 1900s which, when I took it, didn't appear to have been much improved upon since. The train left from the station on Kisangani's left bank at 7:00 A.M. and took twenty-eight maddening hours to crawl eighty-five miles through the steaming jungle to Ubundu. For another 200 miles up the Lualaba from Ubundu the river is once again navigable, and it was my plan to catch the boat that I had heard traveled this stretch. But when I got to Ubundu I discovered that the boat had sunk some months before and hadn't been replaced. A dredger periodically made the trip and was said to carry passengers, but no one had the least idea when it could next be expected in Ubundu; it might be months. It seemed I was stranded in the small jungle river town for the time being and, so, with an introduction from Father



Dave, I went to the Sacred Heart mission there in search of lodging.

The priest at the mission, Father James, was as unlike Father Dave or Father John as one could imagine. He was a squat, powerfully built Luxembourger in his late fifties, with a chest-length gray beard, and when he stepped out into the sun to greet me he slapped a battered canvas hat on his closely cropped hair, looking very much like my idea of a nineteenth-century explorer. Father James had been in Europe at the time of the Simba massacre, and he was one of the very few to return. The more I got to know him, the more I wondered why on earth he had ever come back. He seemed to hate everything about the place, especially his flock. Pointing out a tribesman to me, he hissed bitterly, "That one, there, he was a Simba, you can bet on it. If he had had the chance, he would have murdered me and cut me into little pieces just like they did to all my confreres. Look at him. He wishes right now to do that to me. And one day he will, you'll see." The mission had a twelve-ton diesel freight boat resembling the *African Queen* which the priest used to make the rounds of his parish. "If you come along with me," he said, "you will see the *real* Congo." Although the way he said it sounded more like a threat than an invitation, I decided to go along.

Father James's parishioners were mainly Metoko, Lengola, and Bakuma; they were descendants of the cannibals Stanley fought off in his passage down this stretch of the river, and according to the priest, had not completely given up the practice of their ancestors. The other main tribe in this region is the Ngwana. They, however, are Muslims, converted to Islam by the Arab slavers who followed Stanley down the Lualaba. Father James told me that these people continue to slave, at least to the extent of selling children now and again to the traders who supply the courts and harems of Arabia.

I decided that, if the stories of slaving and cannibalism were true, the reason must be the people's desperate poverty. For all its lush vegetation, the equatorial rain forest is a killing place to live. Its marshes and swamps breed dreadful diseases—malaria, sleeping sickness, schistosomiasis, river blindness, blackwater fever. Its trees stand 200 feet tall, and the intertwined branches and lianas and vines form dense canopies that shut out the sun and sky. The raising of crops is extremely difficult, and what little the tribesmen manage to plant—patches of manioc, banana trees, pineapples—is forever being destroyed by the herds of elephants which roam the forest. The tribesmen seek to even the balance by digging pit traps, covering them with brush, and pouncing with spears on the elephants that fall into them.

The man who stayed too long

WHEN I GOT BACK to Kisangani, the boat for Kinshasa was in port. It had arrived the night before, and a great crowd had gathered outside the harbor gate, hundreds of Africans in brightly colored shirts and blouses with bundles of luggage piled all around. Kiosks and stalls had sprung up on the quay and the mob of people milled about them excitedly, buying provisio for the river trip. The agent in the shipping offi couldn't tell me when the boat would depart; it was u likely to be that day, he said, but it might be the ne day, or possibly the day after.

I met Citizen Tshibembe, a government official, t next morning in the Zaire Palace, where I had decid to stay while waiting for the boat to depart. Duri breakfast, a terrific commotion had erupted in t street outside, and I had gone to the window, alo with some other diners, to see what it was about. Acro from the hotel was a PetroZaire gas station at which long queue had formed, carrying tins, bottles, bucket pans, and every other sort of receptacle. When the g station had opened, the queue had turned into a stampe ing mob and the neighborhood rang with the ang shouting. "What's going on?" I asked Tshibembe, w was standing next to me. He explained that Kisanga had been suffering an acute gasoline shortage in rece weeks but the riverboat had brought in a shipment a what we were witnessing was the panicked rush to g some of it. "The people need gasoline very much," h said, turning away from the window. "They use it f cooking and lighting and transport and many oth things." And, continuing to talk as we moved back t our breakfasts, he invited me to join him at his tabl

What was striking about Tshibembe was his clothing he wore a Chinese-style suit and a lapel pin bearin the picture of President Mobutu. It was a fashion i troduced by Mobutu after his visit to Peking and Nort Korea in 1974 and taken up by the ranking officials o his party, the Movement for the Popular Revolutio Given Tshibembe's position and attire, I expected hi to be a faithful exponent of the party line and there fore was totally unprepared for the direction our break fast table conversation took.

From talking about the gasoline shortage, Tshibemb went on to say that Kisangani was suffering from othe shortages as well—beer, for example. To some extent he said, the gasoline shortage was understandable; th only practical way to get gasoline to the city was t barge it up the Congo, and at this time of year the rive was slow and studded with sandbars and the boats ofte had difficulty making their way up it. But he thought th shortage of beer completely unforgivable and far mor representative of all the shortages that plagued the city The reason for the beer shortage was simple: there wa a shortage of malt at the breweries in Kisangani. An why was there a shortage of malt at the breweries? Be cause the brewery manager hadn't ordered any. And wh hadn't he ordered any? Because he had taken the mone allocated for that purpose and used it for his own privat pleasures. And who was this brewery manager? Why he was an uncle of Mobutu's whom Mobutu had put i charge when he nationalized the Belgian beer companie in the city and therefore could get away with anything

In his view, Tshibembe continued, the corrupt misman agement of the Kisangani brewery by Mobutu's uncl was all too typical of what was happening throughou the country. More often than not, he said, the companie taken over by the state were given to unqualified peopl as rewards for their support of Mobutu, to do with a

y liked. As a result, businesses all over the country re being run into the ground, and the nation's econo- was in deep trouble. And so, Tshibembe thought, s Mobutu.

When Mobutu first came to power by a bloodless coup tat in 1965 (he had been head of the Army until n), the country had suffered through five years of age bloodshed—the Katanga secession, Lumumba's rder, the Simba uprising, and countless horrible trib- wars. In Tshibembe's opinion, Mobutu deserves full dit for doing what no other leader had been able to since independence: bring law and order to the Con- river basin and get its 200 tribes to live together in ative harmony. To accomplish this, he moved with hless determination: he dismissed the parliament, d a new constitution written that established him as solute dictator, created a single, all-powerful political rty, banned all opposition, did away with elections, k control of the press, set a secret police to keeping s on dissidents, and eliminated all other vestiges of mocratic government. To be sure, Tshibembe said, not eryone (and least of all himself) was pleased with se totalitarian means, but the need for peace was so eat that any method that accomplished it was sure to greeted with enthusiasm and, indeed, Mobutu's pop- rity soared. Throughout the Sixties and into the early venties, he built himself up into a godlike paramount ieftain over the 200 tribes. His picture was displayed erywhere; his words and teachings were emblazoned billboards; monuments celebrating him and his party re built even in the smallest jungle villages; he was dressed by such honorifics as Founder of the Nation, uide of the People, Indefatigable Crusader. "Had he pped aside then," Tshibembe said, "he would have en remembered as our greatest hero, greater even than umumba."

But he didn't step aside, and, at least in Tshibembe's inion, there was a growing feeling in the country that, ter ten years in power, Mobutu had overstayed his wel- me. His totalitarian methods and self-exaltation had gun to rankle, but the main reason for the disenchant- ent with Mobutu in the last year or so was the rapidly rsening state of Zaire's economy. To some extent, hibembe conceded, the country's rising unemployment, mpant inflation, and stagnating production were re- lts of factors beyond Mobutu's control—the world onomy, the war in neighboring Angola, the fall in cop- r prices on the international market—but nevertheless obutu could fairly be blamed for compounding Zaire's fficulties, Tshibembe insisted, by his self-serving poli- es. For one thing, there was the shameful abuse of the tionalization scheme; for another, the enormous and necessary expense of the Inga-Shaba power line, which s drained Zaire's precious hard-currency reserves to y for the consolidation of Mobutu's control over the untry.

Not long before I arrived in Zaire, an attempted coup a clique of young Army officers had been uncovered, hich resulted in a purge of the military and, more im- rtant, raised serious questions about the loyalty of the rmy, which had been considered one of the main sup- rts of Mobutu's power. Now, listening to Tshibembe, I couldn't help wondering whether there weren't similar questions to be asked about Mobutu's other mainstay, his ostensibly monolithic political party. Was Tshibembe to be dismissed as an isolated exception, or did his remarkably outspoken criticism of Mobutu mean that a growing number of younger party officials, like the Army officers, believed that Mobutu's time had come and were willing to attempt doing something about it?

TWO DAYS AFTER ITS ARRIVAL at Kisangani, the *Major Vangu* was at last ready to depart for Kinshasa. At eight in the morning the harbor gates were opened, and the passengers, who had camped on the quay for the past forty-eight hours, stormed onto the pier in a wild melee of shoving and shouting. The boarding took three hours. Besides the mass of people who had to get on, there was cargo to be loaded; the giant tripod dockside cranes lowered pallets stacked with sacks of flour and rice and crates of produce into the boat's holds; two automobiles were lashed to the deck; as this was also the mail boat, we had to wait for the canvas postal sacks to be brought on; then at the last moment a police bus drove onto the pier, and a gang of Senegalese diamond smugglers were marched aboard under guard for deportation through Kinshasa.

The *Major Vangu* was named after a hero of the war against the Simbas, as are all the Congo passenger boats, by order of Mobutu. I had never seen a vessel of its design before, but I learned, during a visit later with the captain on the bridge, that it was not peculiar to the Congo; in one variation or another it sails on rivers throughout the world and is known as an integrated tow boat. The main unit was a stepped-back, four-deck pusher boat containing, from top to bottom, the bridge, officers' quarters, the first-class passenger cabins, and, on the lowest deck, the crews' quarters and the engine room. Lashed to the squared-off prow of this unit was a two-deck barge containing the second- and third-class passenger cabins and onto the front of that a single-deck open cargo barge had been lashed.

I had one of the first-class cabins, which lived up to the dire warnings I had received from other whites in Kisangani. The sink and toilet functioned only sporadically, one light bulb was missing and the other was burned out, the linen on the cot was pathetically frayed, there were plenty of roaches and an occasional rat. It was, nevertheless, the height of luxury compared with the tiny second- and third-class cabins, which had no electricity or plumbing at all. While we were still tied up at the dock, passengers scrambled over the rail and collected bilge water for their washing. Open fires were built on the deck over which women began preparing food for the first of the journey's meals. Straw was stuffed into sacks and dragged into the cabins to be used as mattresses; curtains were improvised from strips of cloth to provide a measure of privacy for the half-dozen or so people who occupied each cabin; bundles and packages and baskets and boxes were piled high in the narrow passageways, turning them into impassable mazes.

At eleven o'clock, with the sky's morning overcast

shredding and the oppressive equatorial heat coming through, the loading was completed, and the boat pushed out into the river. It was beginning a journey of more than 1,000 miles down the longest navigable stretch of the Congo. When Stanley, on his voyage of discovery down the Congo, made the same trip, it took him seven weeks. The *Major Vangu* would take seven days.

When the boat departed, the dining room was locked, and the cots in the cabins were being made up by two harried stewards, so the first-class passengers circled the deck aimlessly, seeming not to know where to go, what to do, or in which direction to look. Most seemed to be government or party officials or police officers, some traveling with their families; there were two teachers from the university in Kinshasa returning for the start of the semester, a rather blowsy woman whom I at first took to be a prostitute, traveling with a baby chimpanzee, and a beautiful young married couple, both physicians, returning from a honeymoon trip at the Virunga Game Park in Kivu; the few whites aboard besides myself included three nuns from the Sacred Heart mission and two Dutch doctors on their way home after completing a two-year contract at a mission hospital near Isiro, in the jungles north of Kisangani. As the boat picked up speed, to about ten knots, we passed the confluence with the Lindi River, a couple of miles below Kisangani, where the water hyacinth enters the Congo and, as it flourishes and mats into large floating islands, begins to pose navigational problems for the riverboat captains. A swarm of orange and blue butterflies flew out from the forests along the bank and followed the boat for a while. I decided to go up to the bridge and introduce myself to the captain.

As it turned out, the *Major Vangu* had two captains, each commanding a twelve-hour watch. The captain on duty when I went up to the bridge was Moma Bowampamba-Wiolumbu, a Mongo from Mobutu's hometown of Lisala (two days' journey downriver from Kisangani). A small, wiry, cheerful man in his late fifties with tattoo scars across his high, prominent cheekbones, he claimed proudly to have known Mobutu when they were both schoolboys in Lisala. "But we parted ways forever," he said, "when he joined the Force Publique [the precursor of the present Zaire Army] and I joined Otraco [the Belgian's colonial river transport monopoly]."

The *Major Vangu* was one of seven similar passenger boats (and one of three sailing between Kinshasa and Kisangani) that Onatra (Zaire's nationalized version of Otraco) operated on the 8,000 miles of navigable inland waterways formed by the Congo and its network of tributaries. All of the boats dated back to the Belgian colonial period, and every item on board—dishes, flatware, linen—was still marked with the Otraco insignia rather than Onatra's. Nor had any more substantial changes been made since independence; indeed, the fleet had steadily diminished and deteriorated. The *Major Vangu*, for instance, used to sail between Kinshasa and Ilebo (formerly Port Franqui) on the Kasai River, but one of the Kinshasa-Kisangani boats had recently sunk, and the *Major Vangu* was put on the Congo run to replace it. The *Major Vangu* itself had not been replaced on the Kasai.

Moma considered it a terrible mistake that the cou try's river transport was being allowed to languish a decline in this way. The network of rivers and trib taries fans out into virtually every corner of the cou try, like the veins of a great leaf, and offers the cheape and most convenient means of transport and commur cation in a land where roads and railways are hard build and even harder to maintain. As a dramatic illu tration of the importance of river transport in Zaire a the need for more and better riverboats, Moma on had to point down from the wheelhouse to the mob people crawling over the barges and decks below. The were more than 500 passengers on the *Major Vangu*, l said, all of whom had had to wait weeks if not montl to book passage, and there would be twice that mar on board before the boat had made all its ports of c and reached Kinshasa. Meanwhile, thousands more (n to mention hundreds of tons of cargo) had been left b hind because there weren't enough boats scheduled re ularly or reliably enough to take them. "We could r boats every day between Kisangani and Kinshasa a keep them full," Moma said. "What we need is at lea ten more boats on the river. Why don't we ever ha any money for something so important?"

A floating bazaa

THE RIVER STEADILY WIDENED. It would alwa be difficult throughout the journey to judge ju how wide it really was at any point because this stretch the Congo is studded with thousan of sizable islands (4,000 by one count) whic sometimes appear to form an opposite bank, at othe the confluence with a tributary. Moma showed me on h charts that the river would broaden from about a hal mile at Kisangani to as much as nine miles, and the bo weaved from one bank to the other, from one island another, following the path of the channel marker There was a radar unit on the bridge, but it had broke down years before and never been repaired, so Mom navigated by the barrel buoys in the water and the blac and-white signals attached to trees along the shore. Du ing the day, these channel markers were easy enough see; at night, the captain of the watch would sweep t water and shoreline with the beams of two powerf searchlights in order to find them; if he couldn't, he ha to stop. In this stretch, the Congo's channels aren dredged; they form naturally under the force of the ri er's current, shifting with the silt and mud of its bo tom. Onatra survey teams are responsible for keepin track of these changes and reposting the channel mar ers to correspond to them, but apparently this isn't a ways done as accurately as it should be and Moma co stantly worried about running aground on sandbars ripping open the boat's bottom on rocks.

Around four in the afternoon, cliffs reared up alon the right bank, brightly striped with red and purpl and yellow clay layers. This proved to be the approac to Yamgambi, the first town since Kisangani. As w moved abreast of its harbor, about two dozen canoes suc denly sprang into view, all paddling toward us furiously

l standing oarsmen yelling frantically to attract our ention. I instinctively took a step or two back m the rail, thinking this was what the warrior tribesn of the river must have looked like when they acked Stanley. Like Stanley's, our boat didn't stop to et the assault. The canoes came slamming up against prow, and, as we kept moving downriver, they slid k along the side, the oarsmen grappling and lunging the lower-deck rails, trying to catch on to our boat l prevent it from passing them by. Men leapt recksly from the canoes to our deck; lines and hawsers re tossed aboard to be fastened; bilge water spouting m the side of our boat swamped two canoes, setting ir oarsmen to bailing desperately; another overturned irely and three people fell in the river and floated ay, crying out unhappily. There was a terrific amount shouting, but then, after only a few minutes, most of canoes managed to tie on to the *Major Vangu,* two l three deep along the side and, while being carried ther downriver, their occupants threw goods for sale o our lower deck—bundles of manioc, stacks of sugar ne, coconuts and pineapples, freshly caught *capitaines* kind of perch) and huge 100- and 150-pound catfish.

The boatmen were Lokele. Though a relatively small oe, they are stretched in a thin line of villages along river's banks (some, in fact, live aboard their canoes der thatched roofs, like the sampan-dwellers of Hong ng) and dominate trade on the Congo for hundreds miles. Indeed, from Yamgambi on our boat was never hout at least a dozen and sometimes as many as 100 kele canoes tied up alongside, night and day, fair ather and foul. These tribesmen are famous for their lking" drums—I soon listened for the message the ms were sending downriver about us at every stop so that at every village the Lokele were expecting us d had their canoes loaded and ready to meet the boat.

hat they brought on board at different villages reted the changing nature of the country we were passg through: manioc and sugar cane gave way to banas and avocados, pineapples and coconuts to tangerines d peanuts; there was palm oil for cooking at one point d baskets of live grubs for frying at another; the shly caught fish gave way to smoked fish and live eels, n to smoked eels and fresh-killed monkeys, then oked monkeys and live forest pigs and crocodile eggs d butchered antelope, all beautifully packaged in raf baskets and palm-leaf sacks. But the special cleverss of the Lokele as traders, and the reason they so nopolized the river trade, was demonstrated by their erring sense of what was most in demand. For exam, at Yamgambi, they brought on wicker-and-bamboo airs and stools; since, as the Lokele well knew, there re no deck chairs on the boat, these were eagerly apped up by the passengers at outrageous prices.

The presence of the Lokele sharply focused the rests and disoriented atmosphere on the boat. Thereaf, the chief occupation on the journey became trading. e lower decks and cargo barge turned into a floating zaar. Stalls selling manufactured goods were set up the passageways, barbers and hairdressers went into siness, laundries materialized, butchers prepared the imal carcasses brought aboard, cooks served meals from open fires, beer parlors sprang into action complete with brassy music from transistor radios, and the buying and selling proceeded at a relentless pace around the clock.

I quickly got into the spirit of the thing and learned how to go about it from the blowsy lady with the chimp. Her name was Francine (the chimp's Budu), and she wasn't a prostitute at all but a trader who regularly traveled the Congo riverboats for the express purpose of dealing with the Lokele. What you had to do, she showed me, was watch the canoes as they drew alongside and pick out the one that carried what you wanted, then fling some personal item into it even before it tied onto the boat. This gave you the first right to bargain for the goods in the canoe once the Lokele trader got them on board. If you failed to reach a mutually satisfactory price he was free to move on and bargain with someone else, but, though there was sure to be a lot of angry shouting, derisive laughter, marching away and other histrionics in the process, agreement was usually reached with the first bidder. The trick, Francine explained, was to offer one-third of the price the seller first asked and eventually settle at one-half.

More often than not the Lokele didn't take the money away; he'd turn around and buy goods that were being sold on the boat by the passengers—salt, sugar, cigarettes, matches, cloth, wire, nails, soap, razor blades—sometimes for his own use but mostly to sell or barter at a profit to tribesmen upcountry or along the tributary rivers. In this way, he brought the products of the outside world to the otherwise isolated rain forests of the Congo interior. The boat's marketplace worked just as



well on the other side of the table. The goods purchased by the passengers were always far cheaper upriver than down. For example, Francine pointed out, the smoked monkeys she had bought near Isangi for two zaires apiece would fetch twelve zaires in Kinshasa; the 100-pound *capitaine* for which she had paid twenty zaires would bring eighty, and the crocodile eggs at fifteen makuta apiece (but, she cautioned, you had to be careful and check that there really was something inside by holding them up to the sun) would sell for 50 makuta in the capital. Indeed, so profitable was this business that, as I soon realized, there was a regular sorority of professionals like Francine on board for that sole purpose.

AT BUMBA, OUR SECOND port of call (I had slept through the first, Basoko), another barge of second- and third-class cabins, overflowing with passengers, was lashed alongside the first, and more cargo was loaded onto the lead barge. The added people and goods served to spur the vitality of the ceaseless trading, and I was amazed to see how, despite the fearful overcrowding, the people retained their good humor.

The third night out, the rains came. Each day had been increasingly overcast; the mornings had been shrouded in fog so thick that nothing could be seen but the hyacinth islands floating by the boat, and the fog lingered through the afternoons. Toward dawn of the third morning, the fog had closed in so totally that the captain, unable to penetrate it with the boat's searchlights, turned upriver and anchored to wait for the first light. The day dawned remarkably cool; a fresh wind came up, which blew the fog away but the sky lowered leadenly as we headed downriver once again. We were moving toward the rain; I could see it off in the distance, a luminous gray sheet slanting down over the jungle. A barge passed us going upriver carrying a mountain of beer crates, and the gusts of wind that swept the deck were wet with a fine drizzle. The canoes kept coming out to the boat, tying on and hauling their goods aboard, and everything glistening and wet. The day steadily darkened under the lowering sky, creating an eerie, uncanny gloom of false night. Then, around four in the afternoon, there was a sudden, frightening bolt of lightning followed immediately by a stunning crash of thunder, and in that moment the sky seemed to crack open and a furious rainstorm smashed down. Everyone dashed for cover. The boat slowed against the onslaught; the captain switched on the two searchlights, and the beams swept helplessly against the impenetrable curtain of rain, hunting for the channel markers along the jungled shore and in the rain-battered, turbulent river. It was no use; nothing could be seen. The captain reversed the engine and began backing away, then turned upstream and eased the boat toward an island, there to anchor and wait out the storm.

I remained on deck for a bit, fascinated; I had never experienced a storm of such incredible power before. All the passengers had vanished and the boat, for the first time, had fallen into total silence. The only sounds were the hammering of the rain, like a million machine guns firing, and the cracks of thunder and lightning, like a terrible artillery barrage, which, curiously, only served to underscore the tense human silence that had fallen, a silence that gripped not only the boat but the river and the jungle all around. There was a small village on the island against which we had anchored, partially lit by the boat's starboard searchlight. The huts were made of bamboo covered with thatch and set on stilts, and I could make out the figures of tribesmen huddled in one of them. Fishing nets hung from a bamboo crossbar and the canoes drawn up on the swampy bank were filled with water. I saw a crocodile slide into the black ooze of the river, and, shivering, I turned back into the dining room where most of the first-class passengers had gathered to escape the storm.

The two Dutch doctors were sitting at a table with the honeymooning Zairian couple, both of whom practice medicine in Kinshasa, talking about the Dutch doctors' experiences at the mission hospital near Isiro. As I joined them, one of the Dutchmen was complaining about the rampant malnutrition among the people he had treated. Apparently, though these people lived near a tributary river of the Congo, they refused to eat fish. For the longest time, the Dutchman said, he and his colleague couldn't figure out why they so stubbornly resisted such an obvious way of improving their meager diets. Then, one day, in a horrifying incident, they discovered the reason. A group of women were brought to the clinic bleeding profusely from their genitals. A quick examination revealed that their clitorises had been torn out. They had been attacked by members of a tribe of fishermen who believed that a clitoris was a powerful fetish to be used in propitiating the river spirits and assuring an abundant catch. Thus, the nonfishing people of this region lived in constant dread of the fishermen and regarded the fish they caught as the handiwork of evil; nothing could induce them to eat it. What happened to the women? I asked. They bled to death, the doctor said. And it wasn't the last time; in their two years at the mission hospital the Dutchmen had treated women mutilated in this way three or four times. I asked if either of them were planning to renew their contract and return to the jungle hospital. "No," the doctor said, "no, we've done all we can. Now it's someone else's turn." He looked at the two young Zairian doctors. Neither of them said anything. The rain hammered against the porthole.

Between continents

WE REACHED MBANDAKA (formerly Coquilhatville) in the late afternoon of the fifth day. This is the other major port city on the Congo (after Kinshasa and Kisangani), located where the river once again crosses the equator, with a long waterfront of derelict tin-roofed sheds and warehouses, tripod cranes, a bustling marketplace, rusting hulks of barges and tugs tied up at the piers. Our call here was to last several hours, so I went ashore with the Dutch and Zairian doctors to shop at the quayside market and have a look around

Behind the busy facade of the waterfront, Mbandaka was surprisingly dead and once again, in the gathering dusk, I had that uneasy feeling of wandering in a city which was reverting to jungle. The asphalt road from the harbor to the main square was covered in sand; there were no vehicles and only an occasional pedestrian on it, and the villas which lined both sides, surely once the homes of the Belgians, were dark and empty and falling into ruin, much as those in Kisangani's European Quarter. To be sure, Mbandaka had suffered its bloody share of the Congo's post-independence terror but nowhere nearly as badly as had Kisangani, and I realized that its derelict state couldn't be explained by the nation's recent history of violence. The more obvious explanation, one that I found myself shying away from, was that, even without the five years of civil and tribal wars, Mbandaka and Kisangani and the other cities I had seen would have deteriorated once the Africans took them over because they were simply unable or unwilling to run the cities as the Europeans had; they seemed to have no use for such cities right now, and therefore no compulsion to arrest their decay.

WHEN I RETURNED TO THE PIER, I saw that a third barge of second- and third-class passengers had been lashed onto our boat. The *Major Vangu* looked like a huge tenement block, crawling with people engaged in all manner of raucous trades and amusements. We were now more than 1,000 passengers traveling down the Congo (I couldn't help thinking of the magnitude of the disaster if the boat sank), and the crowds spilled over into first class where people were bedded down on the open deck and in the dining salon for lack of any other accommodations. Among the new passengers was a strikingly handsome family of six—a young couple, three children and the husband's mother. The wife was remarkably fair-skinned, her hair done up in a beautiful array of beaded braids; two of the children, a chubby boy and girl, were almost as fair as she, while the third, an older girl, was tall and black and angular like her father and grandmother. These were the Mbaris. Lillian, the wife, was an American from Memphis. She had met her husband, a Mongo from a fishing village near Mbandaka, when they both were at college in California. He had been married to a Mongo girl, and had had a daughter by her, before going to the States, but he was gone so long that, according to tribal laws, his Mongo wife was released from her matrimonial vows. When he met Lillian, therefore, he was free to marry her; they had had the two chubby fair-skinned children in California. On returning to Zaire two years ago, he discovered that his first wife had died, so he took their daughter (the older girl) to live with his new American family. They were all currently on their way back to Kinshasa, where they lived, after a visit to his hometown.

I met Lillian first, falling into conversation with her while her children played with Francine's pet chimp, and she introduced me to her husband. It was a curiously awkward moment. Lillian told her husband my name, but, to my surprise, she didn't tell me his, referring to him only as her husband. He and I then fell into the small talk of new acquaintances, and from time to time he addressed me by my first name. I felt distinctly at a disadvantage and finally asked him what his name was. He hesitated for a moment, then replied by giving me his surname. I decided it would be ridiculous for me to call him Mr. Mbari while he called me Peter, so I asked him for his first name. I immediately realized that I had somehow touched on a raw nerve. He looked away from me uncomfortably, cleared his throat, and finally said, "Well, Lillian calls me Ben." It wasn't until later, when we had become friendly enough for me to pursue the matter without seeming rude, that I learned what this was all about. Ben was the name he had been baptized and used most of his life but it wasn't his name any longer. As part of the authenticity campaign, Mobutu has ordered all Zairians to give up their Christian names and take African ones (Mobutu himself exchanged Joseph for Sese Seko), so since 1971 Ben has had an African first name (which he never revealed to me). He used it in all official matters but was clearly unhappy with it. As he pointed out, his wife and his mother called him Ben, and, after spending so many years in the States, it was natural for an American to call him that as well. Yet he didn't feel free to introduce himself to a white man by his outlawed name. To do so, apparently, could be construed as a defiance of the law, a lack of loyalty to the Mobutu regime and of patriotism to Zaire, a reason to be suspect in the eyes of the authorities.

I spent much of my final days aboard the *Major Vangu* with Ben, strolling the deck or leaning over the rail, talking about life in Zaire. He was extremely intelligent, articulate, sociable, graceful, at ease with himself and his ideas. He worked for a bank in Kinshasa and often served as an economic consultant to various ministries. In him, the liberals' cliché was apparently made real: given a good education, Africans could create and lead a twentieth-century society every bit as well as Europeans or Americans.

But, as I got to know the Mbaris better, I realized that it was very unlikely that Ben, despite his obvious qualifications, would ever become a top Zairian leader, and the reason had nothing to do with his intelligence or education: his family was coming apart. In this instance, at least, the meeting of the two cultures, black America and black Africa, which in some minds seem as if they ought to be closely related, hadn't worked out very well. After two years in Zaire, Lillian had failed to find herself at home there. For her, as it was for me, Zaire was fascinating, but utterly alien from everything she had known that makes a home.

The Mbaris' trip on the *Major Vangu* was a sort of farewell to the Congo. They had gone to Mbandaka so that Lillian and the children could have a final visit with Ben's family, and they had taken the riverboat so they could have a last look at the land. A few weeks after arriving in Kinshasa, Lillian and the children would fly to the United States. Ostensibly the reason was for the sake of the children's education, so that they could be enrolled in an American school. But once, during one

of our talks, Ben said simply, "She won't come back. Oh, maybe she'll come back for a visit once in a while, but she won't come back to stay." What he would do, he didn't know. He hadn't yet been able to bring himself to think about it. Follow her to the States? Remain in Zaire without her and the children? Try to make a new life some place in between? He stared out at the river blankly.

ON THE SIXTH NIGHT of the journey, we were again forced to anchor and wait out one of the thunderstorms, shocking and wonderful in its fury. With dawn and the clearing of the sky on the seventh morning, mountains revealed themselves all around us. We were at the entrance to the Stanley Pool (now called Malebo Pool). This is a vast expanse, at its widest some fifteen miles across and more than twenty miles long, which marks the end of this navigable stretch of the Congo. As we sailed into it with first light, it seemed to me that this ought to be the river's mouth with the sea lying just beyond, shrouded from view by the lingering morning mist. But then, in the distance at the lower end of the pool, I saw the skyline of Kinshasa on the left bank and that of Brazzaville on the right and heard the distant roar of the first of the 220 miles of cataracts of the Livingstone Falls which crash through the Crystal Mountains to the Cauldron of Hell.

When Stanley sailed through the pool for the first time, on his epic expedition down the Congo, there was a small tribal village on the left bank called Kinshasa. He paid it little heed. He knew that the river was still nearly 1,000 feet above sea level and thus he faced a descent over the falls and cataracts before he would at last reach the Congo's mouth. The obstacle which had stopped so many explorers before Stanley nearly defeated him as well—indeed, nearly sent him to his death. As he wrote in his journal, "Never did rocks assume such hardness, such solemn grimness and bigness, never were they invested with such terrors and such grandeur of height, as while we were the cruel sport and prey of the brown-black waves, which swirled us around like a spinning top, swung us aside, almost engulfed us in the rapidly subsiding troughs, and then hurled us upon the white rageful crests of others." But then, five months later, he reached the bottom at last and stumbled into the old slaving port of Boma with the tattered, starving remnants of his expedition. The discovery of the Congo was completed, its exploitation by white men ready to begin.

Stanley was in the vanguard of that exploitation. Under the sponsorship of King Leopold II of Belgium, he led a new expedition back to the Congo in 1879, and recognizing that the great river's value depended on its accessibility from the sea, spent the next three years cutting a road from Matadi, beneath the Cauldron of Hell, through the Crystal Mountains around the Livingstone Falls to the Stanley Pool. It was when he reached the pool again—"far away in the hazy distance," as he described it, "like a blurred mirror obscured by gauze set in a frame of dark wood"—that he stopped at the little tribal village on its left bank for the first time. Selecting Kinshasa as the site for his main supply station, he renamed it Leopoldville in honor his patron. The city that has grown up around the wood blockhouse Stanley built, first as the capital of Leopol Congo Free State, then as the capital of the Belgi Congo, and then (returned to its original name) as t capital of Zaire, is today one of Africa's largest and m modern, with a polyglot population of detribalized Af cans and denationalized Europeans of almost 1.5 millio

Civilizatio

"VOLEUR! VOLEUR!" It was a blood-chilling c of an angry mob. It was in the Customs a Immigration Building on the Onatra pier, a I spun around with a start. The port poli were dragging a young man in tattered sho into the building, and a crowd was rushing after the across the pier. Just as I turned, the policemen flu the fellow head first onto the concrete floor and beg beating him with their long billy clubs. "Thief! Thief the crowd shrieked hysterically. The blows rained do about the fallen man's head and ribs and legs, and su denly blood spurted from his ears. The crowd surg closer for a better look, but one of the policemen dro them back with a curse and then, as abruptly as th had begun beating him, the policemen let the man g He leaped to his feet and, as he dashed wildly awa the policemen, laughing, flung their clubs after him.

I sat down on my suitcase to wait for my passport a luggage to be inspected. It turned out to be an hou wait, and while we were waiting it happened again: th awful cry of "thief" went up, and a miserable fellow w dragged in and beaten bloody under our noses. But wh this one was let go, he didn't get to his feet right awa he lay on the floor clutching his head and moaning pi fully. "If he's a thief, why don't they arrest him inste of doing this?" I asked the customs officials. "It isn practical," one of them replied in a whisper. "There a so many they'd have to arrest half the city, so they this instead, to discourage them." He paused for a m ment while we stared at the bleeding creature. Then l added, "But it doesn't discourage them. They have litt choice. The only way they can keep from starving is l stealing." He turned to me. "So be careful," he sai "Remember, the city is full of thieves."

By African standards Kinshasa is a booming urb metropolis. Traffic rockets wildly up and down the bro boulevards between modern skyscrapers. The women a chic platform sandals and turbans to the native saron like dress they are required to wear by Mobutu's offici decree, and most of the men wear pin-striped and h ringboned boiler suits and carry attaché cases. There a outdoor cafés, international hotels, boutiques, superma kets, and neon signs. The poor districts even have t look of urban slums. All the mystery and adventure the upcountry bush, the savagery and wonder of the ju gles, vanished abruptly here. Even the river itself seem to vanish. For all its importance as a port city, Kinsha is built, in effect, with its back to the Congo. A fe blocks from the wharves, in the hot, dusty, rush of dow town, one might never know that the great river w there.

Philip Nobile

THE STATE OF THE ART OF ALGER HISS

THE ALGER HISS affair is tending toward final judgment. Two forthcoming books purport to settle this perplexing Cold War mystery. Both John Chabot Smith's *Alger Hiss: The True Story* and Allen Weinstein's *Perjury!: The Hiss-Chambers Conflict* reveal new evidence that promises to upset, if not overturn, long-standing opinions. Yet Smith and Weinstein argue opposite conclusions. The resolution of the issue will, apparently, be as confounded as its origin.

On December 15, 1948, a federal grand jury sitting in New York City indicted Alger Hiss for perjury. The charge specified two counts of false testimony. A bare majority of the jurors asserted that Hiss had lied when he had denied furnishing copies of confidential State Department documents to Whittaker Chambers in February and March of 1938, and seeing and conversing with Chambers in the same period. The first trial ended in a hung jury, the second in conviction. After the appeals were exhausted, the defendant entered Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary to serve a five-year sentence.

If Hiss had not been such an extraordinary specimen of New Deal liberalism, his ordeal might have disappeared into history. But the liberalism that transported this handsome Harvard Law graduate from secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., in 1929, through a series of high government posts in the Thirties and Forties, and culminated in his appointment to the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in 1946, also guaranteed him notoriety after he was branded a Communist agent.

Initially the allegation sounded preposterous. In the summer of 1948, when Whittaker Chambers confessed before the House Un-American Activities Committee that he and Hiss had been comrades in the Communist underground, even the Red-hunting panelists were edgy. For Chambers, a senior editor of *Time*, offered no proof. Hiss swore emphatically that he had never laid eyes on Whittaker Chambers and had never joined the Communist Party. The public believed him. Chambers was discredited.

But first-term Rep. Richard Nixon, the most junior member of HUAC, had a trick up his sleeve. He arranged a private confrontation of the two adversaries to smoke out the truth. Presented with Chambers in the flesh, Hiss admitted that he had known the man before—but only as a free-lance journalist under the pseudonym of George Crosley. Further hearings



Rhoda Nathans

Alger Hiss, 1975

The following people were asked this question:

Based on your knowledge of the Hiss affair, if you had to pronounce Alger Hiss guilty or innocent, what would your verdict be?

GUILTY

William Buckley
William Bundy
William Randolph Hearst, Jr.
Laura Z. Hobson
Sidney Hook
Eliot Janeway
Elizabeth Janeway
Stefan Kanfer
Russell Kirk
Clare Booth Luce
Dwight Macdonald
Merle Miller
John Osborne
Norman Podhoretz
John S. Service
William Shannon
Garry Wills

NOT GUILTY

Robert Alan Aurthur
Alexander Cockburn
Thomas Emerson
Abe Fortas
Gus Hall
Lillian Hellman
Nat Hentoff
Bruce Mazlish
Carey McWilliams
Arthur Miller
Victor Navasky
Gerald Piel
Marcus Raskin
Robert Sherrill
Charles Alan Wright

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Philip Nobile

THE STATE OF THE ART OF ALGER HISS

chipped away at Hiss's credibility, but Chambers still could not make good on the central issue of party affiliation.

Provoked into a libel suit by Hiss and fearing indictment, Chambers dramatically yielded up a wad of incriminating material—sixty-five pages of typed copies of confidential documents and four slips of paper in Hiss's handwriting—that Hiss had supposedly provided him in 1938 from his office in the trade agreements section of the State Department. Several days later Chambers sprang five rolls of film from a hollowed-out pumpkin on his farm and laid their secret contents to his former friend. Since the telltale copies had been typed on the family machine, a fact the defense did not contest, Hiss had little room to maneuver in court. In his last remarks to the bench before sentencing, the disgraced defendant predicted "that in the future the full facts of how Whittaker Chambers was able to carry out forgery by typewriter will be disclosed."

Despite the verdict and the Supreme Court's refusal to review, reasonable doubt persisted with regard to Hiss's guilt. The case wouldn't shut tight. The bizarre personality of Chambers, the perfervid interest of Richard Nixon, the prosecution's failure to link Hiss to the actual typing of the documents, and the lack of any witness supporting Chambers's party association with Hiss troubled many open minds. Though Hiss was in the left wing of the New Deal, he did not seem the traitorous sort. "Certain it is that the inference that Hiss was 'framed' strong," wrote Justice William O. Douglas *Go East, Young Man.*

The new ju

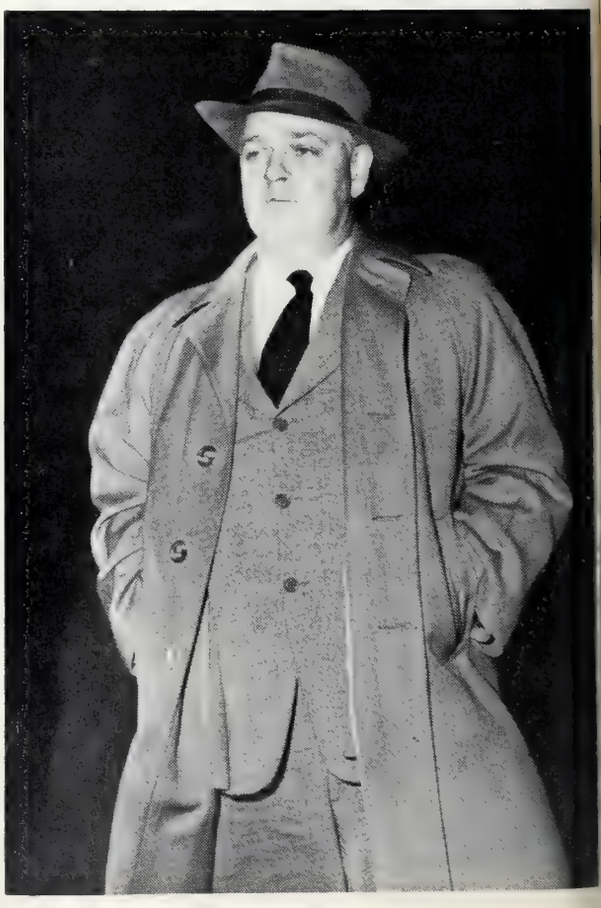
I AM A PROUD MAN," Hiss declared at hearings at which he petitioned for re statement to the Massachusetts Bar. cannot put myself in the position of im ining I had done what I was charg with." After lunching with him in Greenw Village several months ago, I could har imagine it either. Hiss told me the same story of an unsound informer, forgery by ty writer, ruthless enemies of the New Deal, a Communist hysteria, and a poisoned jury. W would he be peddling this tired line of defen risking boredom and fresh humiliation, if weren't true?

"If he was innocent," Alistair Cooke marked of Hiss's courtroom composure, "t serenity could be only the deep well of secur in a character of great strength and purity. Ir guilty man, certainly, his detachment would pathological in the extreme." Even if one grar espionage in the service of a Thirties ally, wh kind of monster would compromise his fami and friends to save face? "Inside of that sm ing face," thundered Hiss's prosecutor in sur mation, "that heart is black and cancerous Hiss did not suggest such unmitigated evil

UNDECIDED
James MacGregor Burns
Norman Cousins
Anthony Lewis
Norman Mailer
David Riesman
C. Vann Woodward

NO COMMENT
Raoul Berger
Ben Bradlee
Kingman Brewster
McGeorge Bundy
Noam Chomsky
O. Edmund Chubb
Max Frankel
George V. Higgins
Leon Jaworski
Henry Cabot Lodge
Robert A. Lovett
Murray Marder
John J. McCloy
Elliot L. Richardson
Dean Rusk
William Styron
Barbara Tuchman



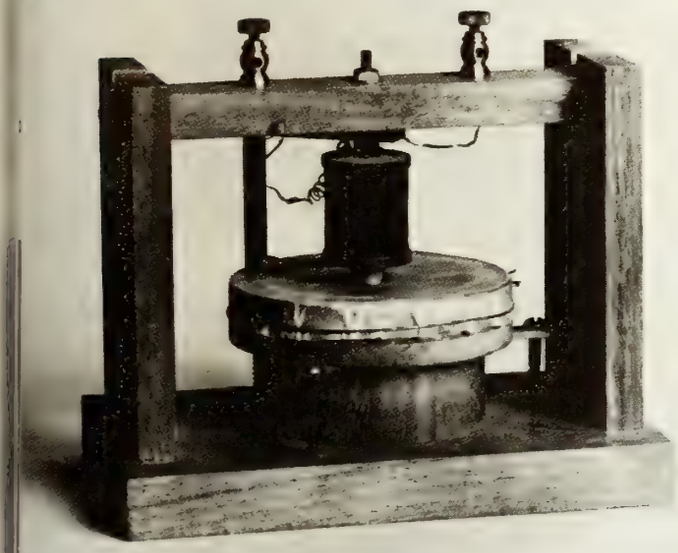


Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers at the time of the trial

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Now that you've invented the telephone, Professor Bell, how can you make it so people can afford it?

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers ere all thumbs in mechanical matters. He ad a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a eep knowledge of speech and hearing. hese assets enabled him to invent the lephone "mentally." But translating the oncept into a working model required echanical gifts he did not possess. And anufacturing telephones for use by the ublic posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

To be fair, very few people had any xperience fabricating electrical devices in 873, when Bell began the investigations hat led to the telephone. Samuel F. B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was he only important commercial use yet nade of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still ome years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.



Thomas A. Watson

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collaboration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development

program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.



The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth advantage concerned the evolving nati wide network: a single manufacturer cou see to it that telephone equipme throughout the country would work gether compatibly, thus assuring the " terconnectedness" of the network—its pability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department Western Electric joined in the search f telephone improvements. Managers local companies made suggestions based o day-to-day experience with custome Outside inventors worked out refinemen Bell Telephone management weighed a the ideas, in terms of value to custome and practicality in manufacture. The be ideas were incorporated into the phone being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the su tle flow of engineering information an understanding within a technologicall oriented enterprise—was a novel concep in those days. But the young telephon industry had already achieved a union o the successive stages of effort essential t the development of a coherent telephon system. Today Bell Laboratories is respor sible for research and development. Wes ern Electric looks for—and finds—bette ways to make things. The 23 regional Bel companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs o their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management pro vides overall coordination and guidance Some of the names are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materi als change to finished product with suc

ssive stages of manufacture integrated nder one company. For example, a print- g company might own paper mills and 'en its own forests. But there is a difference, ecause the Bell company was not, and is ot, primarily a manufacturer of products. rom the beginning, the partners in the nterprise—whether engaged in invention manufacture or operations—sold tele- none service, not telephone equipment.

For instance, there was the funda- ental item of connecting the lines of vo subscribers who wanted to talk. This as handled in central offices by a corps of perators, using cords, plugs and jacks. etting up a call could take as long as seven inutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, work- g for the Bell company, devised a me- anical system that would allow a sub- riber to reach up to 15 lines without the elp of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. rowger, a Kansas City undertaker, pat- nted a dial machine constructed in a ound collar box. It connected up to 99 nes. But the big city offices already han- led thousands of lines, and the numbers ere growing rapidly. The connection roblem was growing much more rapidly, ecause of some basic geometry: it takes ne line to interconnect two telephones, ree lines for three telephones, six lines for ur, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 9 telephones. In connections, added tele- hones were just the opposite of "cheaper y the dozen."

The Bell company set out to develop a achine that would connect any of 10,000 elephones—49,995,000 possible connec- ons. The search was costly, but necessary r continued good service, and the various arts of the company joined to pursue it to successful conclusion. (Today in the United States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion—10 million billion—possible connections.)



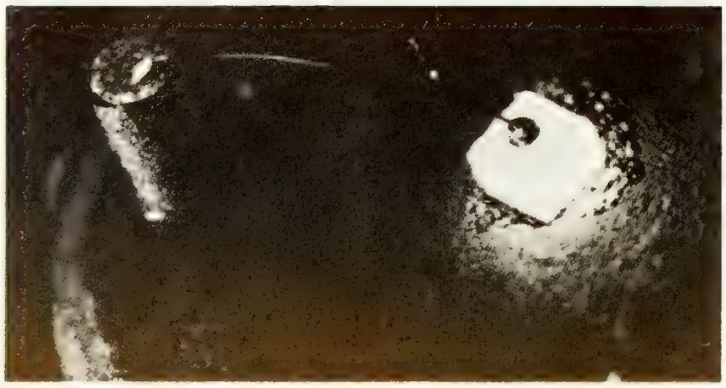
Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive—so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone

equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about $120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used



For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserving energy and scarce raw materials.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone industry, cost savings benefit not onl shareholders; they are passed along to th public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost o living rose 74%. Telephone rates for loc service went up only 40%. And interstat long distance rates went up about 4%. No 95% of all American homes have telephone The quality of the service is the envy o the world.

Numerous studies have been made o the role of the Bell organizational structur in achieving those results. One of the mos recent, concluded in 1974, was made by th independent auditing and managemen consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co acting as consultants for the staff of th Federal Communications Commission. Ac cording to their report:

"Western Electric's efficient performance has r sulted in lower costs than otherwise would have bee incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies an practices, these lower costs have not increased profit but have been passed on to operating companies in th form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelatio ship between Bell and Western Electric is to operat Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as a integral part of a vertically integrated communication firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable im pact upon Western's costs, prices and service to opera ing companies."

The best telephone service in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

luncheon. Calm, rational, and strangely unittered, he elicited sympathy and trust. ly he could not be one of history's archivers. Or could he?

ıtrigued by Hiss's immutable stand, I coned an unscientific poll by letter and phone arn the judgment of his peers. "Based on r knowledge of the Hiss affair," I asked apximately 100 lawyers, journalists, and var- intellectuals, "if you had to pronounce er Hiss guilty or innocent, what would your lict be?"

he return approached 50 percent. Several ondents begged off from a direct reply. man Mailer, Norman Cousins, *New York es* columnist Anthony Lewis, and the histor- C. Vann Woodward aren't exactly sure. The es Sunday editor Max Frankel reserved his nion because the poll was "in the service of ubversive idea." And Dean Rusk, a former e Department colleague of the defendant's, otically remarked that he doubted that "the le truth became available in the courts—ther from the point of view of the prosecuor the defense."

he new Hiss jury split down the middle. sonable men differ on Alger Hiss, and they ays will, at least until the solutions of Smith Weinstein are weighed and measured.

If the American people understood the eal character of Alger Hiss, they would boil im in oil. —Richard Nixon

HISS'S NATURAL constituency, the liberal Left intelligentsia, deserted him in the Fifties. Arthur Schlesinger, Murray Kempton, Leslie Fiedler, I. F. Stone, Lionel Trilling, Sidney ook, and Dwight Macdonald long ago allowed no reasonable doubt. "If Alger Hiss is innot," Diana Trilling was said to have comnted, "I'll commit suicide." And so would class.

Currently voting for conviction are such nge bedfellows as *Foreign Affairs* editor lliam Bundy, columnist Garry Wills, Clare othe Luce, journalist John Osborne, William ndolph Hearst, Jr., economist Eliot Janeway l his novelist wife, Elizabeth Janeway, convative patriarch Russell Kirk, editorialist lliam Shannon, William Buckley; and, with alification, author Merle Miller, novelist ura Z. Hobson, and former diplomat John S. rvice.

William Bundy contributed to Hiss's defense nd. As the son-in-law of Dean Acheson, Hiss's mer superior at State, and a friend of Don- Hiss, Alger's younger brother, he felt the fendant must have been innocent. A careful dy of the trial record and appeal briefs assured him otherwise. Bundy outlined his intriguing theory:

> *Mrs. Hiss may have been more active than he, and may actually have handled the transmission—otherwise it seems hard to explain the rather inconsequential character of most of the cables. . . . At the same time, I find it very hard to believe that she could have done this without his knowledge, and the fact that he stuck to a total denial must suggest that he himself was witting, or even perhaps that he remained in some sort of contact with the Soviet apparatus with the idea that he would evolve into an in-place agent.*

Some in the "guilty" faction are willing to acquit Hiss on the espionage count. Merle Miller, author of the Truman biography *Plain Speaking*, covered the second trial for *The New Republic*. Astounded by Hiss's apparent evasiveness under cross-examination, he inferred that Hiss was shading the truth about something. "If I had worked at State in the Thirties," Miller said, "I very likely would have been an underground member of the party just as I was an overground member of the Young Communist League. But it's a big step from bringing booze to a Marxist study group to committing treason." In Miller's opinion, the FBI framed Hiss to foment the Red scare, and Hiss did not come clean on his relationship with Chambers, thereby perjuring himself (on count two) when he denied that he had continued to see Chambers after 1936.

Laura Z. Hobson, author of the 1947 bestseller *Gentleman's Agreement*, met Hiss in the early Thirties, when she was married to Thayer Hobson, Priscilla Hiss's first husband. She and Hiss were the go-betweens for their spouses during weekend exchanges of Timmy Hobson, Priscilla and Thayer's only child. She admires Hiss greatly, but feels he may have been a Communist idealist all along. If he did traffic in documents, she observes, they weren't vital to state security. "I can't believe that anybody with as fine a mind as Alger Hiss and who's obviously such a decent human being would ever sell out his country," she said.

I think if they'd had the goods on Hiss, they'd have produced it, but they didn't. —Harry S Truman

IT WAS NOT INVARIABLY, but in general," wrote Whittaker Chambers, "the 'best people' who were for Alger Hiss and who were prepared to go to almost any length to protect and defend him." The ranks have thinned since the Fifties, but many of the "best people" haven't lost their enthusiasm yet. At the Massachusetts Bar hearings, Richard

"Despite the verdict and the Supreme Court's refusal to review, reasonable doubt persisted with regard to Hiss's guilt. The case wouldn't shut tight."

NO RESPONSE
Sherman Adams
George Ball
Daniel Bell
Saul Bellow
Charles L. Black, Jr.
Daniel Boorstin
Chester Bowles
David Brinkley
Henry Steele Commager
Walter Cronkite
Sam Dash
John Dean
Hedley Donovan
Osborn Elliott
John K. Fairbank
J. William Fulbright
J. Kenneth Galbraith
John W. Gardner
Philip Geyelin
Charles Goodell
W. Averell Harriman
Gilbert A. Harrison
Albert E. Jenner, Jr.
Edward M. Kennedy
George Kennan
Joseph Kraft
Owen Lattimore
John Leonard
Robert J. Lifton
Peter Lisagor
Mike Mansfield
Eugene McCarthy
George McGovern
Samuel Eliot Morison
Philip Morrison
Bill Moyers
Thomas Murphy
Walter Pincus
Francis T. P. Plimpton
James Reston
Leverett Saltonstall
Eric Sevareid
I. F. Stone
Rexford Tugwell
Robert Penn Warren
Theodore White
Edward Bennett Williams
William Appleman Williams
Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.

Wait, of the Boston firm of Choate, Hall and Stewart, described the petitioner's moral character as "top hole."

Casting ballots for acquittal are Lillian Hellman, Arthur Miller, Abe Fortas, Nixon's defense lawyer Charles Alan Wright, general secretary of the American Communist Party Gus Hall, Marcus Raskin of the Institute for Policy Studies, Yale Law professor Thomas Emerson, historian Bruce Mazlish, and journalists Nat Hentoff, Victor Navasky, and Alexander Cockburn. Robert Sherrill, the veteran Washington muckraker, always despised "finks" like Nixon and Chambers and consequently favored Hiss a priori, as did Carey McWilliams, former editor of *The Nation.*

The Kremlin must, of course, have the truth about Hiss and Chambers locked in its intelligence vaults. The Moscow line may not be entirely credible, but the party's old U.S. warhorse, Gus Hall, said, when queried, "I can state without reservation that Alger Hiss was never a member of the Communist party. . . . There has never been the slightest doubt in my mind of Alger Hiss's innocence."

Abe Fortas and Hiss were young New Dealers together. As a former member of the Supreme Court, Fortas felt inhibited about responding to the poll, but his indirection clearly expressed his verdict. "I always had, and still retain," he admitted, "an extremely high opinion of him professionally, as a man of character and integrity, and as a loyal and dedicated American citizen." (I cited Fortas's testimonial to Dean Rusk. Would he at least endorse this description of Hiss despite his hint that the complete story had not been unfolded at the trials? Rusk would not.)

Lillian Hellman remained loyal while others in her crowd fled from Hiss, but she was not uncritical. "I disagreed with the way Mr. Hiss handled his case," Miss Hellman wrote to me, "and I believed then, as I believe now, the rumors that something personal stood in the way of total truth. But a mistake has nothing to do with truth. I believe Mr. Hiss was innocent. Nothing else makes any sense to me."

Two solutions

ALLEN WEINSTEIN, a historian at Smith and the most hard-nosed researcher of the Hiss affair, summed up its epistemology three years ago when he commented in *The American Scholar* that "although Hiss's *guilt* seems to me still unproved beyond a reasonable doubt, it would be equally difficult, in the light of available evidence, to *prove* him innocent." Times have changed, however.

Weinstein is no longer puzzled. After interviewing sources on all sides, many of wh were unknown to the government and the fense, and traveling as far away as Eas Europe and Latin America for material, W stein has unsnarled the dilemma to his satis tion. "On the basis of the evidence so far," told me, "my account will be compelling to ple willing to be persuaded. But I still wan see all the FBI files."

Who's the guilty one? Weinstein prefer break the details himself, but it is not har deduce his conclusion. First, he scoffs at Gothic horror tales of madness and alcohol laid to Chambers by the Hiss side. Second excludes FBI complicity in a frame-up, wh is almost the sine qua non of the defense: regard the bureau's involvement as more inc petent than malevolent."

Weinstein purports to have real evidence, theories, in the form of letters and other do mentation: "What I found is more than a p der burn but less than a smoking gun." though Hiss himself thinks that Weinst would be more politically comfortable wit hostile verdict, Weinstein broods about the ther torment his book may create: "There moments when I felt like burning a good d of what I've learned, or, as an alternative, w ing a novel on the case. . . . Even the most ti lating revelations, however true, may be irr vant."

John Chabot Smith, a former *Herald-Tribu* reporter, studied Hiss intently from the pr row at both trials. The conviction disgust him. "I didn't believe then that Hiss ga Chambers the documents," he says. "But sor where or other he was holding back or lyi about something, and you can't beat a perju rap by lying on the stand." Hiss rebuf Smith's first attempt at a biography in 1970 l relented in 1974 after Alden Whitman of t *New York Times* dropped out of a similar pr ect owing to ill health. Smith got along w with his subject and moved into an office p vided by Hiss's counsel.

"I was convinced that the missing link h to do with Hiss's personal life," he said. "a only by finding out what it was and making clear would anyone believe it was Chambe who had lied and not Hiss. It is the key—t reason the jury arrived at the wrong ve dict." Smith, a genial but discreet man, polite declined to discuss the specifics of *Alger Hi The True Story.* He felt his discoveries mig appear too sensational outside the fuller co text of his book, and would only hint that public crisis had intruded on a family crisis a that Hiss and his wife had not been equipp to cope with both at once. The defendant's fe of disclosing family secrets, Smith implie warped his judgment, clammed him up, a created unnecessary suspicion in the jury bo

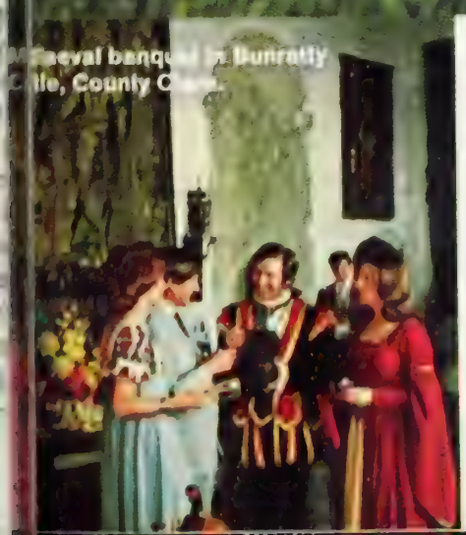


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Philip Nobile

THE STATE OF THE ART OF ALGER HISS

Priscilla worsened matters by appearing less candid than her husband. Smith states that she lied on the stand.

Alistair Cooke speculated in his book *A Generation on Trial* "that if Alger and Priscilla Hiss ever parted, we would surely get the whole truth that so annoyingly evaded us." The couple separated in 1959, and Smith finally prevailed on Hiss to dredge up what he had suppressed long ago—the youthful homosexuality of his stepson Timmy, and his wife's abortion. In 1945, at the age of eighteen, Timothy Hobson was dishonorably discharged from the Navy for homosexual activities. Three years later, Richard Nixon grilled Hiss before HUAC about Timmy's whereabouts. Hiss replied that his stepson was out of touch and available only through his psychiatrist. "You will understand why this is a very difficult subject to talk about because I love my stepson very deeply," he pleaded with Nixon. "Many people take an exaggerated view of what psychiatric assistance means." From this moment on, Smith hypothesizes, Hiss became a reluctant and therefore dubious witness in his own behalf. Since the FBI was digging into Timmy's sexual associations, Hiss surmised that this information could be used against him. Although Timmy offered to refute some of Chambers's testimony at the trials, Hiss would not allow it.

Priscilla was also an emotional burden. She forbade her husband to submit to a sodium pentothal test for fear that her abortion in the Twenties might be revealed, even to his counsel. Her minimal cooperation with the defense inclined more than one of Hiss's lawyers to pin the guilt on her. While Smith disputes any sinister role on Priscilla's part, he does think she affected her husband negatively. "Many things that happened at the Hiss perjury trials," he writes in the biography, "were influenced by Hiss's knowledge of this secret [the abortion] and the way he protected it."

Unfortunately for Hiss, Smith's "key" is made of glass. Although the defendant may have been obsessed by the need to spare his wife and stepson, the effect of his reserve on the jury can never be tested. Smith devotes approximately three pages of his 400-page investigation to his hypothesis. Without any elaboration of the "many things that happened at the Hiss perjury trials" as a result of Hiss's anxiety, the argument is meaningless. Perhaps Priscilla's warnings of a suit after she read the manuscript last summer blunted the author's perceptions. Passages concerning her were extensively edited, and her contradictions, large and small, now riddle the text. She and her husband do not even concur on the date she told him of the abortion. She says she told him when they were first married; he says it was ten years later.

Smith's treatment of evidentiary matters is more painstaking. He goes over the stolen d uments with the zest of a biblical exegete a suggests that some of the papers were ne even delivered to Hiss's office. He also c structs an interesting scenario that accounts Chambers's stealthy acquisitions, without volving Mr. and Mrs. Hiss. Nevertheless, cannot demonstrate that Chambers followed So his book, though a valuable evocation of New Deal period and a sometimes invent piece of detection, is a vastly overreachi work.

My own sense of integrity is what's important to me. —Alger Hiss

ALGER HISS IS NOT Alfred Dreyfus. though issues of espionage, forge personal honor, and national secur dominated each affair, the analo does not hold—even if Hiss v wronged. For, unlike Dreyfus, Hiss receive fair trial. He failed to inspire a movement his defense. And twenty-two years after his lease from prison he has yet to exonerate hi self.

Despite the general obloquy that followed perjury conviction in 1950, Alger Hiss ne broke. He has remained a Gatsbyesque figu around New York City, charming guests at lebrity parties and gathering converts witho even trying. At the same time, he pursu every lead and seized every opportunity to sho that he had neither lied nor spied. For yea Hiss hoped to get his case back in court, p haps on a libel count. He came close to suing England, where libel laws are stricter, and se ously contemplated action against William Ma chester for passages in *The Glory and t Dream*. It is his hope that the gradually acc mulating FBI papers will disgorge pertine clues leading to an ultimate reversal of his co viction.

I am aware of evidence damaging to Hi that was never introduced in court. I am ce tain Professor Weinstein's historical sleuthi will wound him badly. Yet I would vote Hi innocent. As Lillian Hellman says, nothing el makes sense.

My argument, perhaps naive and sentimenta turns on psychology. I cannot conceive of sane person perpetuating a quarter-century deceit, jeopardizing the welfare of family an the reputation of friends, in a doomed attem to reverse what that person well knows to be th truth.

And Hiss is not crazy. Instead, he is seren He says he has never done anything in his li that he is ashamed of. If this inner harmony simply a routine repeated by a deranged playe since 1948, then Hiss has deluded me and large audience of fools.


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Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the
same quality that has
made Marlboro famous.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
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Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75



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A KIND WORD ABOUT MONEY

Despite its obvious evils, money represents the last, best hope of an egalitarian society

by Roger Starr

MONEY IS THE MOST egalitarian force in society. It confers power on whoever holds it, irrespective of the source of the money or the origins of its holder. Money adds ity to desire; money trims public demand l it fits public willingness to spend; money vides a convenient measure with which men women can determine their choices. Money outlasted war and revolution, the dreams utopia, and the despair of pestilence. My ate respect for the usefulness of money, af- two years in municipal government strug- g with the worst money crisis in New York 's history, has never been so great. I do speak of the usefulness of a specific sum of ars with which to buy a finite supply of ds and services. I speak, rather, of the use- ess of the idea of money itself.

Ordinarily, anyone who praises the useful- of money has in mind its power to cause rs to deliver or perform what the owner of money demands. Frequently, the power of ey is more impressive in the tangential ges- s of deference which it elicits than in the ds it directly pays for. Taking for granted money can buy for the rich caviar and chin- la wraps, we remain fascinated that it can bring them character, personality, and stige, even when no coin changes hands. In , rumors of wealth in the face of blatant giness increase the beholder's awe faster n does simple ostentatious extravagance.

Our countrymen generally expect that money influences elections, not simply through the purchase of votes for dollars—a fading custom—but because, as Americans tell pollsters, we believe that money commands the information media. The Congress, assuming that it is wrong for money to exert this power, has written complex and probably unenforceable laws to diminish the influence of private money on elections. This effort may not only be impractical, but misguided as well, for two major reasons. First, it is probably good that the needs of money—or, if you will, the need to encourage capital accumulation as public policy—deserve fair attention in the election campaign. The consumer interests have the support of the electorate, which is made up of a far greater number of spenders than investors.

Second, the fear that money will perversely defeat the majority interest in elections fails to recognize that candidates of great wealth, though clearly attractive to the propertied classes, are likely to favor even more progressive attitudes than their plainer competitors. Franklin Roosevelt, the Kennedys, Nelson Rockefeller—all wealthy candidates from the older states—have usually advocated programs for increasing the money supply of the poor rather than augmenting the power of the institutions of accumulated capital. The motives for this switch are very complicated. Possibly they reflect the startling speed with which the American plutocracy became an American aristocracy. The new aristocrats tend to favor the huddled poor over the striving middle class from which

Roger Starr, who frequently writes on urban problems, is the author most recently of Housing and the Urban Market *(Basic Books).*

Roger Starr

A KIND WORD ABOUT MONEY

they themselves so lately emerged. Like landed gentry, they rally to protect the wonders of the natural world against a further invasion by the march of industry and commerce in which they are no longer so interested as their fathers were.

On the local scene as well, in state legislatures and aldermanic chambers, the scions of wealth in America generally support consumers—tenants, for example—and oppose the interests of suppliers—landlords, for example.

In my post as housing administrator of New York City since January 1974, it is not these attributes of the power of money that have won my respect. I have been astonished, rather, by its ability to reduce expectations. The fiscal crisis has already forced me to convey to my constituents the melancholy tidings that I must break, cancel, or annul housing contracts, programs, promises, commitments. My disappointed listeners understand that my words mean trouble for them, trouble ranging from the loss of money or a livelihood all the way to the destruction of the recent discovery that "the system works after all." The point is that they accept what I have to tell them with remarkable patience, so long as the reason for their disappointment is the lack of money.

Dollar diplom

BEFORE THE FISCAL crisis, I tried o
to explain to a demanding local gr
in a depressed area that it was f
less to build a middle-income hou
development in the midst of t
community because the area was (a) u
tractive to middle-income families; (b) no
pable of meeting federal environmental s
dards; (c) too poorly served by transporta
to justify new housing density whatever.
once did any of these explanations convince
of my visitors that I had a good reason for
ing "no" to them. How marvelous, instead
see the result of saying: "Sorry, folks, y
community is great, but we just haven't
money with which to make the mortgage
you're asking for." In response to this st
ment, or others like it—viz., "You don't w
me to run out of dough in the middle of
job, do you?" or "The city simply has to c
down its municipal loan operation because
can't borrow two cents on our own notes'
haven't heard the phrase "nonnegotiable
mand" once.



Zevi Blum

In order to calm down one of these protesting ›ups, it is not enough to assert that the money s run out; convincing evidence must be pre- ıted that no other group has been offered a s stringent cutback. The more articulate and ter-organized leftist leaders of community ›ups will deliver themselves of the view that the nation were to spend less on its military dget, money might be available. But not even ›m these do I hear an attack on money per se. › one, in my hearing, has suggested that mon- itself remains a bad thing and should be ıored. No one tells me that human needs dic- e my overruling money as a means for the ocation of resources. If they are convinced ıt I have no money at my disposal, they ac- pt the fact that I cannot dispose of it. Since ople accept both the inevitability of money d its desirability, they are stuck with the nsequences. The absence of money is under- ›od as an overwhelming veto on one's power do what may be highly desirable. (Obviously, will not do in abating the demand for a com- ›dity like food, which is urgently and immedi- ely needed. If people are hungry or cold, eir appetites will not be slaked by the asser- ›n that there is no money with which they might buy it; they will, at whatever risk, help themselves and limit their consumption, not by what can be paid for, but by what they can grab and carry away.)

In the days, not so long ago, when socialism was merely a theory, people in general, and the young in particular, could theorize about a distributional system in which money would be quite unnecessary. From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs—this was a formulation in which money would play no part. Its other difficulties were too recondite to occur to the advocates of a socialist utopia.

In our time, socialism is no longer a theory, but a way of life for hundreds of millions; lo and behold, from Bulgaria to China, the workers are paid in money. No one, I think, continues to believe that in the bureaucratic socialistic state, with its across-the-board wage rates adjudicated by an appropriate governmental body, and its administered price system, a serious attempt is made to evaluate the needs of each person or his abilities.

Money, itself, is finally discovered to have an electrifying quality: it allows each person to discover for himself the order of importance of his own needs.

"Money has an electrifying quality: it allows each person to discover for himself the order of importance of his own needs."



Roger Starr

A KIND WORD ABOUT MONEY

ONE WONDERS, after all, how money got so many bad names. It has been called the quintessential capitalistic device for the enslavement of man. It is fickle, false, antispiritual, ungodly. It travels from hand to hand as a frail woman travels from man to man. Dollars poison diplomacy. Money clouds a true perception of value, which men insist on confusing with monetary price. In its purest form, as gold, it leads to desperate fallings-out between conspirators, to fevered and futile quests ending in disaster in the Sierra Madre, in the tombs of South America, amidst the fractured ribs of ancient ships sunk in the depths of the sea. It has destroyed civilizations, despoiled cultures, cheapened and debased artistic efforts. Most dramatically, of course, it is itself utterly useless. One can starve to death surrounded by it and perish of unrequited love in the midst of it. Its possessors, in every age and every culture, have a most difficult time in living the virtuous life in this world and are considered unlikely to gain entrance into the next.

When people condemn money with such vehemence, they are, of course, condemning the greed that money symbolizes. This ethical coloring probably lies behind the scorn for money; yet it does not comprise the whole of it. The singleness of purpose with which B. Traven's adventurers pursue gold in the Sierra Madre transcends mere hoggishness; it transcends a wish for power, because the vision of what can be bought with the treasure fades before the intensity of its pursuit. The very abstractness of money fans the moralist's hatred for it. Its apparent uselessness makes it symbolic, not merely of greed, but of waste.

BEFORE LABELING the accumulation of money a vice, one must distinguish between two views of the economic world which men inhabit. The first, characteristically an American view, and recently set forth in highly sophisticated form by Norman Macrae, deputy editor of *The Economist*, in a survey of America's third century, sees the earth as holding plenty for all.

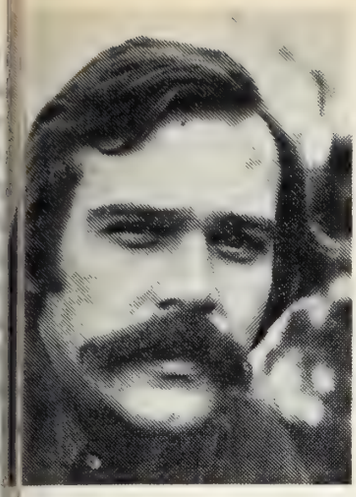
In its most vulgar form, this theory depicts economic reality as a monster buffet table groaning with pâtés and grapes, awaiting the arrival of the entire population (with a few household pets and sacred cows in tow). None will be too late for the pâté, nor will there be grapes left over to turn sour.

In such a world without shortages, where every demand would be capable of instant satisfaction, money would indeed be superfluous, and any accumulation would be a sin. The moneygrubber demonstrates a lack of faith in the very goodness of the earth. His accumulation constitutes a frivolous invasion of the sh of others, converting what is Everyman' common into a set of private monopolies.

But in the more sophisticated versions o theory of plenty, such as Macrae's, the tend of appetites to grow with eating, and lazine grow with satiety must be taken into acc It is possible to accept as fact the fullness o earth, and still believe that men can spoil they are not driven to exploit its potential and forced by some restraining mechanis make choices between what they might us slake their appetites. Money serves both t purposes. Accumulating money enables me exploit the earth's potential riches without s ping every day to pick the grapes or make pâté they will need to eat; exchanges bec possible, and through the medium of excha the earth can be persuaded to yield up wealth. Thus, even in the peaceable kingd it is not the accumulation of money whic vicious, but overconsumption.

To those who tend to hold an opposite v of the world, the neo-Malthusian view, curre set forth in some detail by the Club of Ro report on the state of nature and its resour there will never be enough. It is in the nature of things that men will recklessly exp finite resources by multiplying their num and their appetites infinitely. Neo-Malthusi also view the accumulation of money as a v but for a different reason. They are not c cerned that some may have greater shares t others, because if it is in the nature of thi that there will not be enough for all, the v survival of the species dictates that some m have more than others. In the view of the n Malthusians, the accumulation of money is d gerous because it threatens the over explo tion of natural reserves, and leads some m the most powerful of men, to evade the nec sity of making choices. This characteristic tinguishes the very rich from all the rest of immune from having to give up one appar good in order to attain another, they do not derstand the more or less painful weighing alternatives which constitutes daily business the rest of us, and permeates our view of seriousness of life itself, since we know t choices are not usually refundable.

The very poor are also immune from need to make choices. They lack the moneta means with which to choose. It is in this resp that the pangs of poverty are painful in relati to the wealth of the surrounding society. T poor man in American society is dehumaniz not because his actual standard of living is l low the level at which human life is possi (clearly hundreds of millions of people survi on standards far lower). He is dehumaniz because his relative poverty deprives him of t human responsibility of choice.



Three years ago, you helped me on WRAPAROUND. Now I need you for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

My name is Tony Jones. In 1972 *Harper's Magazine* asked me t start an unusual new editorial feature called WRAPAROUND. I was to be an experiment in person-to-person communication c a national scale. A chance for you, as a reader, to interrupt ts magazine with *your own* contributions—with your point of w about what's important in advancing the human condition.

t became (and continues to be) a rip-roaring success. So much s that it helped inspire a brand-new publication: HARPER'S EEKLY. And *Harper's* tapped me to be its editor.

Like WRAPAROUND, HARPER'S WEEKLY is dedicated to man growth and survival, to knowing where we've been and ere we're going—and how we can but hang together on the y.

wever, HARPER'S WEEKLY is different in that it is issued weekly. Which permits it to be more diverse, wide-ranging, ely, and keyed to current events and controversies. But most portant is the fact that . . .

ARPER'S WEEKLY is written almost entirely by its readers.

That means you. And if you come through for me—for all of —the way you did on WRAPAROUND, we'll be making some d of history together.

But—a publication written by its readers? A bold approach, cer nly. However, nothing else would be compatible with HAR R'S WEEKLY's aims. Which are, in a moderate-size nutshell, take issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal titution, the anonymous committee. To provide a village-green bating platform where the *people* take charge. To help reckon *lividual* roles and responsibility in our increasingly faceless iety.

To focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In busi ss. In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't, for example, report the latest blic-be-damned corporate decision. But we did examine how lividual shareholders can band together to redirect policy and als. HARPER'S WEEKLY hasn't lamely joined the national orus singing the recession blues. Instead, we have been run g a penetrating, grass-roots symposium on how people around e country are coping.

HARPER'S WEEKLY doesn't simply bemoan the flow of wer into the hands of bureaucrats, technocrats, and autocrats. e try to do something about it—by celebrating the truly dem ratic exercises of power wherever we find them.

And HARPER'S WEEKLY will not recap the oft-told and esthetizing sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But could very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the oral dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find fety for your family.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is, then, a return to the source. People. *ou.* Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations, ises, and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left u a more effective, more independent, more powerful individ l . . . information that should be passed along to others, en ling them to more easily cope and perform.

ere, specifically, is the role I'd like you to play in HARPER'S EEKLY.

Write for us, especially about things in your immediate expe nce that deserve sharing. In particular, brief essays and case udies about all sorts of contemporary moral dilemmas, heroes, compromises, excuses, victories, defeats, outrages, conflicts of interest, honest and dishonest lifestyles, object lessons about when the end does or doesn't justify the means. Published contributions will carry your name and earn you an honorarium of $25.

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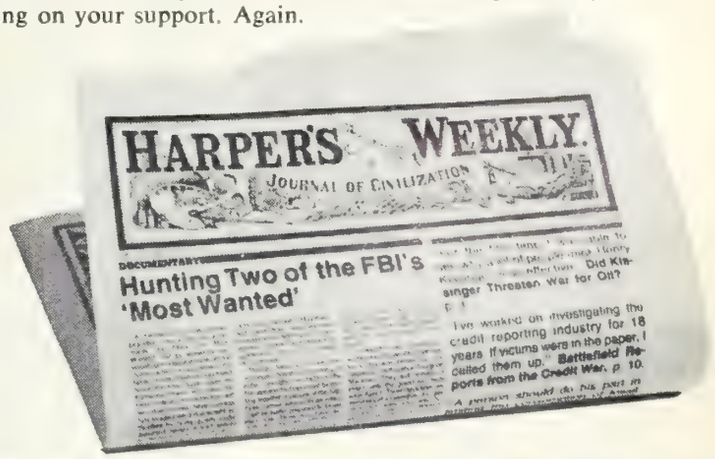
Call it a town meeting. A public forum. National dialogue. Whatever. The point is: HARPER'S WEEKLY gives *you* a chance to air *your* views . . . to learn what your fellow citizens are really thinking . . . and to hear them instead of the constant parade of experts, analysts, pollsters, and commentators.

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4ABH

Roger Starr

A KIND WORD ABOUT MONEY

Yet, faced with even the simplest choice, most of us experience some difficulty in controlling our use of money: charge accounts and credit cards, for example. Spending near-money in the form of charge accounts and credit cards is far too easy. Because the dollar bills do not leave my pocket at the time I purchase goods or a service by signing my name, I tend to evade the effort of choosing and, in the end, buy more than I should.

TO REMAIN effective, money must remain ethically neutral so that we can find ourselves short of money without feeling this to be a measure of our total worth. One might, of course, develop a system of apportioning the world's goods and services through some medium other than morally neutral money. It is conceivable that the state could reward its better citizens directly in goods and services meted out in proportion to the recipient's worth. This suggestion has been interestingly described by the Nobel Prize-winning economist Friedrich von Hayek: "If all rewards, instead of being offered in money, were offered in the form of public distinctions or privileges, positions of power over other men, or better housing or better food, opportunities for travel or education, this would merely mean that the recipient would no longer be allowed to choose and that whoever fixed the reward determined not only its size but also the particular form in which it should be enjoyed."

Von Hayek tells us that money works precisely because it is imperfect and that there are alternative value systems in which it can be evaluated and, if one wishes, discounted. If I am to be paid for my services in a quantity which is less than what I think I am worth, I am, happily, able to remind myself that money measures only my price, not my value. I can remind myself of all the other value systems—character, charm, beauty, intelligence— which money is patently unable to measure, and in which, of course, I excel, though secretly.

Money works less well in determining possession of anything which is very rare or unique. Some years ago, I heard a local community leader demand of the New York City Board of Estimate the construction of a public housing project for low-income families on Central Park West, a high-rent area. "Why can't poor people live on Central Park West like everybody else?" he asked. Clearly, "everybody else" does not live on Central Park West, a two-and-a-half-mile stretch of avenue, built up on only one side, which at the maximum conceivable density of habitation could not accommodate so much as 1 percent of the population of New York City.

The speaker was, of course, saying, in a roundabout fashion, that poor people are paid enough money to exercise a choice in fav of living in highly desirable areas. And b cause our culture finds something inheren baneful about exclusion from a swath of ter tory, this geographical exclusion seems a pa ticularly dramatic way to attack the moneta incapacity of the poor. On closer examinatio the analogy itself should be stood on its hea What is baneful about geographical exclusi is, rather, that, when motivated by prejudice fear, it obstructs or vitiates the power of mon to command choice, thereby ensuring that son people's money is not equal to other peopl money. To urge that the land on Central Pa West should be distributed without reference price is to imply that some other basis for th distribution be established. Presto, we are in situation where not merely the economical poor, but those deficient in patriotism, loyalt civility, or rapaciousness (or whatever criteri for Central Park West occupancy would adopted) will be able to claim that they, too should be able to live on Central Park West li "everybody else."

A unique work of art presents a similar pro lem. How can its monetary value be dete mined? Rembrandt's painting *Aristotle Co templating the Bust of Homer* was described "priceless" when the Metropolitan Museu bought it for $2.3 million. While no painter the world could produce an equivalent paintin for any amount of money that might be offere him and so, therefore, no price for such a pain ing could be established, it nevertheless had price. The price was simply that specific sum money with which the trustees of the museu were willing to part in order to have the rig to hang the picture on their walls and the pr vious owners were willing to accept in retur for stripping the painting free from *their* wall

Two parties are necessary to establish th price of anything. This gives price its soci importance. Those noncynics (in Oscar Wilde formulation) who insist on the superiority value over price do indeed have an importa place in the world. Nevertheless, far more s cial damage may be done by those who do n know the price of something than by those wh do not know its value. To insist on the achiev ment of a social value without recognizing th costs that must be incurred is to put other soci values at risk. To say, as nearly everybod does, that human life is priceless, is to asse a dangerous social proposition. Surely, each lif is priceless in the sense that the Rembran was priceless. Its equivalent cannot be pr duced; it is unique. However, the amount resources that should be dedicated to keepin any single life in being imposes a hidden choic which affects at the least the availability of re sources to keep other lives in being.

There are times when only the very best will do.

A birthday.
Happy homecoming.
Welcome to fatherhood.
The Holiday season.
Bon voyage.
Welcome to the neighborhood.
Thank you.
Father's Day.
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And in his own eyes, he succeeded. In other words, he believes Maker's Mark is the best Kentucky whisky to be had at any price. And we can say that there's a large and steadily growing number of people who agree with him.

There is no way our little distillery can put up enough Maker's Mark to go around everywhere. So you may not be able to find it the first place you try – but that's another reason why those who receive a bottle will value it all the more.



Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Just for giving?

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You're invited...

...to visit our little restored distillery on Star Hill Farm. It's the only one in Kentucky to be entered in the National Register of Historic Places. We think you might enjoy "discovering" it in the rolling Bluegrass countryside near Loretto. Meanwhile, our full-color folder offers you an armchair tour. Write for your free copy.

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky.,
Ninety Proof – Fully Matured.

Roger Starr

A KIND WORD ABOUT MONEY

The quality of money

MONEY WILL WORK under two conditions: first, if it is parallel to other value systems and therefore compatible with a market society, and, second, if it receives special attention in the case of rare or unique goods or services. If it is to work as the vehicle through which people exercise choice, money must also retain certain major attributes.

It must be preferable, deferable, transferable, and universally acceptable. In the classic form in which it first appeared in the modern, Western world, in the form of gold coin, it perfectly satisfied these requirements. As the rarest of the elemental metals which could be conveniently put into handling form, an object of beauty, and easily distinguishable from all other metals, gold was preferable to all other goods and services. The decision to buy something with gold meant the giving up of a great, an instinctively sensed, good. Its chemical stability, resisting oxidation and other forms of decay, made its use easily deferable: one need not exchange it quickly to avoid the effects of its inherent vices; nor did it require feeding, like cattle, an earlier repository of exchangeable value.

Gold coins could readily be transferred, because the ratio of their value to weight was high, and they were capable of considerable subdivision before their size was reduced to the point of peril. Finally, gold, being widely, but never very intensively distributed in nature, was at once familiar and acceptable everywhere, without provoking the fear that a discovery of a new major source would depreciate its value.

The trouble with gold coin as the sole form of money grew as a reflex of its natural scarcity. Its phenomenal universal acceptability meant that there wasn't enough of it to go round. Substitutes were developed to provide money for a vastly increasing population engaged in a vastly increased number of economic activities.

First came the dilution of the purity of gold in coins, then the substitution of paper certificates which were accepted as evidence of the existence of gold coins somewhere; ultimately, the connection between the paper and the gold coins became still more tenuous, as the face value of the paper money greatly exceeded the value of the gold coins which it purported to represent. Checks or paper orders to banks to pay money from the accounts of the check signers grew until they became the largest part of the supply of money.

Each of these changes expanded the supply of money; each has vitiated its essential qualities. The preferability of money—that marvelous quality that makes the swapping of cash for any specific object or service seem a diminution of one's power of choice—decreases money supply increases. Fear spreads that ey, growing in quantity, will shrink in val

The diminution of the value of m weakens its deferability. In the climactic of the German inflation, money had no ability whatsoever; the moment a worke ceived his wages, he hastened to spend on the goods most readily available. By the he reached a second store, the value of his ey would be less than at the first. The ob moral effect of this is to weaken the abil choose. If there is no time to consider, c is meaningless. Transferability—the qualit enables the possessor of money to lend others so that they can exercise its power time when he does not choose to—depend on the belief that the retransfer will bring a value equivalent to the value at the tir lending. As the value of money fluctuates d ward, lenders must compensate for the r tion by charging higher interest rates. T who need to borrow, but whose money ear will not increase over the time of their find themselves harder pressed to pay int on the debt they have incurred.

Finally, the universal acceptability of m requires some stability between different m systems; if a bank in San Francisco is to a as money a check drawn on a bank in York, the San Francisco bank must have fidence that the New York bank will be ab meet its obligations. If a shipper in one cou is to send goods to a buyer in another, must have confidence that wild fluctuation the exchange rate will not make the purc too expensive or the sale ridiculously chea

ALTHOUGH NONE of these qualitie money seems nearly so secure did some years ago, the money tem is still working, as evidence the willingness, however reluctan accept as final the postponement of long-aw gratifications simply on the grounds that t is no money for them. But it is not workin well as it did; interest rates keep going up change rates are in severe fluctuation; gov ments, forced to mitigate swings in the busi cycle, take actions to increase the suppl money and diminish its value. The appa alternative is economic stagnation, but clear result of the cheapening of money is destruction of the measuring device by w alternative choices are evaluated, so that process of choice is cheapened to the poin banality.

Governments, perhaps recognizing the th posed by the constant issuance of new mo to beneficiaries selected on the basis of need making little or no contribution to the pro

"OUR LONG NATIONAL NIGHTMARE IS OVER..."

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"NO WAY!"

—THE PROGRESSIVE

is the nightmare over. Persistent
yment and inflation, corporate rip-
political corruption, a bloated mil-
get while domestic programs are
Government that violates human
amples personal liberties, and com-
nes at home and abroad . . . . For
the American Dream is turning into
ican nightmare.

OGRESSIVE asks the hard, funda-
uestions. Every month.

we beset by an economy in perpet-
s? **Who** wants to drag us into more
s? **How** can we end the nightmare
ore the Dream? **What** needs to be

ciety cannot continue indefinitely to
t seems virtually certain that if the
s not begin to give voice and direc-
the growing anti-corporate anger,
ght-wing politician like Wallace will,
demagogic appeals to fear and un-
. It is a crucial time in which to work
d."

Harry Boyte
"Prospectus for a New Party"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

I desperately want to, I can not
assurance that humanity has a
— that we will exist ten, twenty,
ve years from now. One does not
that kind of thought day in and day
puts it away, shuts it off, and tries
ome kind of normal life. But it is
n the background . . . ."

George Wald
"There Isn't Much Time"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

"We are confronted by a lunatic process which propels itself, like a machine gone mad. The atom bomb of 1945 encourages a win syndrome in which the bomb is to create a *Pax Americana;* the nuclear win syndrome gathers a massive constituency, in finance, business, the Pentagon, science, government, even labor; that constituency is compelled to overwhelm its opponents by concocting a synthetic anti-communism; anti-communism offers the pretext for more armaments and for the 'mad momentum' in technology; technology spreads the illusion of power, and the illusion reinforces the win syndrome, so that the cycle continues on its own . . .

"Every participant is sane, but all collectively are trapped in psychosis."

Sidney Lens
"The Doomsday Strategy"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

"We must first understand that, at present, everything in the American empire is for sale: morality, the public interest, politicians. . . . The travesty is that those who brought us the Indochina war and the arms race, the body counts and the smart bombs, that those who call corporate imperialism economic growth and who starve our society for private profit, have been able to come forward as men of gravitas and decency."

Marcus Raskin
"The System Impeached"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

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VERSE by Jordan Crittenden

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He was famous once.
People still drop by,
phoning ahead first to say
they happened to be in the area.
And it's usually just to talk about
the old days.

But sooner or later they can't resist,
and they wind up begging him
to give them at least a little shove.
He always, politely, declines.

This was what you used to hear
in the old days:
"Hey, cut it out!"
"Wait a min—!"
"What th—!"

But he's gone on to other things now.

EVEN THOUGH NO SUCH OFFICE EXISTS

It would be nice to be elected
president of Wichita.
That's where I grew up.
But what if right in the middle
of my campaign
someone brought up the fact
that I didn't go to my high-school reunion
because I was ashamed of my car?

THE SHORTEST TRAIN I EVER SAW

Who was it
that had so little to send,
and insisted on a train
to take it there?
Probably someone
my mother would've called
spoiled.

DANCING BEAR

He's asleep in the guest room,
and no one can budge him.
The bear salesman
never said a word about hibernation.
So here I am out in the square
with a tambourine,
vamping.

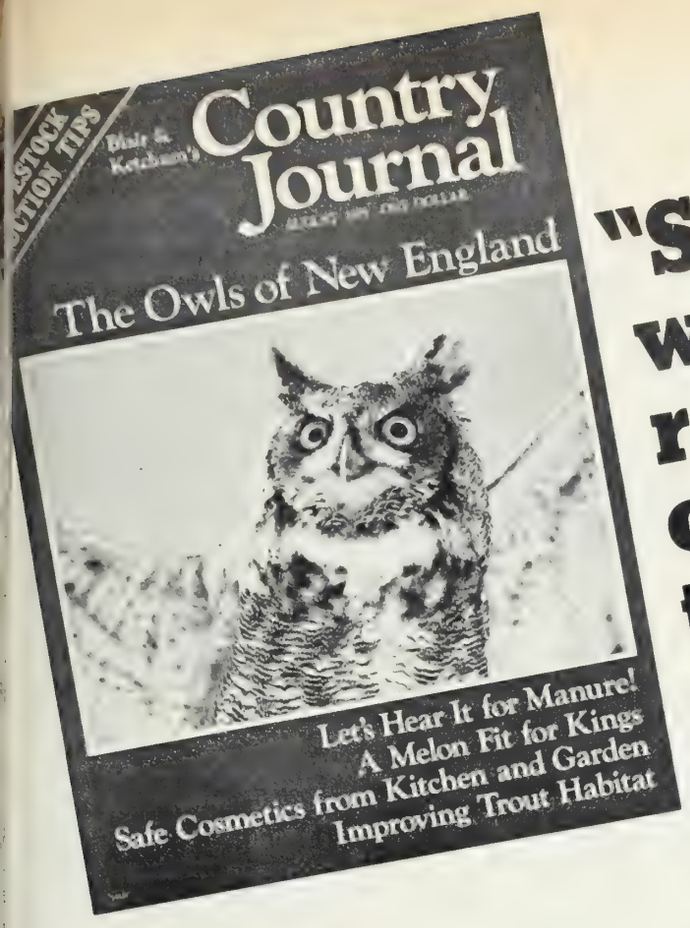
tive process, now try to find ways to raise living standards without the use of money. Food stamps are one example, as are housing subsidies paid on behalf of tenants who do not see the money and health-care payments which go directly to the hospitals and the doctors. It seems likely that the issuance of what amounts to single-purpose money—food stamps, for instance—serves a double purpose. It assures a specific group of vendors and producers, such as the agricultural and marketing interests that support food stamps, that the tax dollars their representatives voted for will be used in ways they consider important. At the same time, the limited acceptability of this near-money reassures other members of the population that the money they themselves earn by work or on investments will not be diluted by a vast outflow of dollars into the hands of a nonworking part of the population, however deserving.

I am not a purist in these matters. Some years ago, as a board member of a settlement house, I was horrified to hear the social worker members attack the then proposed food stamp program as a "stigmatizing" of the poor. The food was needed; the stamps provided a way to make it available; and the old stigmata of poverty are no longer as shameful as they used to be, surely not in an era in which welfare recipients form unions.

Yet, the social workers had a point when they opposed the food stamp program; they were speaking correctly when they said that Congress, in the New Deal days of pioneering social legislation, insisted that, to make the poor responsible, they must be paid in money of universal acceptability. Responsibility cannot be created by removing choices.

Torn by a demand for increased equality of economic distribution on one side, and the fear of unwise overexpansion of the money supply on the other, government drifts into the practice of issuing special-purpose claims. There are economists who argue that inflation is not a fatal economic danger, because its effects can be balanced by transfer payments to those whose incomes fall behind the increase in prices. In my reading of the matter, however, inflation is not merely an economic problem; at a certain rate of inflation (who knows what?), money loses its power to force men to exercise their capacity to make choices. This power must be able to produce a willingness, however reluctant, to reduce one's hopes.

No one knows whether, battered on the one hand by persistent changes in its own value, and on the other by the pressure to resort to money substitutes that evade choice, money can continue to function as it has in the past. Those of us who feel that life without the dignity of choice is scarcely worth living, must view the prospect with a feeling akin to despair. □



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A Dance to the Music of Time

THE LAST OF THE DANCE

by Francis Steegmuller

Hearing Secret Harmonies, by Anthony Powell. Little, Brown, $7.95.

Hearing Secret Harmonies—the phrase comes from the alchemist Thomas Vaughan—is the twelfth and final volume of Anthony Powell's *roman-fleuve* collectively entitled *A Dance to the Music of Time* and chronicling English society from the early 1920s until today. In its independent self, *Hearing Secret Harmonies* is one of those increasingly rare pleasures: a novel of manners written by an artist. It inspires the sincerest compliment one author can pay another: it makes one yearn to write such a novel.

Nicholas Jenkins and his wife, an aging, cultivated English couple of "good" family, living in the country, are asked to give fieldroom, a night's camping space, to a quartet of barefoot young people in blue robes belonging to a sect called Harmony. One of the four is their own niece, Fiona, a pretty girl in her twenties, in revolt against a conventional background; their guru is a harsh, dark, magnetic young man called Scorpio Murtlock (we learn later that he had been christened Leslie.) Scorpio's words and actions, and the complete subservience of the others, are increasingly disquieting. Jenkins tells the group about a nearby prehistoric barrow marked by a pair of upright monoliths called the Devil's Fingers, the subject of local legend. Scorpio is at once curious: "Is the stag-mask dance known to have been performed there? . . . Do the Stones bleed if a dagger is thrust into them at the Solstices?" A stranger to the region, Scorpio nonetheless correctly tells an aged rustic where to find his lost dog: "Seek the spinney by the ruined mill." Asked how he knows: "The words came." The next morning the quartet is gone, leaving rubbish behind. Nick and his wife Isobel agree that Scorpio is "just a bit creepy."

The reader has seized on "creepy"—and on the litter—as characterizing the present-day offbeat youth of England; but as the scene shifts from the Harmony caravan to literary, artistic, social, and political circles of the Establishment with which the Jenkinses are associated, we recall that an artist like Mr. Powell is not likely to choose a theme of narrow application, and the source of the title itself comes to mind. "Creepy" has wide relevance to this picture of England—and not only England—today. In one form or another, the sinister Scorpio is omnipresent.

It would be a dull reader who would not relish the continuous entertainment, or variety of entertainments, which Mr. Powell invents for this eerie, picturesque novel. Backgrounds are freshly and sharply sketched: rural England menaced by "development"; once-fashionable houses on London squares divided into newly modish flats; a fortified medieval castle now a girls' school. A routine dinner celebrating the awarding of a literary prize—an affair which Mr. Powell characterizes with understated expertise as "a business gathering, rather than a social one"—is the occasion for explosive and malodorous drama; and greater drama, only literally less explosive, unfolds at a genteel wedding



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reception infiltrated by the members of Harmony. There are brittle interchanges of a kind one hopes the English novel will never abandon:

> *"Norman, my pet, how are you? We were just saying how famous you'd become. That new fringe makes you look younger than ever—like Claudette Colbert. And what a suit. Where did you get it?" . . .*
>
> *"This little number? It's from the Boutique of the Impenitent Bachelor—Vests and Transvests, we regular customers call the firm."*

Aphorisms and reflections punctuate the pages:

> *"You know how men adore mad women."*
>
> *". . . the Eighth Sin—Humbug."*
>
> *"The friendships of later life, in contrast with those negotiated before thirty, are apt to be burdened with reservations, constraints, inhibitions. Probably thirty was placing the watershed too late for the age when both parties begin more or less to know (at least think they know) what the other is talking about; as opposed to those earlier friendships—not unlike love affairs, with all sexual elements removed —which can exist with scarcely an interest in common, mutual misunderstanding of character and motive all but absolute."*

MR. POWELL launched his twelve-volume series in 1951. Much of the English-reading world is aware that its title, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, is taken from the name of the painting by Nicholas Poussin invoked in the opening pages of the first volume, *A Question of Upbringing*. (They also know that Nicholas Jenkins, the narrator throughout, shares his first name with the painter.)

Mr. Powell's pictorial sense, his appreciation of the role of painting in the life of the imagination, and his employment of paintings in narrative, constitute one of his great strengths, very nearly singular in English and American fiction. Not mere physical appearance, but character and development, are conveyed and forecast through the agency of paintings. This is how we first see th young Charles Stringham, who wi be a subtle and sympathetic membe of the cast throughout:

> *He was tall and dark, and looked a little like one of those stiff, sad young men in ruffs, whose long legs take up so much room in sixteenth-century portraits: or perhaps a younger—and far slighter—version of Veronese's Alexander receiving the children of Darius after the Battle of Issus: with the same high forehead and suggestion of hair thinning a bit at the temples. His features certainly seemed to belong to that epoch of painting: the faces in Elizabethan miniatures, lively, obstinate, generous, not very happy, and quite relentless.*

Jean Duport, later Nick's erotic part ner, first appears as a young girl a a red-brick seaside villa of suburba aspect:

> *The clouded horizon and olive-green waves lapping against the stones made it a place of mystery in spite of this outwardly banal appearance: a sea palace for a version of one of those embarkation scenes of Claude Lorraine —the Queen of Sheba, St. Ursula, or perhaps The Enchanted Castle—where any adventure might be expected.*

When Nick finds the bohemian Gypsy Jones, costumed as Eve for a fancy-dress party, alone in a shop he had thought empty, and she lies down on a divan, "her hands before her, looking, perhaps rather self-consciously, a little like Goya's *Maja Nuda*—or possibly it would be nearer the mark to cite that picture's derivative, Manet's *Olympia*," and she glances down, "with satisfaction, at her own extremities," saying "How brown my leg is. . . . Fancy sunburn lasting that long," Mr. Powell knows that he need report the resultant action only through Nick's remark to the reader: "I saw that I must not overstay my welcome." The culminating example of this power to enrich fiction through sensitivity to pictorial style is found in the penultimate volume, *Temporary Kings*, where a classical theme is again invoked; and a Tiepolo ceiling, gloriously imagined and described by Mr. Powell, serves with extraordinary

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éclat as nothing less than chief protagonist.

Hearing Secret Harmonies reveals the complex structure of the entire series of novels. The opening paragraph of the first volume, depicting workmen around a fire beside a street excavation in London, may puzzle or engage the reader, according to his temperament.

> *The men at work at the corner of the street had made a kind of camp for themselves, where, marked out by tripods hung with red hurricane lamps, an abyss in the road led down to a network of subterranean drainpipes. Gathered round the bucket of coke that burned in front of the shelter, several figures were swinging arms against bodies. . . . One of them . . . suddenly stepped forward, and, as if performing a rite, cast some substance—apparently the remains of two kippers, loosely wrapped in newspaper—on the bright coals of the fire, causing flames to leap fiercely upward, smoke curling about in eddies of the northeast wind.*

The passage is beautiful, but what is its function as the opening of a long work? When is it, exactly, that those workmen are gathered round their fire? Only now, a quarter-century after their first appearance in print, do we know. In the last narrative paragraphs of *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, set in the late 1960s or early '70s—after Fiona has been rescued, Scorpio's sway weakened by dropouts from Harmony, and all the characters we have followed throughout twelve volumes accounted for (notably the ubiquitous and intolerable Widmerpool, who drops as dead as we could wish)—Nick emerges from an art gallery where he has seen exhibitions of Edgar Deacon's inept Edwardian "symbolist" nudes and draperies, now abruptly in fashion, and minor Victorian seascapes collected by the once dashing, now invalid, Bob Duport:

> *It was getting dark outside, and much colder. A snowflake fell. At first that seemed a chance descent. Now others followed in a leisurely way. The men taking up the road in front of the gallery were preparing to knock off work. Some of them were gathering around the fire bucket.*

With this reemergence of the fire side workmen, the entire narrative is seen to be circular, like *Finnegans Wake*, those last words joining with the first. (There is another, inner circle, the last paragraph of *Hearing Secret Harmonies* joining with the opening of that volume.) But in contrast to the circular narrative pattern, the course of the culture that has created a Nick Jenkins and an Anthony Powell is charted by a sharply, even tragically, descending line. In pictorial terms, the long story that opens with a sublime Poussin ends with the affixing of red tags marked "sold" to fashionable junk. Poussin's dance of the seasons has become Scorpio's bestial, bloody midsummer-eve orgy at the Devil's Fingers.

THIS IS NOT the place for a detailed survey of *A Dance to the Music of Time*, nor do its admirers need one. Its characters have become their familiars, and for them *Hearing Secret Harmonies* is the latest and, alas, the last bulletin on Nick Sillery, Lady Molly, the Tollands, Moreland the aphorist, Pamela Jean and the other beauties, sympathetic Stringham, and abominable Widmerpool—who was literally "the death" of Stringham. When one thinks of the inevitable blizzard of "critical" reviews and academic dissertations about to descend, the urge to analyze congeals. May one offer preferences? Inevitably in such a work there are passages of flatness: dogged, impenitent flatness, one sometimes suspects. The first four volumes retain their enchantment. In the fifth, *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, one rereads with particular pleasure Stringham's wonderful hour at Mrs. Foxe's party. The war volumes provide rending views of bureaucracy and the blitz. The last two volumes, *Temporary Kings* and *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, are an outburst of fresh energy, a freer style, and a more candid treatment of sexual themes. Mr. Powell's alchemy closes the ring, the only work of its kind in contemporary English fiction. □

Francis Steegmuller is the author of works on Flaubert, Maupassant, Apollinaire, and Isadora Duncan. His biography of Jean Cocteau won the National Book Award in 1971.

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Punishing Criminals: Concerning a Very Old and Painful Question, by Ernest van den Haag. Basic Books, $11.50.

HAVE YOU NOTICED IT? A new theme is creeping into the diatribes of our politicians, especially those of our liberal Democrats. Apparently they are about to do something about that issue considered exigent by Americans since May 1965, when the Gallup poll revealed that the public considered rising crime to be the nation's most pressing problem. Unless their heralds are misleading us, they are about to urge a course of action that will impair the quality of life for thousands of muggers, burglars, rapists, and murderers. If the politicians have their way, American criminals in increasing numbers may soon be arrested and actually punished. It is a historic moment in the glorious drama of responsive government.

No less a pol than Sen. Edward Kennedy has declared in the *New York Times* (December 6, 1975) that "crime does pay" and that the way to prevent it is to make punishment swift and certain. Shortly after this astonishing outburst from a man who had for years suspected "law and order" of being the argot of racists, New York's liberal governor presented legislation that will severely discomfit juveniles who commit serious crimes. I find it difficult to account for this sudden change of tune unless, perchance, advance galleys of Ernest van den Haag's *Punishing Criminals* fell into the hands of the Democratic National Committee.

Punishing Criminals is an informed and intelligent discussion of the issues surrounding American crime. After plotting the growth of American crime and the material and philosophical reasons for that growth, the author advances some interesting reforms that might reduce or even reverse that growth. Along the way, van den Haag must often pause to take on those intellectuals who have done so much to roil our understanding of crime and to confuse its treatment. That this rebutting is necessary is manifest. Our treatment of crime over the past fifteen to twenty years is a tribute to America's piety toward intellectuals and "experts." Such respect for the great minds of the Republic is admirable and should go far toward gainsaying those who insist that anti-intellectualism runs along the spinal column of America. Unfortunately, our policy makers have been esteeming the wrong intellectuals. They have been listening to those who blame crime on poverty, oppression, ignorance, illness, and assorted social evils, and in the meantime the crime rate has lofted out toward the ionosphere. The crime rate increased from 1960 to 1970 by 144 percent, yet the pols' devotion to the nostrums of enlightened opinion only intensified. Theirs was the faith of Saint Theresa. It was touching to witness such piety among the men of power.

They attempted to lower crime rates through education. Recidivism was dealt with through counseling and other forms of rehabilitation. The results were not promising, but one strategy stirred the hopes of pols and advanced thinkers alike. The grand strategy was to eliminate crime by eliminating its cause. Public policy would go beyond the symptom, crime, and scotch the disease, poverty. The surest way to lower the crime rate was to lower the incidence of poverty, and enormous effort and expense were devoted to a veritable war on poverty. Now the smoke is clearing, poverty is on the retreat (down from 50 percent of America's families in 1920 to about 11 percent today), yet in van den Haag's words, "If crime has been reduced as much as poverty, it is a well-kept secret."

APPARENTLY THE hypothesis that crime is the natural symptom of an unsatisfactory society comforts the prejudices of a wide assortment of social critics, and certainly it has spawned all sorts of prodigious reforms. As a result discussions of crime are cluttered with an even more bewildering array of sophistries than discussions of sexual hygiene or mental health. What van den Haag has done is skewer these sophistries with an entertaining analytical dexterity which clears the air of specious rhetoric. According to van den Haag, the way to preserve our democracy is to punish criminals and to make their sentences public. That punishment does not often follow criminal activity is clear. Only 1 percent of all crimes, and less than 2 percent of all felonies, lead to prison terms.

Van den Haag believes that punishment is necessary to enforce the law, thus vindicating society's legal order. Beyond making the threats of the law credible, punishment is useful and necessary because it incapacitates criminals, reforms through intimidation or rehabilitation, and most important to van den Haag deters others from crime. The author believes that for most crime the sup-

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ply of practitioners is elastic. Therefore, a society must ensure that the pursuit of crime is fraught with peril and alluring only to the most sedulous miscreant. Society must provide disincentives for entering into crime. The most effective of these is inevitable punishment which makes the criminal act more costly than profitable, for, van den Haag believes, most men are capable of either unconsciously or consciously weighing the benefits of their acts. Unlike those who urge more lenient treatment of criminals, van den Haag thinks that man is generally capable of reason. For those who are unconvinced by his analysis the author cites recent studies by Isaac Ehrlich and others who conclude that punishment is quite effective even under the most unfavorable circumstances. What is more, and contrary to incorrect data abounding on this matter, even the death penalty has been shown to deter far more effectively than its alternatives.

Personal volition is essential to van den Haag's understanding of crime and to his disagreements with those who take a more permissive approach. It is also one of the reasons he takes issue with those who characterize crime as a sickness. More fundamental still is van den Haag's perception of man as a divided creature capable of both good and evil. Those who urge that we treat criminals as sick innocents or innocents victimized by a corrupting social system are optimists "who reject the Christian doctrine of the Fall and the psychoanalytic doctrine of an asocial 'Id.' " Van den Haag, ever the logician and the empiricist, views this assertion as an act of faith and moves on to take up his position with David Hume, who felt that "the sense of justice . . . arises artificially from education and human conventions." A system of laws provides that education and the institution of punishment renders those laws effective.

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHERS who persist in believing human nature to be essentially saintly often find this theory leading them into colossal fatuities. They will even use it to excuse criminals for the most hideous butcheries, explaining that the perpetrators of these acts were driven to their indiscretions by "the system." Here the argument begins to unravel. If men are naturally good, how does one explain the existence of the corrupting system? It is clear that religious fervor is not in decline in the modern world. It has simply been transferred from the reverend clergy to the social scientists.

Punishing Criminals goes far toward returning reason to the realms of social science. All the popular sophistries—that capital punishment is "legal murder," that punishment is masked vengeance, that the poor criminal is a "political prisoner"—take a fearful pummeling.

The most urgent reforms must be directed at the judicial system. That system will be more effective and more just if it becomes more expeditious and more objective. Further, new forms of punishment should be contemplated. Van den Haag suggests a more extensive use of fines, fines that would weigh equally upon the rich and the poor. Banishment and exile may be effective crime deterrents; and when incarceration must be resorted to, van den Haag suggests incarceration in institutions that respect the rights of inmates by being realistic about their condition. He feels our prisons are worse than they need be and explains why.

Perhaps the most controversial reform advanced is one that would sequester in "post-punishment confinement" violent persons with statistically demonstrable propensities to repeat their butcherings. Here I part company with the author. The suggestion seems unjust, and I doubt it will go down well even with the new Senator Kennedy. But it is typical of the book that, though the proposal is as controversial as the *Miranda* decision, it is intelligently argued.

Punishing Criminals abounds with arguments and proposals that represent a compelling departure from the orthodoxy which has so muddled the treatment of crime in America. Yet it is increasingly apparent that a new school of thought led by writers like van den Haag and James Q. Wilson is having a powerful influence over policy makers nowadays. A careful reading of these writers might well be essential to one wishing to understand the curious new themes now lacing political oratory. □

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., is editor in chief of The Alternative: An American Spectator.

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Selected Stories, by Nadine Gordimer. Viking, $10.
Heat and Dust, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Harper & Row, $7.95.

READING A COLLECTION of stories by a good writer affords a pleasure quite distinct from reading a novel by the same writer. The pleasure comes from the activeness demanded from the reader, from the quick leaps of synthesis he must make as he skips around in the book, pouncing on the stories that promise to attract him most, surprising the author in a variety of themes, moods, and stances as the author moves through his own time: the writing-time of the stories. Reading a collection of stories written out of a high-quality perceptiveness is like stalking the master stalker: you can sneak up on him at any angle and watch him pursue the prey. There are no long securities staked out for you at the beginning, as in a novel. Each story is a brand-new beginning, a new hunt. But as you read on, you form a composite picture of his territory. You get to know his allurements, his hunting habits, the terrain of his mind as well.

When I finished Nadine Gordimer's collection (composed of stories she chose from the many she wrote between the ages of twenty and fifty), I felt I knew her territory ("My time and place," she states, "have been twentieth-century Africa") in a way history and geography could not purvey it. (How purvey mutability when it happens inside the minds of people who live decade after decade in the same landscape *except* through cumulative fictions?) And I had become related to the writer through following her consciousness through its own mutability and growth, as well. Her "territory," of course, exists nowhere in its entirety except in his marvelous collection, which she has had the good sense to arrange chronologically; the Africa of her first page, on which the white girl's relationship with a black man is that of victim and attacker, is no longer the Africa of the girl in "The Smell of Death and Flowers," with her passionate involvement in the black cause; and she, in turn, inhabits another world from the rather cynical and weary liberal in the last story, "Africa Emergent," whose long, intense work with the blacks has led him into a self-righteous bind, making him suspicious of any black who hasn't proved himself by going to jail for the cause.

Though many of the stories reflect the author's political conscience, and her awareness of the complex tangles in which single-minded devotees of good causes can trap themselves, her subject at large, her Big Game, is Africa in the sense that the great fiction writers have always stalked it: a beautiful and dangerous land of opposites, both a test and a mirror of the psyche, where Kurtz went mad and Isak Dinesen fell in love with everything, and Jung, while dancing with natives, came perilously close to being swallowed by his id. Africa, some particular aspect of African life, is often used to reveal a character's inner life. For the romantic young city woman in "The Gentle Art" (my favorite story), a crocodile hunt starts out as a deliberate form of symbolic adultery in the presence of her husband. The crocodile hunter, who has invited them to come along in his boat, is everything she fantasizes a real man should be, while her husband, whom she calls "Poor Ricks," is "shut up in a blue suit in town." But when she finds herself gazing into the eyes of a live baby crocodile, which the hunter has pulled out of the river just for her amusement, she has something much closer to a religious experience.

In "Livingstone's Companions," a foreign correspondent from London, who has been robbed, by his own "wry, understated" way with words, of his capacity for living and his sensual wonder, is revived through getting lost in a strange, out-of-the-way resort during an assignment which would have required him to retrace Livingstone's last journey. The most compelling stories in the volume are the ones of this nature, in which the sheer terror or beauty of being somewhere bigger than one's petty concerns imposes itself on a character.

But there are unforgettable moments in the "provincial" stories as well. I don't mean Nadine Gordimer is provincial, I mean her characters in these stories never realize that *they* are not seeing beyond the tips of their noses—or their suburban *kopjes.* Their plights are no less poignant, however, because of Gordimer's true artistic self-effacement. The epiphany of every character, however small, is realized with absolute fidelity, from the stale fantasy summoned by a guilty suburban housewife (in "The Life of the Imagination") whose lover has left and forgotten to lock the door (she imagines a native coming in to kill her) to the old aristocratic lady in "Enemies" who meets her aging, complaining self—the self she has never acknowledged—on a train from Cape Town to Johannesburg, and *snubs her.* (Her alter ego dies during the night; the survivor sends a triumphant telegram to her chauffeur the next morning: "It was not me.")

Of interest to writers as well as readers is Miss Gordimer's introduction to her story collection. It contains more wisdom about the writing process in a few pages than many entire semesters of creative-writing classes. She has answers for the feminists ("My femininity has never constituted any special kind of solitude for me. . . . All writers are androgynous beings"); she has answers for the accusation that a writer "uses" people ("A writer sees in your life what you do not. . . . Fiction is a way of exploring possibilities present but undreamt of in the living of a single life"); and she knows what a short story is, and why she writes one rather than a novel ("A short story is a concept that the writer can 'hold,' fully realized, in his imagination, at one time. A novel is, by comparison, staked out . . . must be taken possession of stage by stage. . . . A short story *occurs* in the imaginative sense. To write one

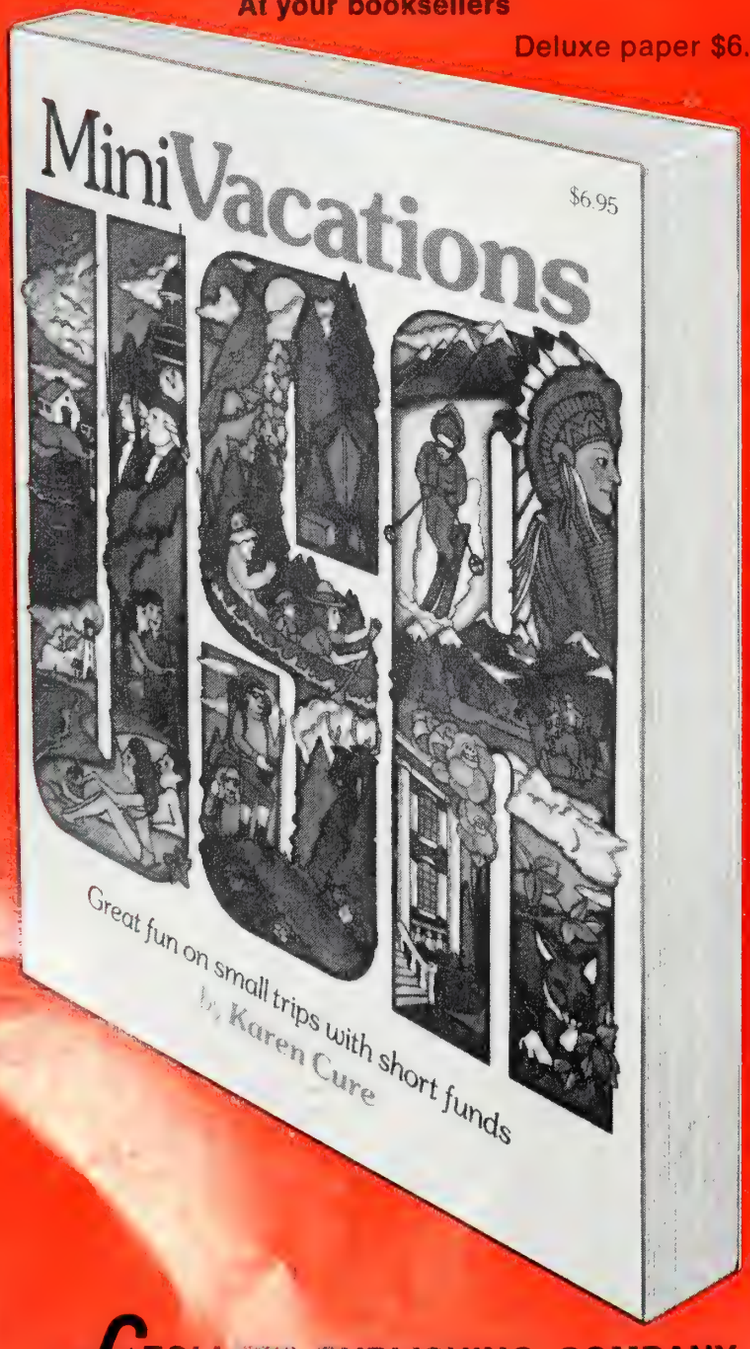
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is to express from a situation in the exterior or interior world the life-giving drop—sweat, tear, semen, saliva—that will spread an intensity on the page; burn a hole in it").

Heat and Dust is a terse, spare novel which exercises its insidious spell on you, even if you are one of those people who has decided that, after *Passage to India*, you don't need to read any more novels about colonial India. That is because, although it is set both in colonial and present-day India, *Heat and Dust* is about possession in its most believable sense. No cheap thrills, no demonic takeovers, but the real thing. A modern young Englishwoman becomes obsessed by her grandfather's first wife, Olivia, who ran away with an Indian prince. The protagonist (who is never given her own name) goes to live in India, because she finds Olivia's story more real than her own. She has managed to collect all of Olivia's letters describing her increasing alienation from her own kind and the growing irresistibility of a charming, utterly foreign way of life—as embodied by the brigand prince. She sets herself up in a rented room, with these letters and her own diary, and herself succumbs, not only to Olivia's British-ruled India but to modern-day India and to her own "prince," a young Englishman who is trying to emulate the holy men of India. But he isn't very important, really: she needs him for her drama, for she is (half-unconsciously) trying to duplicate Olivia's experience, and two men are needed for that. The spell of the book lies in its realization of how one person really can turn into another, if the will is strong enough (or, perhaps, in this case, I should say obsession).

Heat and Dust has already won Britain's major literary prize, the Booker Award. The novel is technically brilliant. A writer less in control would have been tempted to record Olivia's letters verbatim, alternating with the modern girl's diary entries. Ruth Jhabvala has not taken that easy road, and the form of her book contributes greatly to our defenselessness against its charm. □

Gail Godwin's most recent book is Dream Children *(Alfred A. Knopf), a collection of short stories.*

GROWING UP IS HARD TO DO

The successful sophomore and others

by George W. S. Trow

It is a contention of people who don't like popular music that popular music is sophomoric, and, of course, they are right—but the sophomoric state is more complex and more interesting than they suppose, and non-black rock-and-roll stars are usually happy when they achieve it. Sophomores, after all, are one step ahead of freshmen. Freshmen (like the Bay City Rollers—whose youthful appeal is so determinedly preliterate that when they spell out S-a-t-u-r-d-a-y, as they do on their recent single, you half expect them to get it wrong) bash ahead, amplify their mistakes and make up any deficit by writing large checks against their energy.

The Successful Sophomore (like Paul Simon) is different. The Successful Sophomore is potent: he has *completed* freshman year with the other guys and then had an Experience over the summer.

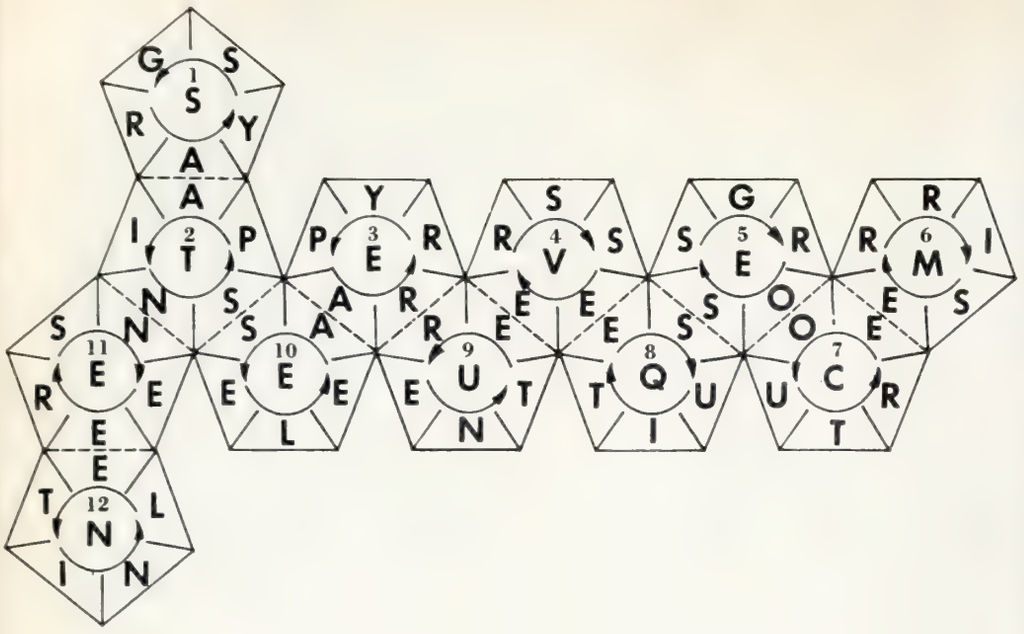
He is still a member of the group, but his Experience (with women, cars, crime, or the writing camp at Banff) has given him an edge. His position is tricky. If he has been too deeply moved by his woman or his car or his crime or his writing camp —if he has begun, in fact, to pursue any important excellence—his edge is lost, and his group will desert him. To maintain his position, the successful sophomore must continue to have Experiences just beyond the experience of his group, but only *just* beyond their experience, and he must learn how to refer these experiences back to his group in a way that will allow his followers, without great effort, to appropriate them for their own strange use.

An important mode of the successful sophomore on television is the talk show. Johnny Carson is the most successful sophomore in America: he has refined and modulated mediocrity to a degree that is not to be despised, since it represents the maximum achievement consistent with maximum popularity. An important mode of the successful sophomore in popular music is the Personal Statement. (*Question:* What happens to rock and roll after adolescence? *Answer:* Postadolescent rock and roll, and in one mood, at least, the Personal Statement.)

The Personal Statement covers the old emotional ground, but at a more leisurely pace; it allows itself some irony and some distance, and it pays attention to interesting wounds and accidents. Carole King, an important early proprietor of this form, has slacked off, and so has James Taylor. (Taylor recently applied his listless talent to "How Sweet It Is," the great Marvin Gaye song, and one which had not cried out for his interpretation.) This seems to be because the energy at the center of the movement (which drew its strength from its break with the group orthodoxies of the Sixties) has run out. Although Joni Mitchell still gives good value in this department, only Paul Simon is really worth following, and he's turned mean.

On Simon's first two solo albums, the most forceful energy emerges from autobiographical songs that expose the oppressive mediocrity of some situation or other. On *Paul Simon*, the forceful song was "Me and Julio Down By the Schoolyard." On *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*, the song was "Kodachrome." On his latest album, *Still Crazy After All These Years*, the forceful, mediocrity-mocking tone is in almost every song. The gentleness that surfaced from time to time, in "Julio," for instance, has been excised. "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover," "You're Kind," and the title song seem to reflect a professional dilemma as well as an Experience, and an obvious truth: that unsuccessful encounters with adulthood can give a man a mean tongue. This would be all right if Simon's mean tongue took any risks or drew any blood. But there is a smugness in these songs that betrays Simon's years as a Successful Sophomore. He is used to having all his thoughts admired by an uncritical audience. And his thoughts, this time around, are not so interesting as he seems to think.

Simon has run straight into the stone wall that divides postadolescent rock and roll from the real world, but he hasn't jumped over it yet. Simon must understand, intuitively at least, that if he goes one step farther away from his pleasant second-rate origins the boys in the home room are going to realize that he isn't their friend any more, and he must be bothered by this. He wouldn't be bothered, of course, if he were a genius, but he isn't a genius or anything close, and he has spent much of his life in the warmth of his peer group's adulation. If only Paul Simon had been a Mouseketeer, we could have spent our *whole lives* growing up with him! In the Fifties, he and Art Garfunkel (as Tom and Jerry) recorded a pleasantly crass rock-and-roll song called "Hey, Schoolgirl in the Second Row," and had a hit. Later, he wrote bad poetry ("Hello, darkness my old friend. / I've come to talk with you again") and had a hit with "The Sound of Silence." He wrote a pseudo-folk song ("Scarborough Fair/ Canticle") and contrived the most awful protest song ever conceived ("Silent Night," sung over, or under, the seven o'clock news) without ever straining the capacities of his constituency. He has been consistently successful because he has moved along at just the right speed for the people who buy his records. But now he's sick of it. Sick of his own twenty-year adolescence, and left without any interesting means of access to adulthood. (*Question:* What happens to rock and roll after postadolescence? *Answer: Adult* rock and roll? What could it possibly be? We all know what serious talk shows are like and, well, we prefer Johnny Carson.)



Solution and notes for "Dedicated Dodecahedron"

Central letters: STEVE MCQUEEN
Six-letter answers: (a) SERE-NE(w); (b) CROÛTE (anagram); (c) (pr)OGRESS; (d) GRA(S.S.)Y (ocean liner = "S.S."); (e) PAINTS (anagram); (f) S(EA.)-EEL, reversal of "lees"; (g) L(INN)ET, i.e. "hotel" in "took a room"; (h) R.-IMERS, anagram of "miser" follows "royal"; (i) QUI(E.)TS; (j) TUREEN (anagram); (k) SEVERS (anagram); (l) P.(RAYE)R.
Five-letter answers: (a) (C)ENTER; (b) PA(R.R.)Y; (c) OUTRÉ (anagram, i.e. "ground" is the past tense of "grind"); (d) SPA-IN; (e) EASEL (anagram); (f) SEE-R'S; (g) S(NEE)R; (h) G(able)-RAYS; (i) GROSS (two meanings); (j) (pla)IN LET(ters) (hidden); (k) RISER (two meanings); (l) SUITE, sounds like "sweet" (pleasant).

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MUSIC

Simon now is like the talk-show host who, contemplating the awful consequences of first-rate work, has decided to renew his contract with the network and take out his frustrations on his guests.

MORE BASIC TO rock and roll than personal statements are *generational* statements. Implicit generational statements are best, but explicit ones can work if they are delivered with authority, as by The Old Dylan. So now one waits to decide if the explicit generational statements of Bruce Springsteen have been delivered with authority. Springsteen has apparently come to resent CBS Records' tendency to promote his messianic, or generational, aspect ("Finally," say the posters, "the world is ready for Bruce Springsteen"), but the pretension is all there in the songs. Here, for instance, is the opening of "Born to Run," the title song from his most recent album and the first single taken from it.

In the day we sweat it out in the streets
of a runaway American dream
At night we ride through mansions of
glory in suicide machines. . . .
Baby, this town rips the bones from your back
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap
We gotta get out while we're young
*'Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to run.**

The first thing one notices is the recurrence of that generational codeword, *suicide*. The first thing one *thinks* is, well, *maybe* tramps like us are born to run; on the other hand, maybe we were born to queue up at Ticketron. But the important thing is not to worry. Springsteen is sexy, and he has a new juxtaposition (it has to do with his coming from a seedy resort in New Jersey—no one has thought to do that before), and his music has momentum. So if he thinks we were born to run—well, what's the harm in that? And if he isn't a genuine Spokesperson—well, isn't that a relief? □

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George W. S. Trow is on the staff of The New Yorker.

THE OSTRICH EFFECT



By and large, the press can be counted upon to stick its head in the sand

by Edwin Diamond

THE KURDS USED TO BE good for a few laughs in the years when I worked as a newsmagazine editor. At the Tuesday editorial conferences, the magazine's foreign editor—chain-smoking and hunched over his clipboard—would give his rundown of the international story list. He would lead with all the big acts ("Japan: Industrial Giant" or "France After De Gaulle"), and there would be the usual pitch for the obligatory fun pieces—kinky sex stories out of London ("The Bishop Who Liked to Spank Saucy Girls") or Rome ("The Mercedes-Benz Prostitutes of the Via Veneto"). The foreign editor would then ask for a column or so of "selected short subjects," but the rest of us would howl, "Ah, the Kurds, the Kurds . . . the fierce tribesmen of the Kurdistan. . . . Yeah, they're eating their curds and whey. . . ." More hoots, and then we moved on to the real news—Washington, Wall Street, Jackie. By Friday, most of the "selected short subjects"—later to become known as the Third World—had fallen on the cutting-room floor.

I thought of the generic Kurds and the ways of the press a few months ago, when the various annual lists of big stories of 1975 and the Men/Women/Persons of the Year were appearing on the wires and on the newsstands. What, I wondered, might a list of the major *neglected* stories of the year look like? Who were the non-men and non-women of the year? As a full-time student of the press, I had my own hunches, based on looking at a dozen or so newspapers and magazines every day and spending at least an hour nightly in front of the television; in addition, I asked about twenty other heavy consumers of news for their nominations for the biggest non-news stories of 1975. The answers confirmed an old feeling of mine: the American press is too imperfect to love, and too important to leave.

AS MIGHT BE expected, the most frequently cited uncovered stories were about what the trade dismisses as "room emptiers." Stephen Schlesinger, who writes the Press department for *Time*, nominated such heavyweight material as the decline of education in America: "Teachers are being dismissed all over the country, colleges are shutting down and ending tenure for their faculties, Ph.D.-holders are driving cabs because there are no university jobs, and high-school classrooms are overcrowded as a result of educational aid cutbacks, but the press refuses to concentrate on this as a continuing story." He also nominated the U.S. role in Angola, a "commitment that remained unreported until several Senators revealed the CIA's secret funding of the war." Schlesinger wanted to know why, after all of the press's self-criticism about its coverage on Vietnam, the Angola story was missed.

There were several candidates for non-persons of the year. Schlesinger offered the unemployed: "The press has managed to swallow the Ford argument that 8 percent unemployment is inevitable." The linguist—and Kissinger critic—Noam Chomsky nominated the Southern Lebanese living under Israeli jets. Israel's military actions against several of its neighbors have been going on for a long time and in a "brutal" fashion, Chomsky said, but when there is coverage the people involved may be called "Bedouins" in the stories, "perhaps because it is easier to drive them into the desert under that name."

Edwin Diamond, a lecturer in political science at MIT, is a commentator for the Post-Newsweek stations in Washington.

Chomsky also brought up my old friends, the Kurds:

> *One of the more interesting, and barely mentioned, revelations of the Church committee was that the CIA was financing the Kurdish rebellion. After the Senate had released the facts, Kurdish leaders, considering themselves freed from secrecy, gave details. They reported that they would never have undertaken the rebellion had the CIA not promised to back them, through Iran. Then Kissinger decided, in his wisdom, that it would be better to relieve the Kurdish pressure against Iraq so that the border conflict between Syria and Iraq would be exacerbated. The CIA cut the flow of aid, the Kurdish rebellion was crushed, there was a real threat of genocide (but what is a little genocide between friends?); in fact, no one knows what happened.*

Not quite. The *San Francisco Examiner* of February 1, 1976, dropped a clue about what did happen. In one sentence in a story on the House Intelligence Committee's suppressed report on CIA activities, the *Examiner* said the committee had found that there may have been more than 100,000 casualties on the Kurdish side.

The low news value of 100,000 Kurds shouldn't be too hard to understand. It flows from a traditional method of assigning space for news stories: 10,000 dead in Africa or Asia equals 1,000 dead in Western Europe equals 100 dead in West Virginia equals one dead next door.

There was a surprising amount of agreement among my panel on the biggest neglected story of 1975. The world—free, Communist, and Third [illegible] it seems, arming itself to the [illegible] "Nonmilitaristic" Japan has everything but the A-bomb. The so-[illegible]—Less Developed Countries—aren't far behind. Countries that can't manage to deliver a letter 200 miles have been buying sophisticated weapons-delivery systems from the U.S. and the Soviet Union. According to figures supplied by Anne Cahn, a research fellow at Harvard, an estimated $18 billion worth of arms were sold in 1975. Most of these weapons were sent to the Middle East and the Persian Gulf; over half of them came from the United States.

My own nomination for the major neglected domestic story of the year was easy; corporate political payoffs to Washington politicians. Rich Thomas, the *Newsweek* reporter who did some of the best unnoticed work on this story, remarked that there is an unexplored world "awash in boodle and loot" in Washington. This wholesale bribing of the White House and the Congress has been going on for decades. According to a Library of Congress study cited by Thomas, American companies have publicly admitted making more than $300 million in questionable or illegal political payoffs. Some of the millions that changed hands in recent years—and the hands apparently included, among others, Gulf Oil, the 3M Company, Lockheed, Ashland Oil, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Hugh Scott, Wilbur Mills, and Russell Long—were reported to have been in the form of "campaign contributions." Admittedly, what the giver regards as a bribe the receiver may think of as expenses. At least that is how most of the recipients remember it, when they recall anything at all. The mass amnesia of Senators and Congressmen about bundles in the $15,000 to $50,000 range rivals that of postwar Germany, where no one could be found who remembered any Nazis.

How to account for this performance? The nonjournalists' quick answers are usually wide of the mark. The press isn't "racist," though as the skins of the participants become darker, the lengths of the stories shrink. The press isn't "pro-Israeli," though it is very sensitive to Jewish-American feelings. The press isn't afraid of the "vested interests," though it makes damn sure Mobil's or Senator Scott's denials appear right along with the charges. The paranoids are wrong: there is no news conspiracy. Instead, there are a lot of editors and executives making decisions about what is "the news" while constrained by lack of time, space, money, talent, and understanding from doing the difficult and/or hidden stories. For example, the story of illegal campaign contributions could not be pried out of grand jury testimony, helpful lawyers, or Congressional committees armed with the power of subpoena. Reporters had to pore through pages of depositions taken by the Securities and Exchange Commission. There is no zealous prosecutor, no Judge Sirica—and certainly no Congressional inquiry. Any possible wrongdoing, like campaign "gifts" not reported for income tax purposes, is, initially at least, a civil matter between the IRS and the politician and therefore secret.

And, of course, there are no completely "missed" stories. Most of the big media can point to this article or that film report about the unemployed or Gulf Oil or the arms race or even the Kurds. The CIA's involvement in Angola was reported by Leslie Gelb in the *New York Times* on September 25, 1975. Two months later, Gelb and Walter Pincus of the *Washington Post* both reported that CIA director William Colby and Under Secretary of State Joseph Sisco had briefed a closed session of the Senate Foreign Relations committee on what the U.S. was doing in Angola. In fact, the CIA has apparently been funding Holden Roberto, "our" Angolan, since 1962.

The basic problem, as the political scientist Ithiel Pool pointed out, is a structural one. The *New York Times* gets around to every story, eventually. But even the best of the press remains dependent on official "sources." Angola got into print, after fourteen years, because some Senators wanted it out. Moreover, the press lacks any memory; the Holden Roberto story has been kicking around for years; indeed, it may have appeared in print, but no one "remembered" it until the *Times* and the *Post* stories put Angola on the map. Similarly, the press hasn't set itself up to show slow evolutions in politics and economics. The columnist George Will remarked that the mass movement of rural Southern blacks to the North in the 1940s and '50s went largely unreported; but if an electric eye had been set up next to some road athwart the Mason-Dixon line by the Commerce Department, and the two-millionth black to pass it had been given a Chevy station wagon by GM, then the press would have amply recorded this media event for readers and viewers. And then the press would walk away from the story: black migration would have been "done." □

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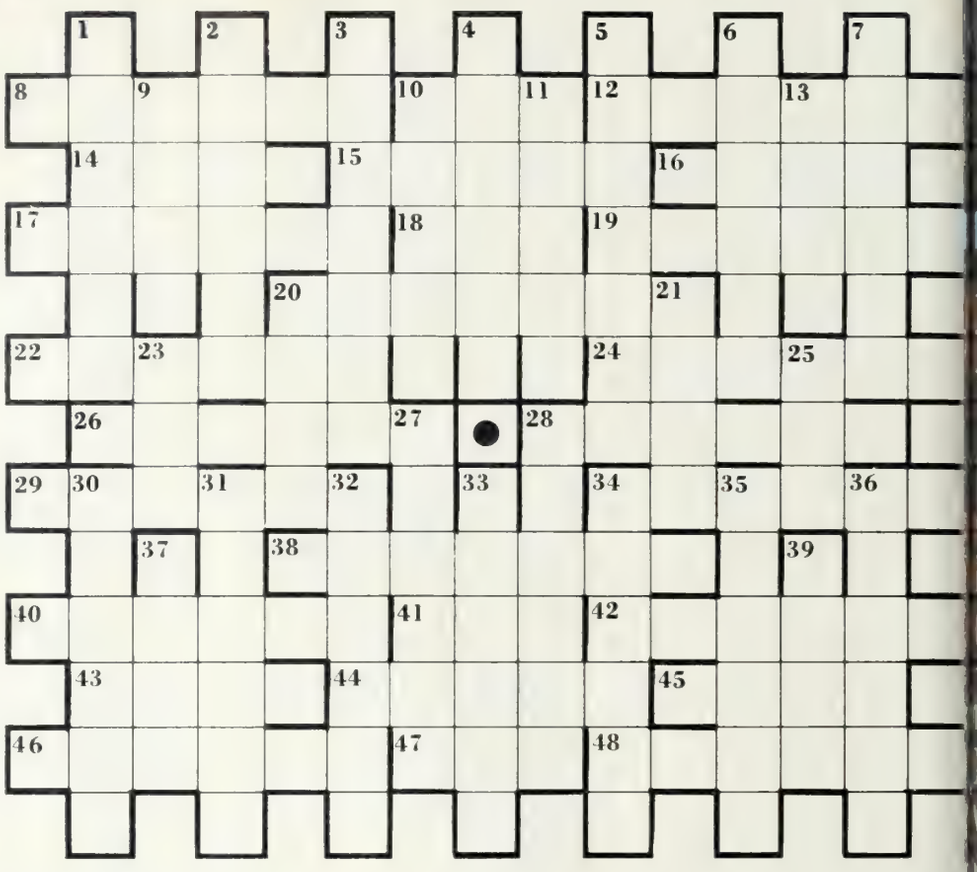
DIAMETRICODE

by Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgements to Babs of *The Listener)*

This month's instructions: The squares projecting from the perimeter contain the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Imaginary straight lines through the central dot join these into thirteen pairs. The answers to clues in italics are to be encoded before insertion into the diagram by substituting for each letter the opposite letter of its pair. Example: if the letter A were diametrically opposite the letter P, and J were opposite Z, the answer JAZZ would be entered as ZPJJ.

Answers include six proper names and one foreign word. 16A and 44A are uncommon words; 38A and 39D are common but not in all dictionaries. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 104.



CLUES

ACROSS

8. Honors one-fifth of New York (6)
10. Raises mugs without initiative (3)
12. A soldier in a party makes slow movement (6)
14. Clod moves with no emotion (4)
15. Deliberately firing sonar waves (5)
16. *African language printed on front of T-shirt* (4)
17. Book that sounds like it's to be thrown (6)
18. Rummy's drink (3)
19. Defender is held off (6)
20. *Missionary job limited by drink* (7)
22. Hot-dog joint that's very small, we hear? (6)
24. Pool nine, e.g., train leader (6)
26. *I may hold up breakfast to urge on half-pint* (6)
28. *A determination of intelligence in what tells an actor to go on boat* (6)
29. A team's words to the audience (6)
34. Drag back through muddy fen or swamp (6)
35. *Document a Catholic Home for Drones* (7)
40. Upset swimming, he sank (6)
41. Intoxicated spree in Germany . . . yes . . . gee (3)
42. Shaving has pop sound (6)
43. *Don't start tournament—drive out* (4)
44. Found an Aegean whose heart belongs to Perseus's mother (5)
45. Trying to hit a ball into holes the wrong way gets you beat (4)
46. Modern-day Gandhi in furtive raid (6)
47. Bishop's chair—get it (3)
48. Material that's intimate in the outskirts of Cadiz (6)

DOWN

1. Plastic tile molded around copper mounting (6)
2. Hold the Vice-President (6)
3. Stapler used for editing church book (7)
4. This down is over the top (6)
5. She cries at night—she's into poison (7)
6. Noise in 41A is wearying (6)
7. Look up one in French wine that's first-string (6)
9. *Assistant—bad idea* (4)
10. *Lodger, said to be gossip* (5)
11. *Kind of square in raising sour pronouncements* (5)
13. Turn right, taking left—what joy (4)
20. We dropped off 22A, and brought back one German female (4)
21. Later, briefly written by God knows who (4)
23. *A walk past* (3)
25. *Not quite four of us* (3)
27. *Made completely full deck of cards half-deck over* (6)
28. *Sin—a part of Russia* (6)
30. Riddler deciphered ship name on cross (6)
31. Small antelope raises two of its offspring (3-3)
32. Sundry exchanges right for a holiday (6)
33. By the sound of it, the more simple tool (6)
34. Anticipate this oration: spitting phlegm out (6)
35. Beggar license requirement—big smeller (6)
36. With little latitude, England's over half of this from end to end (6)
37. Shakespeare uplifted Doll Tearsheet, for example (6)
39. *Heads of zebras, oryxes, ibexes, cheetahs—of all animals* (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to "Diametricode," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by April 7. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of "Theme and Variations" are Mary G. Teachout, Grosse Pointe, Michigan; Mrs. Carl E. Jorgensen, Ventura, California; and R. Ernest Johnston, Portland, Maine.

Note for beginners: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For the complete introduction to clue-solving, which appeared in the January 1976 issue, write to The Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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BILL KAUFMANN

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AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Astrophysicist

HOBBIES: Tennis, skiing, classical music.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Gravitation" by Misner, Thorne and Wheeler

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote "The Cosmic Frontiers of General Relativity" and is currently working on a screenplay about the discovery of a black hole in outer space and man's attempt to harness its energy.

QUOTE: "The expanding horizons of man's knowledge of the universe have dramatically shaped the course of western civilization. I strongly feel that the scientist has a profound moral obligation to communicate advances in science to the general public."

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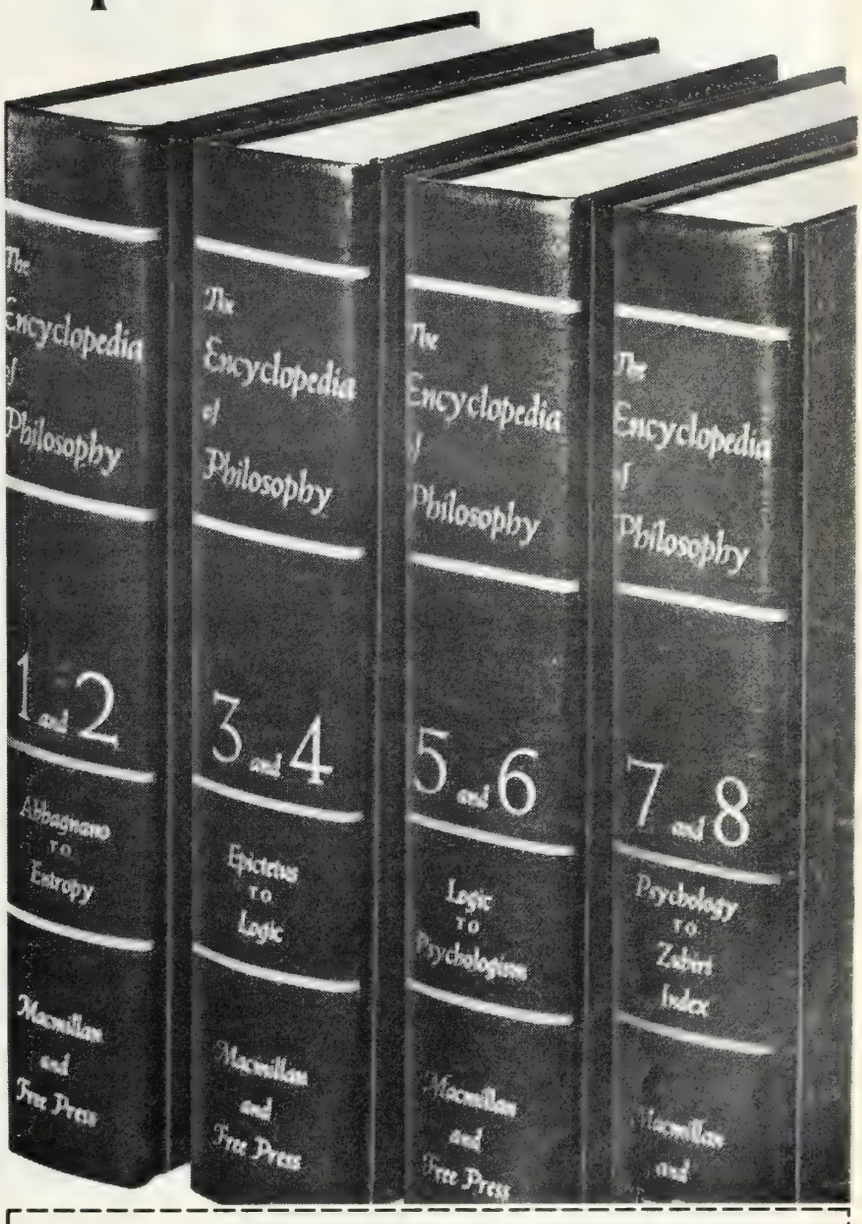
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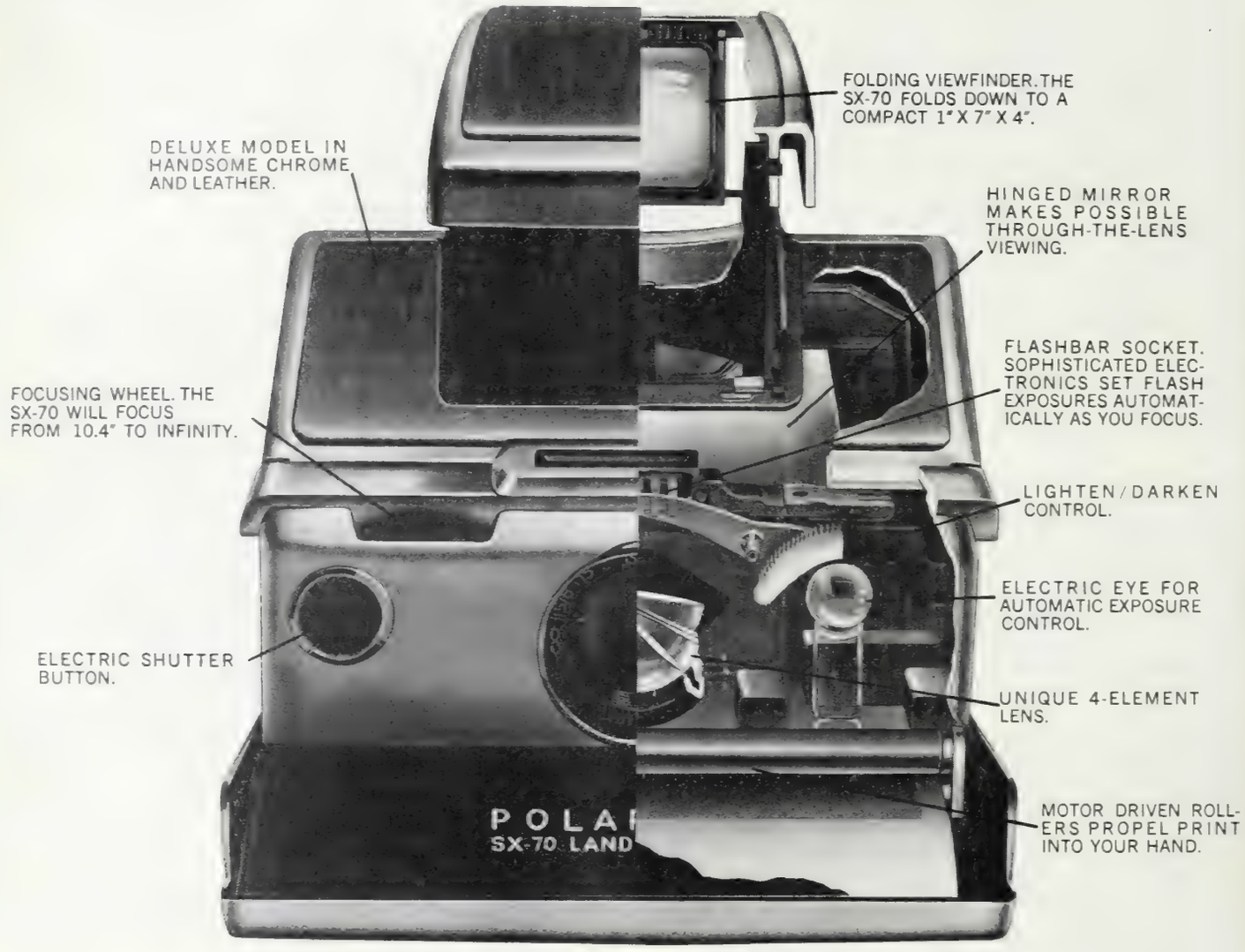
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MAY 1976 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 252, NO. 1512

Samuel C. Florman **18** THE JOB-ENRICHMENT MISTAKE
Giving the workers what the social scientists think is good for them

Annie Dillard **26** THE DEATH OF A MOTH
Reflections on brief lives

Richard Rhodes **28** CONVENTION FEVER IN KANSAS CITY
Local boosters scurry for a dubious blessing

Tom Buckley **31** CLEAN CARNAGE
Students are now becoming military activists—in the game room

James Chace **37** AMERICAN JINGOISM
A familiar but not so generous tradition in the conduct of foreign affairs.

Frances FitzGerald **45** THE WARRIOR INTELLECTUALS
The talk of war becomes increasingly common in the marketplace of ideas

George Plimpton **66** BASEBALL STORIES
The lore of the bullpen

C. W. Gusewelle **77** THE WAY TO PRAGUE
A short story

Richard Condon **90** THREE TEDDIES ALL IN A ROW
A review of three biographies of Sen. Edward M. Kennedy

Alice Adams **94** ENDJOKES
A review of *Kinflicks*, by Lisa Alther

Philip Nobile **101** THE FOURTH ESTATE: THE CASE OF THE PRODIGAL PRELATE
How the French press agreed to let a cardinal rest in peace

VERSE

Tom McKeown **35** Interior of Light
Irving Feldman **74** The Gift
Jean Valentine Forces
John W. Dickson The Girl on the Hill
103 A Letter to Jennifer

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS
Lewis H. Lapham **12** THE EASY CHAIR
105 CLASSIFIED
Richard Maltby, Jr. **108** PUZZLE

cover adapted from a drawing by T. T. Heine

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LETTERS

For the defense

"Nixon's Revenge," by Milton Viorst [February], is a most tragic setback to a rational and informed public discussion of S.1. The article contains unfounded innuendo concerning the influence of Richard Nixon et al. upon the bill. While I am content to let this form of guilt by association speak for itself, I feel obliged to correct some of the article's descriptions of the supposed impact of various S.1 provisions.

Viorst asserts that "circumventing the Supreme Court's limitations on the Smith Act, [S.1] would make advocacy of the overthrow of government a criminal act." This assertion is false. The bill does not purport to punish advocacy of the overthrow of government but rather the *incitement* to "imminent lawless conduct that would facilitate the *forcible* overthrow or destruction" of the government. In fact, S.1 section 1103 carries forward only that limited portion of the Smith Act that was found to be constitutional by the Supreme Court and, in setting forth the conduct that is prohibited, this section employs language paralleling Supreme Court opinions. Compare the bill's language to the language of Supreme Court decisions in *Brandenburg* v. *Ohio, Scales* v. *United States, Yates* v. *United States.* As is the case in current law, the statutory formulation in S.1 does not purport to embody a full statement of the "clear and present danger" test under the First Amendment which the draft report of the bill acknowledges and intends be read into the statutory proscription.

Viorst further states that S.1 "could be used to suppress all political demonstrations." Once again this characterization of S.1 is pure fabrication. The S.1 provisions are taken from current law. In fact, where they differ they tend to narrow the potential liability of demonstrators. For example, 18 U.S.C. 1507 would permit a conviction for demonstrating anywhere "near" a courthouse, while S.1 section 1328, in accord with a Supreme Court decision involving a similar state statute, *Cox* v. *Louisiana,* limits the scope of the provision to demonstrations within 200 feet of a courthouse. It also requires, as does the current statute, that the demonstration be with the intention of influencing a person such as a juror in the discharge of his duty in a judicial proceeding and, unlike current law, that the defendant have continued the demonstration after being warned of his potential violation of the provision. Similarly, section 1302 of S.1, which makes it a misdemeanor to intentionally obstruct or impair a government function by means of physical interference or obstacle, is derived from numerous federal statutes, often carrying greater penalties (e.g., 18 U.S.C. 111, 2232), which protect federal public servants and functions from intentional interference. Because the section mandates that the intent of the defendant must be to obstruct or impair a government function and because the means designated is limited to physical rather than verbal conduct, it, like the other sections, could hardly "be used to suppress all political demonstrations," nor is that its purpose. Indeed, by requiring a specific intent, the section has a considerably lesser reach than the similar Mississippi statute sustained by the Supreme Court in *Cameron* v. *Johnson.*

Moreover, if the article's allegation was intended to refer to the riot offenses, it should be noted that S. significantly narrows federal rio statutes by increasing the number o participants needed to constitute riot from three (see 18 U.S.C. 2102 to ten, and by requiring under th incitement provision that a riot ac tually result from the incitement, un like current 18 U.S.C. 2102.

With regard to the article's alle gation that S.1 would "legalize Wa tergate," let me point out that unde the provisions of S.1 no defens could be successfully asserted in th situations encompassed by the Wa tergate cases any more than the could under current law. In addi tion, S.1 proposes for the first tim to create a federal offense of ob structing a political campaig through the commission of any fed eral or state felony with the inten to influence the outcome of a fed eral election. This would permit fed eral coverage of all serious "dirt tricks" committed in the course o such campaigns, including the re cent Watergate burglary. Federa jurisdiction over the burglary of fense in that case resulted from th fortuitous circumstance that the bur glarized office was in the District o Columbia: had it been elsewhere the ensuing investigation and prose cution of that crime would have ha to be undertaken by state or count authorities. S.1 will cure this glarin gap in our law.

Similar errors and distortions ar made with regard to most of th contentions about the impact of S.1 especially those purporting to de scribe provisions concerning th death sentence, wiretapping, penal ties for marijuana and pornography the *Miranda* decisions, entrapment and disclosure of national defens and classified information.

The article's more general dispar

Profits Are For People...

As essential as profits are to the survival of our way of life, I know of few subjects so universally misunderstood. And a recent nationwide survey indicated that misconceptions about profits are increasing. Obviously, business is not getting the message through. The time is long overdue for some old-fashioned plain talk.

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John T. Connor
Chairman

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aging remarks about S.1 are in marked contrast to those of authorities who are equally concerned with "reduc[ing] existing inequities in the criminal-justice system" and with preserving individual rights. Consider the view of Prof. Louis B. Schwartz, director of the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws (which the article portrays as a body which is particularly concerned with civil liberties), in responding to a newspaper editorial similar in tone to your article:

> *95% of S.1 is a competent non-controversial ordering and modernizing of the antiquated arbitrary hodgepodge that is our present criminal justice system. If there ever was a counsel of despair, of throwing out the baby with the bath water, it is the suggestion in your editorial that S.1 be abandoned rather than amended, as it easily can be to remedy its defects.*

Edmund G. Brown, the chairman of the commission, has similarly stated, as a matter of public record:

> *As chairman of the National Commission for Reform of Federal Criminal Laws, I have watched with deep concern the efforts of some civil libertarians and representatives of the press to kill S.1, the pending bill to recodify Title 18 of the U.S. Code. That bill incorporates a very substantial portion of the recommendations of our commission, and 95 percent of its provisions constitute a major improvement over existing Federal criminal law. Those provisions have been found acceptable by all who have studied the legislation and they are really beyond the realm of serious controversy.*
>
> *A great deal of misinformation has been spread about S.1. . . . Defeat would be a severe blow to criminal law reform in this country.*

The need for a modern Federal Criminal Code to replace the antiquated hodgepodge of existing statutes, as was accurately noted in the article, has been clear to many for years. From the federal laws concerning civil rights and election frauds to those concerning organized crime and white-collar crime, the existing statutes are in many respects sadly deficient. S.1 constitutes a highly competent and useful reform of those deficient areas while organizing and providing consistency and clarity to those other areas of current law not in need of substantive change. A careful look at S.1 would reveal that the overwhelming bulk of its provisions are noncontroversial and plainly deserving of strong bipartisan support.

RICHARD L. THORNBURGH
Assistant Attorney General
Criminal Division
Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

MILTON VIORST REPLIES:

Nothing in my article disputes Mr. Thornburgh's assertion that the "overwhelming bulk" of S.1 is noncontroversial. It is the remainder that is worrisome. Mr. Thornburgh dismisses my concern about some of the worrisome provisions, and contends that his own tepid interpretations of them are correct. The question is not Thornburgh *v.* Viorst, however, but how judges and juries interpret these provisions.

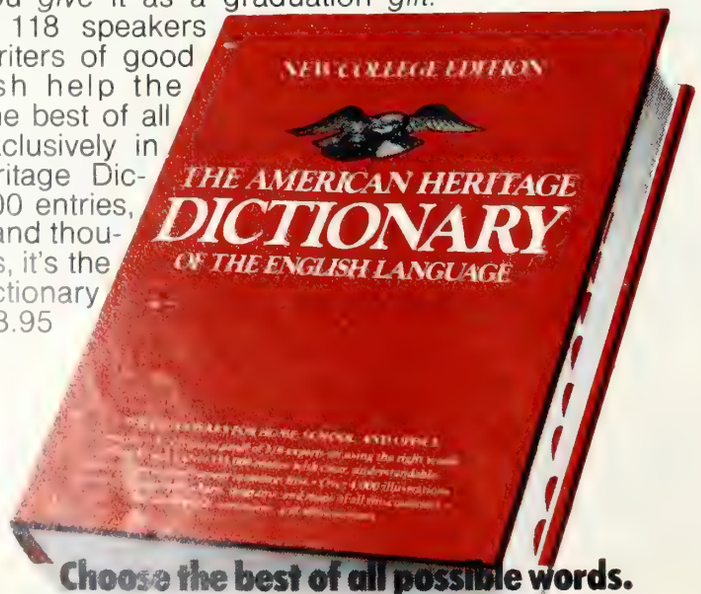
Mr. Thornburgh cites, for example, section 544, which I suggested could legalize Watergate. Section 544 says it is a defense if the accused "believed that the factual situation was such that the conduct charged was required or authorized . . . even though he was mistaken in his belief." Mr. Haldeman, for one, would certainly have claimed that his conduct was "authorized" by President Nixon. Though Mr. Thornburgh may argue that Mr. Haldeman could not have done so "successfully," an actual judge or jury might find otherwise.

Enacting the noncontroversial bulk of S.1 is ostensibly a good idea—but taking no action on the remainder would leave us with two criminal codes, which would be messier than before. Ten years have already been invested in this project. We can wait another year, if the alternative to further consideration may be to legitimize Watergate and narrow the interpretation of many of our liberties.

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Harvard now and then

I am a Harvard alumnus who has during the last decade had the privilege of spending a good deal of

ime as a member of the Associated Harvard Alumni, living with the struggles of Harvard to cope with he problems facing higher education. Having read and reread "Harard on the Way Down," by my ousin Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr., [March], and finding it to be so profoundly at variance with my perceptions, I feel I must enter my trong dissent from his conclusions.

The overriding complaint I have bout the article is that he has apparently mistaken the troubles of private higher education throughout he country as the problems of Harard. He could have written a superb rticle about the pressures on the rivate sector, of inflation, competiion with taxpayer-supported public nstitutions, the energy crisis, and he explosion of the written word, nd given your readers some perpectives which might be helpful in aving the whole private sector from collapse. Instead, he has singled ut the one institution probably best uited to solving its own unique roblems, and blasted it unthinkngly.

One of his basic perceptions seems o be that Harvard's persistent effort at self-analysis and role definiion is evidence of "conceptual rot." uch a glib and facile judgment reects to me the author's inability to rasp the great strength of Harard's dissatisfaction with standing till while the rest of the world hanges. President Bok and the two uperb deans who have served him, ohn Dunlop and Henry Rosovsky, ll have the quiet, patient genius of eing able to articulate institutional hange and to enlist others in the xercise. Aldrich seems to distrust his process, and he gives the imression that only a return to the ertainties of Presidents Eliot and owell will satisfy a nostalgic alumus that all is well.

A second position Aldrich tries to take out is that the quality of the aculty has declined because of its fragmentation" or its "transfer of oyalties to the profession." His atempt to analyze a brilliant and diverse group of over 700 scholars by sing such superficial categories just lain fails. There *is* concern about he quality, in *some* departments, of he undergraduate teaching, but the aculty is aware of this and workng on it.



"They took some of the gems...most of the Van Goghs...and all the Chivas."

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Finally, regarding President Bok, I know from personal experience how dismaying it is for a harrassed college president to labor mightily to maintain his institution's focus on its basic goals while many members of the faculty seem to concentrate on questions of tenure and compensation, while many students wallow either in protest or in apathy, while fuel costs eat up academic budgets, while public funds dry up, and, above all, while superficially informed alumni carp from the sidelines.

ALEXANDER ALDRICH
Albany, N.Y.

Mr. Aldrich characterizes current undergraduates as a bunch of pushy, overachieving, premedical-school students, camouflaged in parkas and construction boots. Even the professors are getting too aggressive for his taste, vying for appointments and such. This is nonsense. Any Harvard undergraduate in search of Mr. Aldrich's academic and social Arcady will find it intact in Cambridge, with all the ivy trimmings. What happened in the Sixties was that Harvard became more of a truly pluralistic community, representing the diversity and talents of an entire country's students. If the atmosphere in Cambridge became less genteel, then so did the atmosphere in the country.

Finally, was Harvard ever as serene, as removed from the "real world" as Mr. Aldrich remembers it? A glance through Samuel Eliot Morison's *Three Centuries of Harvard*, reviewing all the disasters and near-disasters that have plagued the university, will demonstrate that conflict is nothing new in Cambridge.

LAWRENCE ROGER BERGREEN
New York, N.Y.

NELSON W. ALDRICH, JR., REPLIES:

Mr. Bergreen seems moved to dispute me because he approves the current situation at Harvard and infers that I do not. Let me assure him that his inference is not wholly correct: there is more mirth in my view of the present student body (and far less longing for the past) than my essay, alas, suggests to him. But I would also add that "pluralism" is a mantra that has no magic for me, as it does for Mr. Bergreen. It is one of those incantatory notions with which unthinking liberals anesthetize all awareness of the pain and loss in social change—and which serves the illusion that all change is good. Even as a fancy synonym for "diverse," it hardly describes the college campus of today, no more than it did the campus of yesteryear.

Alexander Aldrich's letter has the merit of engaging a few of the issues in my essay. Certainly many of Harvard's problems are those of the educational "private sector" generally; I thought the point so obvious as to go without saying. It is also true that Harvard's administrators are "dissatisfied with standing still"; indeed, it is a condition generally acknowledged to be abhorrent to all good Americans. My points were otherwise: one, their efforts are likely to be of little avail against the formidable pressures of other forces at work on Harvard, especially the faculty (my comments about the latter bore not on their "quality" but on their devotion to Harvard); two, Bok's model of leadership, being the "constituency building" one of recent Presidential campaigners, is dismally wanting in intellectual power or imagination; three, they, like Mayor Beame, are genuinely perplexed about how to manage the decline of the institution in their charge.

The potent king

I think it was Heine who said that civilization was a tenuous shell around human nature and that if you cracked it monstrous barbarism would rise up from beneath the surface. Your comments on the hushing-up of JFK's sexual proclivities ["The King's Pleasure," by Lewis H. Lapham, March] have made me think of editing Heine a bit: civilization is an eggshell around human nature, which, if broken, allows the reappearance of "mythicism" (which may or may not be barbaric as well). By "mythicism" I mean the habit of thinking in mythical terms —or perhaps "units" would be a better word. That is, thinking with old, half-remembered story-forms that seem to sustain the tribe or clan in preserving its ways and hoping its ways will in turn preserve it. One such myth is the tale of the potent king, whose sexual powers sustain the fertility of the tribe. In this case the addicts of the myth would not have been the whole people, as once might have been the case, but the knowing press, the Presidential claque, and especially JFK himself. One thinks of the royal lovers of European history, such as Henry II, Henry IV, and Augustus the Strong of Saxony, father of 300 bastards. Their case histories almost certainly reveal a "mythical" perception of kingship, not just raw sexual energy. I suggest this as an addendum to your analysis, since JFK, like real kings, was groomed to think himself a king-in-waiting long before he reached the "throne."

DOUGLAS J. STEWART
Waltham, Mass.

Cultural imperialism

For whom, besides hippies, has Afghanistan become "intolerable"? It is certainly insulting to suggest that "darkest Afghanistan" is any less tolerable for the majority of Afghans than is the United States for most Americans.

Paul Theroux ["In Darkest Afghanistan," March] accurately portrays the fatuous self-centeredness of the freaks now traveling through South Asia. I wonder if it has occurred to him that if "darkest Afghanistan" has indeed become a "bad scene" for the young vagabonds, they need look no further than themselves for the causes. Females who saunter braless and half naked through the bazaars in a land where women veil themselves, and males who affect shoulder-length hair, beads, and prayer caps, thus mocking pious Muslims, are cultural imperialists, and do little by their behavior to arouse sympathy for the unfortunate few who wind up in jail for whatever reasons.

If Asia for Theroux is merely a code word for an area where corruption is endemic and unexpected events occur, then the question of "where Asia begins" is best not asked. After all, where, indeed, does the first hand, dusky or otherwise, reach out with "obsequious arrogance for *baksheesh*"—at an Asian border crossing, or at a meeting between a board chairman and a representative of the Committee to Reelect the President?

ERIK IBELE
Minneapolis, Minn.

If All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.
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Silent learning

oseph N. Bell's longing for the rn of the noisy generation ["Si-ce on Campus," March] is, in the l, I suppose, a matter of taste, and refore unarguable. But I read his icle while taking a break from ding the latest batch of fifty-odd mes dutifully submitted to me by own students at the University of ta Clara. Like Professor Bell, I ke a living teaching "nonfiction ting" and give my students "a lot latitude in subject matter." Un- Professor Bell, I don't have the e (or inclination) to bemoan my dents' "apathy" about "social nge." I'm too busy attending to galaxy of matters that currently rest them.

These are the topics of the first papers I've read so far: reli-us studies as a means of inter-tural understanding; an analysis oth sides of the hunting-for-sport ie; the limits of punishment and ard in the rearing of children; euthanasia controversy; the prob- of civil liberties in the fight inst crime.

hesitate to use a bit of jargon t I've outlawed from my own ting classes, but I wonder if Pro-sor Bell would consider the above ics "relevant." My students evi-tly do. They're not interested in ology; they're interested in ideas. y don't shout me down when I icize their writing; they nail my demic hide to the blackboard h penetrating questions about tax, diction, and style. They don't ne to my office demanding to be rd; they come to my office de-nding to be taught.

or the most part, my students are ous, responsive, and good-hu-red. Most of them are incredibly l informed, and many of them carefully (and, needless to say, *etly*) developing a sense of his-y.

s near as I can tell, the "silence campus" these days merely indi-s a renewed preoccupation with enterprise of learning. Again, largely a matter of taste, and fessor Bell may find such an at-sphere tedious. For my part, I l it exhilarating.

JOHN R. DUNLAP
San Jose, Calif.



CARD TRICKS

Dealing Jimmy Carter from the bottom of the deck

by Lewis H. Lapham

"His basic strategy consists of handshaking and street-cornering his way into familiarity."



Jimmy who? That derisive question was often asked in Georgia when the peanut farmer first ran for governor in 1966. But not when he made it on his second try, in 1970

The handshaker and street-cornerer is Jimmy Carter, ex-Governor of Georgia and the subject of a capsule biography, one of a series exclusive in TIME, on 1976's presidential hopefuls.

You might have begun this article thinking "Jimmy who?" But after you were finished you would know him well.

TIME

The series *Candidates '76* demonstrates a basic habit of mind at TIME: that you understand the news better when you understand the people who make the news.

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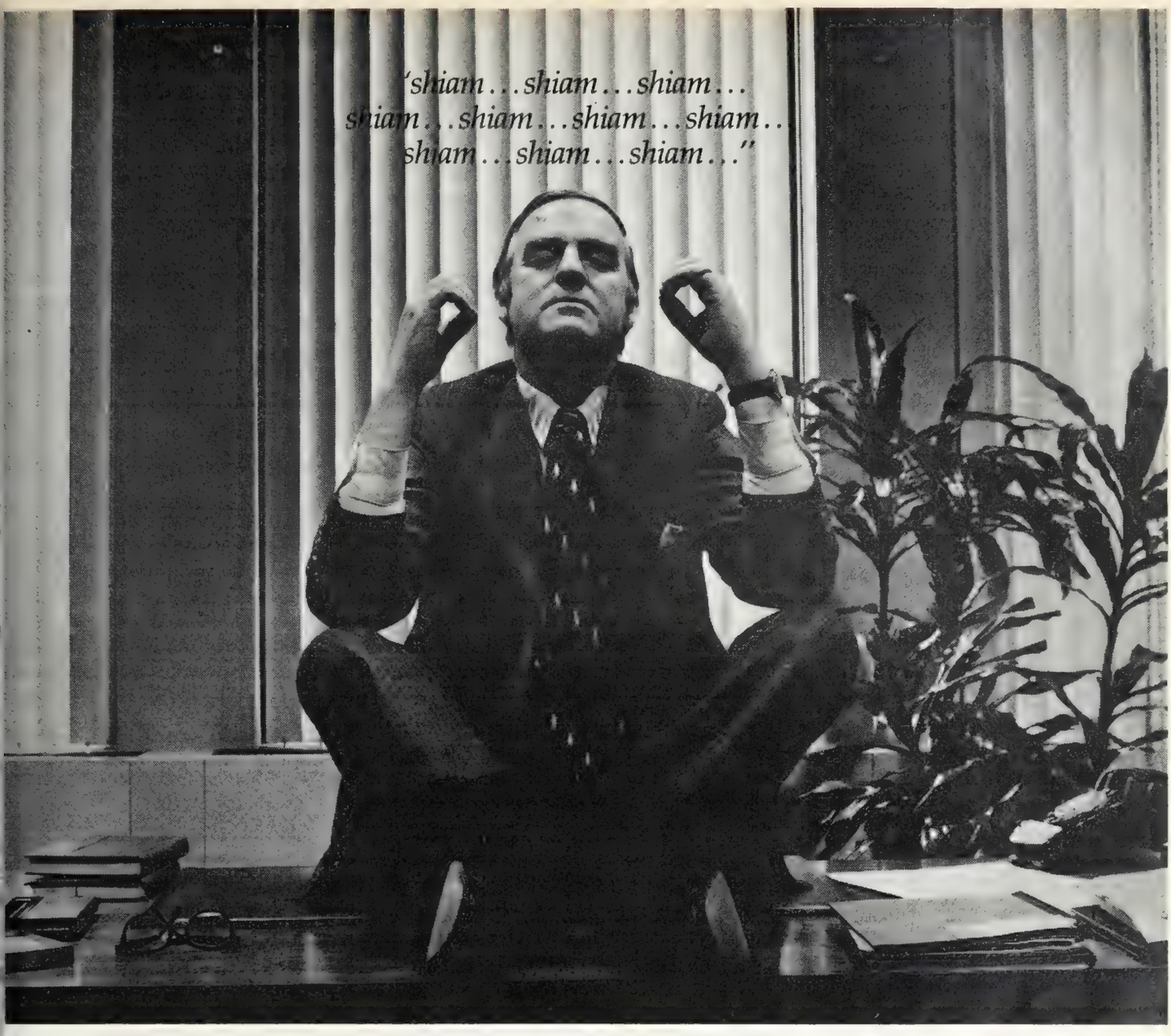
IN ITS MARCH ISSUE, under the title "Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies," *Harper's* published an article that gave rise to a small but instructive media campaign. The article called attention to the contradictions between Carter's image as a Presidential candidate and his record as Governor of Georgia. Far from being the humble man of the people who promised never to tell a lie, the candidate appeared to be not much different from any other ambitious politician—a man who grinned into crowds and said whatever enough people wanted him to say. His grandiose claims for himself proved to be the pretentious nonsense of another used-car salesman.

Such were the conclusions of the article written by Steven Brill, conclusions based on statements of fact that *Harper's* verified with the people whom Brill named as his informants. To Governor Carter the plain statement of fact constituted a monstrous distortion: the voice of heresy in the back of the church; an affront to the Governor's pride and to the romantic fable sustained b his admirers in the national press Unable to supply the facts necessar to refute Brill's article, the Carte organization had no choice but t rely on the technique (conventiona among defense lawyers and polic spies) of character assassination.

The managers of the campaign t discredit Brill went about their wor with an eagerness reminiscent of th tactics used by the Nixon Administra tion. It is a tribute to the credulit of the press that they accomplishe much of their purpose. At least week before the March issue of *Har per's* reached the newsstands Bril had been assigned a reputation as well-known agent of a Northeastern political conspiracy. During the week of February 9 newspapers across th country routinely identified him a "a liberal hit man," and on February 25, no more than a week after th magazine went on sale, the *Evans Novak Political Report* (a newslette purporting to offer inside informa tion known only to the hierarch within the pyramids of government dismissed Brill's reporting as the worl of "a professional hatchet man."

ALTHOUGH THE followin account of the campaig against Brill offers a num ber of useful lessons abou the sale and manufacture of publi images in an election year, the ironie of it require a knowledge of Brill reasons for writing the article. Twen ty-five years old and trained as lawyer, Brill had been an assistant t Mayor John Lindsay in 1973 befor becoming both a journalist and contributing editor to *New Yor* magazine. His reputation was that o a careful reporter who enjoyed th tedious work of searching throug records and archives. Among politica journalists this attribute was suff ciently unusual for the American

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of *Harper's*.



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And in other issues, you'd have read Larry L. King's article on Edward Bennett Williams for the defense. Nathanial Benchley remembering Bogart in *Here's Looking at You, Kid.* John Gregory Dunne sizing up the survival rate of scriptwriters in *The Art of Skinny-dipping with Sharks.*

David Halberstam taking a long look at the short, savage history of the moguls and manipulators of TV. Hedrick Smith writing about how the Soviet elite lives it up in *How the Soviet Elite Lives.* John Keats describing supermarket chicanery in *Rip-off at the Supermarket.* And Thomas Griffith writing about America's last frontier in *God's Country—The Pacific Northwest.*

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for Democratic Action to engage Brill in the spring of 1975, to conduct a study of Sen. Henry Jackson's record of votes on issues of domestic policy. Against the innuendoes of the Carter organization, Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., former chairman of the ADA, later defended that study as a "precise" and "workmanlike" analysis. Brill had discovered that Jackson favored the conservative side of the argument, which, together with an article he had written about George Wallace, formed the basis of his identity as a liberal.

Brill admired Carter from a distance (his admiration being reflected in a column that he published in *New York* magazine on December 1), but he wanted to travel with the candidate and look further into his record as Governor of Georgia. He was curious to know how the record compared with the image being prepared for the spring primaries.

Brill returned from Georgia convinced that the image faded in the light. Although undoubtedly a persuasive and dramatic figure, in some ways even impressive (primarily for the ruthlessness of his self-interest), Carter certainly couldn't be described as an innocent politician. An intelligent demagogue, perhaps, but not a naive country boy. Brill wrote his article along the line of his observations, making a number of points in Carter's favor and suggesting that Carter's sense of the expedient wasn't necessarily a bad thing. The article was given its title because the candidate had made so much of never telling a lie and because the lies he continually told were so easily found out. On reading the manuscript I was reminded of Nixon repeatedly announcing his innocence to smaller and smaller audiences. The choice of the word *pathetic* was imprecise. *Beguiling* might have been more accurate, or, even better, *welcome*. I had not thought that so many people still wanted to believe in the image of a hero, even an image so grotesquely exaggerated that it bordered on parody.

Brill's manuscript went to the printer in the second week of January. A few days later he was questioned by Christopher Lydon, the *New York Times* correspondent assigned to the Carter campaign. Having heard rumors about Brill's impending criticism of Carter, Lydon reproached him for his betrayal of the Democratic cause.

"How could you do such a thing?" Lydon said. "He's the only good guy we've got."

On January 30 Jody Powell, Carter's press secretary, called *Harper's* to ask for an advance text. He had been told that the article was critical of Carter, and he wanted to prepare himself, so he said, for possibly awkward questions from the press. I explained that the text of the article would not become generally available for about three weeks, and asked Powell not to distribute copies of it. Yes, sir, he said, on my word of honor. That was Friday afternoon. I hadn't yet read in *Time* magazine that Powell had been expelled from the Air Force Academy for cheating on a history examination, and I did not yet appreciate his indifference to the meaning of language.

ON THE FOLLOWING Monday, February 2, Powell distributed photocopies of the article to reporters friendly to Carter. At the same time he bruited it about that Brill had flunked out of Yale Law School, that his article had been commissioned by Birch Bayh, and that the ADA had refused to publish his study of Jackson because of its incompetence. None of these allegations could have been sustained by any reporter who bothered to make the necessary telephone calls. Some reporters did so; many did not.

Also on Monday I received the first of several telephone calls from citizens of Georgia representing themselves as longtime readers of *Harper's*, a journal that they previously had esteemed for its integrity. With robotlike precision they denounced Brill's article as "garbage." The mail reflected the same uniformity. The letters were so strikingly similar that Brill took the trouble to make a random call to one of the correspondents, a man by the name of Tom Beard who had assumed the character of a subscriber interested in literature. He answered the phone at Carter headquarters in Atlanta.

On Tuesday, February 3, Carter began telling the television cameras that Brill's article had been "widely distributed" and that it was "very, very vicious . . . full of outright untruths . . . the most remarkable piec of fiction I've ever read." At tha time the only copies of the magazin that had been distributed were thos distributed by Jody Powell. Assum ing that Carter's interpretation o the article might seem plausible t anybody who hadn't read it (i.e., a most everybody to whom Carter ac dressed his remarks) *Harper's* re leased the full text late Tuesday a ternoon.

On Friday, February 6, the *Bo ton Globe* (as well as a number o other papers in the country) pul lished a rebuttal of Brill's article This was a document written by Jod Powell. He ignored the substantia points and denied whatever state ments Brill had attributed to Carte The *Globe* published passages of th rebuttal opposite the correspondin passages from Brill's text, thus ad vancing the impression that Carte had satisfied the complaints agains him when, in fact, he had not bee required to even answer them.

During the week of February Powell did reasonably well with hi campaign to discredit both *Harper* and Brill. Most of the magazine subscribers had yet to receive thei copies, and the newsstand sal wouldn't begin until February 17. I the meantime Powell managed to es tablish a suspicion of political bia On February 9 he received impres sive support from *Time*.

Time HAD DECLARED its fond ness for Carter as long ag as 1971, when, in an issu announcing one of its per odic rediscoveries of the "Ne South," it had done its best to inves Carter with the aura of political re mance. The artists commissioned t draw the cover portrait of Carte were instructed to make him look a much as possible like John F. Kenn dy. At least four artists submitted a many as twenty sketches before th editors found an image suitably fa miliar. Early this year, as part of national promotion, *Time* designe a series of advertisements on beha of its own truth in journalism. On of the ads intended to promote th magazine's political reporting looke very much like an ad for Jimmy Ca ter (see page 12). During the si weeks prior to the New Hampshir primary, the ad appeared in *Peopl*

Sports Illustrated, Forbes, Harper's, The Atlantic, Psychology Today, The Smithsonian, Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Harvard Business Review, Los Angeles, The National Observer, New Times, San Francisco, and *Texas Monthly.*

Although *Time's* sympathy might have been self-evident, the magazine needed Carter's distress to prove the full measure of its devotion. On February 9 (still a full week before the March issue of *Harper's* reached the newsstands) *Time* published a malicious broadside that discounted Brill's conclusions, impugned his motives, cast doubt on his reputation, and dismissed as trivial his finding of contradictions in Carter's claims to greatness. Published under the heading "Doing a Job on Jimmy," the *Time* account would have been more accurately entitled "Doing a Job on Steven." The most ingenious of the several inaccuracies in the text was the characterization of Brill as "a hit man . . . the liberal enforcer." The editors placed the epithets in quotation marks, but they attributed them to an anonymous source known only as "a Washington-based political correspondent."

At least one of the people who worked on the story described it as a loathsome piece of business. At about 11:30 P.M. on February 6 Brill spoke to an unhappy *Time* reporter-researcher who apologized for the strange and awful thing that she had been told to do. She informed Brill that Henry Grunwald, *Time*'s managing editor, had ordered "a hatchet job," and she explained that she had called Brill in order to let him say a few words in his own defense. Obviously embarrassed by her list of questions, she asked Brill if it was true that he had flunked out of Yale Law School, if it was true that he was working for Birch Bayh, if he knew that the Washington press corps detested him. None of these allegations was true, and all of them had presumably emanated from the Carter organization. Brill explained that hardly anybody in the Washington press corps knew his name. While Brill was speaking to the reporter on the telephone, a *Time* photographer arrived at his apartment. He asked Brill to pose with a cigar in his mouth, explaining that he needed a prop because "they don't trust me to make a twenty-five-year-old look as mean and nasty as they want him to look."

Thus far I have been relying on Brill's notes of the conversation with the reporter and photographer. His account was later confirmed by Blake Fleetwood, a free-lance journalist assigned by [*More*] magazine to write about *Time*'s endorsement of Carter. Although primarily interested in the advertising campaign, Fleetwood asked the reporter about the broadside against *Harper's* and Brill. She confirmed Brill's account because she was under the impression that he had tape-recorded his conversation with her on the night of February 6. To Fleetwood she said that the photographer was no fool, that he had seen the machine on Brill's phone. I spoke to her several days later, by which time she had been told (by Brill) that what the photographer had seen was a device for recording telephone messages. Her memory was correspondingly less precise. "You don't know me," she said, "I speak very indirectly, a little elliptically." No, she said, it was not Grunwald who ordered the attack on Brill. As a matter of fact, she couldn't remember the name of any editor who might have said such a thing as "hatchet job." "Look," she said, "you know how it works over here. We are only the drones, doing what we must." Ronald P. Kriss, the senior editor responsible for assembling the elements of Carter's defense, denied all possibility of error or malicious intent. With regard to the anonymous quotation, he said, "I know you think that we invented it, but, I promise you, we didn't. It was given to our Washington correspondent by a major reporter for a major newspaper."

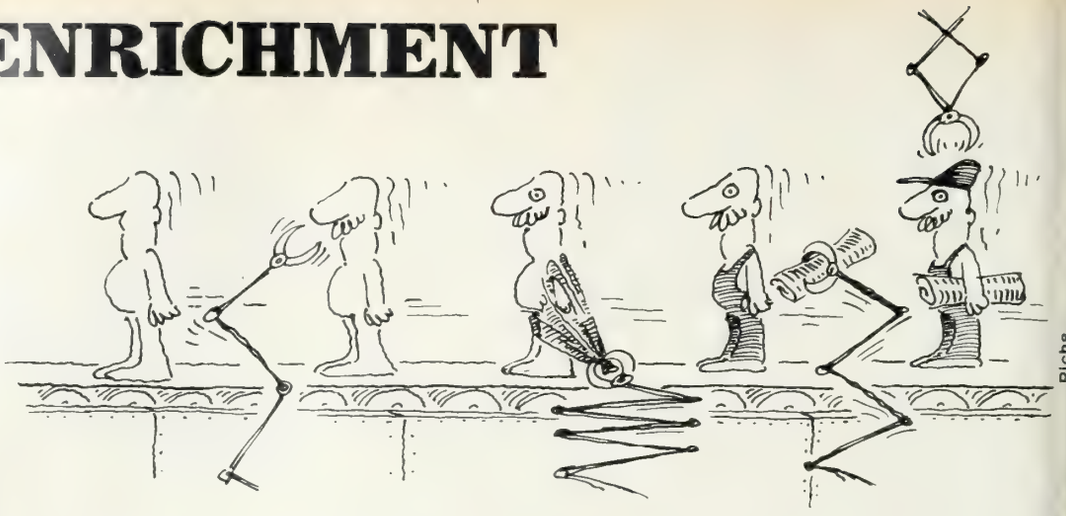
Grunwald answered questions through Marvin H. Zim, publicity manager of Time, Inc. Even though he didn't know very much about the matter in hand, Zim denied everything categorically and without exception. The way he heard it, he said, *Harper's* had published a shoddy bit of journalism, and *Time* had responded with the fair-mindedness for which it was justly celebrated.

The anonymous description of Brill as "the liberal hit man" appears to have come from Christopher Lydon, the aforementioned correspondent for the *New York Times* who believed that Carter was "the only good guy we've got." The probability raises a number of interesting questions. Whom does Lydon mean by "we"? How does it happen that a journalist refuses to name himself as a source of information? Why is the word *liberal* used as a synonym for disreputable?

Following the publication of *Time*'s account on February 9, editorial writers on newspapers everywhere in the country affixed the sobriquet "liberal hit man" to every mention of Brill's name. It didn't matter that the Associated Press on February 18 moved a story substantiating Brill's analysis of Carter's record as governor, that the *Miami Herald* and *Washington Post* published comparable reports, that Reg Murphy, former editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* and present editor of the *San Francisco Examiner,* published an article in *The New Republic* describing Carter as "one of the four phoniest men I ever met." In much of the public mind Brill remained the paid agent of a liberal conspiracy. Even as late as March 10 Howard K. Smith on ABC News could refer to the *Harper's* article as part of "a publicity gang-up" against Carter. The slander had been repeated often enough over a long enough period of time (roughly three weeks) to endow it with the solidity of cliché. The issue had been transferred from Carter's record to his critics, and by overcoming the latter Carter appeared to have redeemed the former.

On March 1, a week before the Massachusetts primary, *Time* published another cover story about Jimmy Carter, complete with sentimental flattery and another portrait exaggerating the resemblance to John F. Kennedy. A further coincidence also seems deserving of mention. In his column for Sunday, March 7, two days before the Florida primary, James Reston, the grand augur of the *New York Times,* described Carter as a humble populist, "modest" and "small-town" in his ways, a man of the little people standing as "a symbol of the simpler world that we have lost." On the same afternoon in Florida the agents of the Carter campaign were handing out copies of Steven Brill's damaging ADA study of Henry Jackson, claiming that it was the work of a careful, sober, accurate, and truthful reporter. □

THE JOB-ENRICHMENT MISTAKE



Limitations of the work ethic

by Samuel C. Florman

SCARCELY FOUR YEARS have passed since workers at the Vega plant in Lordstown, Ohio, went out on strike, not for more money or shorter hours, but to protest the pressure and monotony of their work on General Motors' fastest-moving assembly line. That twenty-three-day work stoppage helped make "worker alienation" a fashionable term in industrial, sociological, and literary circles.

The inevitable downturn of interest in this phenomenon was heralded by a recent *Harvard Business Review* article entitled "Is Job Enrichment Just a Fad?" Only four years after Lordstown, has the battle against worker alienation been lost? Or was the battle, from the start, a sham? I believe the latter. I think that the problem of worker alienation has been overstated by social scientists who simplistically saw in the workplace a major cause of—and potential cure for—the ills of our society.

At the time of the Lordstown strike in early 1972, a stream of intriguing reports had already started arriving from Sweden, where SAAB and Volvo were trying to cope with worker discontent by experimenting with alternatives to the assembly line. Something new seemed to be in the air. At year's end the Department of Health, Education and Welfare released a study, *Work in America*, which reported that people at all levels of society were becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the quality of their working lives, to the detriment of the economic and social well-being of the nation. This study, which was widely distributed and acclaimed, provided a manifesto for the revolution that Lordstown seemed to portend. With amazing speed the concept of job enrichment spread through the worlds of journalism, academe, government, and the major corporations. In his book *The Future of the Workplace*, completed at the end of 1974, Paul Dickson concluded that "humanization of work" experiments were proving so successful that corporate executives were beginning to view them as important proprietary developments whose details were not to be shared with competitors. Changes were occurring, Dickson reported, at an increasingly rapid rate, and these changes were no passing fad, but harbingers of things to come.

Concern for the alienated worker, in addition to spawning a host of industrial experiments, articles, studies, grants, and conferences, also inspired Studs Terkel's best-seller, *Working*, and Barbara Garson's less popular but nevertheless attention-getting *All the Livelong Day: The Meaning and Demeaning of Routine Work*. Both books were based upon numerous interviews with workers, and, in the words of the people themselves, the message seemed to be unambiguous: Americans are dissatisfied with their work. It leaves them frustrated and demoralized. They seek in their daily occupations a sense of identity, self-esteem, autonomy, and accomplishment. What they find, according to Terkel, is "daily humiliations." Their fragmented, monotonous jobs are, in Garson's view, "soul-destroying." The average worker's discontent manifests itself in fighting, swearing, absenteeism, high turnover rates, sabotage, alcoholism, drug addiction, and poor mental health. Reform of the workplace, it seemed, was one of the most critical social issues of our time.

YET, FOR ALL THIS attention and concern, the author of the *Harvard Business Review* article, organizational psychologist J. Richard Hackman, reports that "job enrichment seems to be failing at least as often as it is succeeding." And further: "Even though the failures may be relatively unobtrusive now, they may soon become overwhelming." These experiments should be succeeding more often, according to Hackman, but his recipe for success is such an amalgam of wisdom and decency that it would seem to require a managerial class of supermen and saints to use it properly. As for the workers, their interest appears to be flagging. The United Auto Workers, for example, seem to have forgotten about Lordstown. In preparing for this year's contract negotiations, they are concentrating on the issues of wages and job security.

The most obvious conclusion is that a recession has occurred just in time for the ruling class to put the rebellious workers in their place. Clearly, in these uncertain times, most working Americans are less interested in fulfillment than in a living wage. But the supporters of job enrichment (humanization of work, job redesign, work reform, the quality-of-work movement, et al.) claim that a more satisfying job results in improved productivity, so that it should be a management goal in bad times as well as good. In fact, this very fea-

Samuel C. Florman is vice-president of the Kreisler Borg Florman Construction Company and author of The Existential Pleasures of Engineering *(St. Martin's Press).*

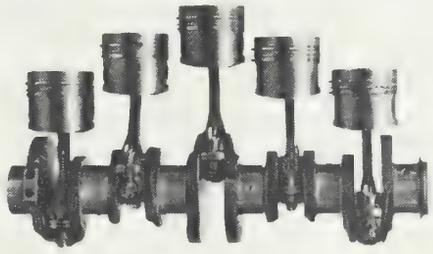
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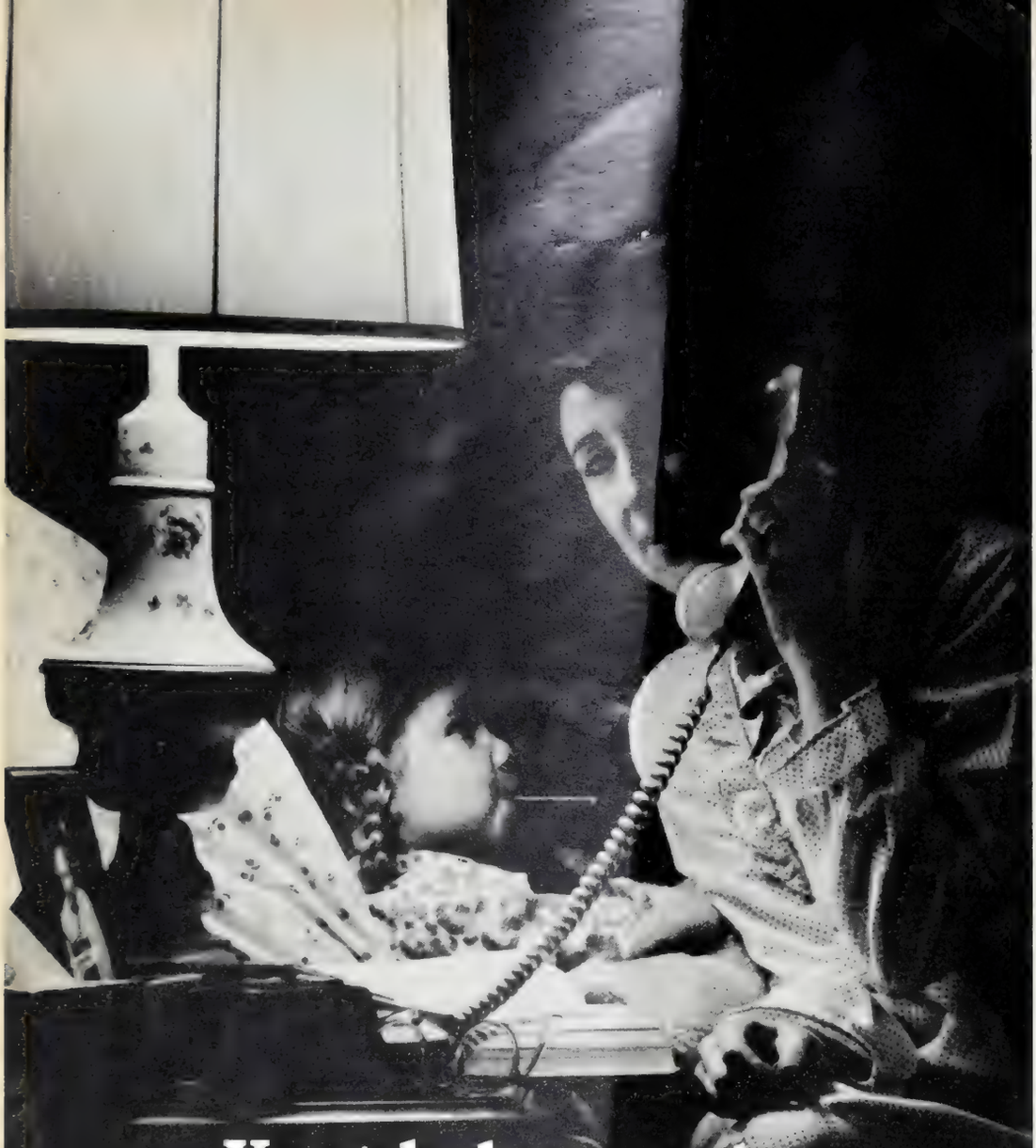
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ture has aroused the suspicions of labor-union leaders, whose lack of cooperation may be one of the main reasons for the many failed experiments. Job enrichment, according to a vice-president of the International Association of Machinists, is "a speed-up in the guise of concern for workers." Even assuming the best of motives, it is disturbing to note that job enrichment depends upon manipulation of workers by the experts. The experts maintain that the redesign of work is done in response to the desires of the workers. It is the experts, however, who determine what those desires are.

What *do* people want out of life? That is one of those questions whose answer can be shaped by the way in which the question is posed. Straightforward statistical studies find that job discontent is not high on the list of American social problems. When the Gallup poll's researchers ask "Is your work interesting?" they get 80 to 90 percent positive responses. But when researchers begin to ask more sophisticated questions, such as "What type of work would you try to get into if you could start all over again?" complaints begin to pour forth. The probing question cannot help but elicit a plaintive answer. Which of us, confronted with a sympathetic organizational psychologist or talking into Studs Terkel's tape recorder, could resist tingeing our life's story with lamentation, particularly if that was what the questioner was looking for? Compared to the "calling" that Terkel says we are all seeking, what job could measure up?

INDEED, PEOPLE ARE NOT "satisfied" with their work, nor with any other aspect of their lives. This is hardly news. But can we agree on what should be done to improve the situation? Barbara Garson sees a solution only in workers controlling their own jobs through socialism. (The widespread dissatisfaction of workers in socialist countries does not impress her.) Most proponents of job enrichment, while not advocating socialism, do seem agreed that what the average worker misses most is a sense of responsibility and participation in decision-making processes. But is this assumption valid? Are there not many workers who do *not* want re

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sponsibility, who prefer the comfortable monotony of routine tasks to the pressure-building process of making decisions and being accountable for the consequences? Miss Garson's workers keep contradicting her basic premise. From a woman who has turned down the job of supervisor: "I don't need the responsibility. After work I like to spend my time fixing up my house. And that's what I like to think about while I'm working." And from people with mechanical, repetitive trades: "Flip, flip, flip . . . feels good," "You can get a good rhythm going," "You kind of get used to it." Even Garson despairs for a moment: "Maybe the reactionaries are right. Maybe some people are made for this work."

To have thought so (or, rather, to have admitted it) until recently, would indeed have marked one as a reactionary. But times are changing. The work enrichment movement appears to be running counter to another trend, the seeking of inner peace rather than ego fulfillment. In the light of this new wisdom, which advocates, among other things, the blanking of the mind in meditation for an hour each day, one can wonder who has the better of the bargain, those who are in the rat race or those who are "beneath" it. The job-enrichment enthusiasts may well have made a mistake in assuming that all people desire what social scientists want them to desire.

A more glaring mistake is the social scientists' assumption that by restructuring the workplace they can solve the problem of alienation in our time. This calls to mind those urban planners who saw salvation for the poor in a clean, spacious apartment, and who, after their ideas have been carried out, have spent much energy explaining why attractive apartments have not, in fact, eradicated the ill effects of poverty. They wander from failure to failure seeking the magic environment (high-rise, low-rise, slum clearance, renovation, vest-pocket projects, town houses) like so many Ponce de Leons trudging through the Florida swamps.

Alienation cannot be cured by a fascinating job any more than poverty can be cured by a clean apartment. Some of the best jobs, by almost any standard, are held by members of the skilled construction trades. These men do interesting, varied work. They are not too closely supervised. They see the tangible results of their labor. Their strong unions have made sure that they do not have to produce more than they can comfortably handle. They are well paid. E. E. LeMasters spent five years mingling with hard hats in a tavern, and reported on his experience in *Blue-Collar Aristocrats*. He found that these men are pleased with their work, and are proud of what they do. He also found that they are about as alienated as it is possible to be—alienated from their wives, their children, their churches, their political leaders, and the rapidly changing society in which they find themselves. They are confused, bigoted, and full of hatred and suspicion.

There are diseases of the soul abroad in the land, but only a few of the symptoms, not the viruses themselves, are to be found in the workplace. Healthy people do not become heartless bosses or cruel foremen. Healthy people do not feel debased or dehumanized by menial work, or intimidated by blustering superiors. Sick people—alienated people—are not made whole by an interesting job.

Of course, the concept of job enrichment has much to commend it. The idea that work should provide satisfaction is a healthy one, and one worthy of further pursuit. Unfortunately, its recent manifestations exemplify our tendency to periodically identify our unhappiness with some new demon, which we then attempt to exorcise with a great blare of trumpets. When the exorcism fails —or when it succeeds and our malaise remains—we become discouraged and bitter. The alarming growth of this discouragement and bitterness constitutes the very real danger of hopes repeatedly raised and dashed. This danger obliges us to be more realistic in assessing our problems, and more modest in promising solutions.

Work enrichment is a fad because it was introduced with hoopla and promised a salvation it could never deliver. When the fad has passed, serious people with realistic goals will continue their efforts to increase job satisfaction. Their task will be all the harder because of the frenetic, irresponsible way in which job enrichment has been touted in the four years since Lordstown. □

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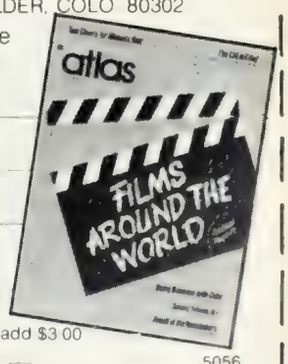
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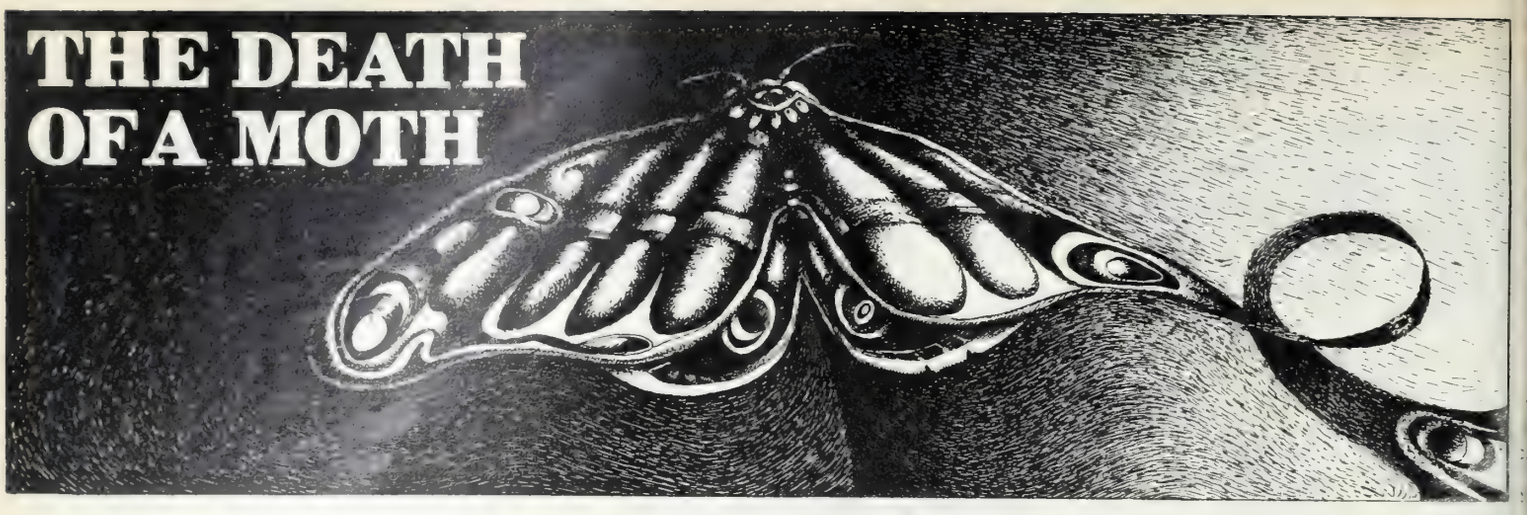
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THE DEATH OF A MOTH



Transfiguration in a candle flame

by Annie Dillard

I LIVE ALONE with two cats, who sleep on my legs. There is a yellow one, and a black one whose name is Small. In the morning I joke to the black one, Do you remember last night? Do you remember? I throw them both out before breakfast, so I can eat.

There is a spider, too, in the bathroom, of uncertain lineage, bulbous at the abdomen and drab, whose six-inch mess of web works, works somehow, works miraculously, to keep her alive and me amazed. The web is in a corner behind the toilet, connecting tile wall to tile wall. The house is new, the bathroom immaculate, save for the spider, her web, and the sixteen or so corpses she's tossed to the floor.

The corpses appear to be mostly sow bugs, those little armadillo creatures who live to travel flat out in houses, and die round. In addition to sow-bug husks, hollow and sipped empty of color, there are what seem to be two or three wingless moth bodies, one new flake of earwig, and three spider carcasses crinkled and clenched.

I wonder on what fool's errand an earwig, or a moth, or a sow bug, would visit that clean corner of the house behind the toilet; I have not noticed any blind parades of sow bugs blundering into corners. Yet they do hazard there, at a rate of more than one a week, and the spider thrives. Yesterday she was working on the earwig, mouth on gut; today he's on the floor. It must take a certain genius to throw things away from there, to find a straight line through that sticky tangle to the floor.

Today the earwig shines darkly, and gleams, what there is of him: a dorsal curve of thorax and abdomen, and a smooth pair of pincers by which I knew his name. Next week, if the other bodies are any indication, he'll be shrunk and gray, webbed to the floor with dust. The sow bugs beside him are curled and empty, fragile, a breath away from brittle fluff. The spiders lie on their sides, translucent and ragged, their legs drying in knots. The moths stagger against each other, headless, in a confusion of arcing strips of chitin like peeling varnish, like a jumble of buttresses for cathedral vaults, like nothing resembling moths, so that I would hesitate to call them moths, except that I have had some experience with the figure Moth reduced to a nub.

TWO SUMMERS AGO I was camped alone in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. I had hauled myself and gear up there to read, among other things, *The Day on Fire,* by James Ullman, a novel about Rimbaud that had made me want to be a writer when I was sixteen; I was hoping it would do it again. So I read every day sitting under a tree by my tent, while warblers sang in the leaves overhead and bristle worms trailed their inches over the twiggy dirt at my feet; and I read every night by candlelight, while barred owls called in the forest and pale moths seeking mates massed round my head in the clearing, where my light made a ring.

Moths kept flying into the candle. They would hiss and recoil, reeling upside down in the shadows among my cooking pans. Or they would singe their wings and fall, and their hot wings, as if melted, would stick to the first thing they touched—a pan, a lid, a spoon—so that the snagged moths could struggle only in tiny arcs, unable to flutter free. These I could release by a quick flip with a stick; in the morning I would find my cooking stuff decorated with torn flecks of moth wings, ghostly triangles of shiny dust here and there on the aluminum. So I read, and boiled water, and replenished candles, and read on.

One night a moth flew into the candle, was caught, burnt dry, and held. I must have been staring at the candle, or maybe I looked up when a shadow crossed my page; at any rate, I saw it all. A golden female moth, a biggish one with a two-inch wingspread, flapped into the fire, dropped abdomen into the wet wax, stuck, flamed, and frazzled in a second. Her moving wings ignited like tissue paper, like angels' wings, enlarging the circle of light in the clearing and creating out of the darkness the sudden blue sleeves of my sweater, the green leaves of jewelweed by my side, the ragged red trunk of a pine; at once the light

Annie Dillard, a contributing editor of Harper's, *is scholar in residence at Western Washington State College in Bellingham.*

contracted again and the moth's wings vanished in a fine, foul smoke. At the same time, her six legs clawed, curled, blackened, and ceased, disappearing utterly. And her head jerked in spasms, making a spattering noise; her antennae crisped and burnt away and her heaving mouthparts cracked like pistol fire. When it was all over, her head was, so far as I could determine, gone, gone the long way of her wings and legs. Her head was a hole lost to time. All that was left was the glowing horn shell of her abdomen and thorax—a fraying, partially collapsed gold tube jammed upright in the candle's round pool.

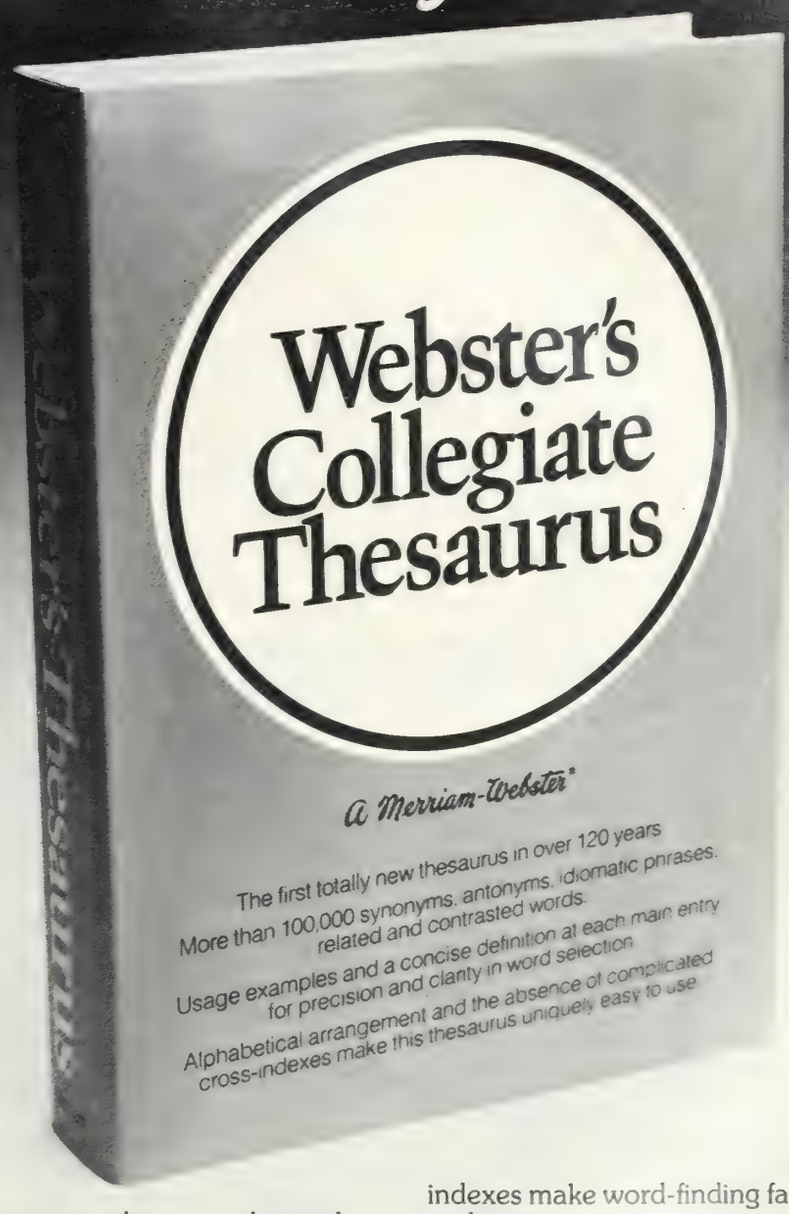
And then this moth-essence, this spectacular skeleton, began to act as a wick. She kept burning. The wax rose in the moth's body from her soaking abdomen to her thorax to the shattered hole where her head should have been, and widened into flame, a saffron-yellow flame that robed her to the ground like an immolating monk. That candle had two wicks, two winding flames of identical light, side by side. The moth's head was fire. She burned for two hours, until I blew her out.

She burned for two hours without changing, without swaying or kneeling—only glowing within, like a building fire glimpsed through silhouetted walls, like a hollow saint, like a flame-faced virgin gone to God, while I read by her light, kindled, while Rimbaud in Paris burnt out his brain in a thousand poems, while night pooled wetly at my feet.

SO. THAT IS WHY I think those hollow shreds on the bathroom floor are moths. I believe I know what moths look like, in any state.

I have three candles here on the table which I disentangle from the plants and light when visitors come. The cats avoid them, although Small's tail caught fire once; I rubbed it out before she noticed. I don't mind living alone. I like eating alone and reading. I don't mind sleeping alone. The only time I mind being alone is when something is funny; then, when I am laughing at something funny, I wish someone were around. Sometimes I think it is pretty funny that I sleep alone. □

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CONVENTION FEVER IN KANSAS CITY

Prime-time bacchanalia

by Richard Rhodes



Kemper Arena, site of the 1976 Republican National Convention

AFTER RIOTS in Chicago and scandal in San Diego, after unpaid hotel bills and exhausted city treasuries and overworked police, after kickbacks and crime and the turpitude of Watergate, national political conventions ought to be about as welcome in American cities as nuclear reactor wastes. Not so. Eager for commerce and seemingly indifferent to consequences, a few cities still crave them. Kansas City, Missouri, a place of vigorous seasons and moderate rents, a metropolis of the second or possibly the third rank, sought both the Democratic and the Republican National Conventions to enliven it in this Bicentennial year. Because of that innocent enthusiasm (and with a little help from Gerald Ford, who knows a safe turf when he sees one), the Republicans will convene in Kansas City in August in a diminutive arena smack in the middle of the city's famous and decaying stockyards, an arena where the year's most celebrated event has traditionally been a livestock and horse show known as the American Royal. It will be Kansas City's first Presidential nominating convention in forty-seven years, and why the city desired it and what the results of its acquisition are likely to be makes a tale pregnant with admonitions for other cities that in the future might consider a course similarly rash.

Kansas City is a pleasant town. Set on rolling hills and high bluffs above the wide channel of the Missouri River where the river bends eastward to approach the Mississippi, it ought to be a serene and unpretentious place. It isn't, because its leading citizens believe its virtues misunderstood. They believe that tastemakers jeer at it; they believe that disdainful Easterners and Westerners alike contrive to give it wide berth. Perhaps in compensation, they conceive an admiration for royalty, of which the Presidency, the tarnished, meretricious Presidency, is still taken to be the premier American representative.

So the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show decorates its stationery and the streets of its annual parades with crowns. Hallmark Cards, the city's largest family-owned business, makes a crown its symbol, as does the city's major-league baseball team, which, after an extensive contest—thousands of imaginative entries submitted and perused—christened itself the Kansas City Royals. Kansas City has Crown Cleaners and Crown Drugs, Royal Ceramics and Royal Seeds, Crown Life Insurance and Crown Tires and even—erected by Hallmark Cards as the (crown) jewel of a tiara of new shops and businesses called Crown Center—a Crown Center Hotel, where President Ford, that man of the people, is likely to stay at convention time.

Kansas City endured its sense of inferiority for as long as it could bear. Then it turned aggressive. A wave of new construction, some of it felicitous, had swept the city in recent years—a new airport, the Crown Center development, a sports complex with separate baseball and football stadiums (the baseball stadium scoreboard topped by a crown three stories high), new hospitals and new office buildings—and the total public and private investment, someone figured out one day, came to more than $1 billion. That looked like a good case; hiring a New York public-relations firm and borrowing from the jargon of television, Kansas City businessmen put together a national publicity campaign, announcing at a New York press conference that the city was enjoying its "prime time" and coining a new slogan to blunt big-city scorn. "Kansas City," the slogan goes: "One of the few livable cities left."

The boosters were understandably angry when an important and objective national urban study conducted by the city's Midwest Research Institute located Kansas City rather far down the line of "livable" cities, citing, among other areas of neglect, its continuing de facto segregation in housing and schools. They were understandably proud when Kansas City was chosen, along with only Washington and San Francisco, to display the celebrated Exhibition of Archeological Finds of the People's Republic of China. Through anger and pride, the prime-time campaign worked on.

Inevitably, the city decided it needed a major convention center. Currently that center nears completion, a monumental structure of 25,000 seats and 303,000 square feet of exhibition space that fills an entire city block in the heart of the downtown. And, burdened with such a center, whose maintenance will run to thousands of dollars a day, what else could Kansas City do but seek the national political conven-

Richard Rhodes, a native and resident Kansas Citian, is the author of The Ungodly: A Novel of the Donner Party *(Charterhouse).*

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tions, where media people outnumber delegates by four or five to one, to put it on the map as a convention town?

CONVENTION CAMPAIGNS are as predictable these days as Presidential vetoes. Letters go out from prominent citizens pleading for their attention; site committees visit and are feted; public and private moneys are pledged to sweeten the deal; promises are made of cooperation and ardent desire. Kansas City's young chief of police, Joseph McNamara, who replaced Clarence Kelley when Kelley was tapped to clean up the FBI, gave assurances that the streets would be safe. Alf Landon, who knows something of political matters and who owns a string of radio stations in Kansas and Colorado, described Kansas City as a center of communications. Businessmen tuned to prime time asserted that Kansas City has more miles of boulevards than Paris and more fountains than any city but Rome. A Young Republican informed the old Republicans that Kansas City "is a living example of the American Experience" from which "the resurgence of the Republican Party *must* stem." Almost everyone said that Kansas Citians were friendly, hardly a minor consideration to politicians after Watergate.

Laudable though the city might be, it lacked a few amenities. The Democrats bowed out early because they couldn't find enough hotel space. Mayor Charles B. Wheeler, Jr., who subsequently announced his candidacy for the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination, claimed his city had 25,000 hotel rooms. Other correspondents claimed 21,000. The Democrats needed 18,000 guaranteed, and they didn't want to commute to and from Topeka, sixty miles down the pike.

The Republicans, however, who long before the Nixon years esteemed loyalty above all other virtues, including the virtue of having a place to rest your head, came to town to take a look around. One display that impressed them was an arrangement of bunting that a local city councilman had lovingly preserved in his family since the Republican Convention of 1928. Clearly this was no ordinary city. They found the hotel-room shortage awkward, but decided the sixty-mile drive from Topeka and other outlying towns would consume no more than an hour in the modest traffic conditions of the Midwest. They were disconcerted to learn that Kansas City night life shut down at the early hour of 1:00 A.M., but counted Republicans to be sober folk. Kansas City could offer only $500,000 in accommodations and services compared to the millions that Cleveland, for example, was offering, but they liked the city's enthusiasm: its city council had passed a resolution inviting them in, which is more than Cleveland's had done.

Most problematic of all, they discovered that the new convention center didn't suit the media people who accompanied them because it wouldn't be completed in time to allow for wiring and television-booth construction. Fortunately, Kansas City had a smaller backup arena. It wasn't downtown; it was in the industrial river bottoms west of downtown, brooded over by a bronze statue of Boss Tom Pendergast, the same who started Harry S Truman on his morning walk into history; it had enough seats but hardly enough meeting rooms, and sometimes the odor of offal being rendered in the last slaughterhouse in the stockyards blew past; but the Secret Service declared the stockyard surroundings to be ideal for Presidential security if the city would kindly erect a high barbed-wire perimeter fence. Miami Beach, as a local convention worker put it, was "the ghost of Nixon past," and Los Angeles was Reagan country, and the city that calls itself "one of the few livable cities left" fit the Midwestern image of Jerry Ford. And so, last July, Kansas City got the nod.

Some may see, in Kansas City's selection, nothing more cautionary than the fulfillment of honest commercial ambition. Kansas Citians are beginning to think otherwise. They're beginning to think they got suckered. Mayor Wheeler, who had to call in the National Guard during a fire fighter's strike last year and now has union troubles, is a little embittered by it all. "It's become a bacchanalia," he says of conventions and campaigns. "Every four years we go on a political binge and then lapse back into apathetic nonparticipation."

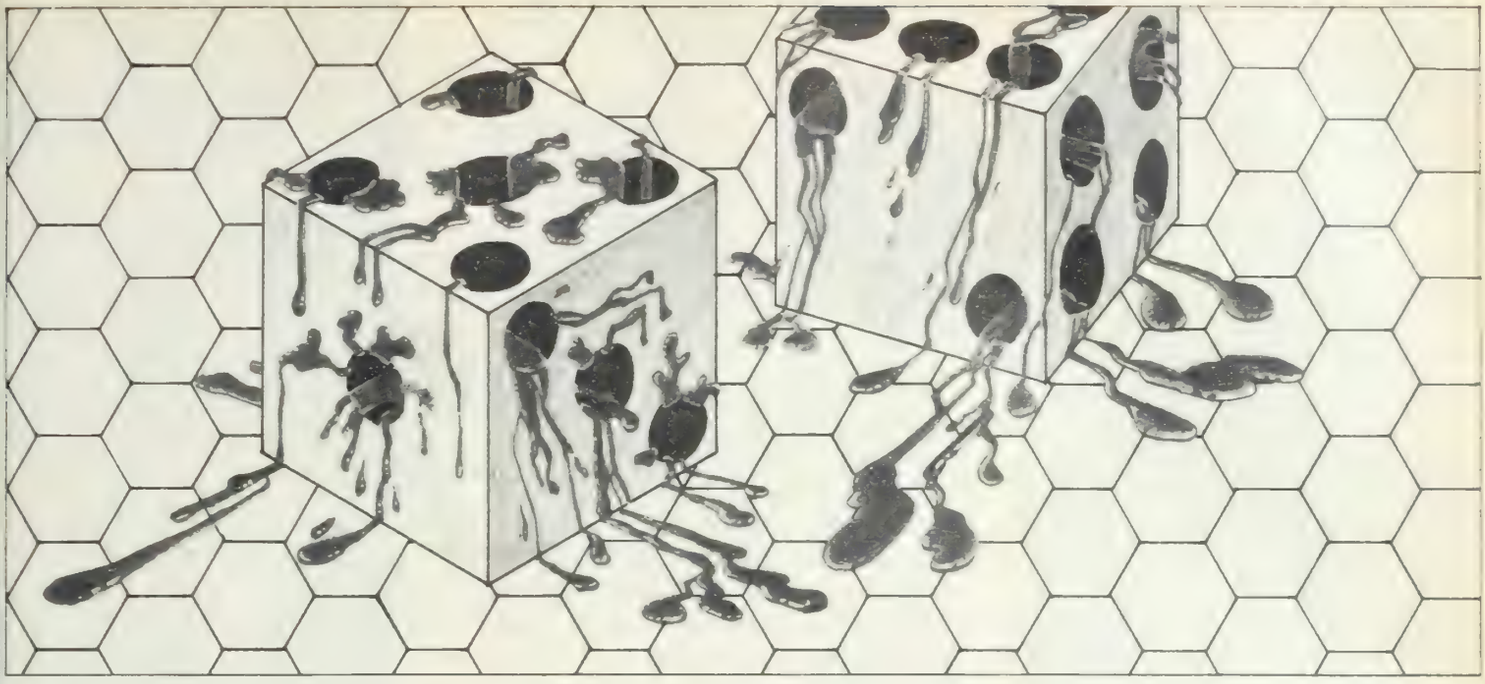
The mayor wonders who's going to pay for the overtime police and how the city will raise the money it has pledged, and warns that after the convention he might chop up the physical Republican platform, the convention speakers' stand, and sell pieces of it plank by plank. Chief McNamara, a man hardened by walking a Harlem beat and polished by earning a Harvard Ph.D., startled the city one day with a speech expressing profound fears of terrorism and violence. "The concern we have is that we've been put on the map by the Presidential convention coming here," he said, which was, of course, the point of the whole exercise. Gov. Christopher Bond, a handsome young Republican who is said to aspire to the Presidency himself someday, warned Kansas City that it didn't know what it was letting itself in for, and certainly the city will be packed at convention time from curb to curb and wall to wall.

If anything saves the day, it will probably be the genuine goodwill of ordinary citizens, many of whom say they'd rather not have the inconvenience, especially in August, when the temperature routinely soars above 100 degrees, but will put up with it "because it's the civic thing to do." Democrats and Republicans alike are volunteering their services to make the occasion a success.

But the nation should be warned that Kansas City has taken retribution for conventions held there in the past. In 1900 the city's convention hall burned to the ground. Patriotic city fathers rebuilt it in ninety days, and the Democrats met in Kansas City and gave the nation William Jennings Bryan. In 1928 the Republicans chose Kansas City for their convention site and brought forth Herbert Hoover, just in time for the Wall Street crash. This year, Kansas City having hoisted itself by its own publicity campaign, the bargains include Ronald Reagan and Gerald Rudolph Ford.

Congress now regulates political campaigns. Maybe, in a spirit of urban conservation, it should also regulate conventions, restricting them to permanent sites far from even the most enthusiastic cities. Now that we are phasing out our underground nuclear testing, I suggest for consideration Nevada's salubrious and apparently indestructible Jackass Flats. □

CLEAN CARNAGE



Paul Richer

Once a source of campus protest, war is now a campus entertainment

by Tom Buckley

WE'RE ON THE tree-shaded campus of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, sports fans, where more than 1,000 people have gathered for Origins I, the first national war-game convention. Hunched over their boards, they're refighting all the great battles of yesteryear—El Alamein, Stalingrad, Gallipoli, the Marne, Sedan, Chancellorsville, Austerlitz.

At one table a latter-day Napoleon has rallied the Old Guard and smashed the British square, sending Wellington reeling back to Brussels and changing the course of European history. Nearby, disregarding Hitler's orders, Von Paulus and his Sixth Army break through the encircling Russians, stabilizing the Wehrmacht's southern front.

It's funny and harmless, but the slightest bit unsettling, right on top of Vietnam. Who would be amusing himself in this way, vicariously sending thousands to death and damnation?

The question answers itself, right? Military kooks, retired generals, professional drinkers of young blood, members of secret paramilitary organizations, Birchers preparing for the last battle with the Commie foe.

Sorry, wrong. There's hardly a short haircut, a clenched jaw, or a brass button to be seen. Just about everyone is under thirty. Most are in their early twenties. Many are as young as fifteen.

Even by the relaxed standards of their generation they are sloppy dressers. Jeans and T-shirts sag on pale, unmuscled bodies. Long, lank hair, beards, bitten fingernails, acne, abstracted expressions. Brains, grinds, oddballs.

The tone of the convention isn't just nonmilitary, it's entirely antimilitary. I didn't find a single player who had been in uniform. Most of them were dedicated pacifists.

"I play because it's fun," said Stuart King. He is fifteen years old, has come from Eugene, Oregon. "You're training your mind, learning how to think logically, getting into psychology."

His companion, Mark Edwards from New York, agreed. "You're learning something instead of racing around some idiotic track," he said. "It's just a game but it gives you quite a horror knowing how many times your units get wiped out. Gen. George Meade was my great-great-great-uncle," he added. "When I play Gettysburg I have some idea of what he must have been feeling there."

Sitting on the sidelines, watching his young son play Von Richthofen's War in competition with fifty others, Chuck Barrett, a sales engineer from Pittsburgh, said, "The reading and study behind this is really fantastic. Joe plays by mail all over the country."

Barrett, who spent four years in the Air Force during the early 1950s, figured to be the sort of father who would insist that his son go in for body-building and the Little League. Instead he seemed genuinely proud as he pointed over to the thin, bespectacled boy studying a board representing the sky over Flanders in the spring of 1918.

The players were divided into British and German teams, three on a side. Von Richthofen's War is a complex game, since the players have to know something about air-combat tactics. They have to take into account the speed, rate of climb, fuel capacity, and armaments of the opposing planes, the famous Sopwith Camel and the Fokker DR-1 triplane.

The umpire for the game was Ran-

Tom Buckley is a New York City-based reporter for the New York Times.

dy Reed. He is the chief designer for the Avalon Hill Game Company of Baltimore, the sponsor of the convention and one of the two firms—the other is Simulations Publications, Inc., of New York—that dominate the war-game subsector of the military-industrial complex.

Reed, who is twenty-six, told me that he had been playing and devising war games for almost twenty years. He was, typically, a conscientious objector during the Vietnam war.

He told me, "There's a great sense of camaraderie among war-gamers. They get very involved, very competitive, when they play, but I'll be surprised if there's a single angry word spoken in this room. A lot of war-gamers are frustrated because they don't have anyone to play with. They may be the only kid in their school who's interested. It's too demanding to ever be widely popular. So they have to play both sides of a game, like solitaire, or they play by mail. That's why you have so many turning out for this convention."

"Can you retreat off the board if you're pursued?" a player asked Reed.

"No, there's no escape," he replied genially. "You're in there to kill or be killed. Don't forget that."

CHESS WAS ALMOST certainly the first war game. One theory is that in ancient India, where the game was devised, the pieces represented a king, a general, rather than a queen, war elephants, chariots, cavalry, and foot soldiers.

Even today in Russia officers are encouraged to play chess to exercise their ability to plan ahead and improvise, but the game has never been particularly popular among American officers. They tend to prefer the rapid cut and thrust of bridge and poker, which may not be as intellectually inferior as they may seem. After all, it was poker that provided John Von Neumann and Oskar Morgenstern with the inspiration for their famous game theory, which has become highly influential in strategic thinking.

Only in the past 200 years or so have war games with formal and somewhat standardized rules emerged. The first of these games, as far as anyone can tell, was devised by a member of the staff of the Duke of Brunswick, a field marshal of the Prussian Army.

This *Kriegspiel* was played on a board of 1,666 squares. Each side had 120 units of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, as well as supply and engineering auxiliaries, and a fortress. Capturing the enemy's fortress was the objective. The game took into account the question of relative mobility. Light cavalry could be moved twelve squares in one turn, heavy cavalry eight, and infantry only four. If these units were sent to sections of the board in which the terrain was swampy or hilly, their progress was slower.

The element of luck entered the game when the two sides confronted one another in battle. A single die was thrown to determine the outcome. Some officers must have objected to this feature, but the throw of the die was, after all, a simulation of the imponderables of the battlefield—an untimely rainstorm, a breakdown of communications, the death of a brilliant commander, a heroic defense by a handful of men, and so on.

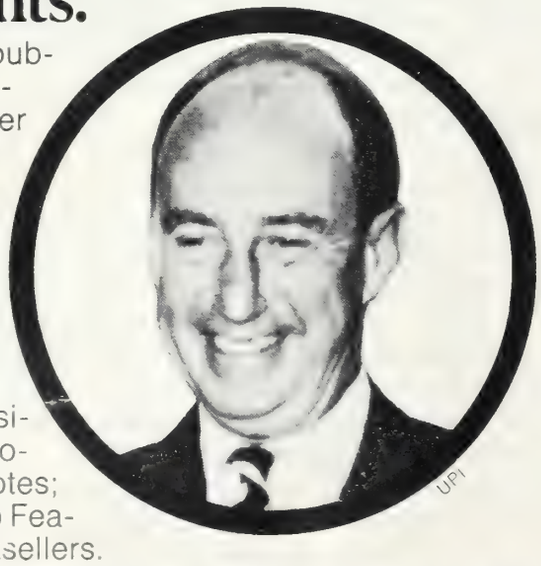
At that, it wasn't all luck when the crunch came. If a player had maneuvered three of his infantry battalions into contact with one of his enemy's, this advantage was reflected in the "results table"—a standard feature—that was consulted after the throw of the dice. Throwing a 1, 2, or 3, for example, would give victory by annihilation, a 4 a sharp victory, a 5 a modest advance, and only one number—a 6, say—for a standoff.

These principles govern the playing of war games to this day, but refinements in technique, always aimed at making the game resemble actual combat as closely as possible, have never ceased.

Throughout the nineteenth century Prussia took the lead, reflecting that country's military ambitions and aptitudes. One of the most avid innovators was Helmuth von Moltke, who was to become the chief of staff of the German Army and the architect of victory in the Franco-Prussian War.

Subsequently, all the great powers went in for war games. Vast topographical models of famous battlefields of the past and likely battle-

He never made the White House. But he made more history than most Presidents.

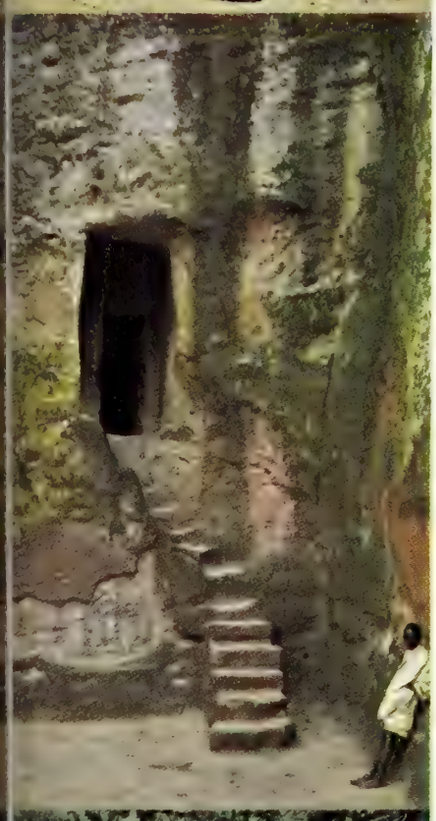


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Lalibela. Tucked away high in the mountains of north-central Ethiopia. A village of unique, two-story, round houses. And just outside this village, down rock-hewn steps, through shaded groves and narrow tunnels is the wonder that is Lalibela; the fulfilled vision of an ancient King. In two groups, on either side of the river called Jordan, are the fantastic churches of Lalibela.

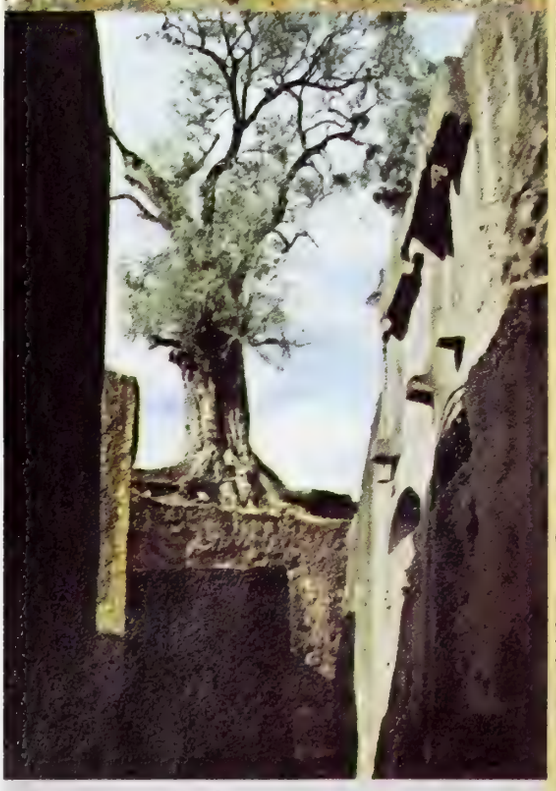
Eleven monolithic churches that date back to the 12th century. Cut out of the living rock of the mountainside. Bold. Awesome. Their mighty architecture features magnificent facades, bas-reliefs, richly carved and painted interiors. The logistics of their construction continues to baffle experts. Perhaps the Royal Chroniclers of the past were correct when they wrote that King Lalibela had the help of the angels.

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fields of the future were built. At each end of the table senior officers and their staffs, moustaches waxed, monocles glittering, worked out their tactics, wrote their orders, and passed them to an umpire, who relayed them to the underlings who actually moved the counters. War games were refined to the point that they were played in real time. If it was calculated that a unit of cavalry could gallop a mile in three or four minutes, the other side had only that amount of time to figure out what to do. Sometimes portions of a battlefield were concealed from senior commanders, as they would often be in a real engagement, and the officers were required to rely on written reports.

Such games are still played in military headquarters around the world, but for the most part they involve localized encounters with smaller units. At the same time, games far bigger than any von Moltke could have imagined are being played by computer. For twenty years at least, the major powers have been programming computers to reflect the global scope and extraordinary destructiveness that warfare among them would be likely to involve.

These war games go on in the Pentagon, in the famous and sinister sub-basement War Room, and, sometimes simultaneously and sometimes separately, at Atlantic operational headquarters in Norfolk, at Pacific headquarters in Hawaii, and at NATO headquarters in Brussels.

NOT LONG AFTER the convention I paid a visit to the headquarters of Simulations Publications, located in a Manhattan loft building. The founder and commanding officer of the outfit, James Dunnigan, received me in an office littered with games, records, and military magazines, reverberating with rock music, and all but encircled by a network of transparent plastic piping. This was a run for his pet gerbils. When I looked closely I saw several of the tiny furry creatures skittering through the system, pushing themselves upward at amazing angles, nibbling at seeds, or curled up, sleeping, in tiny gerbil bungalows.

Dunnigan told me, with the faintest suggestion of hauteur, that he had thought it sufficient to send a couple of his deputies to the convention. Simulations Publications was now number one in the war-games race, with an estimated income of $1.7 million in 1975 compared with $1.2 million or thereabouts for Avalon Hill.

What was more important, he said, was that the war-game industry was growing rapidly and even starting to become profitable. The boomlet began in the late 1960s and has picked up steam since the end of the Vietnam war. The circulation of *Strategy & Tactics*, his firm's bimonthly magazine, has increased to more than 30,000. *Moves*, the firm's bimonthly devoted to advanced game techniques, has a circulation of more than 7,000.

Dunnigan, a quizzical, spectacled rumpled man of thirty-two, is unusual among war-games aficionados for having been in uniform. He enlisted in the Army after high school. While he was serving in Korea as a missile technician he discovered the early Avalon Hill war games and was hooked. While attending Columbia University after his discharge, he worked part time as a designer for Avalon Hill.

In 1969 Dunnigan founded Simulations Publications, mainly because he thought Avalon Hill didn't pay enough attention to the historical aspects of war games. "I consider myself more a historian than a war-gamer," he told me. The company now has forty full-time employees and a host of volunteers who come in on Friday nights to test games that are under development.

Simulations Publications has issued more than 100 games, ranging from the campaigns of Alexander the Great to confrontations between the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Eastern Bloc, or between the Soviet Union and China. Dunnigan has lectured at the Military Affairs Club at West Point. Last spring thirty cadets visited the company to play war games and watch them being developed. Players in the military, including a couple of generals, correspond with him and often drop in when they are in the city.

One night recently I watched a testing session myself. In one room Dunnigan, several of his colleagues, and some volunteers were playing Red Star, White Star, based on the



ivil war and Allied intervention that ollowed the Bolshevik Revolution. n another room, two high-school obbyists were playing a small-unit ame called Firefight.

"We're doing it for the Penta-on," Dunnigan told me. "We have $25,000 contract to develop a raining game for platoon officers nd noncoms."

I felt my eyebrows shooting up. Vhy, after all, would the Army go o this bunch of, well, amateurs?

"I couldn't believe it either when e got the proposal," Dunnigan re-narked. "I said, 'Why don't you umbos do it yourself?' They told ne they probably could, but that no-ody wanted to take a chance that ne game wouldn't be any good. 'hat's what's called 'covering your ss,' and I think it's exactly what's rong with our military. In fact," e said, "the more you study, the nore you realize how inept generals re. As near as I can see, military octrines are neither logical nor ra-onal."

This viewpoint, which he takes no ains to conceal, is not reciprocated. he Pentagon gets several copies of *trategy & Tactics*, as does the IATO library in Brussels. The gen-ral staffs of the armies of Israel, gypt, and Romania are also on ne subscription list.

"The first secretary of the Russian lission to the United Nations came y a while back," Dunnigan said, to buy a copy of *War in the East*, ur simulation of a Russo-Chinese ar. I asked him if he wanted a copy f our NATO game. He told me he lready had it." □

NTERIOR OF LIGHT

y Tom McKeown

stroke the bright air
id hear
ood squeaking on a jackal's tongue
e roots of trees
nging to worms and water

ollow the ruts in the road
id have faith in the owl's eye

t dawn
ind an angel
s great wings drawn back
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ames Chace

AMERICAN JINGOISM

he fearful logic of pitiful, helpless giants

IN THE SCANT THREE YEARS since the imposition of the oil embargo in the fall of 1973, America's power and prestige have come under severe attack. Nations of the Third World, often autocratic in their governments, have demanded from the rich industrialized societies a "new international economic order," requiring a redistribution of the world's income and a restructuring of the world's trade. In Washington, these demands were often seen as a code for economic reparations with raw-materials cartels the weapons of the blackmailers. When, in late April 1975, the U.S. Ambassador to Saigon fled from the roof of our Embassy to seek safety on an offshore aircraft carrier, this was thought by many—both at home and abroad—to be even more humiliating than the sum of events that forced Richard Nixon to resign from the Presidency in disgrace.

Then, two weeks after the Ambassador's flight, an American merchant ship, the *Mayaguez,* was seized by the fledgling Communist state of Cambodia for violating Cambodian waters. Washington's response was immediate and overwhelming. American naval vessels, aircraft, and Marines were dispatched to the Gulf of Siam. The city of Sihanoukville was bombed. At a cost of eighteen Marines killed in action, and twenty-three airmen lost when their helicopter crashed, the *Mayaguez* and its crew were duly recovered. Never mind that the ship's crew was not on the island invaded by the Marines, or that the Cambodian government had released the prisoners prior to the aerial bombardment. Gulliver could now claim he was no longer shackled by Lilliputians, and American credibility as an "activist" great power was supposed to have been miraculously restored.

In fact, America's status as a world power never had been seriously questioned in the first place. The tragic experience in Indochina had demonstrated the limits of our power. But limits to power do not necessarily mean impotence. The Nixon-Ford Administration failed to recognize this, and thus also felt a pressing need to demonstrate American prowess to a world that did not doubt it. At the time of the original U.S. "incursion" into Cambodia in 1970, President Nixon warned that if America did not act forcefully against these particular Communist insurgents, she would, in effect, become "a pitiful, helpless giant."

Five years later, the *Mayaguez* incident was seen in a similar light. On both occasions, real or imagined prerequisites of power led our leaders to sound the tocsin of nationalism. But this was not nationalism in search of identity, nor was it a search for a common set of civilizing values in a convulsed and savage world. It was not even an expression of the type of blustery jingoism seen at the turn of the century, when America, insecure in her new role as a world power, often talked too loudly while carrying a big stick. Rather, what we were now witnessing

mes Chace is managing editor of Foreign Affairs *and the author of* A World Elsewhere: The New American Foreign Policy *cribners).*

was the specter of jingoism, the ghost of a self-confident past—the defensive response of a nation fearing that a mere contraction of its power would mean impotence, and one which, therefore, actively sought an opportunity to prove to itself and to others that it still had the ability to dominate.

In an election year the accusations of those who attack the Administration are only too often countered by spokesmen seeking to demonstrate Washington's will and resolve. Given such an atmosphere of heightened rhetoric, a meaningful debate over the nature and direction of American foreign policy seems hardly possible. To those who are frustrated by Washington's inability to impose its standards over foreigners, America is suffering from "a failure of nerve," or a lack of political will. Yet, when questioned over exactly what this political will is for, those who most lament America's waning predominance are remarkably vague. Will to do what? Ronald Reagan, when asked how to resolve the situation in Angola, where Washington and Moscow have backed opposing political forces, declared that "it's time for us to straighten up and eyeball [the Russians] and say, 'Out. We'll let [the Angolans] fight it out among themselves, or you're going to have us to deal with.'" But if the Russians refuse to blink, what do we do? Threaten nuclear war? Send U.S. troops to Africa? Refuse to sell Moscow our wheat? At this point, critics usually fall silent.

"Gee, but this is an awful stretch!"



Joseph Keppler, Jr. The Granger Collection

In the event of a new oil embargo by the Arabs, what should the United States, hardly dependent on Middle East oil, do? Jimmy Carter, campaigning against the Administration, said he would declare "all-out economic war" before he would let America be "brought to her knees again." But what this total economic war would entail was never spelled out.

From the Administration there is more jingoist rhetoric, and this is perhaps more worrisome because of the official positions held by those who utter it. President Ford, in criticizing the Senate for voting to cut off funds for covert U.S. military aid to Angola, said that U.S. power and prestige could be in question if the United States did not act to counter Russian ambitions in southern Africa. "How can the United States, the greatest power in the world, take the position that the Soviet Union can operate with impunity many thousands of miles away?" he asked. If Angola was to be branded a test of America's will, even though Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said that America's strategic interests were not at stake there, then the defeat of U.S.-backed forces could indeed provide further fuel for those critics who proclaim American impotence in world affairs. Few better examples of such irresponsible rhetoric can be found than the words of the former American Ambassador to the United Nations, Daniel P. Moynihan, projecting a possible victory of the Soviet-backed forces in Angola: "The Communists will take over Angola and will thereby considerably control the oil shipping lanes from the Persian Gulf to Europe. They will be next to Brazil. They will have a large chunk of Africa and the world will be different in the aftermath."

In this Bicentennial year, then, America is not acting her age. After the overextension of American power in Indochina, some of us hoped that a new foreign policy would emerge that would eschew verbal cant and unjustifiable commitments. Instead, apocalyptic bluster obscures the debate, preventing us from finding out what has really gone wrong. Thus, we cannot discover the true failure of American foreign policy until we eradicate that ever-present strain in American life that has come to the fore once again in recent years—the dark side of American nationalism.

Idealism *v.* expansionism

NATIONALISM IS JANUS-LIKE: it expresses both hopes and fears. In some instances, it can help lead to that higher state of freedom where men seek identity as well as protection under the flag of the nation-state. Thus, in the nineteenth century, whenever nationalism was truly joined to liberalism, it became a creative force embodying a moral standard to which oppressed people could rally. The nationalism of

Garibaldi and Mazzini was idealistic and generous, not narrow or exclusive. The achievement of Italian national unity was interpreted as a positive force for international good. As a Garibaldian song of the 1850s put it: "We are spurned and scorned by the centuries because we are not a real people but divided. Let us form a united band, on a common hope." Their nationalism was altruistic; it did not ask for itself more than it asked for others. All peoples had a right to national identity. Similarly, the early American Federalists saw as one of their primary tasks the creation of national sentiment. The Civil War was fought essentially so as to preserve the ideals of national unity and the sovereignty of the nation-state over congeries of regional loyalties.

American nationalism grew most extravagantly idealistic before World War I. During this period the "new nationalism" of Theodore Roosevelt became transformed into the "new freedom" of Woodrow Wilson, who became its most eloquent advocate. Domestic reformers, eager to correct the glaring injustices produced by the industrial revolution, sought to fan the flames of a new patriotism that would turn Americans away from the seductions of empire and toward the task of renovating the republic of democratic dreams.

This spirit of patriotism was best summed up in 1909 by Herbert Croly, later editor of *The New Republic*, in his book *The Promise of American Life*. Croly, who believed in a policy of economic independence for the common man, thought that there was "every reason why the American democracy should become in sentiment and conviction frankly, unscrupulously and loyally nationalist." On the eve of the war, the young Walter Lippmann published his book *Drift and Mastery*. American patriotism, said Lippmann, was gaining "a new dignity by its increasing alliance with democratic reform, and there is actually ground for supposing that love of country is coming to mean love of country and not hatred of other countries."

But American nationalism had also shown itself far different in character from Croly's and Lippmann's definitions. America was a nation conceived not only in reaction to the restrictions and corruptions of old Europe but also one that increasingly became dedicated to that expansionism which brought her to preeminence as a world power. This expansive side of American life was visibly ruthless during the Mexican War in 1846, when the phrase "Manifest Destiny" came into general use.

With the territorial limits of the continental United States fixed by the end of the century, American nationalism came to be expressed in rapidly expanding sea power. The new imperialists demanded a larger Pacific fleet, primarily in order to contain Japan, which, since its "opening" in 1854, had steadily grown in influence. To protect the fleet, an Isthmian canal linking the two oceans was needed; and to protect this proposed waterway the United States also needed to control Cuba. The opportunity for the actual annexation of this island came in 1898, when the United States embarked upon a "splendid little war" to liberate Cuba from its Spanish tyrants. President McKinley may have spurned legal annexation, declaring that "by our code of morality [this] would be criminal aggression"; but the United States obtained de facto control nonetheless.

This expansionist impulse, once unleashed, went much further. Morality notwithstanding, McKinley managed to annex Hawaii and Puerto Rico, and to send troops to occupy the Philippines as well. Annexing the Philippines proved a popular issue. The Filipinos, however, failed to appreciate it. They fought hard against the U.S. occupation, and the reprisals taken by the American Army were merciless. The insurrection went on for three years, and perhaps as many as 200,000 Filipino lives were lost.

While the idea of annexation may have caught the public imagination, the imposition of our sovereignty over an unwilling people and the brutality of our troops went against the American grain. Our unique promise as a nation free from grasping ambitions seemed betrayed. Opposition surfaced in the form of the Anti-Imperialist League. Though its protests were drowned out by a rising chorus of jingoist approval, the Anti-Imperialists did in fact have some impact on future developments. Al-

Interrupting the Ceremony



John T. McCutcheon. The *Chicago Tribune*. The Granger Collection

though there were further interventions in the Western Hemisphere, our behavior was never again as cruel as it was in the Philippines. The philosopher William James, saddened and angry, wrote a telling condemnation of what we had done. "There are worse things than financial troubles in a Nation's career," he said. "To puke up its ancient soul, and the only things that gave it eminence among other nations, in five minutes without a wink of squeamishness is worse; and that is what the Republicans would commit us to in the Philippines. Our conduct there has been one protracted lie towards ourselves."

IN 1912, WHEN WOODROW WILSON was elected, he evoked that promise of American life that the reformers such as Lippmann and Croly were crying for. Wilson denounced the foreign policies of the previous Republican administrations as imperialistic and proclaimed that his foreign policy would be concerned mainly with "human rights, national integrity, and opportunity," rather than with "material interests," and asserted that America would "never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest."

However, the moralistic zeal which had ignited reformers at home turned out to be double-edged. What was good for America was only too often thought to be fine for everyone else as well. The doctrine of self-determination for those abroad reflected an idealistic vision of the national goal America had set for herself. Thus, Wilsonian foreign policy toward Latin America, while avowedly anti-imperialist, resulted in interventions in the name of self-determination. Most characteristic of this behavior was Wilson's invasion of Mexico in 1914, when American Marines landed at Vera Cruz in order to impose a government sympathetic to the United States. Despite an otherwise restrained policy, the big stick Wilson wielded at Vera Cruz did much to convince the Latin-American nations that the U.S. crusade for democracy was hard to distinguish from imperialism.

When, shortly afterward, the United States was drawn into the first world war, Wilson declared that "we entered the war as the disinterested champions of right." And after victory, meeting with the other allies at Versailles, Wilson believed America's new global responsibilities had come "by no plan of our conceiving, but by the hand of God who led us in this way." In his desire not to redress the balance of power of the Old World but to remake it, he brought with him the principle of self-determination and the covenant of the League of Nations. In short, his missionary goal was to extend America's federal and parliamentary system to Europe, and indeed the world. The American flag, as he put it, was "the flag not only of America but of humanity."

Wilson's principles were generally welcomed by the younger generation of Europeans. The first phase of the European civil war was over, and perhaps the new league would render war a thing of the past. The young economist John Maynard Keynes described Wilson at the peace conference as enjoying "a prestige and moral influence throughout the world." But Wilson was faced with Britain's Lloyd George and France's Clemenceau, who dominated the conference and whose commitment to the balance of power was absolute.

Wilson's compromises over the principle of self-determination were made, of course, in return for European support for the league. To have sacrificed a smaller good for a greater good would have been perfectly acceptable had Wilson been willing to dicker with the U.S. Congress and get his beloved league. But this he would not do. The recriminations on both sides of the Atlantic reinforced America's notion of a corrupt, self-centered Europe, and France's view of the U.S. as a perfidious ally who had failed to support her plans for the containment of German ambitions.

Paradoxically, both Wilson and his opponents in the United States shared the notion of avoiding the old system as devised by the Europeans. America's encounter with Europe had strengthened the conviction of the unique destiny of the United States. For

Step on it, Doc!



Wilson, the American soldiers abroad were crusaders wrapped up in liberty. In his last speech made in 1919, when he was urging ratification of the league, he spoke extemporaneously of the dead American crusaders: "I wish sane men in public life who are now opposing the settlement for which these men died . . . could feel the moral obligation that rests upon us not to go back on those boys, but to see the thing through, to see it through to the end and make good their redemption of the world. For nothing less depends upon this decision, nothing less than the liberation and salvation of the world."

Despite U.S. refusal to ratify the league, the period between the wars was not one of total U.S. isolationism: we continued to support an interventionist policy in Latin America throughout the 1920s and, clothed in moral righteousness, were only too ready to sign international agreements as long as they were couched, like the Kellogg-Briand peace pact, in idealistic terms.

America's reentry into the European scene was characterized by the moderate Wilsonianism of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was determined that the United States should avoid the consequences of the last peace. The most signal lesson of the past was, in his view, that America's moral stance as the guardian of freedom should be coupled with active involvement in the new international politics. This time, an encounter with Europe would not end with retreat before the corruptions of the old system. Instead, we were prepared to join the United Nations, even to locate it in New York as proof of our determination to remain a world power, and to act, as FDR put it, as one of "the four policemen," the others being Britain, Russia, and China. This time our idealism would not be taken for granted. The creation of international organizations such as the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, the United Nations and its subsidiary agencies—all these were warranties against any desire of the United States to withdraw from the world scene.

In the immediate postwar era, then, the men who directed American foreign policy considered themselves realists. Realism implied the measured use of power to implement American idealism. Thus the containment of the Soviet Union was a policy originally constructed for Europe, and first implemented in the Truman Doctrine in 1947. The Truman Doctrine, promising military aid to Greece and Turkey, contained, however, the ambiguous phrase that the United States should "support free peoples who are resisting subjugations by armed minorities or by outside pressures." Furthermore, to secure Congressional support for the emergency aid, the Truman Administration felt itself compelled to invoke the rhetoric of the spreading danger of Communism rather than emphasizing the necessity for U.S. intervention in the eastern Mediterranean as a vital element in the balance of power in that area after the British were compelled to withdraw. By the Dulles era in the 1950s, the Russian threat had become the Communist threat. A universalist concept of American purpose and power moved the arena of the Cold War from Europe—and even Northeast Asia—to every part of the globe.

The broad application of the doctrine of containment was actually spelled out ten years later with the Eisenhower Doctrine. Ostensibly designed in order to deal with the situation in the Middle East after the debacle of the Franco-British Suez expedition, the new doctrine enlarged the U.S. commitment to contain not only Communist power but to maintain the status quo in any nation even indirectly threatened by Communism. Not only would economic aid be granted, but also American forces, "to secure and protect the territorial integrity and political independence of such nations requesting such aid against overt aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism." Throughout this period an almost Manichean view of the world as a struggle between the forces of good and evil, between freedom and totalitarianism, or what was called the free (meaning non-Communist) world and international Communism, prevailed. It was Wilsonianism run rampant.

A moral view of the universe, then, was a persistent element in the American conscience: but not since Colonial days had the evil been so clearly identified. And the existence of an American morality whiter than whiteness was most loudly proclaimed by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Even in 1946, during the earliest days of the Cold War, Dulles saw the main cause of war as a confrontation between two faiths: it was Christianity versus Communism, spirituality versus atheism. The Cold War was an ideological far more than an economic or political conflict. Dulles's call was for a policy of boldness to contrast with the more cautious notion of containment as pursued by Acheson and Truman, which, as he put it, meant "strength nowhere and bankruptcy everywhere." There existed "a moral or natural law" of right or wrong which men must follow or meet with disaster. America was again God's chosen avenger. "This law," he wrote, "has been trampled by the Soviet rulers, and for that violation they can and should be made to pay."

While the more temperate Eisenhower did not implement the avenging nature of Dulles's rhetoric, by 1960 the United States had extended itself in an orgy of pactomania throughout the world. Small wonder that in 1963 President John F. Kennedy could write: "We in this country, in this generation are—by destiny rather than by choice—the watchmen on the walls of world freedom."

By 1968, mired in Vietnam, American moral

idealism rang hollow. Yet in that very year, the year of the bloody Tet offensive abroad and of assassins at home, Lyndon Johnson could proclaim: "Much of the energy of our efforts has come because we believe it right that the strong should help the weak defend their freedom . . . that nations, no matter how small, or fragile, or young, should be free from coercion of others."

Extended far beyond the safe boundaries of our power, our moral position was crumbling. We were no longer innocent, and now it was the Europeans who so often condemned the corruption of our policies. We had become the major interventionist power in the world.

AT THIS POINT THERE OCCURRED a significant mutation in American foreign policy. With the election of Richard Nixon and the appointment of Henry Kissinger, an entirely new construct of U.S. foreign policy emerged. Once the most redoubtable of cold warriors, Nixon devised policies that were designed to move the United States out of the era of confrontation which had characterized the Cold War. The Nixon Administration, adopting Bismarck's belief that ideology was foolish and policy was "the art of the possible," mitigated the adversary relationships that had prevailed between America and Russia and between America and China. The "opening to China" in 1971 and the conclusion of the first round of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks with Russia in 1972 were achievements that reoriented American foreign policy away from a narrowly conceived, moralistic anti-Communism toward a more realistic mode of operations.

In formulating a nonideological foreign policy, the moral component previously inherent in U.S. foreign policy was now often conspicuously absent. In dealing with the Greek dictators, with the post-Allende regime in Chile, with the Portuguese government prior to the revolution, or with the Franco government, American attitudes showed a marked indifference to repressive regimes. Fear of any new Communist takeovers required the United States, so it seemed, to develop a paradoxical policy. Toward those states already under Communist control Washington would drop its ideological hostility. But any changes in the status quo—if they implied a definite turn to the Left—were to be prevented at all costs. In dealings with friend and foe alike, however, Nixon's carefully managed retreat was often accompanied by jingoist rhetoric. Characteristic of this tone was his assertion at the height of the 1972 North Vietnamese spring offensive: "In the final analysis what is really on the line is the position of the United States as the strongest nation in the world."

The mode of operation in the Nixon-Kissinger years became known as the "Nixon shocks." In the early, more self-confident years of the Administration, Nixon and his protégé practiced ruse and surprise. This was most evident in 1971 when the United States opened relations with mainland China without warning its major Asiatic ally, Japan, though postwar Japanese foreign policy had been based on nonrecognition of Peking and close relations with Taiwan. While the theatricality of the Nixon-Kissinger gesture may have been popular at home, neither consulting nor even informing one's closest allies was a form of unilateral behavior that had not been practiced by Washington in the postwar era.

Economic nationalism also became a hallmark of the first years of the Nixon Administration, with Secretary of the Treasury John Connally in command. In August 1971 the U.S. government imposed a 10 percent surcharge on imports that not only evoked the ghost of protectionism but also provided further impetus to the incipient nationalism of our major trading partners—Japan, Western Europe, and Canada. One aim of the Nixon-Connally new economic policy was to insist that other rich countries revalue their currency upward and thus help America to rectify her own balance-of-payments deficits. This was laudable, as was the disposition to end dependency on the dollar to finance world trade by suspending gold convertibility. But the manner in which the devaluation was carried out was patently nationalistic. In explaining

United Nations



the U.S. actions, Connally was both patronizing and misleading: "We had a problem," he said, "and we're sharing it with the world, just like we shared our prosperity." Yet both the Europeans and the Japanese knew full well that it was the cost of the Indochina war and the unwillingness—particularly the unwillingness of President Johnson—to explain honestly the price of such a war that had been at the heart of the American balance-of-payments problem. Connally himself admitted that he was "the bully boy on the manicured playing fields of international finance." It was a role he apparently relished. Only months later—when Connally's desire to act unilaterally had been blunted by pressure from the State Department, the Federal Reserve Board, and Kissinger himself—was a second devaluation worked out by consultations among the leading financial powers in the Smithsonian Agreement in early 1972.

Confrontation

SIGNS OF THE NEW AMERICAN nationalism became clearest in the watershed year of 1973. This was the year not only of Watergate but of the Yom Kippur War and the resulting oil embargo, which threw into relief a changing international power structure. In the closing phases of the war, Washington called a worldwide military alert, without either consulting or adequately informing its European allies. U.S. troops were moved in West Germany, without the consent of the Bonn government, in response to possible Soviet intervention in the Middle East. The Europeans, seeing in the Arab-Israeli conflict a regional dispute that need not involve them, criticized the United States for deciding on its own the magnitude of the crisis and the consequent danger for Europe. Perceiving their interest as different from the American concern with the U.S.-Soviet struggle for power, the Europeans preferred to avoid confrontation with the Arab-Mediterranean world.

This unwillingness of Europe, gravely dependent on Middle Eastern oil, to support Washington's policies called forth the wrath of the Administration. Secretary Kissinger called them "craven, contemptible, pernicious" and "jackal-like." In the spring of 1974, when the Europeans agreed to a meeting with the Arab leaders from which the United States was excluded—the very backlash which Washington might have foreseen—Nixon demanded that the Europeans follow the lead of the United States. He explicitly underlined the linkage between security—as provided by Washington—and economic and political cooperation, which he demanded be tailored to U.S. interests. "The Europeans cannot have it both ways," he declared. "They cannot have United States participation and cooperation on the security front and then proceed to have confrontation and even hostility on the economic and political front. . . . The day of the one-way street is gone. . . . We are not going to be faced with a situation where the nine countries of Europe gang up against the United States which is their guarantee for their security." By stressing the direct link between continuance of the U.S. security role in Europe and concessions in the trade and monetary fields, Nixon's speech marked the high tide of confrontation with our major allies.

More recently, attempts have been made to coordinate policies among the industrialized nations of Western Europe, the United States, and Japan. The November 1975 summit meeting of six of the richest countries of the non-Communist world was just such an effort. But while they pledged themselves to work together for common economic goals, none made any serious concessions on what each one perceived as its own national interest to the broader interest of all. In 1933, in similar circumstances, the London Economic Conference called for economic cooperation, but the rhetoric of internationalism yielded to unilateral and finally destructive nationalistic behavior that helped fuel the Great Depression.

WHILE AMERICAN NATIONALISTIC behavior was often a response to the waning of America's power over her allies and former client-states, Washington took a more threatening stance when confronted with the posturings and demands of the Third World. The loudest cry of the newly enfranchised and marginal powers, such as Iran and Brazil, was for equality (or equity) with the rich nations. For the Europeans, calls for compensation, whether in the form of economic reparations or wholesale nationalization, were hardly surprising; many of these nations had been Europe's colonies. But for the United States such Third World demands were puzzling and frightening.

In response, the defensive reaction of America, uncertain of the proper attitude to a suddenly changed environment, was to threaten retaliation. Most especially, voices inside and outside government reacted with tough talk toward the OPEC oil cartel. On the eve of meeting with the Europeans to prepare for a conference with the oil-exporting nations in the spring of 1975, the then Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders was quoted as saying that Washington's aim was to hasten "the demise" of the cartel.

Such threats can only be self-defeating. Rather than assuring a continued supply of raw materials, our antagonism only makes our aims more difficult to achieve. A policy of confrontation tends to heighten the irrationality of both sides. The better part of wisdom would be to ignore the rhetoric of the "ungrateful" poor. Moreover, to state that we

are attempting to wreck the one group of nations from the Third World—OPEC—that has been fairly successful in extracting concessions from the rich only embitters the struggle between the rich and the poor to the detriment of both. It also does nothing to advance the cause of breaking up the oil cartel; it is merely talk. When the possibility of external control over our supply of raw materials looms, the recent published scenarios of U.S. intervention to ensure replenishment of resources can only arouse the body politic.

Writing in *Commentary*, Professor Robert W. Tucker, in looking at the changing power hierarchy between the states of the North and those of the South, put forth a powerfully designed schema for breaking the oil cartel by seizing Arabian oil fields along the Persian Gulf. If such a prescription were followed, the political will of the United States, in his view, would be unquestioned. But as his critic, I.F. Stone, has pointed out, Tucker avoids a number of crucial nonmilitary questions: "How do we supply Western Europe and Japan with oil while we repair the blown-up Arabian wells, try to repel guerrilla attacks, and somehow placate the anger in the oil-producing states? Can this be done quickly enough to prevent the gravest kind of social disorder and economic breakdown in the two areas we are presumed to be defending—Japan and Western Europe, the two other main areas of world capitalism?"

By far the most alarming projection of U.S. power was an article by the pseudonymous Miles Ignotus in *Harper's* in March 1975 in which the professor-militarist outlines a military operation to seize Arab oil if we are threatened with another embargo. The "unknown soldier" accuses the American government, whose actions had been far from accommodationist, of pursuing a "policy of appeasement." After outlining a war game replete with landing tactics couched in fashionable military jargon based on D-Day+1 to D+90, he concludes his geopolitical analysis with the self-defeating assertion: "Let the Russians have the influence, and let us have the oil." And if Washington turns aside from such a scenario, "future generations will . . . recognize craven passivity."

In the two years since the oil weapon was used, American officials have so far rejected force, but they have often thrown away the benefits of this policy by issuing hollow and blustering threats. Secretary Kissinger spoke of "strangulation" by the oil producers—though it is hard to see how the United States, only marginally dependent on Arab oil, can be strangled. A few days later President Ford used the same language. Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, aware of U.S. predominance in grain exports, declaimed that "food is a weapon."

Such Administration rhetoric has a distinct echo from outside government. Just prior to becoming U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, Daniel Patrick Moynihan accused our foreign policy "elites" of making "an accommodation to totalitarianism without precedent in our history." Yet most of the world is totalitarian. We need not approve of the system; but we can do little to change it. If the United States simply "goes into opposition" and fights the bloc of Third World nations on principles, as former Ambassador Moynihan has suggested, this policy would most likely reinforce the very existence of such a bloc. A more mature act of political statesmanship would be to deal with smaller blocs on specific issues, as did the European Community in concluding trade agreements with the African, Caribbean, and Pacific states, the so-called Lomé Convention of 1975.

To turn away from confrontation does not represent a failure of will but rather a recognition that we are strong enough to afford accommodation. By doing away with posturing and pretending we will be better able to cope with the real failure in our foreign policy. For what we are witnessing is not failure of nerve but a failure of the imagination. Even though we have discarded some of the ideological baggage of the Cold War, we cannot seem to devise new policies for a world where chaos may be common and power random. India, for example, has become the sixth nuclear power, and Brazil may soon follow. As regards the range of weaponry, America today finds herself in much the same relation to her adversary Russia as Britain was to Nazi Germany.

While policies devised by Washington to cope with the immediate postwar years may have enhanced American predominance, they were conceived in the belief that liberal, pluralistic societies were models for the future. The spirit of narrow nationalism was usually absent, at least in our dealings with the non-Communist world. For America, it is hard to find a domestic consensus for an essentially amoral foreign policy, and rightly so. Moral concerns are, after all, necessary components of realism. For realism, in its essence, sees the world whole. Although a neo-Wilsonian zeal to remake the world in our own image too often characterized American policy during the Cold War, we must not, in reaction to our errors, take the opposite tack. Nothing could be more dangerous to our sense of ourselves and our effectiveness as a world power than to pursue a policy, in Kissinger's own words, "empty of vision and humanity." Not to transcend the wholly pragmatic can easily give rise to a policy mired in expediency, with incalculable costs to the body politic.

An anarchic world may be no more dangerous than what most of us have known so far in this century of total war. But if we are to imagine a new foreign policy for an age of anarchy, our current tendency to brag and bluster is unacceptable. What we need is not jingoism but the highest moral courage in order to live with uncertainty. □

Frances FitzGerald

THE WARRIOR INTELLECTUALS

A philippic against Daniel P. Moynihan and the augurs on the Right



IT IS NOT A GOOD TIME for politicians. Only a few years ago Americans used to take politicians seriously, name highways after them and put them high on the lists of the most respected and best dressed. But now even teenyboppers have lost interest in glamour candidates; Presidents and Presidential aspirants are ridiculed; and the strongest emotion that politicians seem to inspire is a vague disgust. For the first time the media are giving great significance to polls that show not which candidate is liked the most but which is the least disliked, and the ambiguous results of the early primaries would seem to indicate that people would just as soon not have a President at all. But this cloud of boredom has razor edges. It used to be that a politician could promise all things to most people and have a good chance of sounding "credible." But now, on all substantive issues, there is a clear ideological split or a vaporous confusion that no one dares penetrate lest it conceal yet another split. The art of politics today is the art of the impossible: a politician must not look like a politician and must appear simultaneously, Janus-like, on both sides of every question. While many have tried, few have succeeded in this art. Jimmy Carter, perhaps, the ambiguous voice of that ambiguous concept, the New South. Certainly Jerry Brown, a counterculture conservative who answers ward bosses with Zen questions. But for a time at least, the most successful of all was the intellectual hard hat and undiplomatic diplomat, Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

In his brief career as Ambassador to the United Nations Moynihan appeared to split every classical political conundrum and make all opposite ends meet. A Republican appointee, he was sought after

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by many in New York State for the Democratic nomination for Senator. A supporter of big labor and a frequent contributor to *Commentary* magazine, he was hailed by William Buckley as a great spiritual resource for the nation and nominated for Vice-President of the United States by the editors of *National Review*. Liberal intellectuals praised his stand on human rights, and conservative businessmen cheered him for standing up for America and giving 'em hell at the United Nations. The major television news shows interviewed him constantly, and *Time* put him on its cover as a "controversial" figure. A representative of the United States on the world's greatest stage, he was seen as a maverick, a freewheeling intellectual who just happened to be working for Henry Kissinger.

Moynihan did not, of course, square the political circle any more than did Carter or Brown, and, with them, a certain amount of the Moynihan phenomenon had to do with *trompe l'oeil*. Perhaps more than theirs, Moynihan's magic is easy to see because it is Irish. His great charm is his language, the talk of an Irish intellectual who has schooled the original folk melodies and has cured their sentimentality with his own dry wit. The sound was pleasing amidst the general tunelessness of American political rhetoric, and particularly so in the sphere of foreign policy.

Harp music

OVER THE LAST DECADE or more those who create our foreign policy have prided themselves on being tough-minded, hard-nosed, realistic, and generally tone-deaf to the emotions. As a result, their realism has tended to be an abstraction built on theories rather than political or human insight. Foreign-policy making has been cold, esoteric, and hierarchical, a Pharaonic cult, as it were, so focused on the symbols of power as to be itself a fantasy detached from the real world and unapproachable from it. Since the end of the Vietnam war, there has been a deathlike silence around the subject interrupted only by an occasional muttering from Henry Kissinger. Into this silence Moynihan's talk came like a breath from the outside. He spoke not of power but of morality and idealism and with a passion that promised to break open the closed tombs of calculation. This music was particularly attractive to those who suspected that in the calculus of oil prices the United States might turn its back on Israel. For of course the Moynihan music was the language of the oppressed, the language of people who, having neither power nor wealth, challenge their oppressors with dreams.

The charm of the Irish, however, is also their curse—a curse similar to, but greater than, that of drink. For the talk of the Irish runs on and on until it turns into pure melody, the sound more important than the sense. The music that promised liberation becomes in itself the liberation—a transcendence of the world; the poetry that promised to replace one world by another becomes a disguise for continued submission. It is thus that, in working for a Republican administration, Moynihan could claim to be the authentic voice of the working class of America.

Without that Irish magic the Moynihan phenomenon would have been less remarkable. For in the real world Moynihan is anything but a maverick intellectual. By the time he left the U.N. he had spent thirteen of the past nineteen years in government, most of them in positions near the center of power. He had held a high position in the Labor Department during the Kennedy Administration and had been Assistant Secretary of Labor for the first two years of the Johnson Administration. Under Nixon he had been an assistant for urban affairs at the White House, and had been sent to India as Ambassador. His capacity for bureaucratic survival was almost unique amid the large disturbances of the Sixties; otherwise he might be said to have the Establishment credentials of John J. McCloy. Of course, unlike McCloy and the other reticent and publicly anonymous men who made foreign policy from World War II until the Vietnam war, Moynihan wrote voluminously and, at least from the late Sixties on, spoke out as a public figure. He was no less useful because of it. Indeed, it was his harsh criticism of prevailing policy that made him fit so well into the Nixon Administration, where the President and Vice-President were the ones to lead the attack on the Establishment.

Just as Moynihan was about to resign from his U.N. job, such Establishment figures as James Reston and the editors of the *Washington Post* suggested that he was too undiplomatic to be an Ambassador, and that his talents might be much better suited to the Senate. The suggestion was presumed to have come from Kissinger, and perhaps it did. But if so, the differences between the two men were not ones of policy or even really of tactics. Kissinger had, after all, hired Moynihan on the basis of an article recommending confrontation tactics at the U.N. And it would be difficult to say that Moynihan was any less diplomatic than the previous Ambassador, John Scali, who once told a surprised U.N. assemblage that the only function of the U.N. was to police the narcotics trade. Furthermore, Moynihan's charge that there had been a "massive failure of diplomacy" came at a time when Kissinger himself was complaining of the failure of all American foreign policy in the aftermath of Indochina. The Administration was perfectly consistent—it was only apparently stabbing itself in its own back. It prescribed confrontation tactics abroad. And at home it wanted the same, for at least with regard to its foreign policy it saw itself, rightly or

wrongly, as an opposition rather than a government. While Moynihan may have overplayed his hand, he was hired, as Nixon might have said, to tear up the pea patch. He was hired, and to a great extent he served, as Kissinger's Agnew.

AS AN INTELLECTUAL, Moynihan stands at the center of another contradiction more apparent than real—the group of academics and journalists who have usually called themselves liberals or social democrats, but are these days known as neoconservatives. While there is nothing formal about the group, it currently centers on two journals: *The Public Interest*, a magazine of social policy edited by Irving Kristol and Nathan Glazer, and *Commentary*, a general cultural and political magazine published by the American Jewish Committee and edited by Norman Podhoretz. In addition to Kristol and Glazer, the academic members include sociologists, such as Robert Nisbet, Daniel Bell, and Seymour Martin Lipset, political scientists such as Aaron Wildavsky, Samuel Huntington, and Robert W. Tucker, and the polymath Herman Kahn. The group is a powerful one with an interesting history. In the 1930s and '40s a number of these intellectuals, such as Lipset and Bell, were anti-Stalinist Marxists. In the 1950s and '60s all of them were—or had become—Democrats, fiercely anti-Communist in foreign policy but socialists, or at least somewhere to the left of Kennedy, when it came to domestic policy. Most of them opposed the Vietnam war and favored, at least in theory, the Great Society programs of the Johnson era. Moynihan himself helped to design some of these programs. While he was the only one to hold government office for a long period of time, many of the others had government research contracts and all had a strong influence both on government policy and on intellectual tendencies within the prestigious universities where they taught.

So great was their influence in the late Fifties that Bell, Lipset, and others devised an entire theory to account for the extraordinary degree of consensus: the end of ideology. According to this theory, coherent political doctrines were too simplistic to account for the complexities of postindustrial society. Ideology was outdated and belonged on the trash heap of history. Lipset wrote that the notion of the new consensus occurred to him after he had attended a meeting of intellectuals in Europe sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. He apparently did not notice who had not been invited to the meeting, and probably did not know at the time that the organization was funded by the CIA. About five years after the death of ideology had been announced, the consensus shattered, and noisily. In the mid-Sixties the New Left crashed off to one end of the spectrum; in the late Sixties or early Seventies a number of the former managers of the consensus veered sharply off to the right. While they did not announce the rebirth of ideology, they took a consistent series of positions that ranged across the board from foreign policy to domestic justice. To their anti-Communist position they added an attack on government intervention in social welfare, an attack on egalitarianism, on affirmative action programs, on populist political movements and on détente with the Soviet Union. Then they proclaimed the imminent death of liberalism and the decline of Western civilization.

The shift proved important. Until then the right-wing fort had been rather insecurely held by the foppish aristocrats of *National Review*. The newly arrived recruits gave the position weight, and the Left—leaderless and in some disarray—offered no great resistance. Making new forays into politics, they became influential not with the old Right of Reagan and Goldwater but with Richard Nixon (who sometimes wore the Disraeli suit that Moynihan designed for him) and such conservative Democrats as Sen. Henry Jackson and Gov. Jerry Brown.

Though the views of this group are not uniform, Moynihan is as good a representative of it as anyone, not because he is an intellectual leader of it, but rather because he is not. A prolific writer, he has produced essays on almost every subject that concerns the members of the group, splicing their arguments and reweaving their academic prose with his own brilliance. He has brought neoconservative ideas into the public arena, concretely demonstrating what they mean in relation to the policies of the current administration. If Moynihan was Kissinger's Agnew, he was also the candidate from *Commentary*. As he has been the group's principal spokesman on foreign policy for the past few years, it is worthwhile to look closely at what he has said and written. His views have important implications for domestic politics. They are, to begin with, the clearest alternative to what is called the New Politics of the liberal wing of the Democratic party. They are, in other words, a reaction to the reaction to Vietnam: a reaction to the liberal-Left wing that has yet to take power. A preemptive bid, one might call it. A protective reaction strike.

Getting tough

SINCE HE TOOK UP foreign policy Moynihan has concentrated his attention on American relations with the developing countries (or the underdeveloping countries, as the case may be). He does not ignore the Soviet-American relationship—he does not like that either—but, unlike the containment theorists of the Fifties, he begins with an analysis of the Third World. While his arguments are not always consistent, his solutions to foreign-policy problems are always the







Etchings by Hank Virgona from a forthcoming book, The System Works *(Da Capo Press)*

same: the United States must ignore the lessons of Vietnam and get tough with the rest of the world.

In a now-famous *Commentary* piece in March 1975—on the basis of which Kissinger appointed him to the U.N.—Moynihan addressed the question of Third World demands for a new international economic order. These demands constitute the first coherent program for structural change in the elaborate system of trade, tariff, and financial arrangements created by the industrialized West under American leadership after the second world war. The argument of the Third World leaders is that this system is exploitive, that it functions to preserve the economic dominion of the West, and that it has succeeded so well that it has prevented the nonindustrialized countries from developing—putting many of them in a worse position than they were in twenty-five years ago. Moynihan's article suggests that all this is nonsense, that poverty is the fault of the poor, and that the underdeveloped nations are merely ganging up on the United States to extort the wealth that it has legitimately acquired. Furthermore, any attempt at accommodation is useless, if not dangerous, since the demands of these countries are insatiable; by giving in to them, the United States would only encourage these nations in their fecklessness and lead them to further attacks.

These conclusions depend on what might be called Moynihan's special theory of world affairs, which goes as follows: Americans have misunderstood the Third World because they tend to see developing countries as following either the Soviet or the American model. In fact, the greatest influence on them—and the determining influence—is British socialism of the Fabian variety. This ideology is not inherently pro-Soviet, but it is inherently anti-American and anticapitalist. It seeks the increase of wealth not through increased production but through the redistribution of existing wealth. Thus the developing countries complain about colonialist exploitation and demand a global redistribution of wealth in the form of reparations. But, says Moynihan, it is not the fault of the United States that these countries are poor; the disparity of wealth has arisen because the U.S. is an efficient producer of wealth, whereas they, because of their socialist ideology, have state-run economies that are by nature inefficient. The situation becomes increasingly dangerous as Third World economies fail to meet their promises, and their governments become increasingly authoritarian, hostile to the West, and vulnerable to Communist subversion. It is time, therefore, for the U.S. to move into opposition, proclaiming the efficiency of liberal economics (viz. the success of the multinational corporations) and the virtues of liberal democracy.

Moynihan's thesis about the determining influence of British Fabianism (disseminated, it seems, by British colonial officials and professors from Moynihan's alma mater, the London School of Economics) is, to say the least, a skimpy one. It does not, for instance, apply to Latin America or North Africa, and it does not explain the behavior of Indira Gandhi, much less that of Sukarno, Nkrumah, or the Shah of Iran. Then, to the extent that African and Asian leaders possess democratic socialist ideas, they are much less likely to have learned them from British colonial officials than from the Congress for Cultural Freedom and such left-wing Cold Warriors as Lipset and Bell. Moynihan himself apparently had little faith in his theory. After a few chastening letters from conservative British contributors to *Commentary*, he abandoned it. A year later he said that he had been mistaken, that he had thought the new countries of the world had a decent, albeit anti-American, tradition inherited from Europe, but now he was not so sure, for "such has been the success of Communist arms, Communist intrigue, Communist treachery in Asia and Africa, that the reputation of democracy in those regions has all but collapsed." This new theory had at least the virtue of familiarity, and Moynihan stuck to it.

The economic argument is less obviously frivolous, for there are many state-run economies in the Third World which are extremely inefficient. But it is one thing to say that, and quite another to conclude that "inequalities in the world may not be so much a matter of condition as performance." Indeed, they mostly are not. Since World War II many countries (including all the poor countries of Southeast Asia until the time of the Vietnam war) have increased their production by as great a percentage as that of Europe, but ended up poorer than they were before. As a recent U.N. study shows, the prices of primary commodities—with the exception of a few minerals—declined with respect to those of manufactured goods over the twenty-year period 1952-1972; with the exception of petroleum the ratio was worse in 1974 than it had been in 1950. In the case of rice and other food staples this was not because of direct exploitation, but it was not because of free competition either. In the pre-Vietnam war period the United States single-handedly brought down the price of rice by producing enormous quantities for export through subsidies to farmers; it thereby ruined the export market for the Southeast Asian countries—all of whom could produce rice more cheaply—and halted their development plans. Hence the poverty from which Lyndon Johnson claimed he would rescue them.

The deck was stacked. The industrialized world, led by the United States, could control not only the prices of manufactured goods, which it exclusively produced, but it was rich enough to control those of most raw materials as well; it was rich enough to be inefficient. Since the only free market in the world was that in the raw materials of the nonindustrialized world, Moynihan's recommendation of liberal economics was in effect a recommendation

for the poor countries to do what the United States has never done: to remain dependent on loans, and, if not permanently poor, at least politically at the mercy of the United States.

But Moynihan is no economist. Usually he omits the analysis and makes statements instead. The United States has been generous in its economic dealings with the Third World; the United States has a free-market economy, and so on. Defending Kissinger's proposal to make food aid a political weapon, he said to some reporters last year that we should tell the Third World countries that "food growing is the first thing you do when you come down out of trees. The question is how come the United States can grow food and you can't." Moynihan was at that time Ambassador to India.

MOYNIHAN'S POSITION THAT the United States has no obligation to the poor countries may in practice be somewhat more humane than the Kennedy-Johnson position that the United States had a duty to save such people as the Vietnamese from "poverty, ignorance, and disease." But it is no less impractical, and perhaps no less risky. Partly as a result of the Vietnam war and the subsequent inflation, partly as a result of nationalist policies in countries like Peru and the oil-producing states, the United States—and the industrial world as a whole—has lost its position of total dominance. The oil embargo during the last Arab-Israeli war drove this point home rather sharply. Moynihan is right when he says that the poorest countries have been the ones most hurt by the rise in oil prices, but it is not irrational anti-Americanism that drives them to support the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. While the United States is doing very little for them in the way of aid or development loans, the major oil-producing countries have made large loans, and the strength of OPEC has given them a voice in international councils and some hope of changing the international economic system.

In the special session of the United Nations last summer, Kissinger presented a series of proposals that went a few steps toward meeting Third World demands. No altruistic gesture, his offer represented a "tilt" toward the American banks and other corporations that have to do business with the developing countries and that cannot work in a climate of hostility and with an unstable economic structure. It was one of those many progressive Republican acts that, like the unleashing of Gulf in postwar Angola, come from the recognition of necessity to the multinationals. As Ambassador, Moynihan had to present the proposal, but the logic of his position opposed it and the interests of his corporate heroes—his logic being good for little but votes.

At the end of January this year Ambassador Moynihan sent a cable to the Secretary of State and all American embassies abroad—a cable that quickly leaked to the press—maintaining that his U.N. mission had made "considerable progress" in breaking up the "massive blocs of nations, mostly new nations, which for so long have been arrayed against us in international forums and in diplomatic encounters generally." The success, he said, resulted from his tactics of confrontation and from the secretary's decision to withdraw aid from those countries that voted against the United States at the U.N. (State Department spokesmen later said that this did not mean the countries that were important to us, such as Egypt, but only places like Chad and Tanzania—i.e., the ones that could not retaliate.) To look back over U.N. voting patterns for the past few years, however, is to see that the new nations do not consistently vote as a bloc except on two issues: the new international economic system and southern Africa. Occasionally, but not always, they vote as a bloc against Israel, and recently they have tended to vote together on Chile. For the leaders of the new countries the connection between the first two issues is "anticolonialism": an attempt to wipe out the last vestiges of European economic, cultural, and racial domination of Africa and Asia. As Tom J. Fares, one scholar of the subject, has pointed out, anticolonialism is the only ideology that the new nations can be said to share. Taken seriously, it helps to explain the moral double standard that causes, say, black African countries to attack racism in South Africa but not in Uganda. In the past the non-Muslim leaders of black Africa did not identify themselves with the Arab view that Israel, as a Jewish state, embodies yet another form of colonialism and practices discrimination in a manner parallel to that of the South Africans. Before the last war many of them had excellent relations with Israel. But since then, the failure of Kissinger's step-by-step diplomacy to end the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and the Golan Heights and to resolve the Palestinian issue has put them under considerable moral and political—as well as financial—pressure. The U.N. debates and resolutions on Israel formed a part of the Arab diplomatic strategy to force the United States and Israel back into the negotiating process, and the Africans did not want to oppose that effort. While an American Ambassador to the U.N. could not have resolved the real issue at stake, he could have clarified the moral and ideological aspects of it. He could have dissected the notion of anticolonialism to show that Zionism is not the same as apartheid, to show that racism is not exclusively European and to point out the selective morality of those who complain about political prisoners in South Africa but not about those in Iran, Iraq, or the Soviet Union. But while Moynihan claimed to have done this, he in fact did the opposite—and in the case of Israel created a hazard that

did not exist before. He did not just do this by a slip of the tongue. His gaffe in saying that it was "no accident" that the "racist murderer" Idi Amin was the president of the Organization of African Unity came from his overall vision of the world. (Moynihan never retracted that statement, though, of course, it was untrue, since the OAU presidency passes to each member country, not each leader, in turn.) And when he left the U.N. the blocs remained wholly unchanged.

In his speech at the Pacem in Terris convocation in Washington last October Moynihan outlined what could be called his general—as opposed to his special—theory of world affairs and made an interesting addition to it. The theory usually goes like this: the influence of Western liberal democracy in the world crested in 1919 at the end of the first world war, when the United States abandoned Woodrow Wilson's program for the propagation of democracy and freedom. In this speech, however, Moynihan paraphrased the conservative Catholic philosopher Leo Strauss as saying that in 1914 the West had a purpose and a "clear vision of its future as the 'future of mankind'" and no less clear a sense of its power: "At that time . . . this country, Britain and Germany, if united, could have had their way, without force, in any region of the world." From there (the theory goes on) it was all downhill. Communism appeared, and it turned out to be Stalinism, which was merely Oriental despotism in a new guise. Democratic socialism in the decolonized countries turned out badly; in fact "what the U.N. has done is to extend the nation-state to the far reaches of the world," and with it the doctrine that the state supersedes the individual. More recently there has been "a steady falling away from politically liberal norms, and the gradual establishment of leftist regimes in the formerly democratic post-colonial states" until (and here I am quoting from another speech of the same period) "in the United Nations today there are in the range of two dozen democracies left. Totalitarian Communist regimes and assorted ancient and modern despotisms make up all the rest. And nothing so unites these nations as the conviction that their success ultimately depends on our failure." In addition, the past twenty-five years have seen a "massive regression" to ethnic hatreds and "primitive tribal passions." Thus Western civilization is on the decline.

Inflammatory remarks

APOCALYPTIC VISIONS are not meant for debate, but it is fair enough to ask where they come from. In this country the Decline of the West tradition is so short that there is nowhere very much to go beyond the Catholic *mission civilizatrice* of *National Review*. Beyond that it comes from the philosophy of the pukka sahib and the white man's burden. Moynihan's statement that the leaders of the new countries did not understand the principles of Western representative democracy on which the U.N. was founded (by Western experts) would seem to lead to the conclusion that a whiff of grapeshot was all they understood. This attitude—in combination with the fact that the Golden Age of 1919 was a good deal before the decolonization of most of the world—raises the suspicion that "Western liberal democracy" actually means Western imperialism. By quoting Leo Strauss Moynihan made the translation himself, for certainly Kaiser Wilhelm was no liberal democrat, and what Strauss—thus quoted—seemed to regret was the failure of the United States, England, and Germany to achieve permanent world hegemony. The translation is confirmed by the way Moynihan handled the U.N. debates.

Conceivably the resolution condemning Zionism as a form of racism would never have been passed at the U.N. had it not been for Moynihan. Earlier in the session a number of African countries had voted against a resolution to take away Israel's seat at the U.N. How many might have continued to vote with Israel and how many might have seen the Zionism resolution as a cheap way to show solidarity with the Arab countries, it is impossible to say. But certainly the speech Moynihan made in San Francisco before the vote—the speech in which he denounced nearly all members of the United Nations as totalitarian regimes or despotisms and implied that all members of the Organization of African Unity were racists—forced a certain number of them to change their votes and to line up under the banner of anticolonialism. Just like Senator Jackson's denunciation of Soviet policy on the emigration of Jews in the context of Kissinger's trade bill, Moynihan's speech appealed to Americans as a principled stand, but it defeated its own purpose.

Moynihan was criticized for bad timing and his gratuitous slap at the OAU, but the faults of the speech were not so superficial. He chose to defend Zionism on quite original grounds: "the despotisms," he said, were attacking not Zionism but Israel, and they were attacking Israel because it was a democracy and because it was "one of the very few places, outside of Western Europe and North America and a few offshore islands, where Western democratic principles survive." This line of reasoning left him open to unanswerable questions, such as why, if the "despotisms" attacked only democracies, were they attacking South Africa, and why, if those who voted for the resolution were so immoral and racist, was President Ford receiving President Sadat of Egypt at that very moment with all honors in Washington. The argument was neither plausible nor politic. But what it did was to undercut the Israeli response to the Arab contention that the Israeli leaders are set-

tler colonialists and their state a Western outpost in the Middle East. The total effect of the speech was thus to isolate Israel even more—along, of course, with the United States.

The speciousness of Moynihan's claim to represent the Wilsonian tradition showed up in another way in the context of an American-sponsored resolution calling for worldwide amnesty for political prisoners jailed because of nonviolent protests. The text of the resolution was pure Wilsonianism, but Moynihan in the process of advocating it managed to turn it into something quite else. He did this in part by introducing the resolution not long after the resolution on Zionism had passed, leaving the impression that it was nothing more than an American act of retaliation—an impression reinforced by his failure to inform even the West Europeans before introducing it. Moynihan later admitted that his tactics were not very good; his arguments for the resolution were, however, worse. In his speech of introduction he quite properly complained of the selective morality of those who would condemn only South Africa for holding political prisoners. But then he went on to defend the South African and Chilean regimes with fraudulent arguments. South Africa, he said, at least has a free press—an astonishing statement, since the press that is somewhat free is white and the problem in South Africa is apartheid. In defense of Chile he quoted the American economist, Milton Friedman, as saying that he gave a talk on political freedom at a Chilean university and criticized the regime without censorship. This account of the Friedman experience would, however, do little to reassure a dissident Chilean intellectual, since the United States helped the current regime to power and Milton Friedman's CIA-financed protégés designed the Draconian economic policies of the present junta.

Moynihan has defended Chile and South Africa, in accordance with the Nixon-Ford policy toward those two regimes. The U.S. is currently selling arms and giving large amounts of aid to the Chilean junta; two months ago it organized a $33 million loan for economic development through the World Bank, against the votes of all other countries represented. As for southern Africa, Kissinger's 1969 National Security Study Memorandum to Nixon suggested that the U.S. "maintain public opposition to racial repression but relax political isolation and economic restrictions on the white states." If this proposal is not the basis for current policy, as "high officials" now claim, then that policy has mysteriously coincided with it. Since 1969 the United States has passed a chrome amendment that permits the importation of the full range of Rhodesian minerals—this in violation of its obligations under the U.N. charter—and it has loosened its ban on the sale of military hardware to the white racist regimes. At the U.N. it has consistently isolated itself in support of them. (So much for Moynihan's blocs.) In the previous General Assembly, for instance, the United States voted alone with Malawi against an otherwise generally endorsed plea for the release of political prisoners in South Africa. In Angola, of course, the U.S. supported the Portuguese colonialists until the very end—at which point it made arrangements with Johannesburg for a South African troop deployment there. And most recently, Henry Kissinger and other "high-ranking officials" have encouraged the white Rhodesian government to expect American support in the event that Cuba and the Soviet Union begin a large-scale aid program to the black revolutionaries.

As U.N. Ambassador, Moynihan had of necessity to back this policy (though questioned on CBS about the chrome amendment, he made no comment, and indeed appeared never to have heard of it). But he did so in such a way as to add insult to injury. Apropos of Angola he said that the Soviet aim was to "colonize" Africa with their "Cuban Gurkhas." As the South African troops were at that point halfway to the northern border of Angola in front of the troops of an Angolan leader that the CIA had backed for some fifteen years, the statement had to sound prejudiced, if not Orwellian, to black Africans. The statement would make sense only if the real audience for it were not Africans but Americans.

A military move into southern Africa would not contradict the logic of Moynihan's Decline of the West theory. In an article entitled "How Much Does Freedom Matter?" in the *Atlantic* of July 1975, Moynihan argued that the Western counteroffensive should be a good deal more than rhetorical. In that essay he said that it was unlikely that after Vietnam the "American foreign policy elite" would make "any commitment to freedom abroad comparable to that in the past." For example, he said, the Kennedy Administration had gone to help India against the Chinese attack in 1962; it had done so because India was a democracy whose culture was "in many essentials" Western and because it provided a "credible alternative to Chinese totalitarianism." But now the American foreign-policy elite suffered from a failure of nerve and would probably not make the same commitment.

Moynihan's example is somewhat puzzling. In the first place, the Chinese attack on India in 1962 was more or less of a border skirmish, and it is not at all clear that American aid to India had any influence on it: the Indians never won a battle, and the Chinese seemed to stop when they got where they wanted to go. Second, American aid to India declined during the Sixties because, in the case of India, the foreign-policy elite had accepted Moynihan's current views on Indian inefficiency and ingratitude a long time ago. American aid was cut off entirely in 1971, not because the foreign-policy elite was overly cautious about intervention but because President Nixon secretly decided to "tilt" in

favor of Pakistan. This year the Ford Administration decided to suspend talks on the resumption of development aid because, as one State Department official said, taking the words out of Moynihan's mouth, no nation "should get away scot-free with using us as a whipping boy in its domestic politics or in the United Nations." Obviously, as in the case of South Korea, pro-Americanism is more important to the Administration than democracy or the lack of it.

But let this pass. Moynihan's *Atlantic* essay is clearly an argument for American military intervention in the Third World—though where and under what circumstances it does not specify. One frequent *Commentary* contributor, Prof. Robert W. Tucker (a confirmed isolationist only two years ago), last year called for an American invasion of the Persian Gulf for the purpose of reasserting control over the oil reserves. In a subsequent symposium of foreign-policy experts the editors of *Commentary* suggested that that might not be a bad idea. Moynihan did not support the proposal—he could not in his role as Ambassador—but as Ambassador he did his job of defending American covert operations in Angola.

Military intervention in the Third World is the logic of Moynihan's position, but so, too, are other forms of confrontation. In his speech to the Pacem in Terris convocation he praised Nixon and Kissinger for their "act of statecraft" in creating a dialogue with the Soviet Union, but then defined the dialogue as an attempt to control the arms race, making no mention of trade agreements or détente in other areas of the world. Instead he said, "Any lessened expenditure of energy on military technology will lead to an increased expenditure on what the Communists will see as the equally inviting, equally productive, area of ideological conflict." And he went on to suggest that even arms-control agreements were probably too risky, for, "The only restraint in which the West can put some confidence is the tyrant's fear of the West's immense military power." This is not Kissinger's view of détente (or whatever the new name for it may be) but an early Cro-Magnon view of the Cold War; in that it encourages more spending on arms, it is close to the Pentagon-centered world view of Admiral Elmo Zumwalt and former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger.

On the face of it Moynihan's position is a curious and contradictory one. While maintaining that the United States should not have gotten into the Vietnam war, Moynihan has advocated all of the same tactics that got us into it. Much more important, he advocates the same mind-set that blinded several administrations to the irrationality of such a commitment: paranoia about Communism, cultural chauvinism, manifest-destiny mythology, and the go-it-alone, tough-it-out syndrome. He and the editors of *Commentary* have held up the period of the Kennedy Inaugural as the heroic era in postwar foreign policy. But they, unlike John F. Kennedy at the time, hold out no hope that the vast problems of the world can be solved. In all of their writings on foreign policy they offer not one single constructive suggestion as to what the United States might do to, say, prevent widespread famine, stop the crazy lurches of the economic system, prevent ecological disaster, or simply keep the peace and lessen the risk of nuclear war. The solution they have to all problems is confrontation and the threat, or use, of military force. Nowhere do they attempt to count the cost of keeping the Third World down by force, and nowhere do they consider in any serious fashion what risks this policy may pose to the physical security of the United States.

There is—as has been demonstrated—something very attractive to many Americans about the Moynihan position, and much of it has to do with feelings about the Vietnam war. For many Americans that war was a national humiliation, destructive of the textbook myth that the United States always wins and always behaves with chivalry and altruism to the less fortunate. It is not easy to admit defeat by the small and the poor, not easy to admit that American troops could behave barbarously. (Even after the soldiers who had participated in the My Lai massacre confessed to it on television, polls showed that nearly half of the audience did not believe them.) It is certainly not easy to admit that destroying Vietnam in order to save it was a part of the logic of the war, and that the war itself was not simply an error but a part of the logic of American foreign policy. It is much easier to activate the usual defense mechanism and blame the defeat and the savagery on someone else—on the Soviet Union, say, or on the Third World—and turn the guilt inside out. With so much repressed anger involved, the transference of blame must lead to violence. Moynihan's abuse of the Africans and the Arabs in the United Nations stirred enthusiasm among some people in the same way as did President Ford's decision to send in the Marines and bomb a Cambodian town instead of negotiating for the return of the *Mayaguez*.

There is another attraction in Moynihan's world view, and that is its negation of the global crises that the American public discovered in the Sixties: the population explosion, the global food crisis, and the threat of ecological disaster on a world scale. It was much easier for Americans to contemplate these things when it seemed that the United States would solve these problems out of sheer noblesse oblige, giving advice, and here and there alms, to the poor countries. It surprised and angered many Americans when the poor countries were not grateful, when they started to make demands. Those de-

mands for justice inspire guilt, but, more than that, fear. For contrary to what Moynihan says, the Third World countries are perfectly ready to pollute their air and despoil their landscape in order to build factories and to create wealth, and it is the Americans who have come to believe that global resources are limited—and, further, to believe that wealth is limited and there cannot be enough to go around. It is an American fear that economic justice must mean a redistribution of wealth. For some, this fear leads to panic, a desire to insulate the United States, and, as that is not possible, to try to maintain complete dominance, total control—to refuse all accommodation lest the first concession be the thin end of the wedge.

Greed and terror being impossible to admit, hypocrisy is necessary. A theory of Western liberal democracy on the decline and under constant attack by the forces of totalitarianism and barbarism fills the bill. It does not matter that this theory has no bearing on the real world—that it cannot explain the Sino-Soviet split, much less why the United States supports the Shah of Iran, the royal family of Saudi Arabia, the dictatorships in Korea and Zaire, the Brazilian junta, the Indonesian junta, et cetera. For its function is not to explain the world but to justify a violent reaction. The whole psychology was well portrayed in a genre of films that proved so popular across the United States two or three years ago. The plot was always the same: the protagonist has sustained such an injury—usually the brutal killing of his family—that he is justified in abandoning all moral and legal constraints to take revenge. In *Death Wish* a New York architect decides to take revenge for the death of his wife by killing all the muggers he can find. As the city seems to be populated by muggers, he kills large numbers of them and then is made a hero, rather than, as in the real world, sent to jail for life.

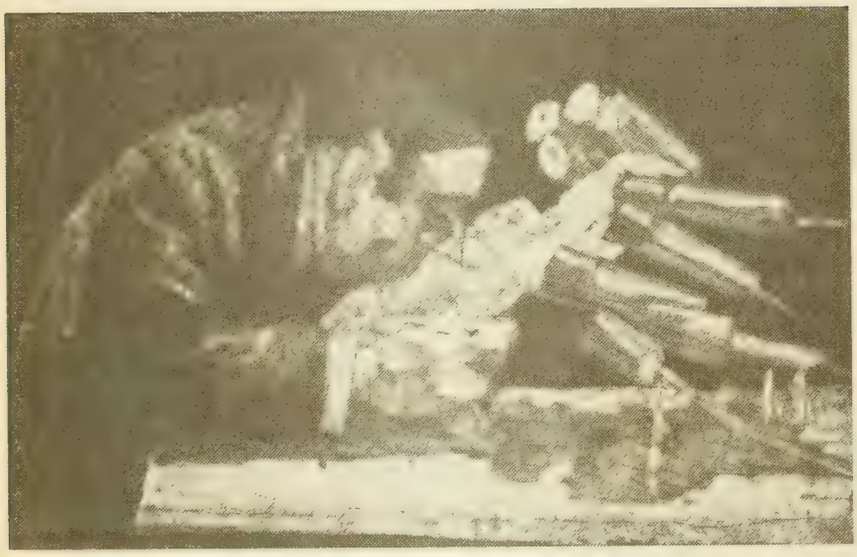
Power politics

WHILE MOYNIHAN AND OTHER *Commentary* contributors cannot be held responsible for the pathology that supports their position, the fact is that their primary concern is domestic politics. All of their foreign-policy arguments end not with recommendations for the Administration but with discussions of American politics. Indeed, they usually begin there. The issue of *Commentary* given over to a foreign-policy symposium was, for instance, titled "America Now: A Failure of Nerve?" This focus is perfectly justifiable since the grand lines of American foreign policy do, of course, emerge out of domestic politics. But the Decline of the West theory is a domestic argument, based not on an analysis of the world situation but on a theory of American politics. In this it is very similar to the power-politics argument that Nixon and Kissinger have advanced at critical moments in American foreign policy over the past seven years.

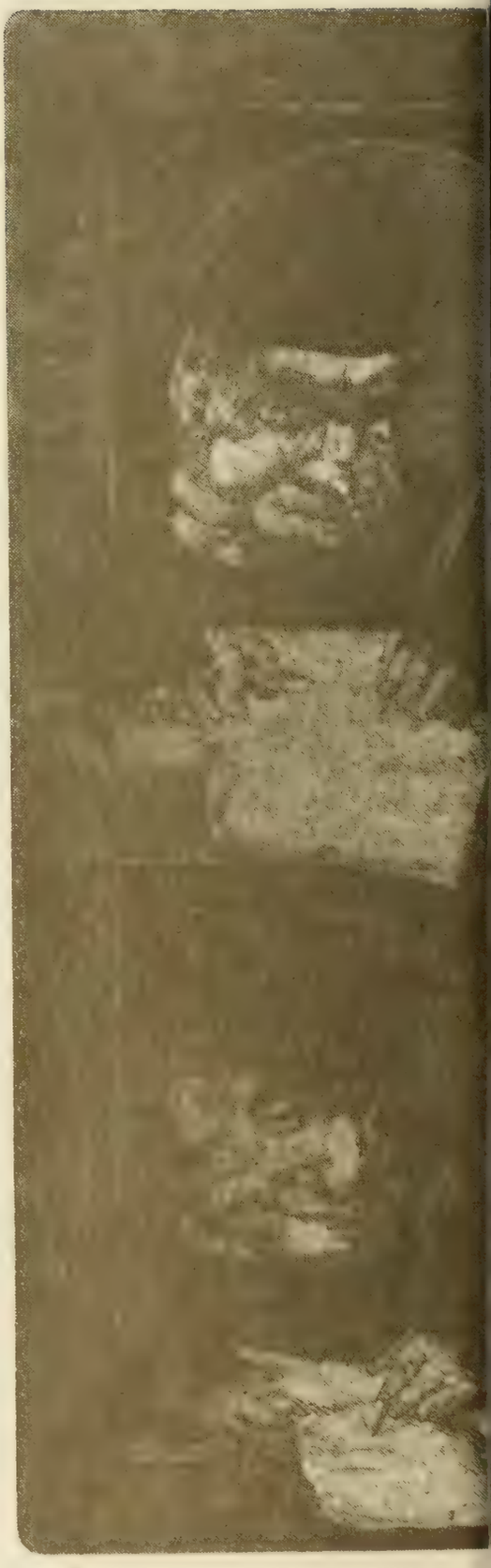
Moynihan's *Commentary* piece "The U.S. in the Opposition" appeared in March 1975, at the same time that the American-backed governments in Saigon and Phnom Penh were falling and Kissinger was asking the Congress to give them more military aid. In private Kissinger maintained the obvious: that Thieu and Lon Nol had had it, and no amount of American military aid could save them. In public he said that military aid was a necessity since failure to appropriate it would undermine the "credibility" of all other American commitments. At stake, he said, was not just the survival of the two governments but the global strategy of deterrence; the outcome in Indochina was "linked" to the success of American policy elsewhere in the world. In public he did not say just what Indochina was "linked" to, but in private—that voice that is always meant to be heard—he said it was the Middle East—or in other words, the defense of Israel.

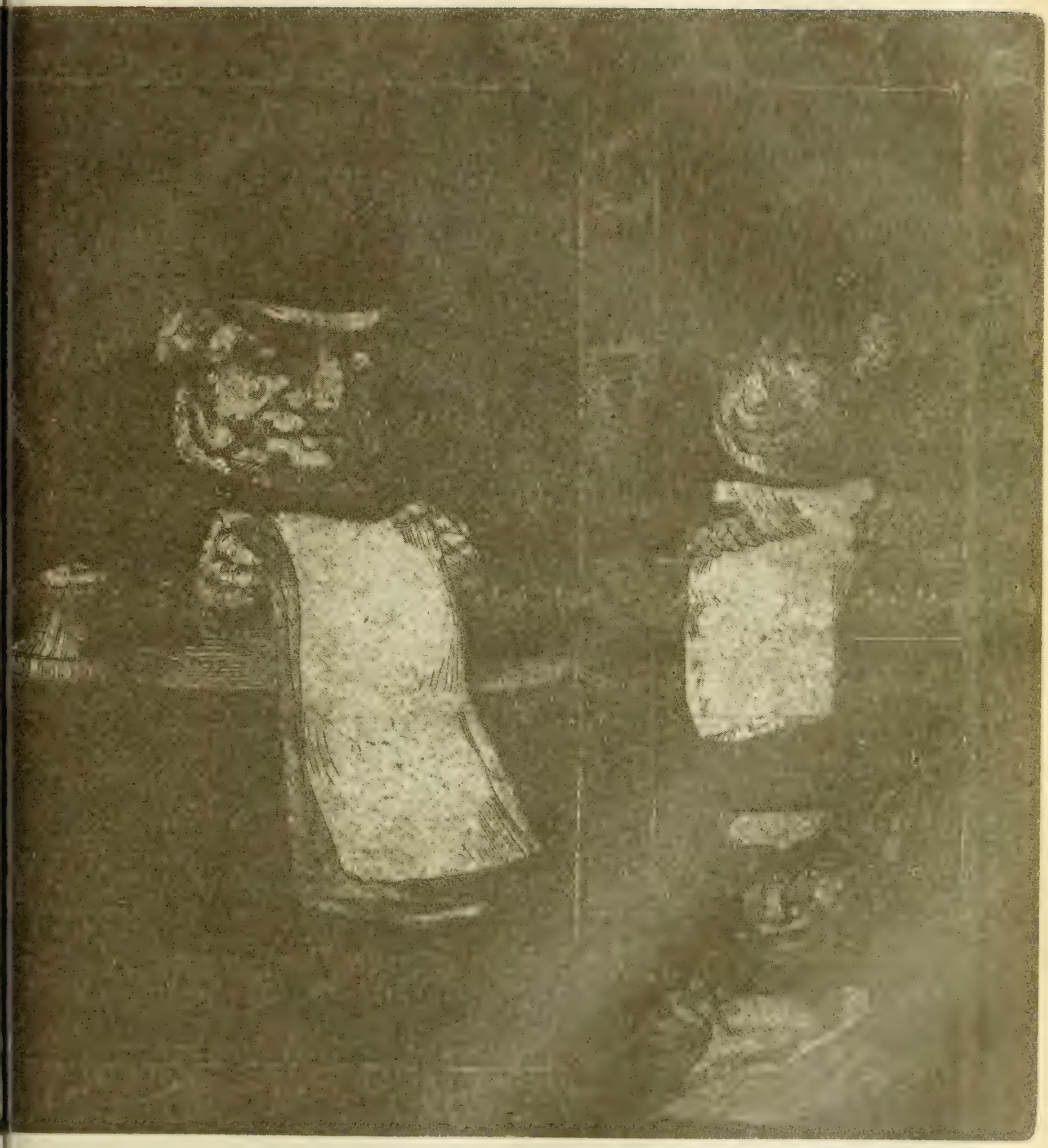
To a foreign audience, Kissinger's linkage of one specific failure to the whole was not only useless but self-destructive. This rhetorical strategy was an invitation to the Soviet Union to put pressure on American positions elsewhere in the world. But the audience Kissinger was addressing was the American public. During the Angolan crisis this year he told a university audience that the United States was more endangered by "our domestic divisions" than by our overseas adversaries. "It is time," he said, "that we recognize that, increasingly, our difficulties abroad are largely of our own making."

Calls for national unity have come from most Presidents and Secretaries of State in American history. But, as Jonathan Schell so brilliantly documents in *The Time of Illusion*, Nixon raised this demand to a higher power. He was preoccupied not with American successes or failures abroad but with the image of the United States abroad—that is, the image of the President making foreign policy. He, for instance, defended his decision to invade Cambodia on the grounds that if he did not do so the United States (really, the President) would look like a "pitiful, helpless giant" in the eyes of the world. With his frequent use of the word *credibility* he was referring to the shadow world of nuclear strategists who deal in weapons that cannot be used. His concern, it appeared, was that if the Soviets found American will (that is, American support for the President) to be wanting in Indochina, they would automatically question it when it came to the most essential issue of American security: the threat of nuclear retaliation to prevent an attack on the United States. The logical terminus of this argument was that Congress and the American public had to support all Presidential ventures, even those they disapproved of on their own merits, so as to









Etchings by Hank Virgona from a forthcoming book, The System Works *(Da Capo Press)*

prevent a nuclear first strike by the Soviet Union.

Quite clearly this credibility theory was an argument for the dictatorship of the Executive in foreign policy. More than that, it is an argument for the end of any foreign-policy debate and, since domestic and foreign policy are now so thickly interwoven, the end of most features of democracy in America. But are we then doomed? The theory has persuaded some, since it cannot—being a psychological argument—really be disproved. On the other hand, it cannot be proved either, so the real question is probably whether Nixon or Kissinger believed in it. Happily, it is not necessary to psychoanalyze Nixon for the thirty-fifth time to discover the answer. For Kissinger proclaimed the theory on two occasions when the game was already lost and when, to hear him talk, the Soviet Union would very soon register the fact that the American will was not credible. Had he believed his own theory, he would not have been giving speeches but digging an air-raid shelter. What Kissinger was actually doing on both occasions was quite cynically blaming Congress not just for the failure of his own doomed-to-failure policies but for the subversion of American foreign policy as a whole. In particular he was threatening the American supporters of Israel by crying wolf; he was asking them to reverse their own priorities.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST THEORY runs along the same lines; it is the moral and ideological half of the credibility argument. The connection between the two is in the notion that the world is a seamless web and every conflict a microcosm. For Moynihan, apparently, the world is a field on which the forces of light and darkness do battle with one another. Since the forces of liberalism are historically on the decline, the United States risks becoming as lonely as the last mastodon. Where Moynihan differs from Spengler is that he does not think the game is lost. As he put it in his Pacem in Terris speech last October, "As the lights go out in the rest of the world, they shine all the brighter here. . . . We have shortened outlines. . . . [we will] in the end defend ourselves successfully." When and where? Well, perhaps everywhere at once, for the beauty of this theory, as of the credibility argument, is its plasticity. Any conflict, however small and however unrelated to other American interests, symbolizes the worldwide conflict and constitutes a test of the American will. A failure to win in, say, Angola—or even in some hypothetical conflict—may be interpreted as a "failure of nerve" with respect to all commitments, including that to nuclear deterrence, and thus tip the balance for good. The Decline of the West, in other words, begins at home. And so, for Moynihan as for Kissinger, it is necessary to support the President in everything he does—unless, of course, he too experiences a "failure of nerve."

"Failure of nerve"—or simply "will"—has become a very popular phrase in Washington lately. It has been used by Secretary Kissinger, President Ford, former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, and the current CIA director, George Bush, among others. Sometimes it occurs with reference to a specific conflict; often it is used without context. But this is just name-calling of a rather primitive variety. Writing about India in the *Atlantic* last year, Moynihan said that the United States risked "an accommodation to totalitarianism without precedent in our history"; elsewhere he and other *Commentary* writers have used the ultimate symbol of appeasement: Munich. He has analyzed this domestic phenomenon at some length and located the reason and cause behind it. When the pieces of his argument are assembled, the result is the most violent attack on the liberals (not to mention the Left) since the days of Joseph McCarthy and, quite specifically, an argument against the democratic control of foreign policy.

In his Pacem in Terris speech Moynihan outlined this argument, describing what he said were the influences in this country that now make it so difficult for the United States to respond to Communist aggression. In the first place, the "confident and coherent" elite that has controlled foreign policy since World War II suffered defeat in Vietnam; this elite tried to transfer the blame for the war upon the working class, but failed because it was assaulted from within—by its own children. As a result of this assault it became—as Saul Bellow says very clearly in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*—an elite that could not defend itself. There was a general decline in authority. Though this decline—this demoralization—has put us in a situation of some danger, it is probably temporary and will disappear with "time and the circulation of elites." The second, and longer-term, influence is "the superior capacity of a Marxist argument to induce guilt" in a liberal society. This guilt is a "weapon which our adversaries contrive to have us use against ourselves," and it is particularly effective in influencing our dealings with the Third World. We see ourselves as exploitive, and this guilt induces self-hatred, fear, and "the psychological mechanism of identification with the aggressor." We are, Moynihan seems to be saying, a nation of Patty Hearsts.

This "liberal guilt" argument is, of course, not original to Moynihan. Used for a long time by conservatives alone, it has recently become popular with *Commentary* writers, who have used it to explain almost all positions to the left of theirs. As a device it is as useful as Reynolds Wrap, since it can cover up the facts of almost any problem from Third World poverty to busing and pack them away as a neurotic illusion. And to the extent that the reader may actually be feeling guilty, it offers instant relief. Moynihan does not, however, use

this argument consistently. Perhaps he feels that the people he is attacking do not all have the high social consciousness of *Commentary* readers. In any case, he often dispenses with the psychological argument to pin the blame directly on Marxism and/or liberal education.

Moynihan has never named any individual sufferers from nerve failure, Marxism or guilt, but he has named groups. The private enemies list that he has compiled since the beginning of the Nixon Administration includes the New Left, the liberal press, and the State Department, as well as "the foreign-policy elite." For him the root of all evil lies in the universities and has its beginnings in the Sixties, when Marxism returned to the campus in a "vulgarized but appallingly virulent form." The politicized student bodies with their tactics of "organized violence and deception" drowned out the voices of the social democrats, pressured university administrations to curtail intellectual freedom, and forced them into the position of standing for "the humiliation of traditional America." (For Moynihan the New Left is not simply Marxist but Stalinist which is something like calling Stalin an anarchist, as some people did when *that* was a nastier word.)

In an article titled "The Presidency and the Press" (*Commentary*, 1971) Moynihan argued that the rising social status of journalism—i.e., the recruitment of Ivy Leaguers into what had been a working-class profession—made the press "more and more influenced by attitudes genuinely hostile to American society and the American government." Furthermore (for Moynihan is not one to notice tautology) the readership of the two most influential newspapers reporting on the Presidency —the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*— is disproportionately well educated and liberal and therefore sets a "tone of pervasive dissatisfaction with the performance of the national government." Then, too, according to Moynihan, Washington journalists "depend heavily on more or less clandestine information from the federal bureaucracies" (also, it turns out, staffed with the well-educated) that are "frequently and sometimes routinely antagonistic to Presidential interests"—even on occasion to the point of "disloyalty to the President." It is to be hoped, the article concludes, that the owners and editors of newspapers will give more thought to "just how much elitist criticism is good for a democracy."

The article on the press appeared in the heyday of Spiro Agnew, when the "effete snobs" of the Eastern press were under pressure from the Federal Communications Commission and the Internal Revenue Service working, illegally, at the behest of the White House. Moynihan has not theorized about the press since then. But in spite of the current spectacle of college students herding docilely into law and medical schools he has continued to complain of shrill voices of protest in his ears and to criticize the foreign service on the basis that, since its recruits come from the universities and from a "demoralized business class," they cannot "present the American case" to the world.

The evils of dissent

IN MAKING THESE ARGUMENTS Moynihan is clearly trying to set himself up as the defender of working-class interests and values against those of the Marxist-tainted American elite. But his working-class social democrats sound remarkably like Nixon's silent majority—which, according to Nixon, favored the Vietnam war. Furthermore, with the great expansion of the universities in the Sixties, large numbers of college students came, for the first time, from every economic class, and the New Left comprised the entire social spectrum. Finally, Moynihan's identification with labor has not prevented him from championing the multinational corporations, whose efficiency consists largely in their ability to export jobs from the United States to lower-cost labor markets and to pay taxes wherever they choose. (And if this business elite is demoralized, it is not because of the Vietnam war but because of recent exposures of illegal campaign contributions and the bribery of top officials in other countries.) To look once again at Moynihan's "elite" is to see that it is defined not by wealth or power but, tautologically, by its left or liberal opinions. Certainly his nerveless "foreign-policy elite" does not seem to include Presidents Nixon or Ford, Secretary Kissinger (although he may yet become a victim of the Right), the former Defense Secretary, or the present CIA director, all of whom complain about "failure of will." Moynihan's "liberal democracy"—now so much on the decline—in fact seems to be identical with the power of the large corporations, organized labor as represented by George Meany, and the authority of Nixon or Ford as President.

For Moynihan the real crime of the elite was not in making the war but in letting itself be defeated —thus bringing about a "decline in authority." The logic of this argument is that the authority of the elite—or, rather, of the President—should not have been challenged, since the consequences were so disastrous. Dissent, in other words, is a bad thing, even though without it we would still be at war in Vietnam. Here, of course, is the parallel to the Nixon argument.

Hostility to dissent and to democracy is often merely implicit in Moynihan's writing, but it is explicit in the writing of many neoconservatives. Indeed, the decline of authority-end of liberalism theme is perhaps the major thread connecting their polemics. The Bicentennial issue of *The Public Interest* (with an introduction by Moynihan) is, for instance, given over to a general mourning for the

passage of authority. In this issue Samuel Huntington finds the country almost ungovernable because of the "excess of democracy" that appeared in the Sixties; Irving Kristol warns that if the big corporations cannot stand up to pressures for nationalization, liberal democracy will die with them; Seymour Martin Lipset complains that political movements outside the two-party system have made the country unmanageable; Daniel Bell also bemoans the decline of the old party coalitions and the rise of issue politics; Robert Nisbet says that "mass populism" has brought us to a "twilight age of government, one in which the loss of confidence in political institutions is matched by the erosion of traditional authority" in the social fabric.

Interestingly, none of the authors (with the exception of Daniel Bell, who gives it a passing reference) seems to think that the people who brought us the Vietnam war, Watergate, plots to assassinate heads of state, and large-scale bribery and corruption, among other things, have anything to do with the loss of public faith in government and big business. For them the investigations and the protest movements are not the response to an outrage but the outrage itself. As they describe it, this "mass populism" has either sprung full-blown out of the head of the American national character, or it is a disease of democracy, a "distemper," as Huntington puts it, that arises naturally as a result of historical forces and will probably end by killing it. Their argument is not properly a conservative one, for though they attack the power of the courts and the federal bureaucracy, they do not recommend free enterprise to large government-subsidized corporations or attack big government in the form of the Pentagon, the CIA, and the power of the President. In effect, they are aligning themselves with Nixon and against all the political forces that it took to compel obedience to the Constitution as well as to the civil and criminal code. G. Gordon Liddy, after all, performed the Watergate burglary because he felt the West was in decline.

Moynihan's special and general theories of foreign policy have exact parallels in the positions that he and other neoconservatives have taken on domestic affairs. The British Fabian thesis, for instance, parallels his argument about the effect of Marxism on a liberal society; his polemics on Third World poverty parallel his new view that egalitarianism is dangerous to political liberty and therefore the state should not meddle with poverty. The Decline of Western Civilization abroad has a counterpart in the decline of liberalism at home. (One of Moynihan's new views is that the only achievement of the liberal social programs of the Sixties was to raise expectations overly and thus to destroy civic peace.) Barbarism in the Third World is matched by barbarism among the students and the decline of all civilized authority. In this connection Moynihan's reference to *Mr. Sammler's Planet* is an interesting one since Bellow's central symbol of the decline of civilization is the appearance before Mr. Sammler of a large black man who unaccountably exposes his huge penis. The vision is as total as that of Nixon who saw himself as a "pitiful, helpless giant" and had to make foreign wars and incite student riots in order to prove his own power. Moynihan is rather more hysterical than his colleagues about this "mounting chaos." But others on the New Right—most recently Daniel Bell in his *Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*—have complained about permissiveness, the decline of American values, and the breakdown in the social order. Among those who have for so long seen themselves as guardians of the culture there is now a kind of siege mentality, a sense of beleaguerment by the mounting forces of chaos.

There is no reason to doubt that Moynihan and his colleagues believe that the culture is threatened. If they do, they are not alone, for many Americans have been similarly frightened by the riots, student strikes, increased urban crime, racial troubles, and counterculture manifestations of the past decade. But it is one thing to express dismay and to look for conservative solutions, and another to project those fears onto the Third World without even looking to see what is out there. And it is yet a third to maintain that, because the foreign-policy elite, or somebody, has not responded violently to these fear images, this is proof of failure of nerve, creeping Marxism, and the end of democracy at home. This was the course followed by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, and later by Rep. Richard Nixon in the 1950s when he joined those who maintained that the "loss of China" was "proof" of domestic subversion. Nixon had no real interest in the Chinese at the time, and thus it is perhaps not so surprising that he has ended by dining exclusively with the people to whom we lost China. Given the extent of Moynihan's ignorance about world affairs, it is not at all clear that he has any more interest in the Chileans or the Soviets or the Vietnamese, or even in the Arab-Israeli conflict, than Nixon had in the Chinese. But whether he is interested in foreigners or not, what he has done is to recreate the McCarthyite attack. He has tried to shift the blame for the war from the people who made it—all his old employers and his candidate for 1976, Henry Jackson—onto the people who opposed it. He and others are finally creating a right-wing backlash, the threat of which Kissinger gave as a reason for continuing the war. Now that the war is finally over, Moynihan is preparing the ground for another one. He is not himself a McCarthy—and Marx may be right that history repeats itself only as farce—but he has accused several groups in this country of something approaching treason. If the reaction develops, and becomes similarly destructive to American national interests abroad and political liberty at home, Moynihan will bear some responsibility. □

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George Plimpton

BASEBALL STORIES

They also serve who only sit and wait

JUST ABOUT THE BEST thing in baseball is the bullpen. It bears this high esteem (for me, at least) largely because of its function—it sends out people in moments of considerable crisis to try to put things right, to repair a damaged inning. No other sport comes to mind which has such a splendid institution. The bullpen not only functions at moments of great stress, but does so in a highly dramatic way, with plenty of time available for a witness to absorb and relish what is going on.

The first indication of the drama to come (the initial twitch of a curtain about to part) is the appearance of the manager at the top of the dugout steps; he peers out at the troubled pitcher from under the long bill of his cap. If he comes onto the field, an elaborate procedure begins which is so time-honored that each part of the process, however inconsequential, adds to the significance of the spectacle. Even the contours of the pitching mound seem to assist the drama of a pitching change. The manager adjusts his stride to stalk *up* to the top to join the pitcher and his catcher; aloft, he bends forward in consultation; his hand reaches for the ball. If the pitcher has done honorably, he stands up there with the manager for a while, and he may get a congratulatory, if slightly perfunctory pat on the rear before he half-trots down the incline of the mound and strides across the infield grass for the dugout. If not, if he has given up a rash of hits, he is studiously ignored by both the catcher and the manager, and he is likely to stare gloomily at the toes of his baseball shoes until the manager asks for the ball; he leaves abruptly for the dugout.

Sometimes pitchers have refused to give up the ball. Perhaps the most legendary confron tation was made by Carl Mays of the Re Sox, who not only threw the ball into the stand rather than give it up to his manager, Georg Tweedy Stallings, but jumped the club an vowed he would never pitch for Boston again He was suspended, of course, and eventuall ended up with the Yankees and his tragic con frontation with Roy Chapman, who stood par alyzed at the plate on a summer day in 192 and was killed by a fast ball off Mays's swift swooping, subterranean delivery.

Usually, of course, a pitching change is ef fected with no more recalcitrance than a sou look. After all, as has been pointed out, wit someone coming in from the bullpen on orde from the manager it is going to get very crowd ed out there on the pitcher's mound if someon doesn't leave.

When the bullpen gates open, just abou everyone in the ball park peers across to watc the relief pitcher step out of the enclosure. He used to come to the pitcher's mound by foot his warm-up jacket hung loosely off his pitch ing shoulder, walking with the slow stride of a man with a lot on his mind, and sometimes he had a word to say as he passed one of his out fielders, and you could see him look back up a the scoreboard to check what the situation was he had a long way to go, and there was plenty of time to sit there and relish the awful respon sibility facing this man. Nowadays, the pitche travels from the bullpen in a mechanical con veyance (back in 1960 all the parks were sup plied with electric golf carts shaped like base ball caps), and some of his dignity—the sense of being the lone warrior sent to patch things up —is obviously diminished by being driven to the mound in this monstrous toylike gadget.

George Plimpton is a contributing editor of Harper's. *This article has been adapted from the forthcoming* The Game and the Glory: The Commissioner's Official Bicentennial Volume *(Prentice-Hall).*

itting next to the driver with his glove in his ıp like a rather embarrassed guest being de- vered up to a fancy-dress party.

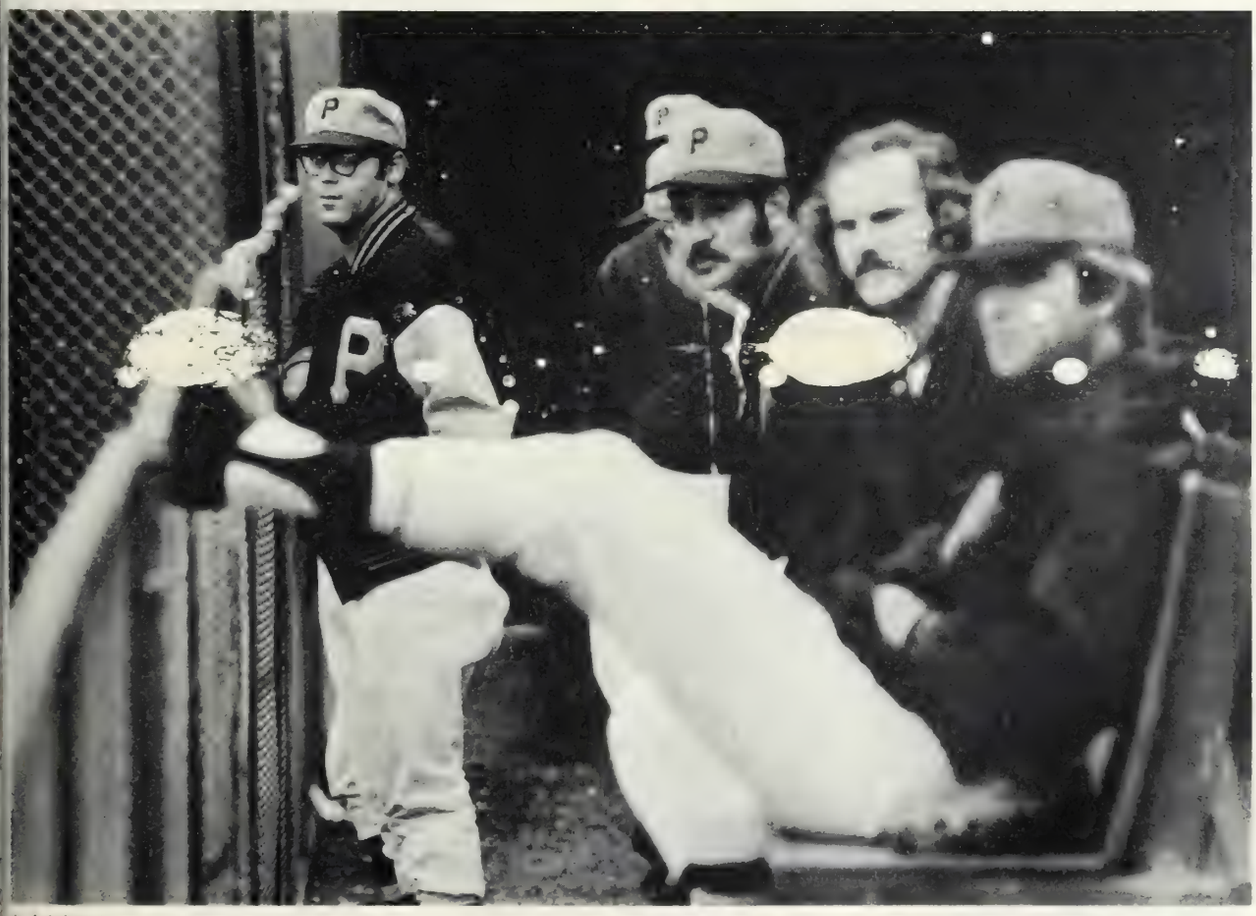
Almost all the clubs use golf carts now. An xception was the Atlanta Braves, which once sed a 1929 Model A Ford equipped with a ıodern 283 Chevelle engine so that the chances f stalling or breaking down on its way to the ıound are minimal. Its driver was the Braves' ıascot, Chief Nock-A-Homa, an Ottawa-Chip- ewa Indian whose true name is Levi Walker. [e spent the game in his Indian regalia sitting ı a semilotus position in the doorway of an ıthentic-looking tepee set in the home bull- en behind a wire fence in deep left field, oc- asionally getting up to give a war whoop or vo, and when the signal came for a relief itcher to be brought in, he hopped into the lodel A, which was kept in an alley next to the ıllpen, and started out for the mound with his itcher. A few years back someone from the raves' bullpen crew put a smoke bomb under ıe Ford's hood—perhaps a pitcher taking um- rage at the mechanical age encroaching on the aditions of baseball—and the device went off ıst as the cart approached the infield, envelop- g it in such a thick cloud that Nock-A-Homa st his bearings and revolved a number of mes in a tight circle before he could get him- lf straightened out.

Some pitchers refuse to use the cart. Clay Carroll of the Reds comes out of the bullpen first at a slow amble, then he strides off with increasing speed, breaking into a trot, and then finally into a run, a habit he has cultivated over the years to get his adrenaline going so that when he reaches the pitcher's mound he feels revved up to full pitch. His teammates have speculated that a long approach, such as the great distance between the bullpen and the pitcher's mound in Milwaukee, would get Carroll moving at such a clip that, unable to stop, he would bowl over his manager and catcher standing on the pitcher's mound and finally fetch up in a tumble in the dugout beyond.

"Nowadays, the pitcher travels from the bullpen in a mechanical conveyance, and some of his dignity—the sense of being the lone warrior sent to patch things up—is obviously diminished."

Assorted shenanigans

NO ONE, MUCH LESS the pitcher out there, knows quite why a bullpen is called as it is. One of the accepted theories is that the term is derived from the many Bull Durham tobacco signboards erected out beyond the outfield fences at the turn of the century. In 1909 the tobacco company put up 150 of these signs in baseball parks, the advertisements dominated by a large peaceful-looking domestic bull. Local merchants would pay up to $50 if a batter could hit the bull on the fly. Relief pitchers warmed up under or behind the sign, in an area many authorities



ob Adelman

believe began to be called the "bullpen."

Others suspect the word is lifted from the prison term for the detention area where defendants waited until they stood trial, an accurate enough description of the life cycle of a relief pitcher. Yet another theory suggests that the bullpen was originally the area where fans were herded behind ropes, where they had to wait until an inning was over before being seated.

It is appropriate that the geographical and physical proportions of major-league bullpens have remained as varied as the notions of their beginnings. Some are set such a distance from home plate that one wonders if the architect had those Bull Durham signs in mind when he designed the ball park. Milwaukee's are 360 feet from home plate. Detroit's are not only a long home-run shot away from the infield, but they are sunk into the ground so that the players peer out through a wire fence at ground level like a row of prairie dogs, an odd sight that once prompted Hubert Humphrey to say that he felt the premises were "inhuman." Players agree. They speak of Detroit's dugouts being sunk into a type of "bog"—invariably damp, and infested with so many mosquitoes on warm summer nights that an essential piece of equipment to carry out there along with the ball bag is an aerosol can of bug spray. Shea Stadium in New York has a sheet of plastic set in the outfield fence for the players to watch the game through, but it is scraped with graffiti, and spike marks from players tilting back and putting their feet up. Squinting through the maze of marks has been compared to the view someone would get who is troubled with cataracts.

Just before the opening game of the 1975 World Series between the Red Sox and the Cincinnati Reds I went out and took a look at the bullpens in Boston's Fenway Park to get a sense of what such premises are like. Both bullpens are situated in right and right-center behind a fence painted pale municipal green and padded to keep the outfielders from damaging themselves against it. The fence is just the right height for the relievers to lean against, their arms crossed at shoulder height; they look out on the field of play like passengers at a ship's rail. The two bullpens are separated by a wire fence that the management had blocked in and raised a few years back so that the opposing teams would not get to fraternizing over it like housewives. Behind the bullpens are the bleachers, and the crowd leaning over the fence and calling down when the players come out, establishing the type of contact with the fan, even if it is good-natured acrimony, that the players seem to miss if they do not have it at hand.

The Boston bleachers are raucous and lively, permeated with such a spirit of carnival tha spectators often choose to sit there and get bat tered with sensations rather than bask in th more sedate surroundings of the grandstand The bullpens being directly in front of th bleachers, a great deal of attention is paid it personnel. On one occasion a few years ago Roger Moret, a spindly Puerto Rican pitche who looks like an elongated street waif, tool off his cap in such a manner that it hung fron his fingers like a beggar's, and almost $1 in coins was immediately flung down at hin from the bleachers.

Those ballplayers who shun the public atten tion of the Boston bleacherites can sit up out o sight under the roof of the shed that runs th length of the bullpen bench. But there is a small slotlike space between the back edge of th roof and the bleacher wall through which th fans drop programs they hope the ballplayer will sign, or birthday cards, or tokens of thei esteem, or packages of food, or whispered re quests for so-and-so to step out from under th shelter to be photographed, so that as the play ers sit on the bench there is a constant scrab bling around just behind their heads, like jack daws busy in the thatch of a roof.

Down at the end of the bench is the drink ing fountain. It works with a slight hum. Nex to it, up against the wall, is the bullpen phon —the direct-line link with management fa across the grass in the distant dugout an through which the orders come ("Okay, get sc and-so up"). Once, during last year's Worl Series, I was looking around before a game and I lifted the phone off the set to see wha would happen; almost immediately a voice an swered from the Reds' dugout.

"Yeah?"

"Oh," I said, surprised.

"Hello. *Yeah?*"

"Who's this?" I asked.

"Jack Billingham." The voice sounded testy He was one of the Reds' first-rank pitcher

"No kidding!" I said, like a kid reachin for his autograph book.

"Well, who the hell's *this?*" he asked.

"Just checking," I said vaguely. "Keep it up. I hung up the phone, crouching down in m embarrassment, so that if Billingham happene to look out of the Reds' dugout toward the bul pen he would probably only see an arm reach ing up, poking at the hook on the wall phon to put the receiver back on.

Each bullpen has its sentry-box-like latrin down beyond the water fountain. Not muc there. No graffiti on the wall. Four rolls of toil paper on a stick. Twenty or thirty cigarette mashed flat into the dirt floor. Earlier that sum mer, when the Oakland As were in Boston, on

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First, the years before your youngest child reaches 18. Your family would need approximately two-thirds of your present income. During this period your widow and children would usually be covered by Social Security, but insurance should make up the difference necessary to maintain your family's present standard of living.

Next come the years known as "widow's blackout." Now your widow would need about half your present income, but she would not qualify for Social Security benefits because all of your children would be over 18. This Social Security blackout would continue until your widow reached 60.

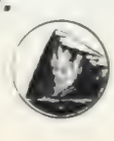
For the years from 60 until death, your widow would again need approximately half your present income. Part of it would come from Social Security—the rest from your life insurance.

Now estimate how much you'd like to leave to pay off a mortgage, last expenses and college for your children. Keep in mind that Social Security could contribute to your child's expenses while in college.

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of them had stepped off the bench and set the clasp so that a teammate inside could not get out. The imprisoned pitcher pushed unsuccessfully at the door a few times; then he pretended to panic in the musty darkness inside. He began to kick at the sides of the structure, good healthy kicks that produced a booming sound that echoed around the park. People wondered what was going on. They could see the bills of the Oakland players' caps all pointed at the outhouse. Finally, one of the bullpen crew sprang forward and released the clasp before the pitcher came bursting through the wall.

SUCH SHENANIGANS ARE not surprising considering the tedium that can pervade a bullpen—especially if the starting pitcher is coasting along on a hot summer day with a six-run lead. The relievers search for things to keep themselves occupied.

Invariably the first activity organized when a crew arrives out in the bullpen (usually at the same time the managers are meeting at home plate) is a scouting contest to pick out the prettiest girl in the stands, and also (to utilize that careful research completely) the ugliest, an eye-straining practice not only universal with major-league teams, but one which remains in practice throughout an entire game, taking precedence over whatever else may be going on ("For Chrissake, look over *there*").

Word games are also a universal pastime in the bullpens. The Yankees play Password. The Red Sox, usually under the direction of their irrepressible pitcher, Bill Lee, play charades. Then there are bullpen games which require physical dexterity. The iron tent pegs that pin down the canvas tarpaulins shielding the pitching lanes are used in a number of ways—for mumblety-peg, darts (the outside of the visitors' outhouse in Fenway is scarred raw by gouges from tent pegs), and a game called "stretch" which involves flipping a tent peg into the earth as close as possible to an outstretched leg. The Yankees organized a handball game one summer day until the management noticed the activity from the dugout and got on the bullpen phone to stop it.

The oddest physical activity I heard of was Bill Lee's pastime in Fenway's bullpen—molding lumps of Bazooka bubble gum into baseball-size balls which, in simulated field-goal attempts, he would try to punt between the upright arms of a friend up in the first row of the bleachers. The distance was substantial, but he became accurate with practice, the pink bubble gum soaring true off his foot, and the fans would crowd down to the bleacher fence to cheer him on when he was getting ready to try, shooting their arms aloft in the referee's signal for a successful field goal when he accomplished it.

Lee, who keeps himself busy when he finds himself in the bullpen, also distinguished himself with the bleacher crowd with his large pieces of sculpture—what he calls "constructions"—made from objects tossed into the bullpen. Quite a lot gets thrown in—shoes, umbrellas, a pistol, bottles and cans by the thousands, a Bible, firecrackers, 8,000 miles of toilet paper, a live duck, a mimeographed volume of unpublished verse, a wig, thousands of paper gliders. There is always a particularly heavy barrage on Kid's Day promotions, when just about anything that fits nicely in the palm of a hand becomes a projectile. Lee had the bill of his cap turned around by an apple on one such day, but, rather than retreat to the shelter of the bullpen shed, he busied himself with the first of his "constructions" of fruit, topping it off with a lofty arrangement of bananas.

For all the artistic temperament of a Lee, and despite the considerable amount of time that a bullpen crew spends in its quarters, little is done to fix the place up. Bullpens are as unhomey and uninviting as a buzzard's perch. Chief Nock-A-Homa's tepee in Atlanta was probably the fanciest bullpen facility. He had a carpet, a portable radio, and a folding chair in there, and occasionally he would invite bullpen players to visit. But then in 1969 the tepee caught fire during a game against the St. Louis Cardinals—ignited, Nock-A-Homa has always suspected, by a Cardinal taking umbrage at the opulence out there. The fire was a brisk one, and it burned up about a third of the tepee despite Nock-A-Homa's desperate attempts to stamp it out, first with a horsehide shield, which caught fire itself, and then a broom, which also went up; the fans did what they could to help with a downpour of Cokes and beer from the parapet of the stands directly above.

Perhaps the most unexpected bit of home decor is the small garden plot of tomatoes traditionally grown in Shea Stadium's home bullpen. No one is quite sure who plants it every year, or who is supposed to enjoy the crop, but the bullpen crew respects the patch: no one would think of directing a stream of tobacco juice in that direction.

These small concessions to comfort are rare, however, and perhaps it is in the nature of the bullpen that it should exist as a somewhat stark place set apart—a wooden bench just at the edge of the uncut meadow grass, a lane worn smooth in a corner of a sandlot, a tin-roof shelter with the needles of the loblolly pines on the dirt floor.



British Columbia, Canada.

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George Plimpton

BASEBALL STORIES

Whither bullpen?

DESPITE ITS SACROSANCT past, the future of the major-league bullpen is by no means assured. Some of the architects of modern ball parks have done away with the location out beyond the fences and have simply extended the dugouts and settled the bullpen crew down at the far end. When the manager wants a relief pitcher to get ready, he walks a few feet down the length of the dugout and shouts. The pitcher comes up the dugout steps and warms up in foul territory next to the outfield lines; the catcher has his back to home plate, which requires a third man from the quasi-bullpen to stand with a glove to protect him from low foul drives.

Cincinnati's park, which uses this system, is thought by many to be a model stadium for the future—with its field covered by a vast carpet with the seams showing; an outfield fence that curves in perfect symmetry (with the distances marked up on the fence in meters), and a press box that is glass-enclosed and soundproofed so that what goes on down on the field is as soundless and distant as the movements of underwater life seen through the sides of a glass-bottomed boat. When the season is over in Cincinnati, or the field is being prepared for football, or some other event, a machine comes out and plucks the entire pitcher's mound out of the ground—a monstrous sort of "corn plaster" in the words of a visiting ballplayer—and carries the mound out through the centerfield runway and deposits it under the stands for safekeeping. ("What's that under the canvas over there in the corner?" "Oh, that's the pitcher's mound.")

No surprise, then, that the bullpen has disappeared in such an environment. The relief corps huddles at the far end of the dugout. They seem to miss the freedom of exercise they had in their bullpen enclosure. Sometimes they loosen up by reaching overhead and clinging to the edge of the dugout roof with their fingertips, their legs lifted up, so that they swing, four or five at a time, like a row of gibbons.

Some pitchers, to be sure, approve of this system, welcoming the opportunity to be more involved with the game through the proximity of the dugout to the field. Mike Marshall of the Los Angeles Dodgers likes to be close to a game so that he can see what the batters are doing: what he learns about them from close range can be of great help subsequently if he is called.

Sparky Lyle of the Yankees prefers the traditional bullpen. He has a curious reason for wanting to stay out of the dugout during a game. He says that he cannot help laughing when a ballplayer, even a teammate, strikes out. It just doubles him up with merriment, especially when the victim puts on a great show of disgust and begins stomping around the dugout and cussing, and, being aware that team spirit can be undercut by hand-muffled guffawing at such times, he prefers to sit in a bullpen where he is too far away to be tickled by a teammate's misfortune.

SPEAKING AS A FAN, I hope bullpens stay as they were. One of the joys of baseball is the great variety of areas where there is activity—the pitcher's mound, home plate, the coaching boxes, a corner of the outfield, the base paths, the recesses of the dugouts, the bullpens—so that during the course of a game a spectator cranes this way and that, coming half out of his seat to gawk at one thing or another; indeed, if a panoramic photograph were taken of a section of the grandstand it would almost certainly catch everybody looking in a different direction. Marianne Moore, the great Brooklyn Dodgers poet laureate, was fond of concentrating on the pigeons at the ball park: for her they were an intimate part of the spectacle, especially when they dropped off the girders in the old Yankee Stadium and banked swiftly on dihedral wings through the tumultuous uproar caused by a great play on the field below.

Not only is the bullpen a unique place, it has a special breed of people who occupy it. Larry Shepard, the Cincinnati coach, once told me, "Aw, anyone can start a ball game. But relievers are different. We don't even allow starters out there in the bullpen. That's the relievers' territory, and we don't let anyone impinge on it. They're very special people."

One of Shepard's charges was the veteran Clay Carroll, who has been a Reds relief pitcher for seven years. At a party in his hometown of Clanton, Alabama—a very small community known for its possum breeding and to which Carroll returns as a prodigal son—his hostess asked him curiously, "Clay, do you *like* what you're doin', that relief pitchin'? Or would you rather be doin' the real thing?"

Carroll stared at her for an instant. Then he announced, "Ma'am, I *am* the real thing!" and after wandering around the party for a while he became so upset by her impertinence, however innocent, that he turned on his heel and left.

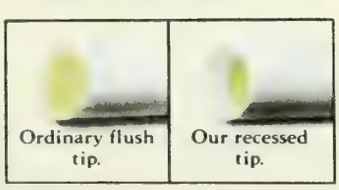
It is fitting that a person like Clay Carroll have a place at the ball park that he can think of as a home. □

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VERSE

THE GIFT
by Irving Feldman

From the first, the gods were strangers who came
among them, observing but keeping their distance,
not sitting around the fire exchanging stories or
anecdotes of the road, not mingling under the blankets or quite meeting their eyes in the morning.

Gradually, therefore, they sought to catch their
eye, to be acknowledged, finally, at all costs, to
seduce the gods. The violence of their gestures in
the dance, of their shadows around the fire, of
their copulations could not compel the interest of
the gods who appeared to desire neither their
triumphs nor their sacrifices, not their success
in the hunt or their most fruitful delvings or the
signs and objects by which they thought to assure
these.

They came at last to ignore the gods, then to forget
them, and went about their business as before, although now each thing seemed united with its indifference,
seemed to possess a neutrality, a final clarity that
could have come, as they had already forgotten, only
from the gods.

FORCES
by Jean Valentine

This man, blind, and honored,
listens to his student reader;
this man did what he thought
and sickens in jail; another
hides in his high fame; another died.

Us too, our destinies get on,
into middle age.

Today we visited a field of graves—
slaves' or Indians' graves, you said—
sunk, unmarked, green edges of hammered granite
sharp as a shoulder blade.
God break me out
of this stiff life I've made.

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THE GIRL ON THE HILL
by John W. Dickson

Back in the maze of forgotten names
is a day I have framed and hung on the wall—
when we built the barn
in the Tennessee heat
where the river bends
and the white-dressed girl stood watching.

She was there when the sun had burned off the fog,
watched us setting the joists and raising the frame,
and though I never looked up from my pounding
I knew she was near me somewhere watching,
that her hair was like barley,
that her eyes were the sky.

By noon you could see how the barn would look,
how steep the pitch of the rafters would be
and how the siding was creeping up.
When she stood off by the rim of the hill
I was afraid to notice the sun through her dress.

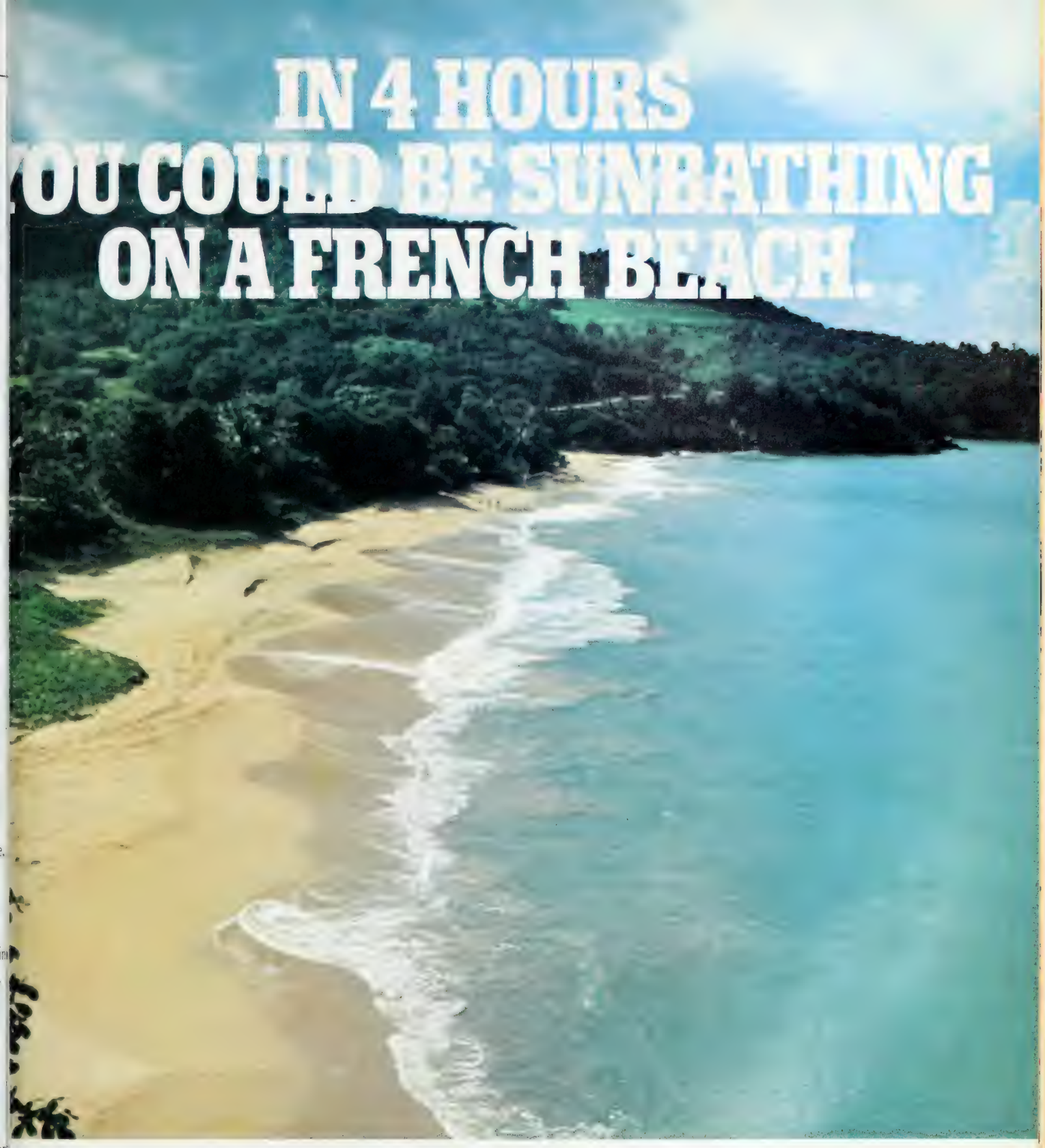
By midafternoon we were mad with the heat,
sawing and sweating and pounding away.
Now and then fish would make rings in the river.
Snakes in the ribbon grass glistened like tin.

When the last nail was driven the shadows were long.
I was dark from the sun and my hands were burned.
From the trees on the hill she called to me, called to me,
her clear voice on the edge of impatience.
She called me again and my name sounded urgent.
I turned to her, not hesitating at all.

But the farmhands flashed their teeth with their laughir
laughed their crude laugh that the girl couldn't help it,
joked about cats that can't wait 'til it's dark.
So I did what I thought they expected me to—
laughed and turned back from the hill.

In the morning I stood alone on the highway
and saw her walk with the dark-shawled women.
Her eyes were as dim as gray marble.
They were hands that reached up from a bottomless por

When I finally boarded the Knoxville bus
I learned how the heat was hurting the crops
from a man who kept spitting between his legs.
Though we raced through a dozen dejected towns
I knew she was near me watching.



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A small wagon with a unique new front suspension that gives it a smooth, quiet ride you usually find in bigger cars. Aspen's Isolated Transverse Suspension. It's unbelievable!

What would you say about a small wagon with a price that starts at only $3,658?

That's based on the manufacturer's suggested retail price for the base wagon (not shown), excluding state and local taxes, destination charge, and optional equipment. The Aspen SE wagon, pictured above, starts at $3,988. That price includes an automatic transmission, power steering, soft vinyl-upholstered 60/40 seats with recliners and center armrest, and much more. Other Aspen prices start at only $3,336 for the coupe and $3,371 for the sedan. Remarkable!

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story by C. W. Gusewelle

THE WAY TO PRAGUE

THE MACHINE STOPPED, simply stopped without notice. Waclaw turned the engine, but there was nothing. Then he remembered to show the lights, quick- and behind us in the dark there was the e grinding of two miles of medium tanks oping on the road.

The bearded colonel came back from his car ad. Poor Waclaw was beating on the wheel a fit of helplessness. "What is it?" the col- l asked him.

'My truck is stopped."

'Man, I see *that*. For what?"

'For nothing that I can tell. The gas is good. ere is electricity."

'Take it off the road."

'Maybe it is something with the fuel line." eatly excited, Waclaw was turning the engine in. "It must be either—"

And the colonel, with irritation: "For one ck you would stop a division?"

'No, I wouldn't do that."

'To the side, then. But take care for the ch." (To me now, leaning across.) "And en it is fixed come to us. Good? The road well marked." The bearded colonel, hatless, t forward again to his car.

Gabriel and the others climbed out through rear canvas and together we pushed it off o the dirt. The light ahead blinked and the e started up again. Waclaw lifted the truck's net and stood beside it, watching the tanks by. As if hoping someone might yet notice l pity and stop for him, after all.

The force and bulk of their passage made speed appear greater, but really it was quite v. We heard the sound for a long time. And n only crickets in the night.

MORNING FOUND US at the head of a long, golden valley. Along it the road ran out to a fine line and curved from sight. On either side bright fields of stubble from which the grain had been taken washed up against the banks of darker hills. There was a bird—a lark, I thought—that stopped on the point of the lifted truck bonnet and whistled its note, then flew when Waclaw came out feetfirst from under.

He had struck his head and there was new grease, opaque orange, in his pointed cap of hair. His truck was a slattern, a perversity.

"We might leave it and walk," Gabriel suggested. "It's such a nice place here for walking."

Waclaw's shoulders bunched up against what passed for his neck.

"If it is not the gas." He pinched the fingers of one hand in turn, starting with the thumb. "And if it is not the battery. And if there is spark. And if—"

"Who else cares to walk?" Gabriel said. "You, Zenon? Rozek?"

Waclaw, a stone, ignored them. He was repeating on his fingers.

"Pity. Then I will go alone." Gabriel made a great show of taking his kit and his weapon from the back of the truck. "I am a man of war," he said. "And I have an appointment with my duty."

We had to laugh. It was his way. Gabriel I knew a long time from school. He was a tailor's son and not made for the army. Not at all.

"These others are nothing," he told Waclaw. "It's you, light spirit, I hate to leave. Come with me, won't you?"

The stone stared back.

"Listen, it won't be easy," Gabriel said. "But

C. W. Gusewelle is an editorial writer on foreign affairs for the Kansas City Star.

C. W. Gusewelle

THE WAY TO PRAGUE

I am willing. I will carry my bag and yours too. And you will carry the truck."

Waclaw jerked down the bonnet with a crash. "Whore!" His hand followed with a larger crash against the metal. "Get behind," he told Gabriel.

"For what?"

"To push."

"Push where?"

"To somewhere. Anywhere." Waclaw flung up his hands. "Command him or not, Jozef," he told me. "It's your responsibility."

Here the road ran level, but ahead declined.

"Look at my stature," Gabriel said. "How can I push? My eyebrows do not even grow together."

"Steer it, then," I told him. "You can manage that."

"Well, it's more suitable," Gabriel said.

The others got up from the grass and we pushed the truck easily to the place where it would roll alone. Then Waclaw took the front again, me with him.

"Always the bastard argues."

"It was only a joke," I told him.

The golden fields flew past like clipped fur.

"With such lands there are people," Waclaw said. "And with so many people there will b a village. And in that village they must have mechanic to repair my truck."

There was a tapping on the small windo behind and I slid it open.

"I notice she is running very well now," Gabriel said. "Very quietly." I closed the win dow.

There was a village. Not at the bend of th valley but middle way, where earlier it had bee hidden in a fold of side hills. Once more w had to push. And in this manner we arrived the army of their deliverance, with much heav ing labor and no dignity at all.

IT HAD A GOATY SMELL, that village, an seemed at first an empty place. Our boot scraped loudly on the stone streets.

"Nobody," Waclaw said. "They don greet us."

"Well, it's a small place," said Gabrie "Maybe they have no band."

In the house behind him, then, I saw th corner of a curtain fall back across a windo



distance ahead, a woman wearing a head hurried across the street.

ou there," Waclaw called, but the woman inside a doorway. He looked after her.

e damned people," he said.

r timid," Gabriel told him. "I think they be frightened by such a display of force."

Waclaw laughed at that: six men and a n truck.

found a boy, a simpleton, who fetched n, and the man—sullenly, I thought—ht us finally to a mechanic. The garage n the rear, a vaulted, stone-floored room y lighted from the open door.

e says he will look at it," Gabriel told aw. "But it will be tomorrow or maybe the day. Today, he says, he is occupied."

bjected, but the mechanic stared back tly. Whether ignorant or only stubborn, uld have himself spoken to in no language is own. He had come from his breakfast, rusted and a napkin forgotten in his belt. inly, though, the garage was empty of machines. So I said to Gabriel, "Tell him row is not soon enough. Tonight we must the capital."

's his duty," said Waclaw. "Tell him that."

ere was some discussion. The mechanic ged.

e says that if we order him to—if he has oice—he might look at it."

the truck was brought and the man took a soiled canvas smock which he put on his breakfast napkin. And the others went od.

me bread will do," Gabriel said.

nd something to drink, for afternoon," aw told them. "Bring some wine or beer. ll give it to us, I think."

leslaw went, with Zenon and Jerzy Rozek. re were food Boleslaw would find it, with thout words. Gabriel we needed to deal the truck.

sk him how the liberation progresses," I

e man had turned the starter and now ed something as he climbed down and d the bonnet.

e has no radio."

e has heard, though?"

e mechanic put his face into the machine. reckled skin of his scalp ran down to a f white bristles. His answer was to the e.

e says he will look at the truck but will scuss politics."

e fault was with the carburetor. A broken

, the piece could not be repaired.

, it was unlike any he kept.

"He'll have to make one, then," Waclaw said.

Gabriel repeated, and the man smiled coolly at Waclaw with broken teeth.

"Or take one from another machine. Not the piece, the whole assembly."

Explanation. Discussion. Another shrug. "He says he can look," Gabriel said. "From a tractor, perhaps, he will find one that fits. He can only take this one and see."

Two hours it was, and then three. And while we waited for him to finish another man came to us. An absurd little man—tiny, really—with a farmer's coarse hands, a spaniel's eyes behind wire glasses, and a woolen coat in August. The committeeman of that village, he said, speaking to us in Russian, the mutual tongue.

"Eduard here is getting you fixed, I see."

"In his own time," grumbled Waclaw.

"Yes, he's a good man. Very careful."

He walked around to the back of the truck and looked between the flaps.

"You seem to be provided for."

"It's only bread and some cheese," Boleslaw told him. "We had nothing to pay."

"Never mind. Men get hungry, don't they?" His hand explored the box. "And the wine?"

"The same," Boleslaw said. "The fellow sent us to another place. A woman had to go for it, but she gave it willingly."

"I'm sure." He let the truck flap fall. "And where was that place?"

"The name? I don't know," Boleslaw told him. "It was beside a chemist's."

"Yes," the committeeman said. "That's a pleasant woman." He came around the truck, limping, and sat down on a low bench with his cane across his knees.

"And when your truck is repaired?"

I saw no harm to say.

"To the capital. Our unit was going there."

"I see." His hands opened and closed around the cane. "To the capital, of course, is a long journey. But back to the border is only a little way."

"Go home?" I thought I had misheard him.

"The machine—" he looked at the truck "—perhaps it is weak. Who can say? If it were to stop again you might be less lucky. And you are how many? Six?"

"*Haw!*" Waclaw shouted. "He would have us go home!"

"We all know," said Gabriel, "that the army is very understanding."

"As you prefer," the little man said. "I only suggest it."

"I'm going to the capital," Boleslaw declared. "There will be parades and afterward maybe girls."

"Look, if all went home," I said, "who would

"In this manner we arrived, the army of their deliverance with much heaving labor and no dignity at all."

C. W. Gusewelle

THE WAY TO PRAGUE

defend you? If there were no need, why would we be here?"

"Have you listened to the radio?" he asked me.

"We have none."

"A pity." He stood. "You would be interested to hear it, I think. Anyway," he said, "you may remember that I suggested." And his cane made a wooden clicking on the stones.

"We're told the road is marked," Waclaw called after him.

The man answered without turning.

"Plainly."

LATE AFTERNOON, THEN—still of that first day. The road became a lane, the lane a track, the track a litter of boulders rolled up against a ruined bridge. It was cool in that high place, among the trees.

After riding, the cold stream water was pleasant in the boots.

"Well?" Waclaw said.

"No road," I told him, wading back across. "After the bridge, nothing at all."

Boleslaw came from emptying his bladder in the bushes. He had opened the wine. "Where are the girls?" he said. "I don't see them."

Gabriel sat smoking beside a tree.

"What kind of driver are you—" he said to Waclaw.

"All right, all *right*!"

"—to be stopped by the absence of a road?"

"Never mind," I told them. "The question is how we went wrong. Which place? Do you know that?"

"It has been too long," said Gabriel. "I was just a boy. But it was no road like this."

"How many turns did we make? Three?"

"Four, I think," Waclaw said. "I obeyed the signs."

"Congratulations," said Gabriel.

"Well, I would trust a sign before a smart Jew."

"Good for you."

The evening on the mountain yellowed as the sun fell below the trees. We had lost the day.

"Turn it around, then," I told Waclaw. "We'll go back—what else?"

"There was a farm," he said. "I think no more than a few kilometers back."

"Farm girls are best," said Boleslaw. He was happy to be lost.

"How is the wine?" Gabriel asked him.

"Foul. But very strong."

"Keep it. I'll have water," Gabriel said, and drank from the cold stream as the truck was backed and turned.

In fact it was nearly thirteen kilometers, the last of those in failing light, and then the place was empty—not a farm at all but a ruine forester's hut. As I recalled, the road beyon was more reasonable.

"Shall we go on?" Waclaw said. And w answered by tapping on the window behind.

It was Gabriel. "Are we stopping?" he aske

"Get out if you like," Waclaw told him.

"We have a sick man."

"Boleslaw, is it? How much did he drink?" asked.

"The bottle. He cramps and cannot sit."

"Shut it off, then, Waclaw. Here is as goo as any place." And we went in and dragge fallen boards from the floor and made a pla in the hut for some of us.

For myself, I preferred the open, among t trees. Boleslaw suffered too publicly.

By now, I judged, the liberation would ha been accomplished. And we had missed it all- the denouncing of reactionaries, the people rejoicing. To see the thanks in the faces of t people, that would have been the best. Hearin accounts of it would be a poor substitute. N that it could have been helped.

The moon rode above the trees. A cold de came down. I noticed that Boleslaw's moanin had stopped and I went to him inside. He w resting comfortably but awake.

"It's better, then?"

"The hurt is gone." His voice, although r lieved, was still a dry whisper.

"You drank too much, you know."

"Not too much. Too rancid."

"The same result," I told him. I felt oblig to sound stern, and it impressed him. He lick his lips.

"Will there be consequences?"

"Probably."

"For me?"

"For all of us, I think."

He let out his breath tiredly.

"Never mind," I told him. "The fault was yours. We had missed it already."

"Yes, I remember. We took the wrong roac He was reassured.

"Anyway, we'll go tomorrow."

"Too late. Tomorrow they'll all be taken."

"Taken?"

He laughed thinly. "Who do you think? T girls."

We slept then, chilly on the mountain. Or I woke to put on my boots but found th still wet. So I wrapped my feet in my coat. A then, again later, I dreamed my name w spoken, dreamed a hand on my arm.

Mercifully it was Gabriel. I could not ha found my weapon in any case.

"He's blind," Gabriel said. And I lay dow It was a dream after all.

"Jozef—" The hand shook me. "Do y

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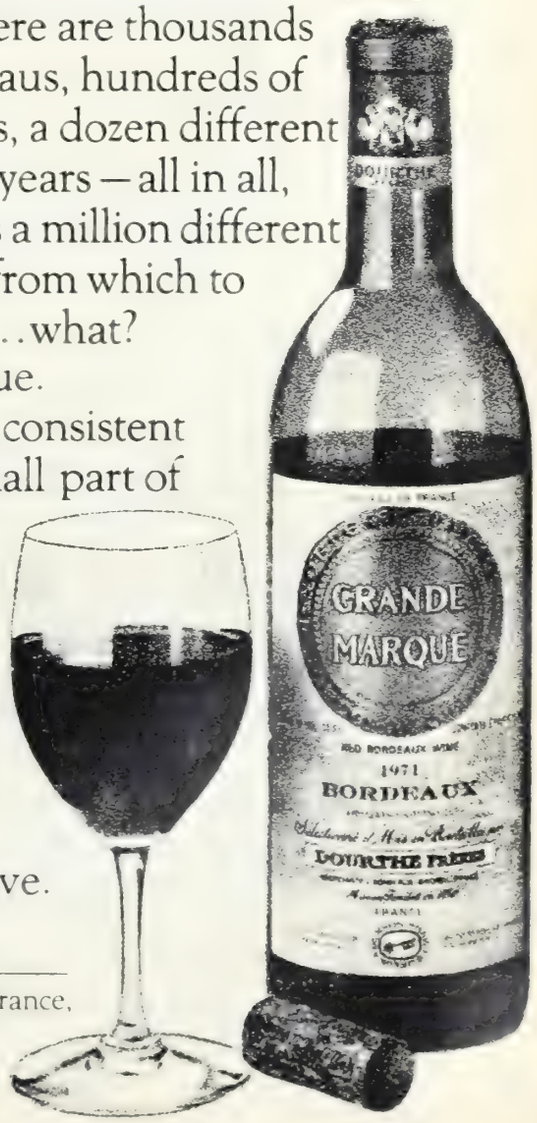
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C. W. Gusewelle

THE WAY TO PRAGUE

hear? I believe Boleslaw is blind."

"It's night—dark," I said.

"He called, I went to him. I struck a light to look at him. Held it to his face."

"Yes?"

"He asked if anyone was there."

WE HAD TAKEN the wrong way. Inexplicably, for the marker was in its proper place, clearly to be seen. And past that a short distance was another village, smaller than the one of yesterday. We asked them for a doctor and they came with a midwife.

"You're going where?" she asked. "To the capital? It's better that you ask there, I think. I have no remedy."

"How far?" Gabriel asked her.

"Some few hours."

"On this road, is it?"

"Ask the men."

Gabriel spoke to one of them, a big man with a kerchief knotted at his throat. There was some conversation. Gabriel nodded. He asked the man another question, then laughed at the answer.

"He says it is not the best road, but it is a road. He has gone there this way."

"Will the truck pass on it?" Waclaw asked.

"He says so."

"Ask him if any tanks have come this way," I said.

"I did," Gabriel told me. "And he said yes, but it has been thirty years."

Boleslaw rode lying behind. He seemed in no discomfort now, but deeply affected. Because the way was rough, we stopped often to look to him. He was able to do nothing for himself, and made requests of us in a small and whining voice. One could imagine his horror, and yet it tried the patience.

The road led northward through a young forest and past an open pit mine, unworked. And down, then, across a pitch of grass to a long reedy meadow that became immediately a marsh into which the truck, with a slow sideward lurch from the slippery track, settled down onto its undercarriage.

Waclaw, his hands on the wheel, stared blankly out through the front glass. I shut off the engine and got down. Gabriel was out already.

"So," he said. "We did as well as the tanks." Across the nodding crest of reeds there was a rusted turret. And beyond it another.

"The track must go to someplace," I said.

"Well, yes. To *someplace*," Gabriel agreed.

"From up above—did you see it?—there was another going to the left ahead." I raised the canvas at the back. "You, Zenon, and Jerzy Go with Gabriel, eh? We will find someone t pull this out."

"And him?" Jerzy looked at Boleslaw, wh lay in delicate stillness, as though by preten ing death he might escape its notice.

"Boleslaw can watch the truck—stay with i I mean."

He moved his hand in a little flutter.

"You are no worse?" I asked him.

The hand fell back. "The same."

Waclaw came out, too, then. Broken-spirite past being angry.

"What now?" he said.

"We'll pull it out."

"But how?" He was hopeless.

"With a tractor, of course."

"Well, maybe. But I don't think so."

"Of course we will," I told him. "Gabri will go on one track and you and I on the othe We'll find someone."

And did. Beyond the marsh a boy was pu ing a wagon of straw.

He unhitched the wagon, and left it the and turned down the track with Waclaw a me standing beside him inside the tracto tires. And Waclaw, without any excitemer said to me, "Look, now. They're burning r truck."

From across the reeds a column of o smoke stood against the trees behind.

"Probably the others have found someo and lit a fire to tell us."

"A fire like *that*?" he said.

A ball of flame leaped up into the smok There came to us, over the tractor's noise, heavy, windy sound as of a rug being shake

With a fright I remembered Boleslaw. T boy stopped the tractor and we ran ahead. Ar yes, it was the truck. But Boleslaw lay on t ground at some distance.

"I was asleep," he said. "They took me ou

"Who did?"

He shook his head, fingers fluttering limp in front of his closed eyes. "I had not ev smelled smoke. I might have burned with i he said. "It's lucky for me they passed."

Waclaw snorted and turned away.

"What did they say to you?" I asked.

Boleslaw shook his head again. "Just lift me out and put me here. Very considerately

"How admirable," Waclaw said.

Quickly the burning was finished. The me made sounds as it began to cool.

"Well," Gabriel said, "who cares to go wa ing with me now?" The others looked at hi

"Walk where?" I asked him.

"Home, I think. Where else?"

"The thing is to find another car," I sa "and continue on."

'As you like, Jozef. For me, no. I'm going, no joke this time."

'Without arms?" Zenon said. Their weapons he truck had been taken or burned. There only my pistol now.

'It can't be helped," Gabriel told him, and ugged. He smiled. "I have this honest face."

erzy Rozek, too, was tempted.

'But which way?" he said. "We're lost, I nk."

'Not lost," said Gabriel. "We only took the ng roads. We came to the west, so to the t—as we're facing—must be the long val- again. And to the right will be the frontier. ere can be no mistake about that."

'It is deserting," I told him.

'You will report me, eh? *You*, Jozef?"

'What do I care? No. But it will surely be covered," I said.

'I will report myself, then. I will go directly the camp. And they will commend me for intelligence, I think."

So the three of them went, Gabriel small in nt. Whistling, striding gaily, he led them vn the wet track between the reeds past one he ruined tanks and out of the world.

'I would like to go," said Boleslaw. Envy red in him. "Tonight they will be drinking r."

And perhaps they were, but it was not in this .

I THINK IT MUST BE a most remarkable thing to find a gun pointed at oneself. But no less extraordinary I may tell you—in case you have not had the ex- ience—to do the pointing.

ndeed, the man in the car seemed quite nposed—more curious, I thought, than htened. He stepped out, leaving the door n behind him, and looked at the piles of nes we had rolled onto the road. "What's ?" he said.

n the back of the car there were two chil- n. And in the front, the wife, who leaned oss.

'Are they robbing us?" she asked.

'I don't know yet."

'Well, *ask* them."

He was impatient. "If you please! It's what doing."

She made a little gasp. "Is that one hurt?" eslaw had bound a white handkerchief und his upper face—uselessly, of course, with much dramatic effect.

'Yes, madam," I told her. "He's lost his s."

'*Lost* them!"

'The use of them."

"Dear, dear," she said, and clucked her tongue.

And still, as nearly as I could tell, neither of them had really noticed the pistol.

"We want your car," I told the man.

"What *is* it?" she called from the other side.

"They want the automobile."

"But that's impossible. Don't give it to them."

"My dear, if you will be silent—"

"Tell them they can't have it."

The man threw up his hands suddenly and I nearly shot him. But he only turned his back and paced a step away.

"You should give it gladly," I told him.

"Then why are you pointing *that*?"

So he had seen the gun, after all.

"I don't know," I told him, and it was true. In my innocence, it still was true.

"What would you have *us* do?" the man said.

"Well, when we have gone you can roll the stones across again. Someone will stop, and may take you."

"And my car?"

I hadn't considered. "Suppose we leave it with the police in the capital."

"Please, then. You will give me a paper saying that you have taken it." And he wrote it out, with scritching pen, on the back of an envelope.

"Sign please."

We put Boleslaw in the rear seat. He insisted that it was necessary to lie down.

Waclaw started the motor.

"You must use the brake like this," the man said, leaning in to Waclaw. He pumped twice with the flat of his hand.

"Yes."

"And sometimes the second gear will not go. Please do not grind it."

"All right. All right."

Behind us, as we went, the woman was gesturing furiously. The man sat on one of the larger stones and was not looking at her.

THE ROAD BORE DOWN upon a small river, dark-bordered with trees, where a cable ferry nosed to the bank. On the near side was the ferryman's house and, before that, a small guard's hut with a hinged barrier across the road.

The soldier came out sleepily, his rifle slung at his back, and yawned as Waclaw braked the car. He looked inside at Boleslaw on the seat.

"An accident?" he said. "No? The papers, please."

We had no papers, of course. Nor was there any frontier.

"For the car," he said. "It is a customs post."

"Whistling, striding gaily, Gabriel led them down the wet track between the reeds, past one of the ruined tanks and out of the world."

C.W. Gusewelle

THE WAY TO PRAGUE

At least this soldier had had some schooling, so that, as with the man on the road, it was possible to converse. I explained about the truck, and that the machine was borrowed.

"One minute, please." He went inside and turned the arm of a telephone, spoke into it, and then came out again. The ferryman had arrived, too, from the house—an old man in boots and country clothes, with yellow hanging mustache.

"Where is there food on this road?" Waclaw asked the soldier. It was past noon.

The guard looked at the old man. "Ahead—what is it? One hour? More, I think. Nearer two."

"A long time," said Waclaw, disappointed.

"I think so."

"Unless . . ." Waclaw considered the ferryman.

"What?" I said.

"Unless this fellow could give us food. What do you say, eh?"

The old man looked at his shoes.

"You have a wife, don't you? Ask her, then."

"We can't pay," I told the old man. He turned to the house.

"It can be anything," Waclaw called after him. "Just something small between bread. Anything that fills." The ferryman said nothing, but went with slow resentment.

I looked to Boleslaw, then. His coat was rolled beneath his head and his legs were curled to fit the seat. I asked if he slept.

"Would you?" he said, whining. His voice was like a bird's. I left him.

Waclaw was telling the soldier about the truck—how we had come to lose it. "But they can't blame me," he said. "You agree, don't you?"

The guard raised his eyebrows.

"You *do* agree?"

"Who can say?"

"I know," Waclaw conceded. "In the army, who can say."

The old man came back with a sack.

"Do you carry weapons?" the soldier asked.

"Only this pistol," I told him. "The others burned."

"May I see it, please." He turned it in his hand. "Seven millimeter?"

"Yes."

"And the papers for this?"

"Papers?" I said. "What papers? It is the army's."

"I see." He looked at it and seemed uncertain. "One minute." He went in the hut and rang the telephone again. When he came out he did not have my pistol, and his own rifle was unslung.

"Pass now," he said. "It's all right."

"My gun."

"That stays. It's the regulation." The barre of his rifle lowered just a fraction, though stil unaimed. "I don't make the orders, do I?" A Waclaw had observed, one army was much lik another.

"So," he said, "if you will get in the car yo may cross."

Waclaw took the sack from the ferryman an was opening it.

"Cross first and eat beyond," the soldier said "It is nicer there. Besides, the old man ha come from his own meal."

He raised the barrier and Waclaw rolled th car down onto the narrow platform. It was ferry for one car. The gasoline engine started fuming blue, and the ferry swung out on i cable. The flow was gentle and quite clear. Be low, among the bent weeds, fish fled the shad ow of the boat.

Waclaw got back behind the wheel and drov up the embankment to a level place of gras "We'll be there tonight, you think?" he asked

"Probably." I was worrying about the gu

"Here is good, then. There's no hurry." H took the sack from between his feet and got ou

"It was foolish to let him hold it," I thoug aloud.

"What difference?" Waclaw said. "We'll sa it burned with the others. Man, what is a gu anyway. When we've lost a *truck*." That wa true. The little ferry nosed across to the fa bank, the racket of the engine stopping with final breath of blue smoke that passed slow down across the water. The old man made fa his rope and started to the house.

We sat Boleslaw against a tire of the ca where a spot of sun fell pleasantly through th leaves, not hot at all for the season. The plac was very still, with the river passing.

Waclaw gave a sudden little cry.

"See it, will you! Do you see what is b tween the bread?"

It was the turd of a dog. White, calcifi nearly to chalk. He flung it away and, fro the water's edge, screamed at them. Howled them. Most remarkable sounds.

"Don't complain," sad Boleslaw told hi "Be thankful you have eyes to see to eat."

"They hear me," Waclaw said finally, pa ing. But no one appeared.

WACLAW, IT WAS, who wanted stop. I preferred to contin through, and spoke against but his appetite consumed hi

We sat a quarter of an hour at the table b side the window while the woman carried foa ing beers to the others. Finally Waclaw slapp

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C. W. Gusewelle

THE WAY TO PRAGUE

with his open hand on the wood of the table. Loudly.

"For me," he told her, "the pork." She shook her head.

"Finished, the pork? This cabbage, then."

"Finished," she said.

Everything was finished. It was suddenly quiet in the room.

"And the beer?" Waclaw said. The taverner had just put four glasses on the bar, beaded golden in the long light through the curtain. "Is that finished, too?"

The taverner nodded. "The last, these. Finished." He had dropped his hands below the counter and looked out levelly, a man prepared.

In such a circumstance, one leaves as one must —politely. Outside, a boy was crouched beside the car tire, beginning something. Waclaw jerked him up by the shirt and the boy's knife clattered on the street.

"*Go ahead!*" the boy cried at him, weeping and laughing together, rolling his terrified eyes.

A stone struck Waclaw in the small of his back and, turning, he dropped the boy with a grunt. Another stone bloodied his mouth. The next went past my head. Schoolboys, bookstraps on their shoulders, advanced in a skirmishers' line. The windscreen of the car shattered inward.

The machine leaped forward under Waclaw's foot. The skirmishers let go a last volley, the skipped aside. Except one. His small arm wen up, to throw a stone—or to stop a car. He nea ly fell in upon us . . . hung on a few yards snagged on the windscreen, then slipped bac across the car's top. I turned to see him rollin after us over the stone, a limp thing.

"Hnnnnn," said Waclaw, his voice rising i his nose.

"Was there something in the road?" aske Boleslaw.

The last houses of the village rushed past.

"Faster," I told Waclaw.

"You saw, Jozef! He jumped in front."

"Never mind. Go faster," I told him.

But to no point. When you race a car again a telephone, the wire will always win.

"What now?" said Boleslaw in his little voic

We were stopped on a rise. Very far ahea in the deepening afternoon were the roofs of town. And, nearer, objects on the road.

"Binocular?" Waclaw said. But mine ha burned.

"In my kit," Boleslaw said.

Waclaw rested his elbows on the wheel an adjusted the glass. "Carts," he said. "Two cart And men with them." He gave me the binocu lar.

The tines of their hay forks shone dully i the failing light. I counted only two guns—ol



uns, for shooting birds. Waclaw backed the ar down over the rise.

"Maybe we can ask them to direct us," Bolslaw said.

"Shut up," Waclaw told him.

"We'll have to go back," I said.

"To where? I watched—it's the only road," aid Waclaw. "But we can go through, I think."

"Through?"

"They are only carts. Wooden ones. Why ot?"

In the truck, yes, I would have tried. Might ave. But in so small a car? "Please yourself," Vaclaw said. His face glistened with sudden weat.

Boleslaw let me help him from the seat, mak- ıg himself a considerable weight. A few me- ers back there was a tile pipe where a dry tream passed out of a field and under the road.

"What if they have dogs?" Waclaw said.

"Maybe they won't. Soon it's dark." I put oleslaw, complaining, in the tile, making him ave a place for me. And then went up to the op again and lay with the binocular.

Surely Waclaw meant to do it. Quickly the istance closed. Far away, and entirely without ound, the one gun put out a white smoke. And ıen the other. He was through them, then, the ar holding true on the road. But slowing, stop- ing finally a quarter of a kilometer past. I aw him roll out onto his knees. The men were unning.

I went back to the tile and crawled under ıe road with Boleslaw to wait for night.

"Waclaw passed through them?" he asked. lis voice was loud in the pipe.

"No, I don't think so."

"It was the enemy, then?"

"Just some people," I told him.

"Only the people? You see! We should have one with Waclaw. What difference if we *had* een stopped?"

Already it was dark inside the tile. I lay weating too, now, begging God there would e no dogs.

"How did they greet him?" Boleslaw asked.

In mercy's name, I saw no cause to tell.

THREE DAYS MORE we were traveling. On the second Boleslaw claimed to see light and dark. That night, it seemed, he crept with less support. And in the ıorning he could indeed see, if only shadows. His old spirit returned.

"The girls are waiting," he said. "For me." nd was impatient with lying in the bushes.

I had to steal a chicken, finally. We had ome to that. I took it from its roost before awn on the low branch of a tree too near a farmer's house. The thing cried out when I took off its head. Running, frightened, I stumbled in the grass and let it make a mess of me.

After light, when our fire would be less noticed, we cooked the chicken under a bridge and ate it there and slept. At least Boleslaw slept. I was trying to think how we might pass safely into the city. We could perhaps remove our shirts and go as laborers.

"For what?" he said, when I suggested it. The dust stuck in the chicken grease made a brown circle of his mouth.

"Our enemies will be finished now," Boleslaw said. "Surely so."

"They are all the enemy," I told him. But of course he would not believe.

"Call them anything," he said. "Tomorrow by this time I will be between the legs of one of them."

That night we followed a main road, staying well out in the field beside it, until the light of the city seemed quite near. Still I had no good plan. We halted in a little grove above the road. There, unwisely, I slept, and on waking saw that it was morning and that Boleslaw stood plainly in the road below. *In the road.* Smiling. Calling to them.

I rose to save him. And would have, except that there were bicycles approaching. Many men on bicycles. I made myself small on the ground between the trees to see. But the bicycles only parted and passed around. A military car came then—not one of ours. It stopped; the soldiers got out. They looked up into the grove. Boleslaw—fool or betrayer—was bringing them to me. There was no time to run. I lay face down in the leaves and the dirt, tasting decayed things, being small. Waiting for the shots and trying not, as my last act among men, to foul myself.

Hands turned me over. The enemy's face was near, but I dared not look.

"This one is shot?"

Boleslaw made no answer.

"He's somehow hurt. Such blood!"

They lifted me, carried me. I thought I fainted.

AND FOR ALL OF THIS we were covered with honor. In absolute truth, armies *cannot* be explained.

But many medals were given during that time, and the reasons for them will not be remembered. Suffice, finally, that they *were* given. So why refuse a bit of brass if it is offered? That is Boleslaw's view of it, and Boleslaw is a realist.

"Keep a medal long enough," he says, "and the glory will come." □

"He hung on a few yards, snagged on the windscreen, then slipped back across the car's top. I turned to see him rolling after us on the stone, a limp thing."



THREE TEDDIES ALL IN A ROW

by Richard Condon

Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy, by James MacGregor Burns. W. W. Norton, $11.95.
Senator Ted Kennedy: The Career Behind the Image, by Theo Lippman, Jr. W. W. Norton, $9.95.
The Last Kennedy: Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, Before and After Chappaquiddick, by Robert Sherrill. Dial, $7.95.

HERE ARE THREE just-in-time books, totaling 951 pages, about the most palpable politician of the Democratic party, Edward M. Kennedy. They will contribute to the appalling despair the American people have felt about the quality of political leadership over the past twenty-four years. *Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy* is a full campaign biography, no matter how the author disclaims that classification; *The Last Kennedy* and *Senator Ted Kennedy* are Special Perspective biographies.

Professor Burns uses the word *Camelot* over seventy times in his book. Mr. Sherrill uses *debris* seventeen times. Those incidences are revealing. Of all the debris that has ever been unloaded upon the people whom politicians love to screw the most, *Camelot* stands for the prime "con" of our two political centuries.

Professor Burns's book says, in essence: "You are a wonderful kid of character and gifts, Teddy. And just remember where you heard that first." Mr. Lippman's book is a measured, unacknowledging defense against the fearful indictments in Mr. Sherrill's book: "What a brave lad! See how he has worked for you! Weigh his real accomplishments among the lawmakers and let us forget the rest of it." Mr. Sherrill petrifies Kennedy with a glance from the Gorgon Eye Bank. He unpacks a tool kit of debasement for nailing a leading actor to the stage more effective than any in political memory. The nails stop the Senator, fixing him as a liar, a drunk, a coward, a killer, a suborner, an infantile biologic result, and a mask within a mask within his brothers' masks, trained into such human failure by a monstrous father and cold-assed self-seeking siblings. "Shame!" is the message from the biographer who would not be Edward Kennedy's sponsor.

If the Lippman brief and the Sherrill indictment were related to each other with each other's brilliance and skills, within the covers of a single book, then Edward Kennedy's exemplary career in the Senate might almost have offset the Sherrill arraignment, because Kennedy has made himself into an outstanding Senator in the seven years since Chappaquiddick. With two such briefs isolated in two separate books by different authors, one becomes a record of a work-anodyne, the other an encyclopedia of aberrations. If they could be combined in one volume its title would have to be *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

There is a dense complexity about Edward Kennedy's adult life (insofar as it has met the eye) which is compulsively novelistic.

All that melodrama, the contrasts of dolor and shadow and boredom, which is (unfairly) the public aspect of this wounded man has, in a certain way, been Edward Kennedy's principal capital all along. He was as dull and as self-centered as any other young man who seeks to light somewhere, but he remained duller longer than most. Then, in 1962, when his family forced him, as if at the points of their spears, to leave his own life behind, to take up and follow their examples as prime hustlers, in the pejorative sense; when they told him he was going to take over his brother's seat in the United States Senate (the seat they had bought for his brother as they would buy it for him, from maker to wearer, over the counter in Massachu-

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The Weekly Newsmagazine

setts), this complacently arrogant, dull young man lost his feeble grip upon reality. He became suicidally reckless. He began to drink booze out of umbrella stands. He began to grope burly men's women under dinner tables. He drove cars at ninety miles an hour through traffic. He had temper tantrums. He piloted planes without a license. He ski-jumped and parachuted for the first time, on dares. He demonstrated recklessness, rootlessness, death wishes, and perpetual rage—but he touched his forelock and went into the Senate.

We are told in these three biographies that Teddy Kennedy was the youngest of nine. He always knew he was standing way back in the line for the dinner table. But, after a time, the Senate became his family. He cajoled the old men in it; he deferred to them as the baby of the family learns to do, and he discovered that, despite the accident of having a brutally rich father, he had arrived exactly where he would like to be.

Then "they" murdered his two brothers.

The meaning of becoming the only surviving male in that family of deadly cold and arrogant men turns him to wood. His empyrean existence in "the last of the gentlemen's clubs" is shattered. "They" keep tugging at his sleeve, prodding him sharply between the shoulder blades. An inevitable candidate for the Presidency, "they" say. But he doesn't *want* the Presidency. He wants the sailors' snug harbor called the Senate; his true family of drunken old Joes and dumb great guys; his good adjustment and his happiness. *But they will not stop trying to force him to take on the Presidency.* Instead he spends a weekend at Chappaquiddick and Robert Sherrill gets a hell of a book out of it. The banally dull rich man's son becomes The Great American Novel before our eyes.

IF A REALLY GOOD packager in the movie-cum-TV-cum-hardcover-into-paperback racket, say an agent like Sam Cohn, would bring a couple of hot writers like Dostoevsky and Tolstoy into the development of the package, letting them shuffle around the key elements of these three biographies, Edward Kennedy could at last find the meaning he has searched for so jaggedly all his life. He would only have be willing to grant that he had already found it—to have and hold forevermore—in his distinct as a U.S. Senator.

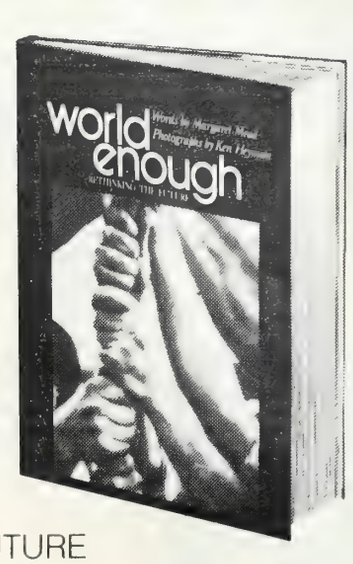
There is much to be grateful for the Burns, Lippman, and Sher biographies, and much which nea puts the reader to sleep. Most of gratitude goes to Mr. Sherrill, wh book will give American politici nightmares because although ma of them make Kennedy-size mista every day, only a few of those n takes have been noticed. Mr. Li man preserves the political rec with grace, skill, and attention to torical form. His book is a san saving middle ground where Pen grows up and becomes Macbeth.

The most smothering sopori found within this trinity are admi tered by Professor Burns. As yawn through Professor Burn prodigious effort to fell mice, wh seems to have employed as many searchers and assistants as the Pe Corps unit on Pitcairn Island, we under the thud of twenty-two pa which take us with Teddy from second grade until he finally—*whe* —makes it through law school, wh the book devotes only seven-and half pages to what Burns calls " accident" at Chappaquiddick. In tween are such stunners as "Bl leaders see the Senator not as a mantic figure from a magical Ca lot but as a realistic politician w has the right priorities. Repo about Kennedy's marital proble drinking, and sex, therefore, le many unmoved. What seems to m whites to be his extravagance rule-breaking seems to be a ma of ordinary mortal lapses to m blacks." Professor Burns ends book, thank God, leaving all ph sophical interpretations of the Se tor's relationships to the eloquent fluences of his life, and offers u more substantial and interesting count of who the Senator is ri now and how he conducts his pro sional life. This is the best part o biography which seems to have b commissioned as a portrait, much that by Thomas Lawrence of the w of George IV. Her teeth had go and wine had left footprints on face, but he managed to pretty up just the same. The design of P fessor Burns's book grows more vi as the end comes into view, where

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ses the ultimate thought thus: The question was whether the merican people were ready for the ly kind of Presidency that Edward ennedy could offer."

Mr. Sherrill in *The Last Kennedy* sts mud of the Senator's own mix- re upon that "kind of Presidency." ie Senator may find this ferocious tack as devastating as Alexander amilton found Burr's loaded pistol New Jersey. Both are the sort of olitical slurs which cannot go unknowledged.

As mortally flaccid as is Burns's orshipful text, so edged, pointed, id inescapable is Sherrill's. Not ly is Sherrill an investigative po- ical journalist of immense gifts but is also the kind of Defender of the eople which the Chappaquiddick dge and District Attorney might ve been if Teddy's daddy had not en so rich and his family so bone- ackingly powerful. He does not tear e defendant limb from limb be- use of "the accident." Given that uch booze and resentment in such isolated careless setting, "the ac- dent" could have happened to any- ie. Instead, Mr. Sherrill traces the fendant's origins, from a mon- ous father's screams to glory to ie brother who was a mirror-raper id another who was a tyrant mad- ned by impatience for total power all the corroding rot of too much oney given too soon and too late. e presents us with the Edward Ken- dy that even our manipulated orld cannot believe as being real. e asks us to look at a useless slob io was lifted from job to job gainst his will, dappled with the ex- ential reflections from his deadly ale family. He then takes this re- ctant American messiah to Chap- iquiddick and, with the art of the rmy Corps of Engineers blowing the Golden Gate Bridge, explodes dward Kennedy's infantile amoral- into thousands of bleeding and isly pieces. He restages that trag- ly in a manner which Massachu- tts justice should have demanded, id exposes it for all time to be the praved and infected twin of Water- te, the kind of extensive cover-up had thought was done only for 'er-do-well rich men's sons in War- r Brothers melodramas of the Thir- s.

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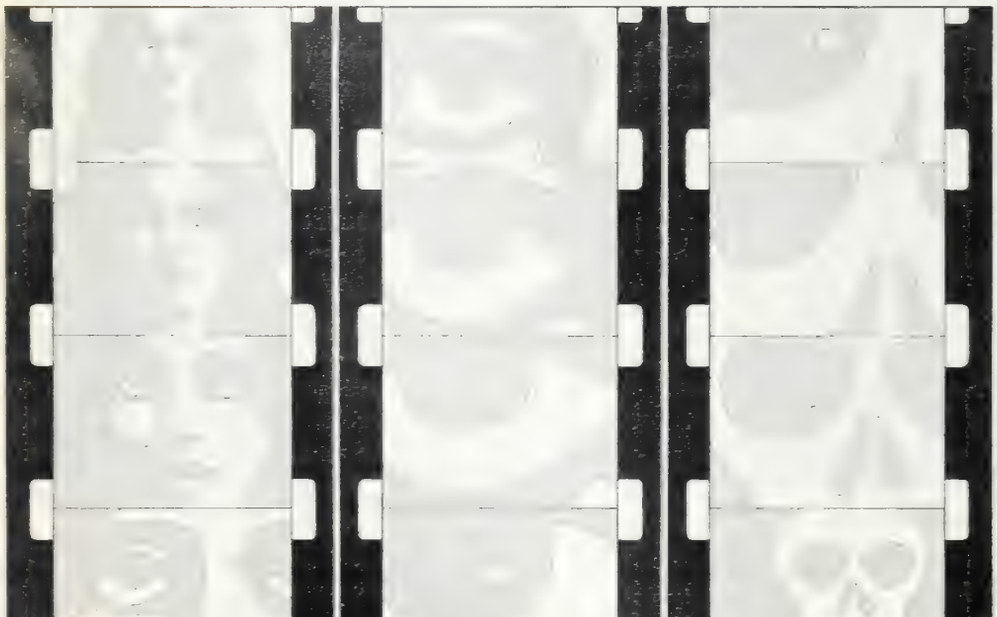
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of an expository style but states persuasively to those who haven't read Burns or Sherrill that it is Edward Kennedy's political, not his personal life, which relates to the American future. In the shrewdest and most acceptable sense it is a campaign biography. It is also well-recommended as a surefooted study of the U.S. Senate.

Mr. Lippman is more pragmatic than, perhaps, we would want anyone to be for us. Professor Burns writes of "the new Ted Kennedy," and inevitably we think of Art Buchwald writing about "the new Nixon." Robert Sherrill portrays Judge Bean wearing the costume of Cotton Mather.

Within this microcosm, Teddy is dead. But Teddy, like everyone else, wants to live and be happy. Let him find that happiness doing what he wants to do, doing what serves his country to a degree no less significant than the Presidency. Let him build shining towers to rise above his dead past and continue in that special state of grace he understands, upon the floor of the United States Senate. □

Richard Condon is the author most recently of the novel The Whisper of the Axe *(Dial).*



Fred Marcellino

ENDJOKES

by Alice Adams

Kinflicks, by Lisa Alther. Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95.

MY FAMILY HAS always been into death. My father, the Major, used to insist on having an ice-pick next to his place mat at meals so that he could perform an emergency tracheotomy when one of us strangled on a piece of meat. Even now, by running my index finger along my collarbones to the indentation where the bones join, I can locate the optimal site for a tracheal puncture with the same deftness as a junky a vein.... Dying properly was like achieving simultaneous orgasm." Right away, Lisa Alther tells us that she is writing about matters which are high and serious indeed: death and sex and how to come to terms with them (not simultaneously). At the same time she makes us laugh.

This book is so continuously funny that its wisdom takes you by surprise. I know that I will reread it often, for fun. Lisa Alther is like a marvelous friend who says that she has been having an awful time lately, one bad thing after another, but who tells this so amusingly that you laugh, and invite her to dinner.

A curious thing, this likeableness of literary heroines, and not always directly related to literary merit. Generation gaps aside, would one really want to know Emma Woodhouse, or Dorothea Brooke? The prospect of either, for divergent reasons, fills me with great shyness. While I admire Anna of *The Golden Notebook* enormously for her honesty and courage, I am not sure that I would want to meet her, either. I began by liking Isadora Wing in *Fear of Flying,* thinking she was really funny, and honest too. Then I began to think she was lying, and I was bored. To cite a sexual-confessional book with a more attractive heroine, I liked the Jill Robinson of *Bed/Time/Story* very much (supposedly nonfiction, I know, but is *Fear of Flying* a novel?). Jill seemed human and vulnerable, and entirely credible.

GINNY BABCOCK BLISS, Miss Alther's heroine, is wholly likeable. She is brave and bright and honest and self-doubting. She is a loving person, and *funny,* especially about sex. Sex is something that Ginny likes, and is strongly drawn to, but she simply is not good at it. Here again, in contrast to the hyperactive Isadora, and even to Anna, who tends to blame men for her amatory failures, Ginny knows that she has a problem. "My tutoring anyone in love-making would be like Helen Keller's conducting birdwatches," is how she puts it.

Ginny, as a flag-waver of Hullsport High, circa 1960, is chosen for love by the super football-basketball hero, Joe Bob Sparks, of the idiot smile, a nonverbal communicator if there ever was one. His announcement that he has to be at home every night at ten (the coach, Coach checks up on his boys) is the first warning that things are not to go well, and the relationship continues downhill, from the first tooth-bruising kiss to the last hand-job in the high-school darkroom. It includes a lot of time spent in the trunk of a car, so as to be unseen by Coach. While Joe Bob is kneading Ginny's breasts, having first removed her Never-Tell bra, Ginny tries to decide



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SANDITON
BY
JANE AUSTEN
AND ANOTHER LADY

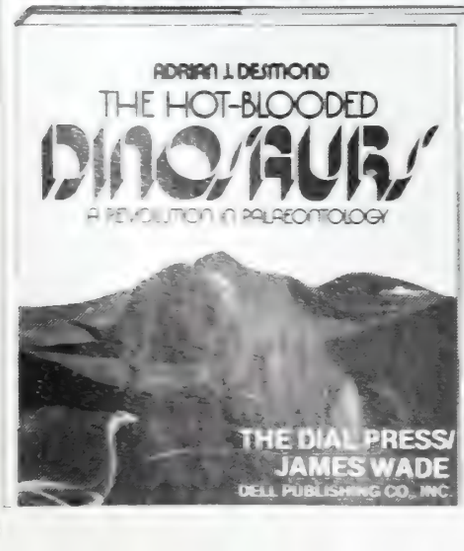
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what to do with her hands "to indicate my continuing involvement in the project." It is possibly just as well that Coach puts an end to this (by "grounding" Joe Bob), which leads to the darkroom trysts and, finally, to Ginny's dismal deflowering by a local hood, the forbidden Clem Cloyd, in her father's bomb shelter (where else, if your family is into death?).

What is wonderful in all this, aside from the laughs, is the humaneness of Alther's approach. She seems to be saying that we're all in trouble, Ginny and Joe Bob and Clem Cloyd, and everyone, and no prizes are given out, no blame attached. In most current fiction (and of course far too often in life) when love does not work out, the disappointed partner is vindictive. Alther's view would seem to be that when it comes to sex we're all amateurs.

As it turns out, what Ginny needs is a warm and experienced woman (yes, a woman, but this is no more a "lesbian novel" than it is a "woman's novel"). She finds Eddie Holzer, of the beautiful and most female body, who radicalizes Ginny as well as turning her on to sex. "I woke up delighted to know who put what where in physical love between women." But, as always with Alther, there is a last laugh. "Curiosity finally quelling lust, I sat up and said, 'What are you doing, Eddie?' I turned on the light. She smiled sheepishly and held up a greased cucumber. I looked at her with horror. 'It's all right,' she assured me. 'It's organically grown.' "

Even that great love affair flounders ("I've hurt the woman I love," Ginny thinks) in a commune in Stark's Bog, Vermont. Its resolution in death leads us to Alther's other major preoccupation.

Ginny's mother is in the hospital: she is dying of idiopathic thrombocytopenic purpura: internal and external bleeding, no clotting, blood gone out of control. And Ginny has come home to be with her mother. They both must come to terms with each other and with death, and that is what *really* goes on in this novel.

As Ginny's mother is not supposed to guess, Ginny has actually been thrown out of Stark's Bog by her husband. She has married Ira soon after Eddie's death, and they had an adored daughter, Wendy. But Ira has found Ginny in a cemete one night with a crazed army dese er, Hawk (a man truly into death in what had every appearance of b ing a postcoital position. Ira do not see it as a semen-retention po ture, not being familiar with Hawl Maithuna rituals. So Ira expels Gi ny; she is never to see her daug ter again.

Therefore, Ginny and her moth cannot talk about what is most either's mind. Sex and death a out, and they play at make-believ Ginny is simply down there on visit, wearing more than usually o landish clothes (such a change fr her Villager shirts of Hullsport Hi flag-waver days), and soon M Babcock will be well enough to home. They may visit Ireland gether. Later, Ginny will return her husband and child in Vermo

In the meantime, they watch so operas, and talk about them; th silently resent each other's presen Mrs. Babcock continues to ble idiopathically—and to be treat One drastic treatment after anoth is tried (and mercilessly describ by the doctor: don't they ever *kn* how they sound?) as Ginny watch helplessly. It is as though she m become her own mother's mother, a time when she is desperately mi ing her own daughter. In the n room, old Coach, now certifiably mented, still shouts out comman "Just put in two fresh boys—I'm *Coach!*"

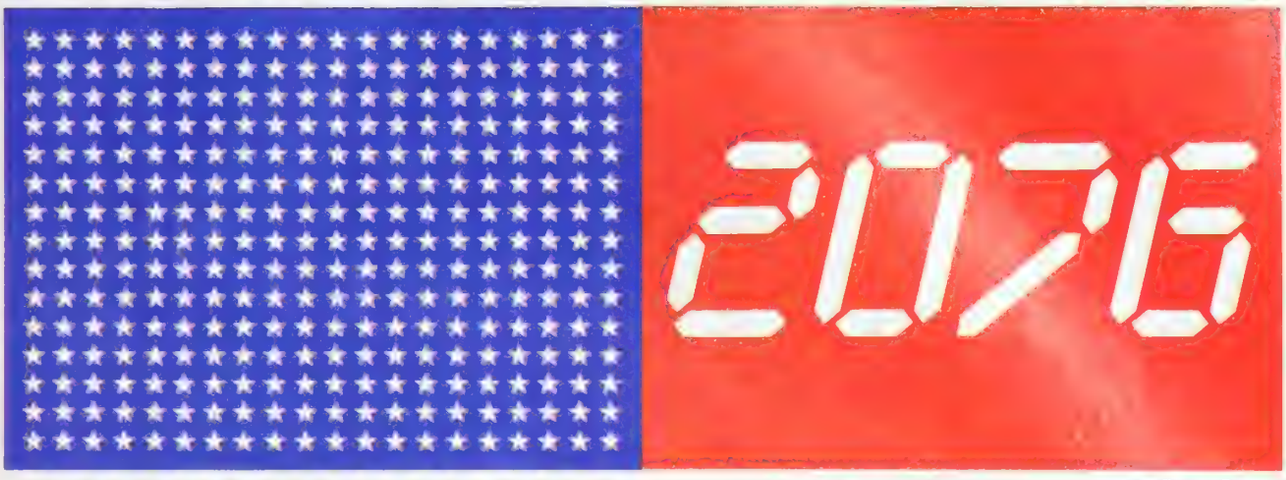
Such is the quality of this bo that Mrs. Babcock's eventual ref al to take any more steroids see heroic, and her death, when she finally allowed to die, is tragic. that time, as surely and slowly Mrs. Babcock, the pretend-game tween her and Ginny has died.

Having said so much in h praise of Miss Alther and her no for the sake of balance, perhaps am inwardly urged to say someth negative. My complaint, however mild. The book deserves a bet stronger title. *Kinflicks* refers lite ly to Mrs. Babcock's home mov family scenes, but it suggests a v ety of bad puns (Kornflakes, for ample), and it does not suggest t we are in the presence of a m powerful and remarkable talent.

Alice Adams is the author of the n Families and Survivors (*Warner Paperl Library*).

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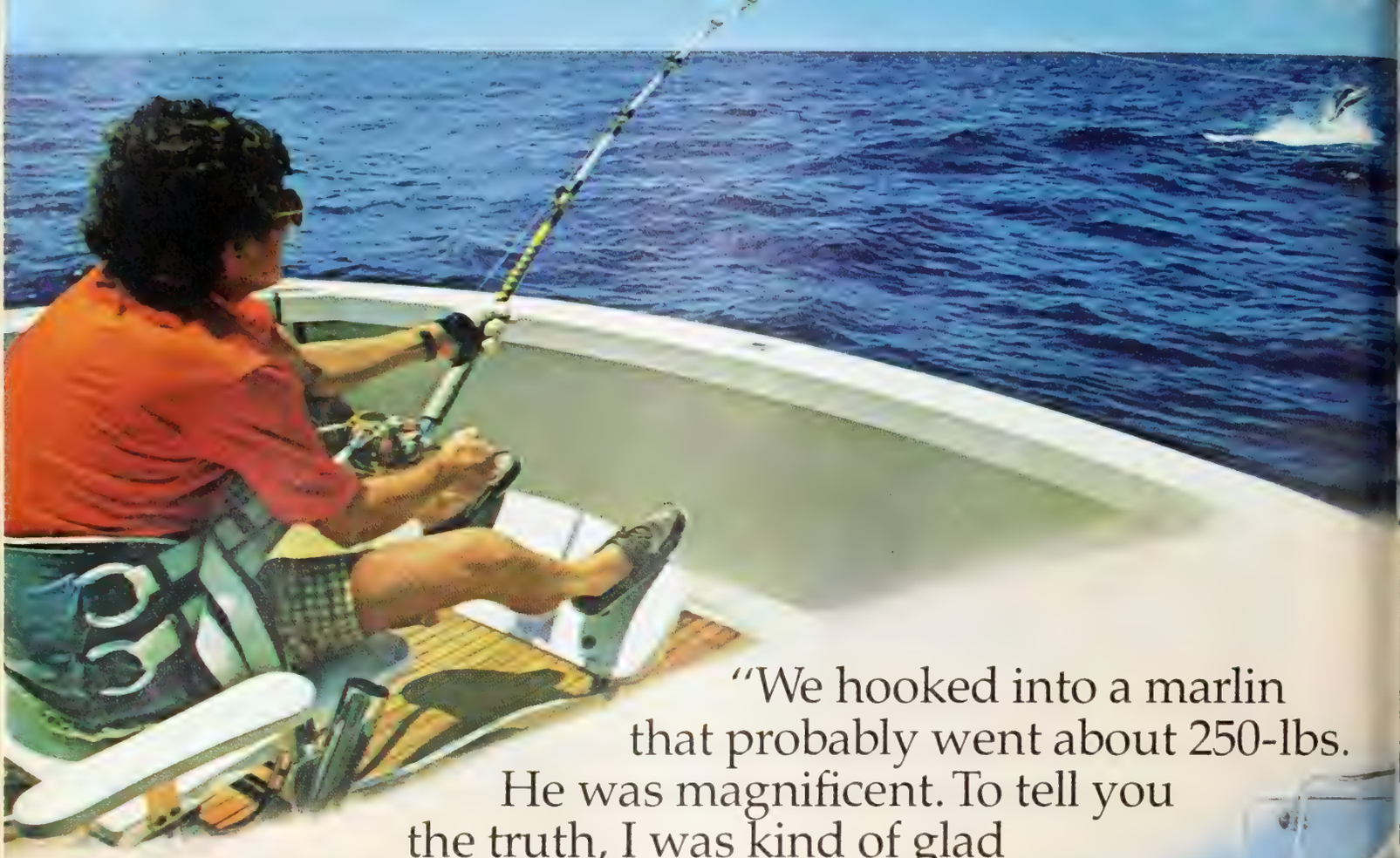
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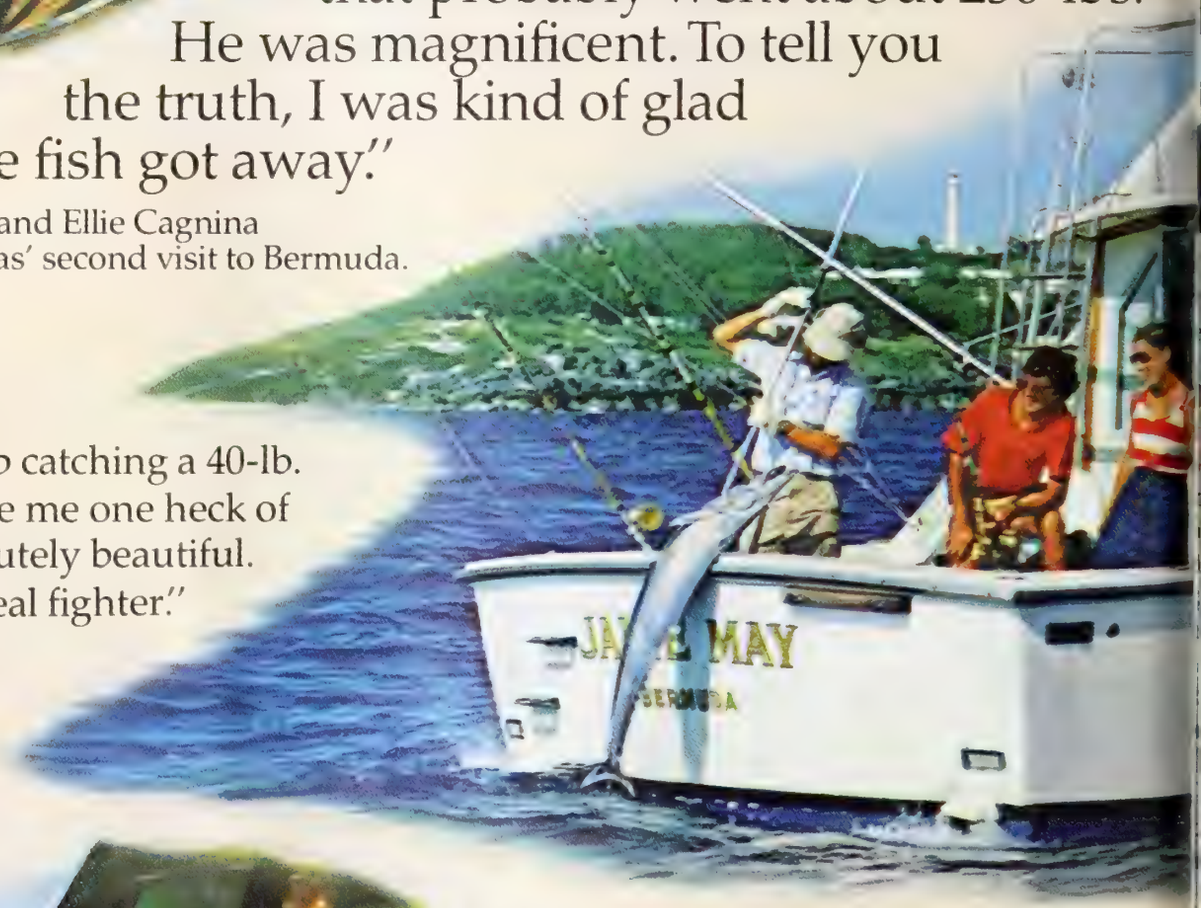
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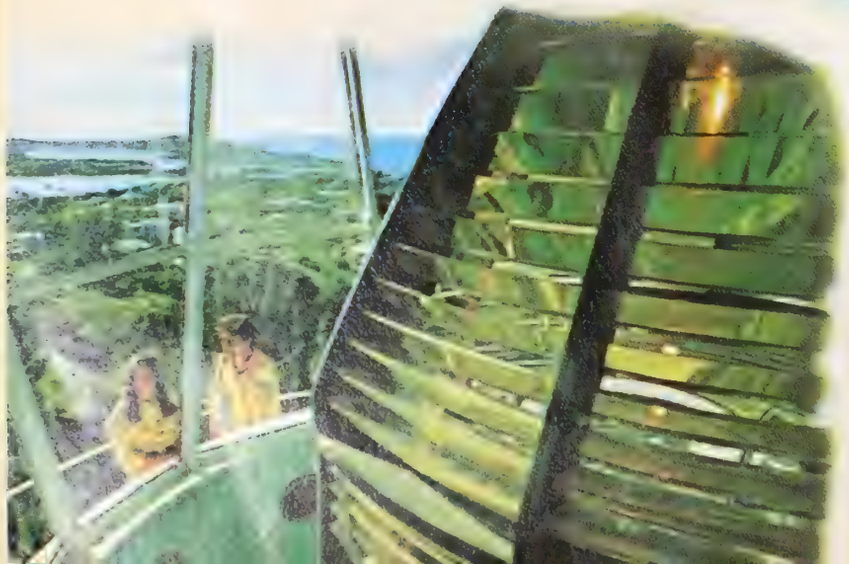


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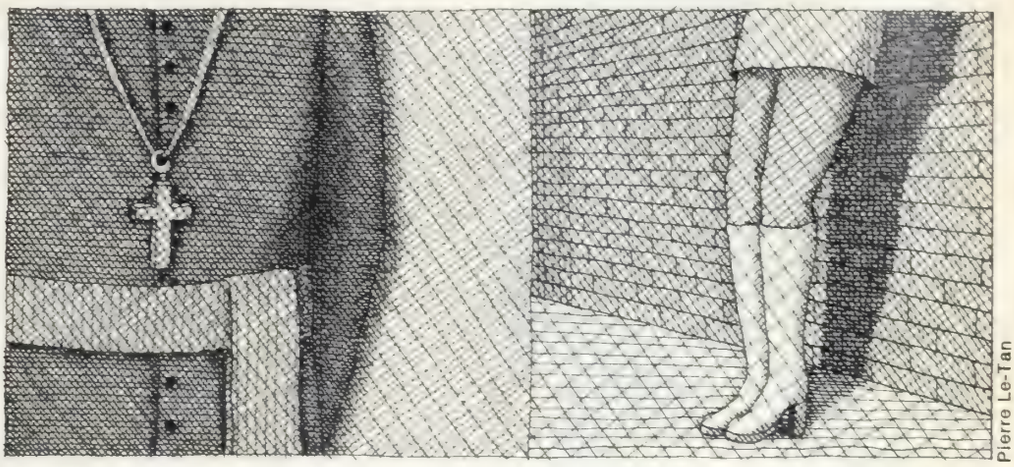
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HE CASE F THE RODIGAL RELATE



Pierre Le-Tan

French press tiptoes past the bier, and averts its eyes

Philip Nobile

THE OLD MAN was drawn to prostitutes. He pursued them in the worldly cafés of Boulevard St. Germain in the tawdry dives of Pigalle. e of the girls considered him a ur; others passed off his attrac- as harmless curiosity. Although Paris police opened a file on the man's liaisons, he remained a n above suspicion. Neither ds nor colleagues were aware of louble life. One au courant su- r, sensitive to scandal, did warn repeatedly; but the old man l not be dissuaded from his se- mission to the Magdalenes. He his appointments in the demi- le.

he police said the death, on May 1974, was routine—a heart at- on the street while visiting un- ified friends. Almost before body turned cold, the govern- ordered a halt to the inves- ion. The French press did not ire further. Discretion seemed ely proper. No good purpose d be served, all parties con- ed, by revealing the shocking . Although the public was delib- ly misled, the exact circum- es of the old man's last hour ly amounted to a national-secu- affair. He was not the first Pari- gentleman whose terminal em- assment had been hushed up. Nor was he the only sinner ever eulogized from the high altar of Notre Dame.

Le Canard Enchainé was the weak link. Five days after the funeral, the satirical muckraking weekly printed the unseemly news in a single column on page two, under the temperate headline "The Tragic End of Cardinal Daniélou." Citing its obligation to history, *Le Canard* stated that contrary to the police report, sixty-nine-year-old Jean Cardinal Daniélou had expired in the apartment of a twenty-four-year-old Pigalle barmaid. "The police commissioner assured that the barmaid received the holy man in her bathrobe," the unsigned dispatch related. "He thought the Cardinal came to hear her confession."

If Cardinal Daniélou had not been a member of the Académie française, a confidant of Paul VI, a doctrinal scourge and a stickler on priestly celibacy, the posthumous cause célèbre would have quickly subsided. When Bishop Roger Tort, an obscure prelate from the south of France, dropped dead in a Paris bordello six months later, scant controversy ensued despite a similar cover-up. But the matter of the cardinal would not simply blow over. "Daniélou is going to give us more *merde* dead than alive," the Archbishop of Paris prophesied at the outbreak of the debacle. The archbishop was infallible.

Philip Nobile, a contributing editor of Esquire, *is the author of two nationally syndicated columns, "Uncommon Conversations" and "Uncommonly Known."*

Le Canard's coverage had not emboldened the general press to chase the story. Even *Le Canard* abandoned the trail after a flurry of hilarious rejoinders addressed to the blind faithful. *Le Figaro*, the conservative clarion of the Académie française edited by Raymond Aron, surrendered its columns to gullible Daniélouistes without the slightest independent check. *Le Monde*, France's splendid liberal paper of record, promulgated every episcopal press release on the two clerics but didn't have the heart to assign a single reporter to resolve the variorum. Jean Cau of *Paris Match* thought he had the goods on the cardinal. "In an irrefutable manner and with a brutal precision," he stated, "we know how His Eminence Cardinal Daniélou died—in the arms of two prostitutes whom he enjoyed visiting and while having some fun in which the alacrity of his sixty-nine years took keen pleasure." Yet *Paris Match* rejected Cau's unexpurgated piece just as it later rejected the reflections of its religious correspondent on the

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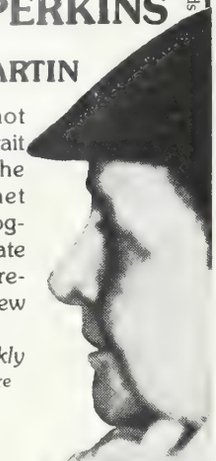
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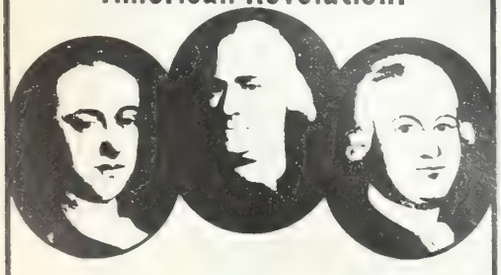
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sudden demise of Bishop Tort.

Le Canard excepted, I wondered why the French press was so un-American. If Cardinal Spellman had met his Maker at a steambath, would the *New York Times* and *Daily News* have covered up? For an orientation lecture I called on Pierre Salinger, currently a "grand reporter" on international affairs for *L'Express* magazine. "There are no investigative reporters in France," Salinger explained. "The government has certain holds over the press here. For example, if the government didn't subsidize the price of newsprint, a lot of papers would fold. Also, reporters are entitled to substantial tax deductions. These things lead to a kind of self-censorship. And, if there weren't self-censorship, *Le Canard Enchainé* wouldn't exist, because it survives solely on items other journals won't publish."

Salinger could not clarify the ecclesiastical angle. Although the tricolor is mounted on the twin towers of Notre Dame, the church and state have been separated since the Revolution. French Catholicism is a mere shadow of its former glory. The working class has defected en masse. Why then would the government of Giscard d'Estaing intervene to protect the beloved memory of a roving clergyman? The secret police documents on Daniélou's death, leaked in a book the week I arrived in Paris, contained no clues. Raymond Tournaux, who writes the unauthorized *Journal Secret,* and is France's leading conduit of confidential information, told me that the police would not have quashed an investigation without consulting the Minister of the Interior. And why would the Minister so warrant?

"*Pour un raison d'état,*" Tournaux replied, referring to the "*très pratiquant*" habits of the President and the concern of the Vatican Ambassador. (The papal nuncio himself assisted police in disposing of Daniélou's body.) "France is a non-practicing country," Tournaux emphasized, "but it's profoundly Catholic in tradition."

Tournaux recommended that I speak with his confrere, Robert Serrou, *Paris Match*'s man in religion. Monsieur Serrou was only too happy to unload on Daniélou since his opinions weren't welcomed on the job. He described the cardinal as extremely ambitious, very enigmatic, unpopular with fellow Jesuits and hierarchy and the victim of a mother fixation. "He was very impulsive and imprudent," avowed Serrou without sorrow or pity. "He'd drink anything, smoke anything. He was once the spearhead of the French church. But Daniélou the Jesuit theologian, and Daniélou the cardinal were very different men." As for sex, Serrou would put nothing past the cardinal, and he relayed an account of Daniélou's passing that made my hair curl.

I learned that Jean Guinolé Louis Marie Daniélou was no ordinary prince of the church. As a Jesuit, he renounced all clerical honors. Nevertheless, Paul VI named Daniélou to the Sacred College in 1969. It is said that the sullen pontiff liked the sound of his servant's voice. Also, Daniélou, once the great hope of French Catholicism, had soured on the liberalizing trends in the church. Appreciated in Rome, he became an embarrassment at home. He fomented dissent among brother bishops and within the Jesuit community. He branded those more progressive than he "assassins of the faith." In 1971 the superior of the Jesuit residence in Paris advised him to pack his bags.

Daniélou could have relocated in quarters suited to his station, but he chose instead a small plain apartment on the Left Bank. He managed without a staff, car, or protocol. Although he fraternized with France's intellectual elite, he always had the tastes of a country priest. A renowned patristics scholar and dean of the Institut Catholique de Paris by day, Daniélou was everybody's chaplain by night. He went whereve invited and beguiled whomever listened. In person, he was charming short, craggy-faced, and usually unkempt, he overpowered audiences with a frenzy of ideas and gestures. But his open-door policy risked indiscretion. "Daniélou had a visible and invisible apostolate," Académie philosopher Jean Guitton remarked in the twilight quiet of his study overlooking the Luxembourg Garden. "But I would have recommended against associating with prostitutes the way he did. There is the danger of scandal."

Guitton and Daniélou were acquaintances of fifty years. The philosopher and the disputatious theol-

TTER TO JENNIFER
hn W. Dickson

s T. Hirsch,
ng how sacred a thing is solitude
ivan's saloon,
ping his beer
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talgia,
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glass,

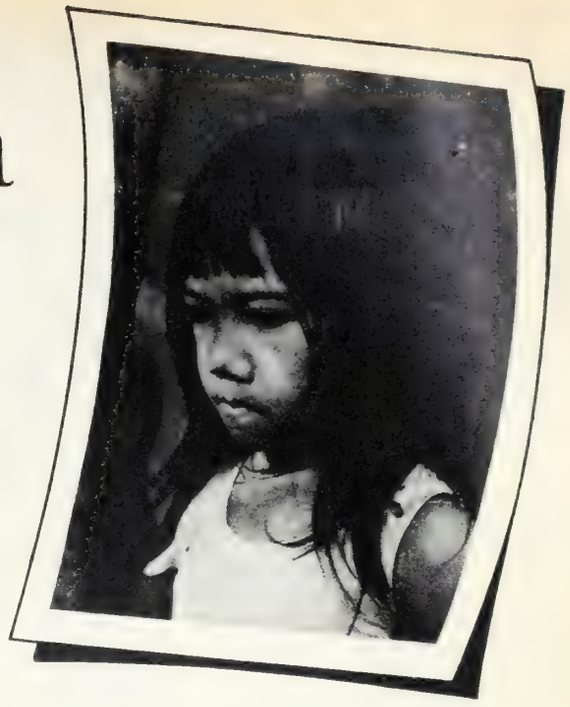
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g to blow up by the count of ten.

d he wrote,
day the sun regrets its rising
stens to its death.
is no life here without you."
e stepped over the chaos of
irming people
ut to the crowded street.

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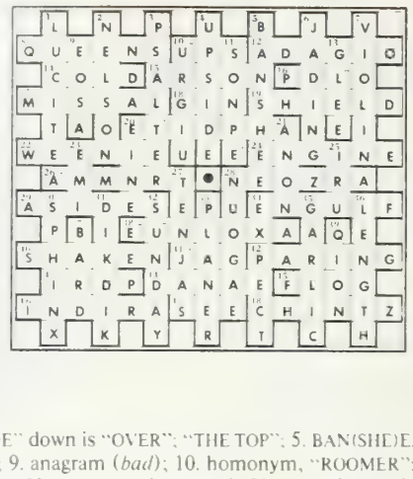
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Solution to the April Puzzle
Notes for "Diametricode"



Across: 8. two meanings; 10. (C)UPS; 12. A-D(A, GD)O; 14. anagram (*moves*); 15. anagram (*waves*); 16. T-SHI(RT); 17. homonym, MISSILE; 18. two meanings; 19. anagram (*off*); 20. A(POST)LE; 22. PUN, WEE KNEE; 24. anagram (*pool*); 26. EGG, CUP; 28. C(A, IQ)UE; 29. A-SIDES; 34. LUG (reversed) in "FEN" (anagram—*muddy*); 38. A-R.C.-HIVE; 40. anagram (*swimming*); 41. JA-G; 42. PA-RING; 43. (J)OUST; 44. hidden; 45. GOLF (reversed); 46. IN-DIRA (anagram)—(*furtive*); 47. two meanings; 48. C(HINT)Z, i.e. C(ADD)Z. *Down:* 1. "TILE" (anagram—*molded*); around "CU" (reversed); 2. two meanings; 3. anagram (*used for editing*); 4. I.E.: "UPSIDE" down is "OVER"; "THE TOP"; 5. BAN(SHE)E, 6. JA(DIN)G, 7. VI(LO! [reversed]-I)N; 9. anagram (*bad*); 10. homonym, "ROOMER"; 11. "T" in ACID (reversed); 13. G(L.)EE, 20. (WE)ENIE (reversed); 21. ANON(ymous); 23. A-GO; 25. (F)OUR; 27. PACK-DE(CK) (reversed); 28. CRIME-A; 30. SHIP (anagram)-N-X; 31. KID-KID (reversed); 32. SUND(A)Y—"SUNDRY" exchanges "RIGHT" for "A"; "HOLIDAY"; 33. homonym, "PLAINER"; 34. EXPECT(ORATION); 35. hidden; 36. L.-ENG.-TH(IS); 37. DRAB (reversed); 39. Z(EBRAS)-O(RYXES)-I(BEXES)-C(HEETAHS)

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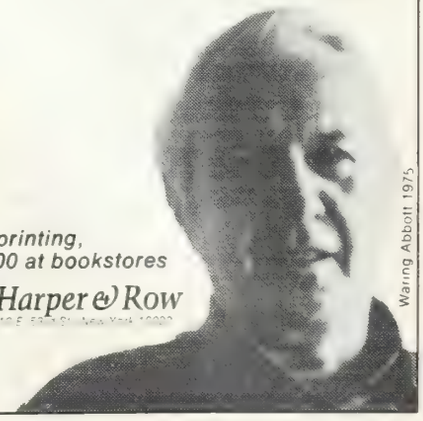
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gian had much in common—dev tion to the church, friendship wi the Pope and the Académie fra çaise. Guitton himself nominat Daniélou for the Académie in 196 But the Father General of the Jesu prohibited the election. Guitton spo sored him successfully four yea later after his elevation to the Sacr College freed him from Jesuit contr

"It is unthinkable that he went prostitutes for sex," Guitton sa tapping my knee. "I recall his s ting right in your chair reaffirmi the celibacy of the priesthood. H could he offer mass and have a *double*? Have you ever heard of a one living a life like that? In nov maybe, but that's all."

FACED WITH MY persist questions, Henri Fesqu *Le Monde*'s astute religio correspondent, eventua conceded, "Say the cardinal died bed with a prostitute. That's aw ward but it upsets nothing." Fesqu echoed senior editor Pierre Via son-Ponté, who observed, "Even Daniélou made love, that doesn't terest us or bother us." Howev Fesquet was sufficiently concern with my quest for the whole sto that he prepared a brief memo me, which he would never dream publishing in *Le Monde*:

> In Anglo-Saxon societies, a person of uncertain guilt is reputed innocent. Therefore I consider Daniélou innocent. That he was always attracted by the "*quartiers chauds*" and intrigued by the life-style of prostitutes is certain. The fact that a member of his family engaged in prostitution suffices to explain the apostolic interest that he had in such relations. But as far as one can judge, there was something disturbing here. Daniélou had an effeminate, impulsive and unstable temperament as well as a homosexual tendency. Yet he probably respected his vow of chastity as well as any other priest.
>
> Personally, I'm glad to know that a priest like Daniélou, tempted by danger, did not hesitate to frequent milieus generally forsaken and scorned....
>
> Daniélou was certainly not a saint. Profoundly vain, occasionally a calumniator, he was also a zealous apostle, full of faith and courage. Peace to his ashes. □

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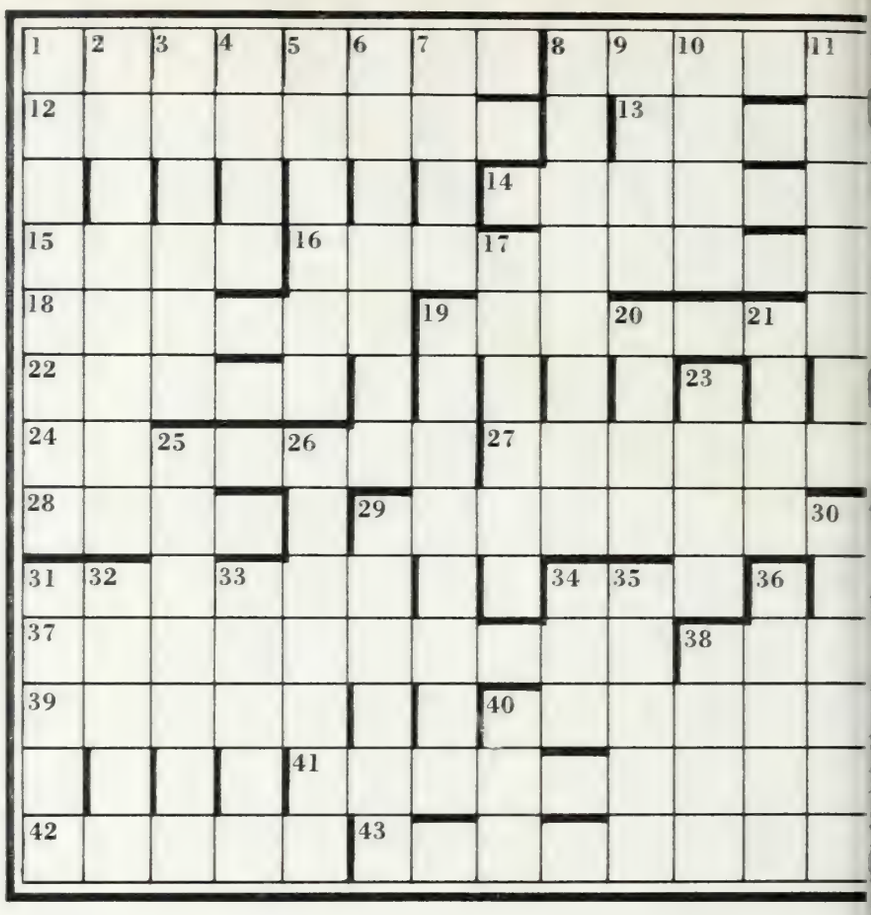
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PUZZLE



ANTIGONE AND CREON

by Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgments to *The Listener*)

This month's instructions: The answers to the fourteen clues in italics (all common words) are not the same as the "lights"—i.e., the words actually entered in the diagram (also common words). The relationship between the answers and the lights is suggested in the title.

Answers include three proper names and one abbreviation. 18A and 19D are not in most people's everyday vocabulary. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to the April puzzle appears on page 104.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. *Sound-transmitted odor* (5)
8. *Responsive chanting in music worker (one not real)* (9)
12. Merrymaker appears in part of Sganarelle, very perversely (8)
13. Faceless soprano's place of exile (4)
14. Western, cutting second character, is re-edited and distributed all over the place (6)
15. Ship holding the National League stars? (4)
16. It holds a light marriage together with a piece of reading matter (9)
18. Parent organization—it's a bore (6)
19. *Bad habit that allows you to make five diamonds?* (4)
22. Catalogue that says where cards are found? (5)
24. Drinks that can produce trances (7)
27. It lets out names (6)
28. European without an origin (4)
29. Strand the drink company by a street (8)
31. *Eat out? Already did!* (3)
34. Current strength, though short, is for me soft (3)
37. God, e.g., hoped for rearrangement of medley (10)
38. Pass on craps shooter (3)
39. Turn aside thoughts (5)
40. *Listen to your relative corpses—they'll keep you well* (10)
41. Watch an article in a newsmagazine? (9)
42. *Counteractive remedies, wrongly stationed* (9)
43. *Makes love, makes steam* (5)

DOWN

1. *Smart, almost miserly* (5)
2. One who comes back truer, but not well born (8)
3. Tied study up supporting First Lady (6)
4. So-and-so, when heard, hems (4)
5. *Incorrect claim in tax yields letdown at the end* (10)
6. Bess's predecessor turned up caviar with little fat inside (7)
7. Following an unknown amount in profit (4)
8. *Antagonistic patient I chat with changes* (12)
9. The lady's British sage, e.g. (4)
10. Spread cry at a bull ring (4)
11. Union members in baseball? (7)
17. *Make leather lie in the sun* (3)
19. War comes, metamorphosing insect larva (8)
20. Countermand a bad vote? (4)
21. Dice, e.g. made heartless hints (4)
23. Mates capsized smack (4)
25. *Ultimately transcendent depression* (4)
26. Certifies examinations at first (7)
29. *Absolutely clean prank about the 245th day of this year* (10)
30. *Mid-German tithes eschew exact opposites* (10)
31. Chilled, dropping the French baby (5)
32. Cowboy gathering nothing galloped over (5)
33. Love that's divine with the mouth wide open (5)
34. Silver ring, in the past (3)
35. Newspapers and TV give me a hand up (5)
36. Family member is pleasant around Easter (5)
38. What you take in rip tide (4)
40. Stinger has been curtailed (3)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to "Antigone and Creon," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 7. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "Dedicated Dodecahedron," are Brent Froberg, Vermillion, South Dakota; Karl Petersen, Cha Hill, North Carolina; and Miriam Maloy, Aptos, California.

Note for beginners: The instructions above are the special instructions for t month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For the compl introduction to clue-solving, which appeared in the January 1976 issue, write to T Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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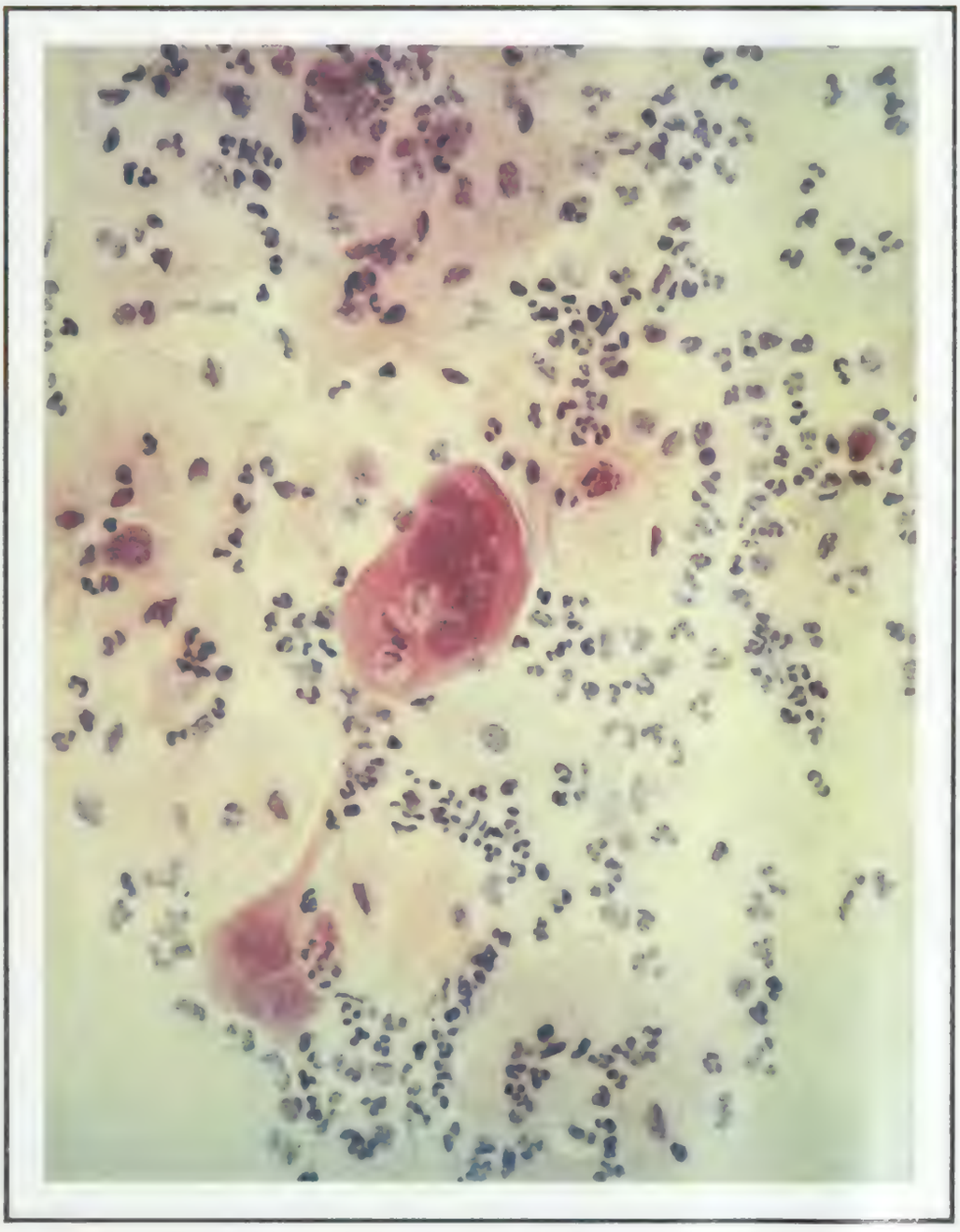
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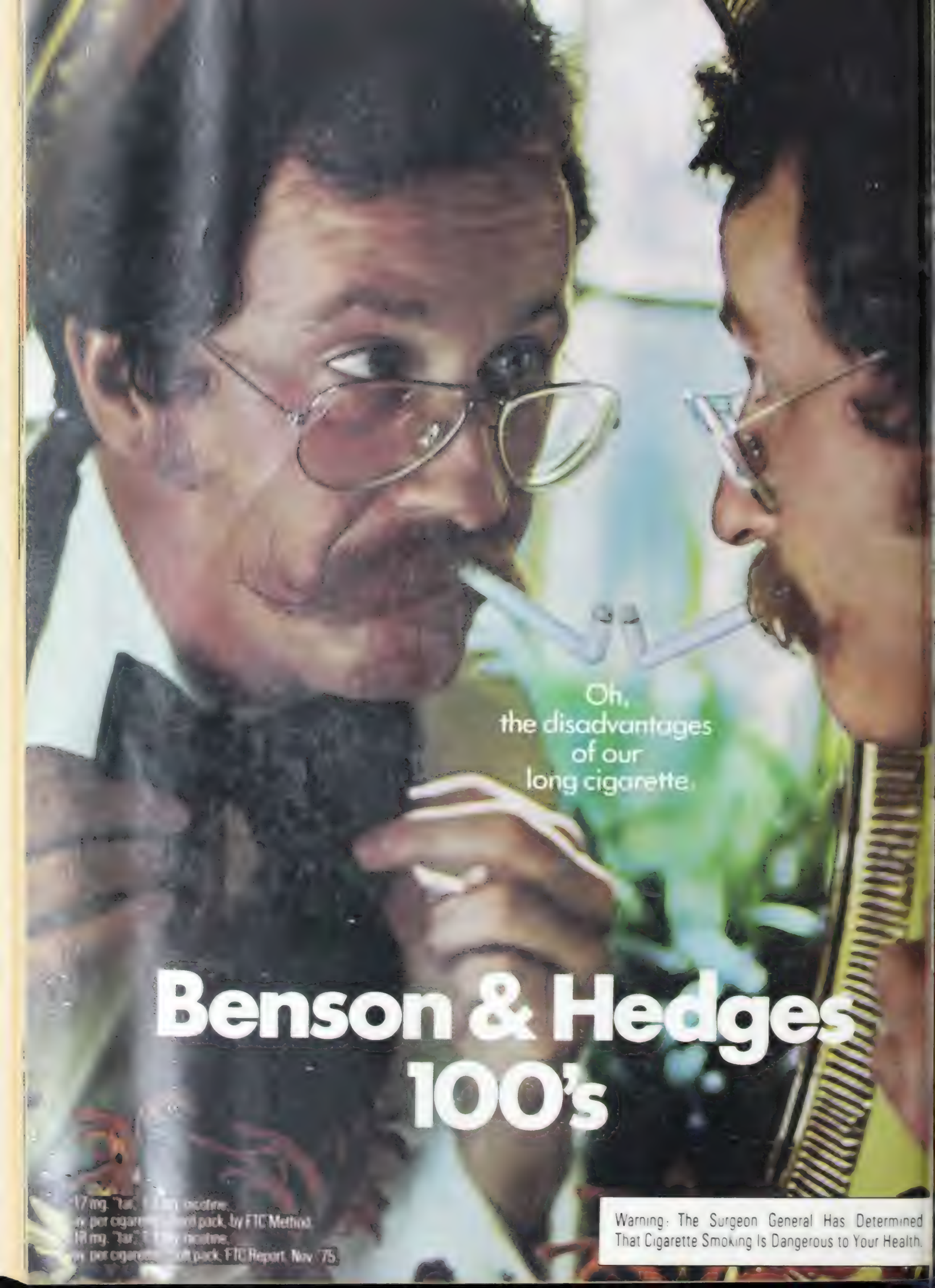


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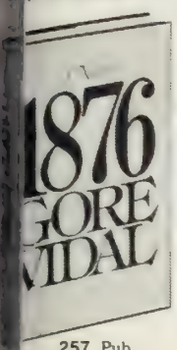
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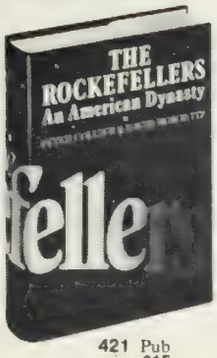
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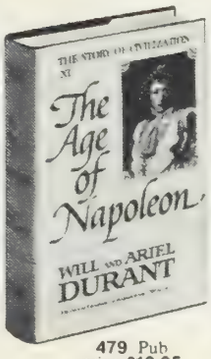
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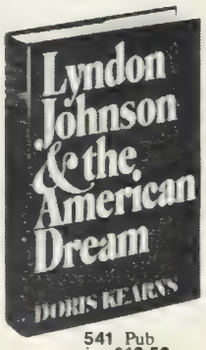
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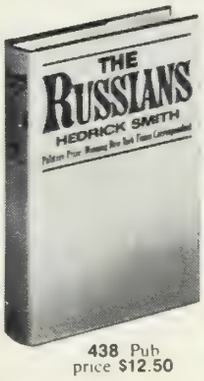
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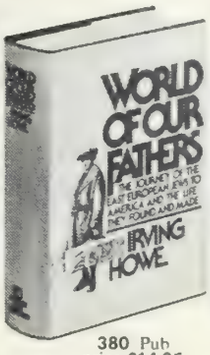
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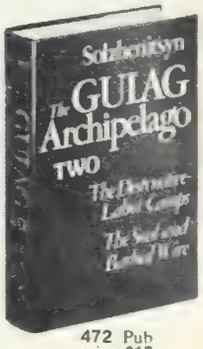
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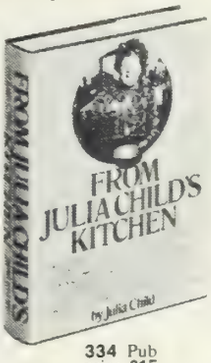
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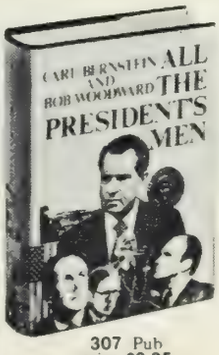
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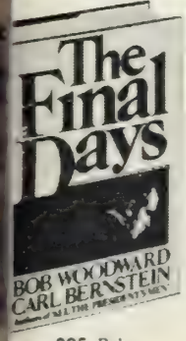
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David Selbourne **29** THE FOURTH ESTATE: A CHORUS OF SYCOPHANTS
Indian newspapermen and academics join to hail the loss of their freedoms

Garry Wills **35** FEMINISTS AND OTHER USEFUL FANATICS
Prophets, not politicians, bring about needed social change: one generation's radicalism is the next one's common sense

43 THE ANTI-SOCIAL CELL
What we know and don't know about the origins and cure of cancer. A collection of facts, opinions, statistics, definitions, and reports from authoritative sources

Edward Hoagland **65** CAIRO OBSERVED
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Alison Lurie **94** THE HAUNTED WOOD
A review of *The Uses of Enchantment*, by Bruno Bettelheim

Robert Stone **97** SOFT IN TOOTH AND CLAW
A review of *Doctor Rat*, by William Kotzwinkle

Tibor Scitovsky **102** BUSINESS NO LONGER AS USUAL
A review of *The Twilight of Capitalism*, by Michael Harrington, and *Business Civilization in Decline*, by Robert L. Heilbroner

DEPARTMENTS

4 LETTERS

Lewis H. Lapham **8** THE EASY CHAIR
City Lights

Richard Maltby, Jr. **107** PUZZLE

ver: Photomicrograph of cells on a Pap smear taken from uterine cervix of a patient with evasive carcinoma.
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LETTERS

The Hiss dilemma

Although I am always quite happy to be listed in a group including Thomas Emerson, Abe Fortas, and Victor Navasky, I think that my position is seriously misrepresented in Mr. Nobile's article ["The State of the Art of Alger Hiss," April]. His letter of July 3, 1975, to me said: "For the purpose of the poll, I wish you to answer simply 'innocent' or 'guilty.' However, if you wish to qualify your verdict, by all means do so in a brief remark. Such statements will also be reported in my article." I responded to Mr. Nobile on July 7. The heart of my answer was: "I find myself genuinely baffled by the Hiss case, and I am unable to come to any firm conclusion on where the truth lies in that matter. If I were a juror this would of course require me to vote not guilty, but I cannot ignore the fact that a properly charged jury did reach a conclusion of guilt."

In view of that I would have expected that I would have been listed with Anthony Lewis and the others who call themselves "undecided." I do not see how my letter can fairly be read otherwise. Mr. Nobile apparently equates "innocent" with "not guilty." They are surely not the same. I did not express the view that I thought Mr. Hiss innocent, and my views about the inconclusive nature of the case have been a matter of public record for more than twenty years.

CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT
Austin, Texas

I am amazed that *Harper's* would run lists of names of people purporting to be rendering "verdicts" or making pronouncements as to anybody's guilt, and I regard it as preposterous and damaging to find myself, along with my quoted admiration for Alger Hiss, tossed into such a list. Indeed, when Philip Nobile called me my first question was: "Pro- or anti-Alger Hiss?" Only when he assured me it would be pro did I continue to talk to him. Never once did he tell me that he was running lists, in bold-face type, of people who had given "verdicts" of "guilty" or "not guilty," and if he had told me that my name was to be included among those saying "guilty," I would have done everything possible to halt such an irresponsible and untrue piece of misrepresentation.

LAURA Z. HOBSON
New York, N.Y.

My belief in Hiss's guilt is not based on an emotional judgment, but on what seemed to me to be the hard evidence that Hiss's typewriter was used to type the documents that Chambers produced in court. Nobile asked my husband and me if we were persuaded by Chambers's verbal testimony. I said no—rather, by what seemed to me incontrovertible evidence that the typewriters on which the documents were copied belonged to Hiss. That evidence still seems to me to be sound. I do still believe Hiss guilty.

But I said something else about the matter that I would like to have recorded: I said I thought that the question of his guilt was not very important—not even then, certainly not now. Let me explain why. First, the questions which a historical period poses to its citizens do not often retain the significance which they seem to possess at the time. The passage of years distorts them until they can come to mean something they didn't. I don't mean to minimize the fact that Hiss suffered because the verdict went against him; guilt or innocence means a lot to *him*. But the importance attached to his actions has been blown out of proportion.

For Hiss, innocent or guilty, wa made the scapegoat for an ove whelming sense of frustration whic engulfed the United States in th years just after the second world wa when the power we thought we po sessed proved ineffective to deal wit international political realities. Thi mood, exploited by McCarthy an Nixon, worked against Hiss as i worked against others, many of ther innocent of any tinge of "treason." neither shared nor condoned tha mood then. Equally, I deeply regre a *new* stage of drawing up sides, o making out "enemies lists" of names of a new search for confrontation Yes, I think Hiss was guilty; I didn't even in the Fifties, think he wa much of a danger to national secur ity. In the present, the questio seems to me to be of purely histori cal interest.

ELIZABETH JANEWAY
New York, N.Y

PHILIP NOBILE REPLIES:

I included Mr. Wright's clarifica tion in the original draft. Unfortu nately, it was deleted owing to spac requirements. But if a man is inno cent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, then Mr. Wrigh must conclude Hiss was legally inno cent. That was the point. Anthon Lewis's indecision is of a differen order. He could not decide on th matter of reasonable doubt.

Mrs. Hobson confuses moral inno cence with legal innocence. In ou conversations, she made it plain tha she thought Hiss had trafficked i confidential documents, but she insist ed that he still would never sell ou his country. "If I were a student o that day," she told me, "I might b able to make the decision whether Al ger Hiss gave the Russians anythin valuable." Therefore I included he in the "guilty" column with this qual

IBM Reports

Things are changing in the office

For nearly a century after the introduction of the typewriter in 1873 there was little change in the way paperwork was produced and processed.

In the last few years, however, dramatic innovations in technology have begun to transform traditional office methods and procedures.

These changes were spurred by the need to cope with staggering increases in the volume of paperwork—the result of a broad and continuing shift in the U.S. economy toward the service sector, with its heavy demand for written communication—and by sharply rising costs.

According to recent studies, the cost of a business letter has jumped from $2.44 to $3.79 in the past ten years. And overall office expenditures have become a growing portion of the cost of doing business.

Clearly, the basic answer lies in increasing office productivity.

One of the first major steps in this direction was the development by IBM in 1964 of an automatic text-editing typewriter that could store typed copy electronically and replay it, error-free, at extremely high speeds.

Enthusiastic acceptance of this remarkable machine, capable of multiplying several-fold the number of letters and documents a secretary could produce in a day, quickly opened the way to further change.

Today, IBM and other companies are providing an ever-widening range of office machines and systems that handle more work, more efficiently. The correcting typewriter introduced by IBM in 1973 and the high-speed copier/duplicators introduced in March of this year are good examples.

Other technological developments, such as electronic communication from one typewriter to another, promise even more important benefits—and IBM's commitment to advanced product research continues unabated.

New emphasis is also being placed on improving work flow. Conventional office organization is being modified to make better use of available people resources—with impressive results.

Many experts believe that this combination of advancing technology and improved work planning known as word processing will ultimately do for the office what data processing has already done in other areas.

In actual practice, word processing has demonstrated its ability to provide clear-cut productivity gains and solid cost savings.

More benefits are on tne way. More are needed.

IBM

ification. The bold-face lists were the invention of the art director, not the author. But Mrs. Hobson cannot claim exclusion. If she now believes Hiss is not guilty as charged, why doesn't she say so? All of Mrs. Hobson's statements and attributions were approved by her before publication.

Finally, I assured no one that my article would be "pro-Hiss." I simply said I thought he was innocent.

I am happy to have Mrs. Janeway's elaboration of her "guilty" verdict. However, it is obvious that my article could not have accommodated statements of such length.

Native art

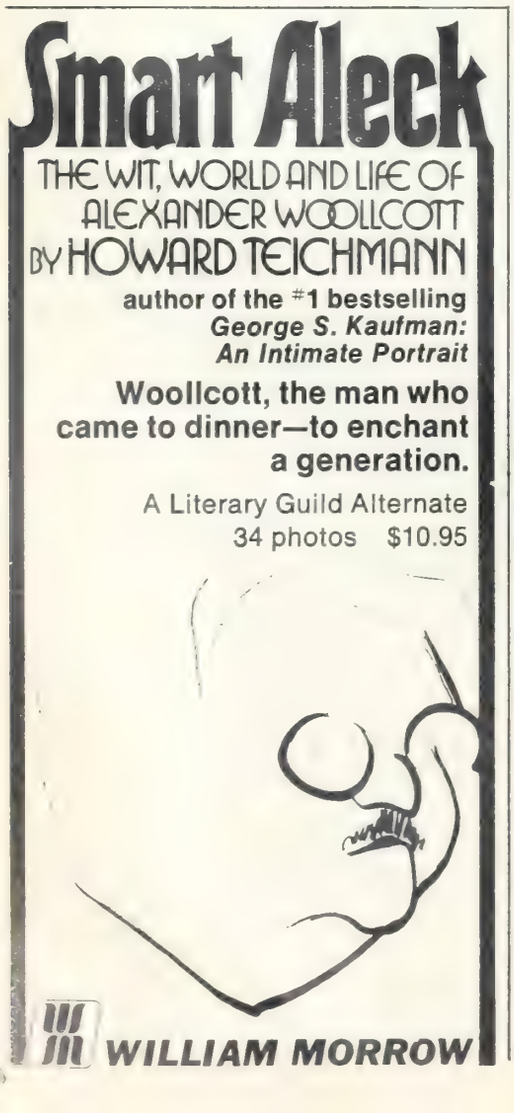
George W. S. Trow ["Music," April] is the usual smart-ass critic. Observing that pop music is sophomoric is about as erudite as noticing that "history repeats itself."

So the Bay City Rollers are simpleminded and Simon is getting mean. What else is new? Pop songs are written for a market which, thank God, doesn't include too many of the smart asses of the world. Song is a people's art. The pretension and subtlety which Mr. Trow would like to lay on it are the exception. Nevertheless, pop song is the only art form to which Americans can point with pride. The "dummies" like Simon may not be able to rhyme "friend" and "again," but they have made more worldwide cultural waves than the Coplands and the Iveses who have mucked around writing European ditto marks.

I look forward to the day when some magazine will hire a music writer who understands that there is such a thing as *song* (and song is the name which should be applied to the vast majority of the music which appeals to the people); that song is an ancient and highly efficient method of communication; that song should not be judged as music by its "sound," but rather by its "impact and believability." Finally, like the newspaper, the language of song (even if its rhymes are bad) must talk to the masses.

The peasant of Japan has often been credited with an innate appreciation of line, color and form. Perhaps 100 years from now, in spite of the Trows, Americans may be credited with a discriminating appetite for song and true appreciation and understanding of this great human communication.

RUSS WIDOE
Green Bay, Wis.



Family politics

I was very much impressed by Michael Novak's piece in the April *Harper's* ["The Family Out of Favor"]. His point that "natural" human associations such as the family possess far more socializing and stabilizing potential than the best efforts of government programs is particularly compelling.

However, I was troubled by one glaring omission. Mr. Novak fails to address the central challenge to the modern family—whether it can survive and adapt to the legitimate and relatively new demands by women for increased autonomy and participation in the world of work. The traditional family is premised quite substantially on a vision of women and their role which is being thoroughly repudiated by women themselves.

PAUL S. GROGAN
Brookline, Mass.

It seems to me almost impossibl that someone could devote so man words to the subject of the famil without mentioning the subjection o women that has marked the entir history of that worthy institution.

Novak talks about "liberation" a a threat to the family—and make no further or more explicit mentio of the women's liberation movemen or its merits. He sees liberation as selfish, immature, and thoroughly re grettable effect of the romantic tren of the past 150 years. He lament the "huge regions of myself that be long only to me." To whom is h speaking? "Selfishness" may be a old vice for men, but it's a new on for women, whose lives have been de termined by their fathers and hus bands, by their roles as mothers, b their all but complete absorption i the lives of those around them. I ar not claiming moral superiority fo women; their unselfishness has bee a result not of altruism but of th simple fact that they've been denie a self by society.

Novak may be delivering a worth while message to men. Perhaps it i time they acknowledged the impor tance of successful human relation as a measure of human worth. But wish Novak would "remember th ladies" who haven't had a chance t do anything *but* relate to others.

"To have children is, plainly, t cease being a child oneself," h writes. This is, "plainly," untrue fo women. Motherhood has, in our tra dition, cut women off from numerou adult decisions. In the very recen past, marriage meant that a woma had no legal right to her own mone nor control of her own body.

Marriage has been unkind to wom en. This must be acknowledged. I we want to preserve the family, it' got to be reconstituted so that it of fers to women the chances for huma relations *and* personal fulfillmen that it has always offered to men.

PATRICIA BRAD
Boston, Mass

Michael Novak has it all togethe and gave us an interesting bit o reading. Such wisdom deserves to b heard, and we are so pleased to rea it in *Harper's*. Give us more of th same. Up with the family, with all it love, problems, expenses, and virtue

RONALD W. NIKLAU
Shiremanstown, Pa

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CITY LIGHTS

A defense of New York

by Lewis H. Lapham

ALTHOUGH I HAVE listened to a great many people talk about the catastrophe in New York, I have heard little said about the principal reason for it. The usual authorities offer the usual graphs and statistics, making reference to the indices of crime, poverty, ignorance, and municipal debt, but none of them says anything about the national hatred for the freedom of a great city. Nobody likes to introduce the question of prejudice into a conversation supposedly about something else, and I can well understand the general reluctance, especially in this Bicentennial year, to admit to so base a sentiment. But without taking into account the metaphysics of the city's distress, the political and economic explanations make little sense.

More than anything else, it is the idea of a city that is in trouble. If a sufficient number of people come to look upon a city as a godforsaken heath, then it is obvious that the city will reflect the majority opinion. Like the streets and the schools, the concept of civilization falls into disrepair because that is what most people want and expect. The proof of worldly ruin gives credence to their theories of transcendental grace.

Much of this is traditional. The idea of a great city never has occupied a comfortable place in the American mind. In both the literary and political history of the country the city stands as a metaphor for evil—the port of entry for things foreign and obnoxious that threaten to pollute the pure streams of American innocence. Virtue proverbially resides in villages and small towns. For at least 100 years the rhetoric of political reform has borrowed its symbolism from the Bible and the visionary poets. Under the open sky (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) the faithful gather by the firelight to denounce the Wall Street interests and the big-city political machines. The showing of Jimmy Carter in this year's Presidential primaries attests to the wellsprings of evangelical fervor.

So also the dominant voice in American literature. The writers of genius wander off into the wilderness of self, there to seek their own salvation rather than to discover an image that might explain their age. Thoreau beside his pond and Melville in the vastness of southern oceans contended with apparitions of their own devising. Their contemporary followers do likewise, going on pilgrimages to Las Vegas or sending back cryptic accounts of their meetings with Mexican shamans.

THE SUPERSTITIONS associated with the fear of cities enjoyed a renaissance during the decade of the 1960s. In a period that gave rise to a frenzy of purification, both moral and environmental, the location of the ideal good moved further inland on the gypsy wagons of the counterculture. The religious and political movements of the decade (often so similar as to be mistaken one for the other) promised the fulfillment of self and an end to ambivalence. Eugene McCarthy campaigned for President on a platform not much different from those supporting Bob Dylan, Eldridge Cleaver, Charles Reich, Billy Graham, Abbie Hoffman, Timothy Leary, and the Sierra Club. Most of these people declared themselves prophets of one kind or another, crying in the wastelands of injustice. They professed a common aversion for the virtues applicable in cities, for anything that suggested the heresies of urbanity, irony, tolerance, civility, or restraint. Who had time for the civic virtues when Mephistopheles loomed on every horizon? All institutions large enough to employ more than twenty people came under suspicion merely because they represented complexity. Every scientific advance was seen as an omen of death, every Asian peasant a Communist in embryo, every democratic compromise an offense against the single-mindedness of the heart's desire.

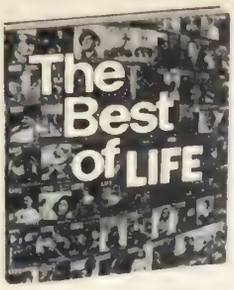
The media exaggerated the claims of righteousness because they were so easy to render into dramatic form. Subtlety presents insoluble problems to the producers of television news. As a result of the technical limitations the prevailing fashion moves from anonymity to celebrity and from the ambiguity of freedom toward the guarantees of redemption.

Throughout the whole of the 1960s a vast multitude left New York for the islands of the blessed—writers going off to Nantucket to write the Great American Novel, college students and middle-aged women climbing the foothills of the Himalayas in search of the peace which passeth understanding, corporation lawyers buying farms on which to grow organic vegetables in Nova Scotia. The writers seemed the most misguided of the pilgrims. More than most people, writers draw their strength from

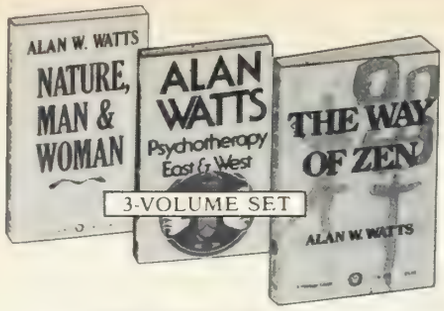
Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.



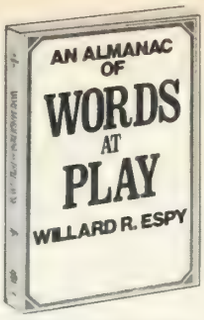
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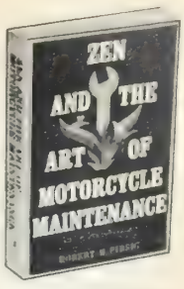
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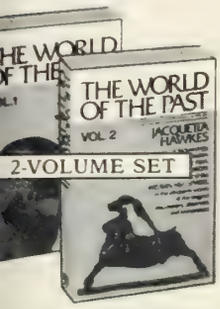
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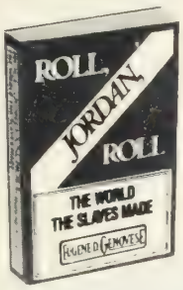
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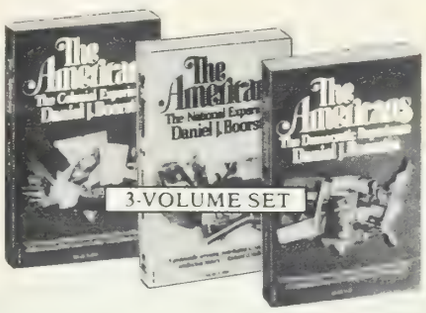
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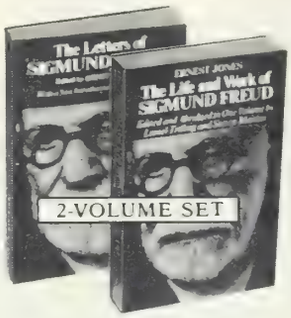
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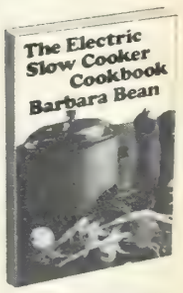


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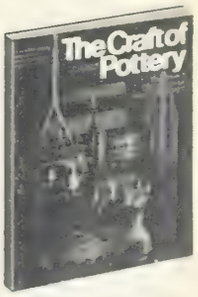
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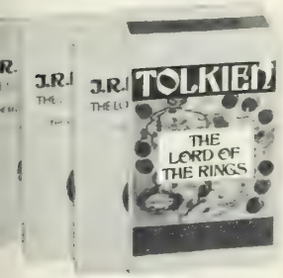
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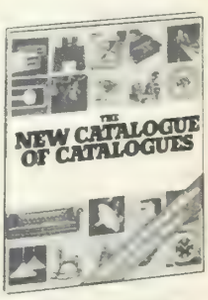
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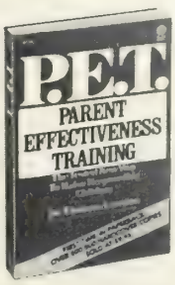
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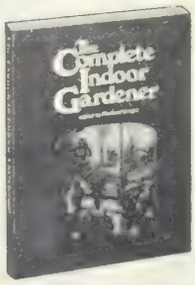
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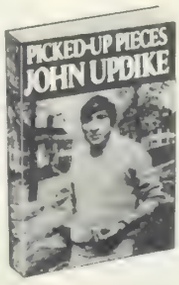
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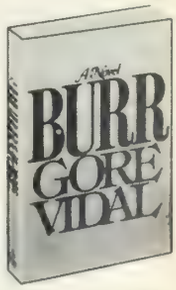
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rles W. Warren *Dearborn, Harper Woods, Troy*
NNESOTA J.B. Hudson Jewelers *Minneapolis, Rochester, St. Paul*
SSOURI Halls Plaza *Kansas City*
BRASKA J.B. Hudson Jewelers *Omaha*
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Marsh & Sons *Millburn*
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ns & Hartung *Rochester*
RTH CAROLINA Bailey Banks & Biddle Co. *Charlotte, Winston-Salem*
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IO Argo & Lehne *Columbus*
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gue's *Cincinnati*
ulan's Fairlawn, Inc. *Akron*
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Brothers *Portland*
NNSYLVANIA J.E. Caldwell *Harrisburg, Haverford, Philadelphia, Plymouth Meeting*
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lor Bros. *Corpus Christi*
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RGINIA Frank R. Ford Co., Inc. *Norfolk*
hwarzschild Jewelers *Richmond*
ASHINGTON Friedlander & Sons *Bellevue, Bremerton, Everett, Seattle, Tacoma*
EST VIRGINIA C.F. Reuschlein, Inc. *Huntington*
SCONSIN Bake's *Green Bay*
V. Parker *Madison*
orge Watts & Sons, Inc. *Milwaukee*

the diversity of the city. In a city nothing is quite what it appears, and so the writer who would understand the nature of mankind must constantly revise his own definitions. Certainly no dramatist could prosper in a village, and I can think of few novelists who, lacking an acquaintance with cities, wrote anything but pious nonsense. The peace of the country is the peace of a deserted battlefield, its silence the silence of an empty room.

The excitement of a city is its sense of infinite possibility, of its ceaselessly becoming something else. It attracts librarians as well as actors, stockbrokers as well as lawyers, police detectives as well as jazz musicians. In the city they can follow whatever beast they have in view with a minimum of interference from the authorities. Nobody asks them to constantly explain their purpose. The city offers them a blank canvas on which to draw whatever image they have the courage to conceive. They remain free to join the minority of their own choosing. Among people whom they regard as their equals, who share the same obsession for Baroque music or Edwardian licentiousness, they can come and go in whatever direction their spirit beckons. The freedom of the city is the freedom of mind and the freedom of expression.

So precious is this freedom that the inhabitants of a great city pay an excessively high price to obtain it. What provincial opinion regards as unmitigated evil—bad air, noise, crowds, tenements, dirt, heavy taxes, corrupt government, and crime—the resident of the city regards as the cost of liberty. It is in the nature of great cities to be filthy, loud, and dangerous (cf. Elizabethan London and the Paris of the Enlightenment), but the freedom of mind allows the inhabitants to ignore or make light of their circumstances. They take for granted the pervasiveness of corruption, recognizing it as the leaf mold of civilizations. All markets trade in ideas, and the city's squalor is judged a fair price for its promise.

The swarming exuberance of a city encourages the rise of such a thing as civilization precisely because the numbers of different people, so many of them unlike oneself and so many of them armed (either with weapons or dangerous thoughts) impose an appreciation of tolerance and restraint.

Without those virtues the entire structure falls apart. The multiplicity of forms demands the evolution of a perspective that can deal not only with contradiction but also with declared hostility. The police department statistics tell a false story. Where else but in a city does so much potential violence resolve itself into relative tranquillity? Where else is it so easy to publicly revile the law while enjoying the protection of the police? Anybody who has seen civil disobedience in New York and rural Georgia would much prefer the risk of urban indifference to the risk represented by a county sheriff. Better to read one's manifesto in town.

THE COMPLEXITY OF LIFE in the city engenders an equivalent complexity of thought and expression, a tone of mind that can make a joke of paradox. It is the ironic sense of humor that allows the dweller in cities to welcome the diversity that so terrifies the dweller in suburbs. Together with so much else about the city (its hypocrisy and sophistication, its emphasis on survival rather than apotheosis) it is the habit of irony that offends the village seer. Prophets see their visions in the primary colors of the desert, preferably at high noon and without benefit of laughter.

Not content with the idea of the city as merely corrupt, the purifying spirit of the 1960s insisted on a more extreme image. In a reversal of meaning reminiscent of George Orwell's bleakest satire the locus of civilization became synonymous with the abyss. The movies and television serials delighted in showing the city as a killing ground. Predators of all species (pimps, whores, real-estate speculators, detectives, assassins, drug addicts, lawyers) roamed through the streets of New York as if they were beasts wandering across the Serengeti Plain. The successful protagonists learned to rely on their animal instincts. If they chose to remain human and to rely on a belief in reason, they inevitably found themselves dying a brutal death.

The same imagery of despair haunts the newsmagazines and the television announcements. What is curious about the image is its manu-

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facture by people who live, or at least work, in the city. Presumably they come to New York to escape the boredom of the country, and yet they choose to believe that they inhabit an urban wilderness. The fashionable truth takes precedence over anything in their own experience that might bring about a lessening of what I take to be their pleasurable fear. If they live in the suburbs, they know most of the city through the windows of commuter trains. The perspective distorts their sense of the streets. It is their failure of imagination, a failure to believe in other people's passions, motives, and aspirations that puts them at the mercy of the cliché.

Either that or the fear of cities has to do with the spirit of the age. In a time of general pessimism the necessity of choice presents itself as a burden instead of an opportunity. Freedom itself comes to be seen as perilous. Because the city offers an abundance of choice, people turn and rage against it when they seek to escape choice. They can buy anything they want to buy, do anything they want to do; they can steal from unsuspecting orphans and perform nameless acts in the sexual darkness that gives life to the city's infinite transformations. So many whispered promises frighten people. They fear the loss of their Sunday rectitude, of the rules by which they judge and condemn. Far better the quietness of the country, in which few choices confuse the local market and where nobody comes to disturb the villagers with news from Byzantium.

Whenever I read in the papers that yet another corporation has decided to quit New York and move its offices to Poughkeepsie, I think of the United States descending that much further into barbarism. In order to place the effect of the departure in its clearest light, I like to imagine the company vice-president who commutes to an office in the Pan Am Building, proceeding directly to his office on the forty-fifth floor without having to pass through the wickedness of the streets. Even so careful a vice-president gains something from his brief passage through the city. The jostling of the crowd in the station must give him reason for occasional doubt. So also the view from his high window, southward across the rooftops of the Lower East Side, beyond the shipping in the river, receding into the haze over Brookly
Perhaps he might be struck by t
diversity of the city, by the huge i
dustry of his fellow citizens, by t
immensity of their collective ent
prise. Nothing of this will remain
him in the sterile environment of t
suburbs. Already isolated by t
paper world in which the natu
of reality comes to resemble a m
or a table of organization, my ima
inary vice-president will become ev
more fearful of blacks, Puerto R
cans, rats, pestilence, and crime. H
hatred of the city might even aspi
to the condition of loathing comm
among Presidential candidates.

This is unfortunate because t
more people who perceive the city
a violent and desolate wilderness, t
more useful their disillusion becom
to those who would destroy the id
of the city. As has been said, Ame
cans prefer to live outside the ci
limits, and both Washington a
Hollywood represent the prejudice
small towns. The weight of feder
legislation already lies heavily up
the intellectual and financial marke
in New York, and the righteous a
sumptions underlying most gover
ment regulations, particularly tho
pertaining to the environment, fav
the rural at the expense of the urba
The same bias animates the new cla
of bureaucrats who dream of planne
economies and the professors of u
ban science who blandly announc
usually at the behest of the For
Foundation, that the United Stat
no longer has need of large citie
From the point of view of civil se
vants and Baptist ministers this
perhaps so, but not from the poi
of view of anybody still interested i
freedom.

Thus my suspicion whenever I li
ten to politicians talking about wh
they invariably describe as "the cr
sis of the cities." The more well-i
tentioned their avowed intention
the more I distrust their motive
They come forth with programs an
sociological theory, but behind th
screens of their statistics I imagin
them well pleased with the destru
tion of an ancient enemy. The preju
dice against cities is a prejudic
against liberty. To say, as so man
people do, that New York is a dar
and terrible inferno, is to say tha
they hate and fear the multiplicity
both the human face and the huma
imagination.

What do new jobs for Americans mean to you... a taxpayer?

Example: *consider an unemployed married man with one child, living in Pennsylvania.*

Taking that man off unemployment and putting him on our payroll—even at the lowest-pay entry job—would result in a switch of nearly $7,000 a year, from an economic "minus" to an economic "plus!"

He'd earn about $200 a week, or nearly $11,000 a year. Instead of the state and federal governments (all of us taxpayers!) paying *him* nearly $4,800 a year in unemployment compensation benefits, *he'd* be paying the government more than $2,000. About $1,000 in Federal income taxes. And close to another thousand in other payroll taxes, including social security and state and local income taxes.

Whether you look at it in social and humanitarian terms, or as a matter of cold economic reality, it comes out the same. The private sector—*business*—must maintain jobs and create new ones. And that means business must find the money to do it.

How many future jobs?

Right now, America needs millions of jobs to get people back onto business payrolls.

But there's also the challenge of a growing work force. 1½ million *new* jobs are needed *every year* from now through 1980—just to employ the young people reaching working age, and others entering the job market.

How much money does it take to create a new job?

The average investment to create a *single* new job opportunity in manufacturing is around $25,000. By 1980, it'll be at least $35,000 (or $52½ *billion* to create 1½ million new jobs).

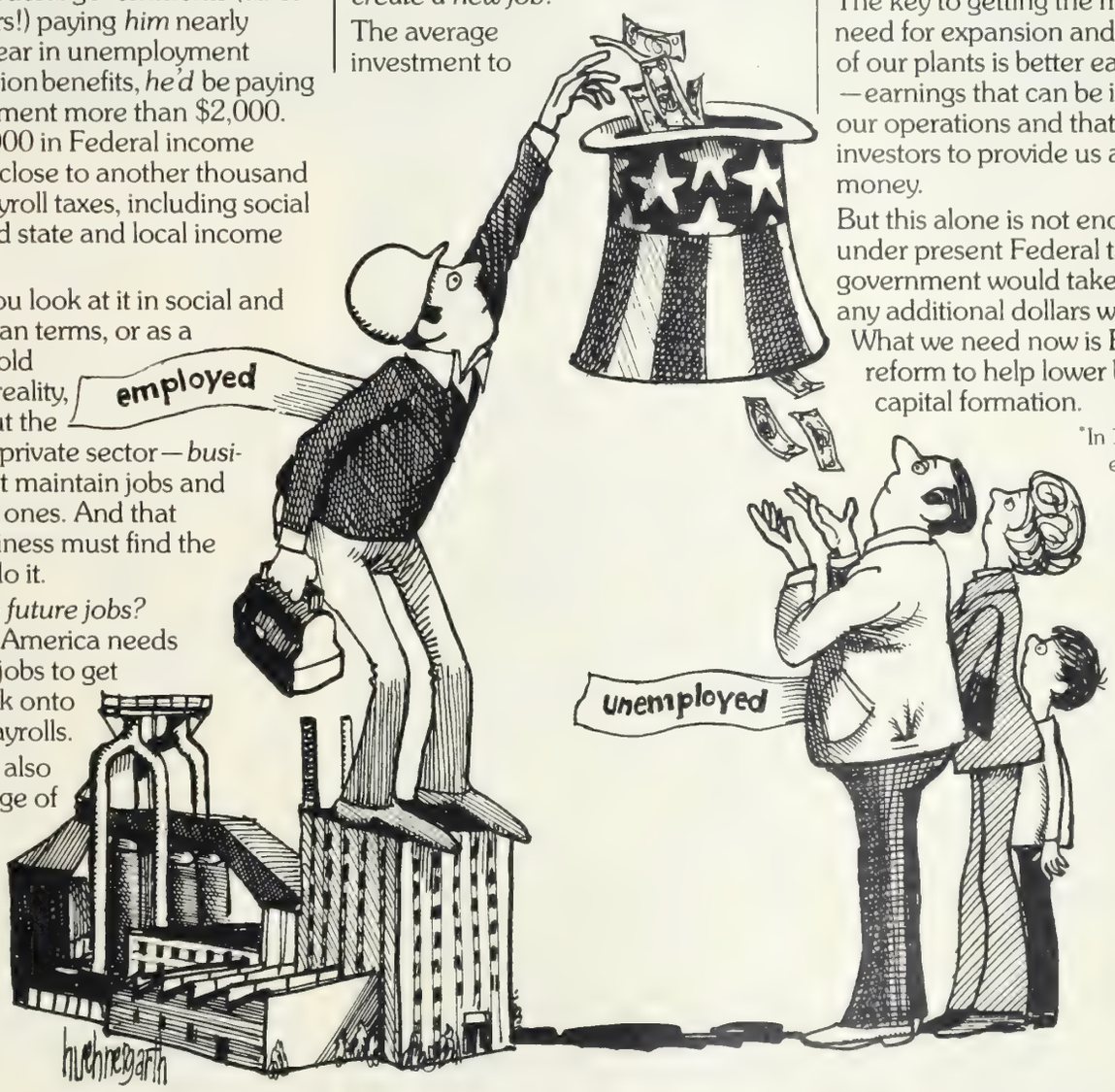
Where will that money come from?

The key to getting the money we need for expansion and improvement of our plants is better earnings* —earnings that can be invested in our operations and that will encourage investors to provide us additional money.

But this alone is not enough because under present Federal tax laws the government would take too much of any additional dollars we can earn.

What we need now is Federal tax reform to help lower barriers to capital formation.

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How you can help gear up the American economy

The tax-writing committees of the U.S. Congress are studying the subject of "Capital Formation."

Here are four tax measures which we believe the Congress should enact to encourage industrial expansion and to create jobs: (1) five-year capital recovery system, (2) 12% permanent investment tax credit, (3) write-off of the costs of pollution control facilities in the year they are incurred, (4) eliminate the double taxation of corporate profits paid out as dividends.

If you agree that revisions in present Federal tax laws are needed to provide the additional capital for more and better jobs, we ask you to tell that to your Senators and Congressman.

For a free copy of the folder, *"Project Mainspring—with your help it can wind up the American economy again,"* write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476-H, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

PORTRAITS IN BLACK



From *Amos 'n' Andy* to *Coonskin*

by Henry Louis Gates, Jr.

"I say dere, Brother Andy!"
"Yeah, Brother Kingfish?"
"Let us simonize our watches."

NOT TOO LONG AGO, a black face on television gathered a black audience larger than even the regular, predawn assortment congregated to discover what the day's daily double had been. I can remember as a child sitting upstairs in my back bedroom and hearing my mother shout at the top of her voice that someone *"colored . . . colored!"* was on the screen and we'd all best come down right away. And we would. As we ran down the stairs, momma shot to the front porch to let all the neighbors know, while daddy let the folks downtown know by way of the telephone. *"Colored, colored, on channel five!"* he'd shout to be heard over the commercial, while momma's echo sounded from the street: *"Colored, colored."* We were so starved for images of ourselves that we'd all sit in that living room, nervous, expectant, praying that our home boy would not let the race down.

That, of course, was a while ago; a lot has changed since then. Today, there are as many blacks and "black shows" on TV as all of us combined then would ever have dreamed of, back in the late Fifties in Piedmont, West Virginia. Then the tension, the awful terror we felt as we watched and waited for our immediate symbol of racial equality to save the day, made us susceptible to an acute embarrassment should our hero not prevail. More often than not our heroes did *not* prevail. Yet, there was ample occasion when embarrassment for a fallen hero was not an uncomfortable embarrassment, projected onto ourselves; frequently, it was sympathetic, projected onto a duped character whom we managed, quite nicely, to avoid confusing with the race or with our living room. Into this category fell the misadventures of Andy Brown (Spencer Williams), the perennial victim of that urban Br'er Fox, George "Kingfish" Stevens (Tim Moore), who managed to convince Andy that Central Park was Yosemite, that a stage set was a "railroad apartment" (after Andy asked incredulously why his just-rented house had no middle or back), and that little white rabbits would make Andy's fortune in the "rare chinchilla trade"—all this three weeks in a row!

There were, however, embarrassing occasions, when our representative of the race, we were convinced, had set back by at least two centuries our quest to be regarded as equal. There was the night when Joe Louis, one of the two guest celebrities on *Name That Tune* (Sugar Ray Robinson was the other), unable all evening to identify correctly even *one* song title despite loud cues from our living room, hauled all 200-plus bronze pounds down that narrow alleyway (leaving an alarmed Robinson, mouth open, aghast, far in his tracks), only to shout out in a huffing, puffing voice with all the strength of his and our frustrations that the name of *"Tweedlee Dee"* was *"Tiddly Winks"!* The stopper, I suppose, was the night when *Imitation of Life* (1934) was televised. Aunt Delilah (Louise Beavers) was informed by her employer and friend, Miss Bea (Claudette Colbert), that her remarkable pancake mix (long a secret, passed down through untold generations from matriarch to matriarch) was to bring both of them fortune. "Now, Delilah," Claudette Colbert said, "you're going to be rich. You'll be able to move away and buy yourself a nice house." "My own house?" a confused Louise Beavers asked. "You gonna send me away? Don't do that to me. How I gonna take care of you and Miss Jesse if I's away? I's yo' cook. You kin have it. I makes you a present of it." To

Henry Louis Gates, Jr., has written for Time *magazine and is now in the Afro-American Studies Department at Yale.*

hich Ned Sparks could only reply adpan, and much to our agreeent: "Once a pancake, always a ncake."

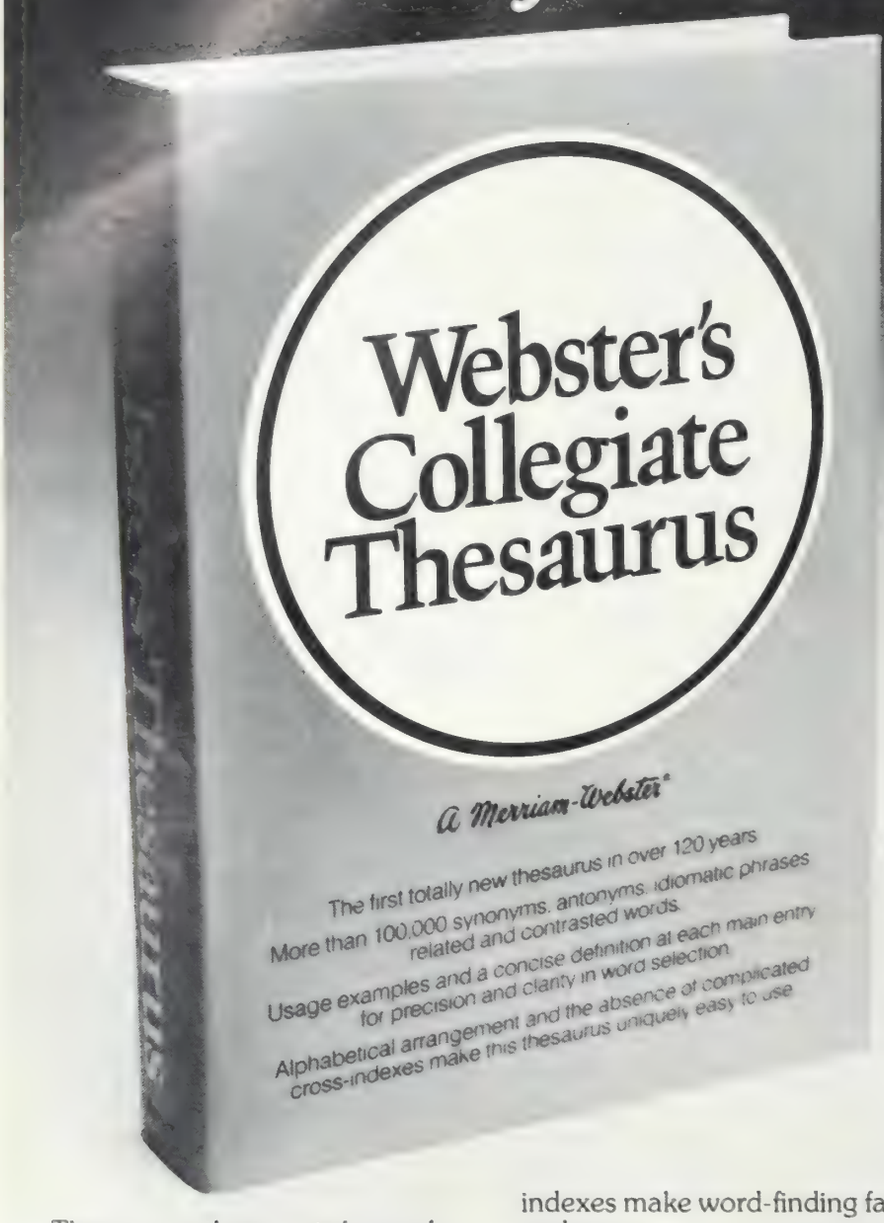
We accepted Tarzan as King of e Jungle without too many doubts. was not until much, much later at anything even remotely "poical" about Tarzan ever crossed r greased-down, stocking-capped inds. But the *National Geographic*pe documentaries, with bare-chest- black women and grass-skirted besmen who spoke funny mumbombo talk, were the source of *real* barrassment, and I'm sure that we silently thanked some nameless utch sea captain for carting us up d out of the Heart of Darkness in- the good ole U.S.A.

OUR FEELINGS, as subconscious and undeveloped as they were then, have characterized black aesthetic guments for the past hundred ars. The novels of Charles Chestutt, for instance, abound with "reed Afro-American doctors" who uld understand why white people pt most blacks confined to Jim row sections on trains, but who uldn't for the life of them underand why these same white folks uldn't see *they* were *different* from e herd. Further, the aesthetic arguents of the Harlem Renaissance uring the 1920s centered on the ntroversy "How Shall the Negro e Portrayed?" and fierce debates ged over the projection of the roper "elevating" cultural images, hich would ameliorate the social nditions of the race. This confuon of the realms of art and propaanda was a mutation of Matthew rnold's notions of culture and anchy, simplified thirty years later to Booker T. Washington's "toothush and a bar of soap" as supreme- pressing concerns for the reconructed black man.

The "New Negro" movement, hich contained the Harlem Renaisance, was the logical extension, not nly of Washington's ideas on social obility, but also of W.E.B. DuBois's otion of a "talented tenth," the inellectual and professional "natural" ristocracy, whose prime task was to ead the sheltered masses up and out f the psychological effects of slavry. Every artistic creation by the



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black men of the 1920s was held to be a "revelation"; through art, the black man would be free. Heywood Broun told the New York Urban League on January 25, 1925, that "a supremely great negro artist, who could catch the imagination of the world, would do more than any other agency to remove the disabilities against which the negro now labors." Broun went on to say that this artist-redeemer could come at any time and asked his audience to remain silent for ten seconds to imagine his coming. DuBois summarized this line of thinking. "We want," he said, "everything that is said about us to tell of the best and highest and noblest in us. We insist that our Art and Propaganda be one. We fear that evil in us will be called racial while in others it is viewed as individual. We fear that our shortcomings are not merely human but foreshadowings and threatenings of disaster and failure." If the "truth," or even an aspect of the "truth" about black people was held to be in any manner pejorative, then it must be censored, for images of "the lowly life" would hamper the quest for civil rights.

BY THE MID-SIXTIES, this kind of thinking had been displaced by a much more sophisticated analysis of black images as projected by the news media. The image, it was held, is not only message but massage. Control of the American news media, for instance, allows for control of projected images of spontaneous events, and these images, in turn, control response to the original event. Thus the image itself becomes the event, as far as millions of media consumers are concerned. Shadow becomes substance; the reflection of reality is taken to be reality itself.

This process gives the media the power to mold perceptions. Reality assumes secondary significance to its reporting, and what is "true" is to be found somewhere between the pages of *Time* and *Reader's Digest*, for the bulk of American readers.

Black Americans contribute very little to the reporting of an event of their own making, and thus white reporters are forced to conjure up their own perceptions of a "black" event. Often this distance allows for a certain objectivity; but, more often cul-

al and social gaps prevail against Since white reporters write for a ite audience, a black event is re-cted in a gray image to be con-ned by white Americans. Reality perceived replaces reality as ex-rienced. What's more, should that lity, subsequently encountered, l to conform with its image, it is t recognized as "valid." Suspi-us, both blacks and whites dis-ow these "imitations."

Not only through its capacity for phasis, but (and often more sig-icantly) through its powers of de-ion, the media can make a non-ent meaningful or a significant ent insignificant. "Black power," instance, with all its concomitant gative associations, was largely a enomenon of the white press.

Black power was "born" during James Meredith march through ssissippi in June 1966. Suddenly, erally overnight, a symbolic march s transformed into the handwriting the wall: black people, it was d, were at long last giving vent to new-found militancy and hate, sed on reverse racism. In a few urs, black power became a vicious, lent, and sinister focus of the ared hate of blacks for whites.

Black militants, sensing the tre-ndous energy dormant in this slo-n, played upon the media-created, dia-reinforced fears of the whites. etorical threats of annihilation and aliation became prerequisites for alidity" (and adequate press cov-ge). But means became ends: rhetoric remained in people's nds, while its deeper aspects were derreported, if reported at all. A gan that had invoked social devel-ment through individual and col-tive pride came to mean a coming gy of violence, blacks against ites.

About a year-and-a-half after the redith march, the white press gave ck power a face-lift. After the vember 1967 elections, the radio mmentator Paul Harvey, for one, d that the validity of black power in the electoral process. Joseph sop uncharacteristically exclaimed t "Mayors-elect Stokes and Hatch-represent 'Black Power' in the best nerican tradition—and thank God it." *Time* entitled its cover story Carl Stokes "The Real Black wer." As Columbus discovered nerica, so did the press discover the political aspect of black power.

The paragon of journalistic reversal in image creation was the *New York Times*'s treatment of black power between July and November 1967. On July 22, a *Times* editorial, "Black Phoenix," suggested that a phoenix of an expanded conception of black power could arise from the ashes of Newark. "The words 'black power' suggest chauvinism and militancy for some dark purpose," the editorial said. "They need not."

Two days later, the *Times* changed its mind. The ongoing conference on black power in Newark was characterized as "racist." Then, on November 12, black power and the *Times* reconciled their differences. In a lead editorial entitled "Black Power and the Elections," the *Times* argued that, at long last, the election of black officials in Cleveland, Gary, and throughout the South had miraculously transformed black power—"that mischievous and opaque slogan"—into "the only meaningful terms it can have: political success achieved through democratic process." By this time, nature had been made to imitate art, and art to imitate nature, much to the detriment of whatever it was "black power" was intended to be. Many black-power advocates had become what they beheld, in the same way that the Panthers would.

SINCE 1967, much has changed in the relationship between blacks and the media, at least on the surface. In part because of governmental pressures, as well as a growing black consumer market for white media, blacks in major cities are just as likely as women to be announcers and reporters. More blacks are writing under their own by-lines than ever before. And all major newspapers, network news programs, and magazines claim at least a "representative influence" on their editorial boards. On occasion, this "representative influence" is telling: Walter Cronkite just this past spring eulogized Elijah Muhammad as the man who made of the term "black" a description suggesting dignity and self-respect. Yet, fifteen or so years ago, it had been Mike Wallace, in a documentary called *The Hate That Hate Produced*, who had done so much to cre-



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al room.
›en the large Hatchback,
he rear seat down, and
have more luggage
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ate a false picture of the Nation of Islam as a violence-prone group of ex-convicts and lower-class blacks.

Prime-time television, too, is replete with situation comedies that depict black people who laugh and cry, who share middle-class aspirations and harbor middle-class prejudices, who live on the East Side of New York and the South Side of Chicago. Blacks fill other TV slots and polka-dot just about every program from soap operas and soap commercials to the Sammy Davis, Jr., show.

Against this background we must place the death of the civil-rights era, and the financial demise of those organizations whose *raison d'être* was the integration of American institutions, in the style of Martin Luther King, Jr. This collapse is partly due to the lack of public and private funding; but it is also a result of the failure of these organizations to adapt their strategies and ideologies (where there *are* ideologies) to the new world, which they, ironically, helped to create. The disease from which these groups suffer—the lack of an incisive, coherent approach—can be seen in the pattern of protest that recently arose against Ralph Bakshi's satiric fable, *Coonskin*, and Lars Ulvenstam and Tomas Dillen's documentary, *Harlem: Voices, Faces*.

While the projection of the images of black people was to have become the preoccupation of the major networks, the "quality" of these reflections has become the preoccupation of a tiny coterie of "concerned" black people, determined to protect the black community from images of itself. In part, this loose federation consists of exhausted civil-rights leaders searching for that simple answer to social problems that will, overnight, elevate them to national prominence and national funding. To this group of politicos add a dash of black media types, scorned for years by white media and anxious to substitute their view of the black man not only for the white man's view but often for the view of blacks who have infiltrated the white media.

The collective veto of this motley band has such a prescriptive right that to air a program despite their protests is not merely to ignore their opinion, but to reject it. This veto was supposed to be a tool to argue the supremacy of a new media elit However, after a plethora of polen ics and pressures over image proje tion and the black community, it ha become patently clear that our Blac Oracle is fallible. Sometimes it ha been dumb, and sometimes it ha lied.

Harlem: Voices, Faces is three-hour documentar shot in the summer 1973 by Lars Ulvensta and Tomas Dillen of the state-co trolled Swedish broadcasting systen Shown in its original version in Sw den, East Germany, Canada, Fi land, Denmark, and Norway, it wo a prestigious prize in Sweden as th best TV documentary of 1974.

About a year-and-a-half ago, Rol ert Kotlowitz, WNET's vice-presider of programming, saw the film an liked it. It was approved by nin members each of the programmin staffs and the Corporation for Publi Broadcasting, including one blac viewer on each staff, and CPB pro vided $23,000 for WNET to buy th film.

Bernette Golden, a young blac

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...and now it's time for a Cutty.

oducer at WNET, assembled a nel of blacks who would appear at e end of the screening to comment its assumptions. When the station t out a press release on April 23, wever, its inept and unfortunate rding ("In Harlem, children learn use the needle at age 9 or 10. It considered normal and, to some, a rk of adulthood, which comes ear- in the ghetto") caused an unprece- nted roar of protest, mostly from ople who had not seen the film.

Tony Brown, producer and host of e PBS series, *Black Journal*, pro- sted formally in two letters to Hart- rd Gunn, president of PBS; Irma rris, WNET's engineering coordi- tion manager, circulated a petition lling for the film's suppression, gned by forty-three of the station's venty-one blacks; Emma Bowen, esident of the Black Citizens for ir Media, sent hundreds of photo- pies of the press release to black cted officials and similar organiza- ns around the country; and pres- re mounted from the National Ur- n League, Operation Breadbasket, e National Black Media Coalition, d the Harlem Congress on Racial quality. One objector, Bill Cherry, tional director of communications r Jesse Jackson's PUSH, "writing behalf of Reverend Jesse Jack- n," urged suppression of "the type interviews it is alleged you have this film." The original panel re- gned; Percy Sutton decided, after eing the film, that he didn't like it, d on May 13 WNET president hn Jay Iselin cancelled the film. A w months later, after a postmortem nel had been assembled, the film ally was approved.

I sat through *Harlem: Voices, ces* twice at New Haven, and und it one of the most remarkable cumentaries done to date on black nericans. In fact, I am only sorry at black filmmakers didn't do it st. David Denby, writing in the *mes*, summarized it this way: "The vedes see America as a cruelly mpetitive capitalist system, a con- mption-happy nightmare-land in hich blacks have been defined and aintained as the losers by a racist hite majority. Their environment a ambles, their homes disorderly and supportive, Harlem's children rely stand a chance at school and e seen as doomed to suffer the ushing disappointments of Ameri- ca's outsiders; the people of Harlem are further trapped by a series of destructive illusions: TV advertising, Shaft-Superfly fantasies, get-rich-quick schemes, and the false consolations of religion. The way out is booze and dope." Denby's summary is correct, and so is the documentary's analysis of Harlem's pathology. Two separate groups of black people—a group of children from Harlem, and a group of older Harlem residents for whom Hilton Clark (the only Harlem resident on the original panel) screened the film—recognized this, and opposed the film's cancellation. "Calling the film detrimental to blacks," an ad hoc committee formed by Clark wrote to the station, "is much akin to blaming the messenger for the bad news he brings."

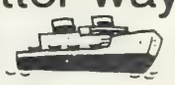
If the attempt to censor *Harlem: Voices, Faces* was lame, the panel discussion after its showing was pathetic. Marjorie Henderson, of the NAACP in New York, protested loudly about showing "the sinned against, not the sinners," about "exploiting the misery of blacks," and "projecting all the vices in the world on us," and about showing the "perpetrators and purveyors."

James McCullen, of the National Black Media Coalition, called the film "racially inflammatory," and said that it "attacks and assaults black intelligence, dignity, integrity, and self-respect." McCullen said that he urged censorship before he even saw the film. He wanted "to show who was responsible" for the conditions depicted in the film. Yet the whole film showed *precisely* who, and what was responsible: slum landlords, police graft, corruption, and other systemic ills, not whores and winos. Only Hilton Clark made sense. It was, he said slowly, "an aspect we so often try to sweep under the rug."

The protest against *Harlem: Voices, Faces* is as significant as the documentary itself. What emerges from the polemics, once the smoke has cleared, is this: we are no longer an organic community. Stratification accompanying the economic advances for the few, for which we fought so hard for so long, has created separate and distinct black groups, each with its own ideological and economic interests to protect.

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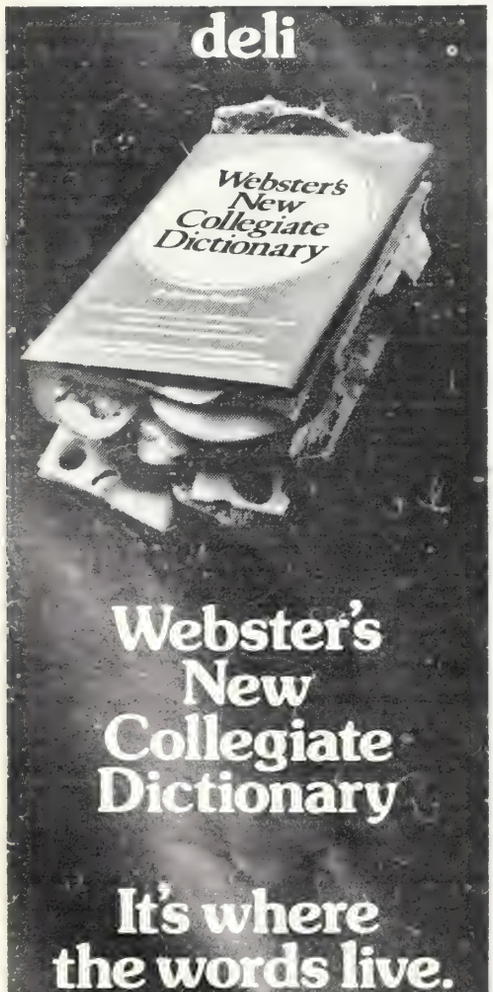
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Coonskin is Ralph Bakshi's best film. (His previous films were *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic.*) It is a satiric fable about the American city as hell. Bakshi uses straight animation mixed with photography to embody an old convict's fantasy. The story he tells is of three Southern rural black men who go to New York, become leaders of black organized crime, then destroy the white gangsters who control Harlem. Although nearly everyone in the film is the object of satire, Bakshi's real targets are those he holds responsible for ghetto life; his most telling blows are aimed at a white policeman and an Italian Mafia family. Again, I wish a black filmmaker had done this. I hope it makes impossible the one-dimensional portrayals of black people found in such films as *Shaft*, *Superfly*, and *Cleopatra Jones.*

This time, censorship cries came largely from CORE, East Coast and West. Elaine Parker, former chairman of the Harlem chapter of CORE, said after a screening, "It depicts blacks as slaves, hustlers, and whores." CORE picketed the New York headquarters of Gulf and Western, which owns Paramount and which had put up the money for *Coonskin.* Paramount, after much pressure, decided not to distribute the film. Fortunately, Bryanston Films, a small independent distributor, worked out an agreement with Albert S. Ruddy, and now the film has been released, much to the protests of Charles Cook, the Los Angeles regional chairman of CORE, who said, in rhetoric reminiscent of the Panthers', "We hold Bakshi, Ruddy, and Bryanston responsible for what happens. We charge them with high crimes against black people—stereotyping and degrading blacks." Cook went on to say that "the black community does not need people like Bakshi who want to make clowns out of us. Every movie and TV show depicts blacks as comics, whores, pushers, or pimps," he said, hyperbolically. Gene Garvin, director of the Los Angeles chapter of CORE agreed. "We consider the black actors who appeared in this film as traitors to their race." To which Charles Gordone who plays the preacher in the film (and wrote the Pulitzer Prize-winning *No Place to Be Somebody*) responded, "These organizations like CORE make me angry. If they didn't have something to bitch about, they'd be out of business."

If this sort of analysis is what the Congress of Racial Equality and the NAACP stand for, then it is time for us to hold the mirror to their nostrils and perform the postmortem.



I DO NOT MEAN to imply that the media have no racist tendencies, or even that I am happy with the way they project black images. But I am saying that the CORE-NAACP arguments outlined above are not adequate anymore, if they ever were. The effect of image distortion on "the black psyche" is complex, and black people can no longer be content to call something "racist" without being able to defend that view, in all its complexity. For what we are speaking of is *censorship*, a practice almost as abhorrent to art as lynching is to justice. Ubiquitous cries of racism serve no real purpose, other than to mask complex problems. Indeed, racism is the opiate of the black elite.

There are, however, questions w can demand answers to. We must o pose the sort of censorship that pr cludes access to the media by blac filmmakers. We must ask ourselv why it is easier to see, say, *Th Harder They Come*, at Harvard tha in Harlem. Just as we must defen the rights of Ulvenstam and Dille to make a Marxist analysis of Ha lem, we must also defend and d mand the right of black filmma ers to produce documentaries fu of positive black images, as well a to analyze, say, a day in the li of the residents of Scarsdale. W must question the admissions proc dures of film and journalism school and must continue to press for mo and more black editors and reporte on white publications and network We must demand equal access to nancing and distribution of films an articles. Our voices must be hea beyond the situation comedy and th one-hour talk show.

But there is an even more urge consideration. We must begin to u derstand why public outrage ov the ghetto as a place of exile, as living hell in the national imagina tion, has diminished since the ghett situation comedies appeared. Th sort of thinking is very subtle, an our own black oracle has yet to mak its subtleties of thought public. B making ghetto life palatable, TV defusing its sheer *horror*. Ironically the decision to portray ghetto life i this way in large measure stems fro the standard, simpleminded crit cisms that only our seamy side emphasized publicly. So Harlem an the South Side of Chicago becom livable.

We must come to understand tha all the "violence" in the "blaxplo tation" films only serves to creat another form of escapism. Real vi lence shapes reality; it limits ou choices almost as much as do ec nomic pressures. To see what make people act, what makes them not ac and what creates different value sy tems—these are the educative fun tions of black films and TV pr grams. These could increase unde standing between ethnic group where only confusion, hate, and di trust reign. One wonders how man whites in South Boston, for exampl watch *The Jeffersons*, *Good Time* or *Sanford and Son.*

By projecting the semblances

tivating social forces, the media courage the dehumanization of our iety. We are allowed to escape lity. This problem must become preoccupation of those who work the media, and of black media-tchers concerned with the effects images on "the black psyche."

If this happened, then the simple-ndedness of protest against the old reotypes, such as *Amos 'n' Andy*, uld be unnecessary. For there is ough of *Amos 'n' Andy* that is ue" for black folks from Harlem Harvard to crack Kingfish jokes th instant empathy and humor the sult. In the exaggerated chorus of nerican stereotypes and satire is nd a remarkable amount of obser-tion that is accurate. We must rn to laugh at ourselves again, thout the worry of the nouveau he, black or white, who long to rget even a satiric rendition of the nd from whence they came. We nnot simply toss Mantan More-nd and Stepin Fetchit into the rbage can of history. Is the por-ayal of these awkward or ignorant ck characters to be censored en-ely, now that we are Black? Did ese caricatures have a more insid-us or harmful effect on our lives an Pearl Bailey did, when she ayed the fool on a recent session of *eet the Press*? No one laughed nen Miss Bailey argued (demon-rating as she explained) that Afri-n delegates "strutted" down the sles at the U.N. and hence weren't be taken seriously. Do these ster-types injure us as much as the cen-rship Motown has long practiced er its artists (which Stevie Wonder oke only by threatening to sign a w contract with another, *white* re-rding company)? We must begin e systematic criticism of our own stitutions, and develop sophisticat-criticisms of "white" media.

Ultimately, we must return to Du-ois's final word on censorship of e "lowly" side of black life. "The ore highly trained we become, the ss we can laugh at Negro comedy," wrote in 1921. "We will have it tragedy and the triumph of dark ight over pale villains." I hope that are sophisticated enough to real-e that to laugh at *Amos 'n' Andy* is ot to believe that all black people into one of the stereotypes it por-ays. I would like to be able to laugh the antics of the Kingfish again. □



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BLEAK COMEDIES

Lina Wertmuller's artful method

by Terrence Des Pres

RECENTLY FIVE Lina Wertmuller films were playing in New York at one time, yet not so long ago the most we knew about this filmmaker was that she is Italian, a protégée of Fellini's, and perhaps also that her work is a bizarre mix of politics and comedy. The first of her films to receive strong attention was *Love and Anarchy*, the story of a fumbling young man who is sheltered by sympathetic whores as he prepares, and fails, to assassinate Mussolini. *The Seduction of Mimi* came next, exploring the social consequence of selling out; the final scene—that enormous woman sprawling over a little man all but drained of his manhood—seems to embody, quite literally, the inevitable debacle of politics enmeshed in *machismo*. Then *Swept Away*, which is sensational yet firmly disconcerting, the old desert-isle dream resurrected as a class and sexual struggle. And now *Seven Beauties*, a tale which begins in jest and ends in horror, where again comic absurdities and serious politics meet—realms of experience which, before Wertmuller, were usually thought to be mutually exclusive.

When Jerzy Kosinski did his hatchet job on *Seven Beauties*, he dismissed Wertmuller's film as "a cartoon trying to be tragedy" (*New York Times*, March 7). Coming from the author of *Cockpit*, a man utterly empty of humor, this remark might be expected. Once made, however, it is not without value, for in spite of himself Mr. Kosinski sees exactly the elements which make for greatness in Wertmuller's art. Her films are just that: part cartoon, part tragedy, life's sorrow smeared in farce. This is an art faithful to life as we live it, half in joke and half in deadly earnest. Unlike many of her contemporaries, Wertmuller has managed to stay within the bounds of humanness by rejecting nihilism in favor of political commitment, and, further, she deploys her ideology to the enlargement rather than the reduction of her subjects. We are in the presence of a major artist, and ought to thank our luck.

As long as catastrophe was seen as an affair of individuals, art could serve as surrogate experience, a medium of compassion allowing us entrance, at no real cost to mind or body, into the drama of others' deeds and misfortunes. But now terror is a permanent part of everyone's environment, as common as pollution and traffic tickets. Disaster is a possibility from which no one is immune, and the old consolations—of class, art, or religion—have lost their special blessing. Given this state of affairs, taming the world through aesthetic mediation becomes a kind of moral betrayal because it promotes detachment and false hope. No one knows this better than Wertmuller, and to protect the integrity of the experience she portrays she must find means within art to subvert a natural tendency of the imagination, which is to transform fact into metaphor and undermine the authority of actual events by reducing them to raw material for the artist to play with as he or she likes.

The Wertmuller method is to present hard truths wrapped in laughter, to weave fact and parody of fact into a single striking whole, to give us rough slabs of reality stewing in their own exaggeration. Our first response will be laughter, liberating at moments, at moments distressed by an undertow of pain, but a laughter

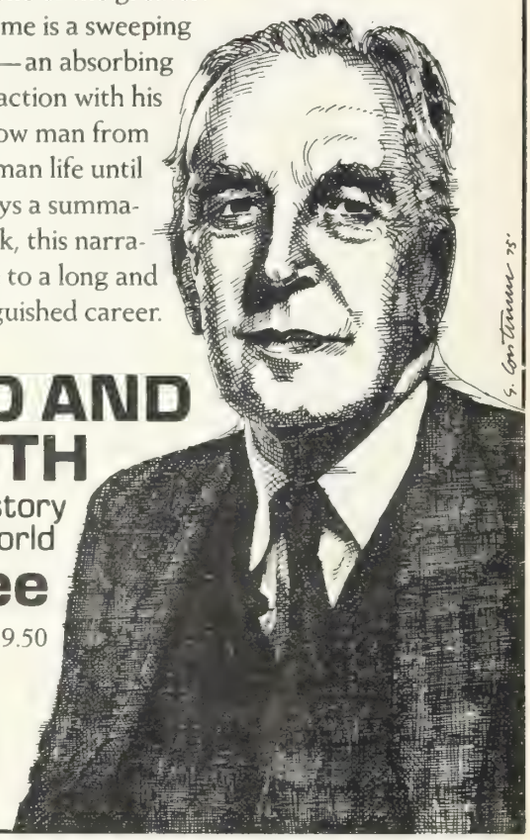
Terrence Des Pres is the author of The Survivor, *a book about the Nazi and Stalinist concentration camps.*

ıich trails off finally into profound
/areness of the deformity of life as
is—a deformity all the more dis-
rbing when measured against the
litical consequences. We laugh,
s, and thereby we implicate our-
lves in the mess we witness. Paro-
and political consciousness are
obilized to block the next stage of
sponse, which would have been
ıaginative expropriation, and there-
Wertmuller's work resists our
bit of extracting from art suitable
ıages with which to furnish our pri-
te psychodramas. The world will
ıve to be taken as it is or not at all.
The Seduction of Mimi unfolds
:e a textbook study in class con-
ct. A man of working-class origin
nnot resist the temptation to side
ith the bosses against his comrades,
ereby gaining doubtful prestige
ıd false honor. It is a classic in-
ance of corruption, upward mobil-
y being the safety valve through
hich potential leaders of social un-
st are removed. The second half of
e film is a rerun of the first half,
ly this time as raucous horseplay.
ıe seduction of the "respectable"
ife replays the debasement of Mimi
ıen, earlier, he sold his honor for
parody of that honor which he now
els impelled to defend. The bed-
om scene—gross, ponderous, re-
ıgnant, and hilarious—repeats in
ow motion the spiritual-political de-
at which is Wertmuller's subject.
ıct is compounded (and also pro-
cted) by the repetition of itself in
ırody.

And yet, of course, once you've
ld out, that's exactly the kind of
ing you get involved in. Your life
ecomes a parody of itself, to be
ted out in an agony of loathing and
ss. The second part of *Mimi* is not
metaphorical distillation of life's
mplexity: it is the inevitable con-
quence. Wertmuller's use of paro-
is not merely aesthetic: it is a
ethod whereby her vision of history
eepens and refers itself back to the
tual situation from which it sprang.
ıe test case is *Swept Away*, anoth-
study of a classic political cate-
ry, this time the master-slave dia-
ctic, first mapped out by Hegel and
en taken by Marx as the fulcrum
radical change. Idle masters exploit
ıd humiliate the workers on whom
ey depend for their existence and
ealth. Then comes the crisis, for-
ne turns full tilt, and in a survival

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situation the slaves assume their rightful authority as masters of the means to life.

And so it is in *Swept Away*. As the yacht cuts its stately path through calm waters, the rich indulge themselves while they are served by those whose work keeps the ship afloat and in order. Then comes the reversal—an "unusual destiny," as Wertmuller wryly calls it—and on a deserted island a rich woman is at the mercy of a man who only hours ago was her servant. At which point Wertmuller sticks so academically to the Hegel-Marx paradigm that reality would seem to be lost in an ideological skit à la Godard. But no; when the man and woman start slapping each other around, he calling her a capitalist pig, she reviling him as proletariat scum—political name-calling amid a sexual turmoil rising to the boiling point—the master-slave collision is repeated in parody, extremely funny and extremely effective. Again, the island sequence is not a metaphor for class and sexual battle: it is a comic recapitulation of what had come before. And for all its burlesque, it remains within the realm of actuality as a possible outcome of social injustice.

WERTMULLER will simply not allow us to escape confrontation by taking the world's problems merely as metaphors. The amazing thing is that her comic maneuvering never loses touch with the historicity of the situation. Dante, it has been said, was the most local of men and yet an artist of universal scope and appeal. So too, in film, are masters like Fellini and now Wertmuller. She sticks to Italian manners and morals, to the sad collapse of little men obsessed with honor, with virility and respectability; above all, she focuses on the myth of male ascendancy. Her films are alive, brazenly alive with historical particulars; and just because of this loyalty to time and place she finds situations available to an art of parody and farce for the simple reason that they are already excessive; life is already distorted by our attempt to embody ridiculous myths. This is Wertmuller's real subject, and a measure of her genius is the way she lifts such parochial matters to universality through the political implications she evokes. This is the creative use of ideology, to see in the actions of one man a matrix of cause and consequence which touches us all.

This is why, so far, *Seven Beauties* is Wertmuller's masterpiece. Pasqualino—or "Seven Beauties," as he is called—is, like Mussolini, an extreme exaggeration of masculinity, a strutting cock nine-tenths hot air, very sure of himself as long as he can act out the type, the male ideal which (with no help from art) is inherently farce. To see him on parade in the prewar streets of his town, his coat crisp, his hair slick and gleaming, yet with pants so baggy as to suggest a Chaplinesque absurdity undercutting it all, is indeed to behold life as the parody of itself. But in *Seven Beauties* the usual Wertmuller procedure is reversed: instead of fact degenerating into comic repetition of itself, parody slowly, through the terror of war and mass murder, turns back to its origin in facts as bleak, as dreadful, as grimly demanding as the world can possibly become. In the concentration camp the flamboyant village lover must somehow manage to seduce the commandant, a female behemoth, and he must do it not out of phony honor or Italian *machismo*, but for the sake of his life. The disgust so playfully rendered in *Mimi* is here a repugnance real to the point of horror. In the same way, the slapstick bungling of the earlier murder (a "crime of honor") is repeated with the starkest severity when Pasqualino must carry out the execution of his closest friend and administer a camp selection of six men to be shot at the commandant's whim.

Nothing funny about it, when minutes before we were all laughs. Again we are implicated, again laughter has prepared us for that from which farce draws its power—from situations which, either through danger or through conditions intrinsically ridiculous, dehumanize. So this meager man, wholly unprepared for any course of action *not* parody, is finally faced with that choice which survivors of the death camps know only too well. If he does not select six to be shot, the whole barracks will be exterminated. If he does not shoot his friend, the man will be killed in any case, but instead of a quick death he will be tortured and humiliated until nothing human remai The damage such choices cause more than a man of Pasqualin character was meant to bear, bear it he must. And by the end the film he has achieved a degree moral awareness, and therefore tragic being, which he entir lacked at the start.

Seven Beauties is not a hero in t traditional sense. He prefers to l and carry the costs of that choi rather than to remain uncomp mised by dying. He watches a fell inmate commit suicide by leapi into a pool of excrement and is minded of what going down in blaze of glory amounts to these da No, about Pasqualino there is no ing flattering, nothing we can b row as a comforting image of h *we* would act should we ever f ourselves in the hero's place. Yet y will notice that once his defenses stripped from him, once the para is gone, he does not endure his f passively. His ordeal is painful a degrading, yet from it a modicum dignity is born, if only because comes to suffer the awareness existence at its worst. Back fr the camp, he finds that the woman will marry survived the war years a prostitute. But this no longer bo ers Pasqualino, he who once kill for a similar slur on his name. contrast with the earlier bluff of ma hood, we behold finally—like him not—something resembling a man human being much mutilated but least not a joke.

The world is hard, very hard, a will yield neither to metaphor r to consolation. That is the heart Wertmuller's wisdom. From it con an art which succeeds by allowi its content to flounder back and fo between facts savagely, lucidly tense and facts grotesquely ex gerated. And always it is the conn tion which counts—the connecti between truths universally urg through their political ramificatio and truths at the same time the st of life itself, slapstick and confus at moments supremely funny but ways, in the end, filled with absurd and pain. Facing death, the prot onist of *Seven Beauties* must res to the only option he has: he m fall back on his stupid talent for a ing the stud. At that point trage has come to reside in the cartoonli lunacy of ordinary life.

A CHORUS OF SYCOPHANTS

e Indian press in an attitude of adoration

David Selbourne

THERE IS, OF COURSE, nothing unusual in this world about mass arrests, detention without trial, the ero- n or elimination of civil liberties, l the rest of the customary appa- us of modern *Realpolitik*. The egiousness of India rests in the ticular—or peculiar—nature of apologetics for this state of af- rs. For instance, it is apparently order to preserve the democrat- structure," as Mrs. Gandhi puts that the democratic structure is ng dismantled. It lies, too, in speed with which that country supposed pietism and pacifism, th its tenderness for life, has moved to "the mopping-up of beggars," npulsory sterilization, and the lat- ghastly warning given by the gov- ment of the state of Uttar Pradesh its employees that "no vasectomy ans no salary."

More ominously, it also resides in extent to which the Indian press l intelligentsia, faced with the in- idations of the most Draconian ss censorship anywhere in the ee" world (you can't publish thing which "might alarm the blic"), has suspended its disbelief, l joined in a chorus of sycophan- which can have no equal.

Among the many notable offend- is the editor of *Blitz* ("India's eatest Weekly"), one R. K. Ka- ajia. He has spoken fulsomely of rs. Gandhi's "renaissance mind," term to make Leonardo, Pietro mbo, or Giorgio Vasari quiver in ir graves with rage. Another, ually notorious—and read with ual ridicule and shame by those o preserve some semblance of in- lectual integrity—is G. K. Reddy *The Hindu* ("India's National wspaper"), who can use as a justificatory metaphor for "disciplinary sterilization" the "bitter medicine a mother may have to give her child to cure illness." Reddy expresses his "happiness" at the recent overthrow by Mrs. Gandhi of the penultimate independent state of the Indian Union, Tamil Nadu. Alternatively, to another Indian weekly, *Link*, the removal of this imperfect, but democratically elected, government "spells new hope for Tamil Nadu," which now "enters the mainstream of Indian life," and so on and so forth.

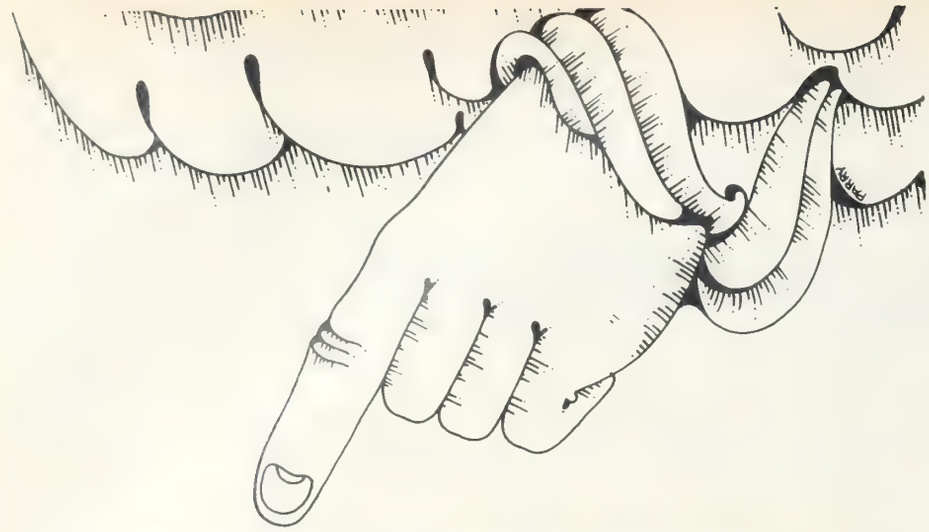
Other papers can (and do) write of Mrs. Gandhi as a "small, frail" woman, fighting an "international conspiracy to unseat her." Her speeches, now, as always, remarkable for their bland evasiveness, are "marvelous performances." Audiences are, according to Karanjia, "ravished by her eloquence." Her twenty-nine-year-old son, Sanjay, heir presumptive to the throne of India, is hailed for every step he takes, every word he utters. His itinerations around India are treated by the press as royal progresses; his speeches, which have become alarming in content and menacing in tone, are "acclaimed with rapture."

With his highly doubtful reputation (as the recipient of enormous government funds for the manufacture of India's first small car, which never saw the light of day) safely behind him, Sanjay can now be quoted without any demur—it would be censored if there were any, and there is a great deal—proclaiming, "I have done more than anyone else to develop the indigenous technology of India, and am therefore entitled to speak with full authority on such questions," to the "plaudits" of the captive audience. He can "warn intellectuals not to meddle in ideological controversy," and collect the sycophantic seal of approval of *The Sunday Standard* as "a great national leader."

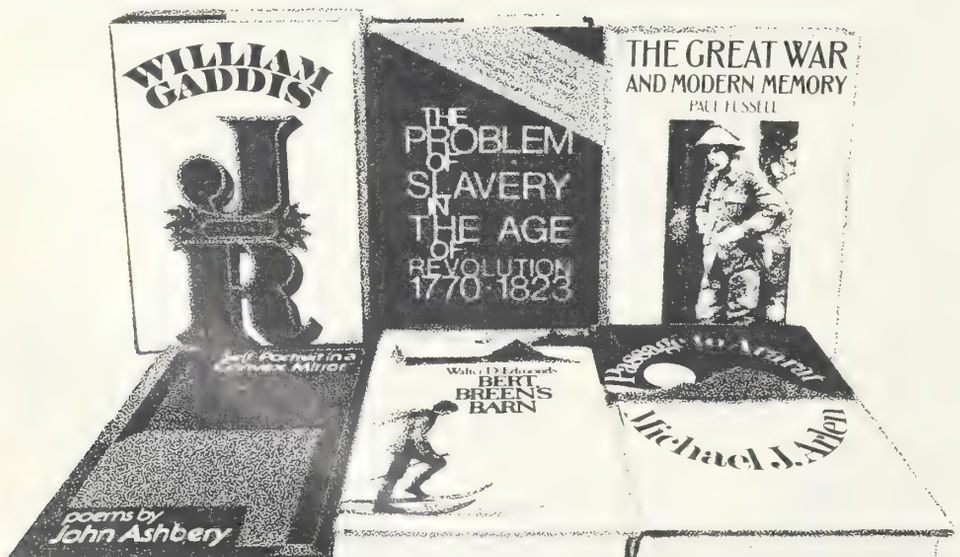
This might be funny if it were not so dangerous, accompanied as it is now by that neutrality of unconcern which insidiously infects even the most scrupulous reporting. The recent forcible removal, by truck, of 2,900 "beggars" (men, women, and children, including street entertainers, the sick, and the homeless) from the streets of Bombay, and their transportation to a distant camp at Ralegaon for forced labor on the Kukadi dam project, was jocularly described in a headline in *The Guardian* of London as "taking the beggars to the jobs." Inder Malhotra, a leading Indian journalist, reporting on the same events, could speak amusingly of the unemployed citizen of Bombay, whose "only way to earn a living would be to start begging outside the Taj Hotel, so that he could be rounded up, and sent to the dam at Jayakwadi."

NONE OF THIS is amusing. The Indian parliament has, on the one hand, gone Gerald Ford one better in granting not only a retroactive pardon to Mrs. Gandhi for the crimes of corruption and electoral malpractice for which she was convicted, but a *prospective* exemption, too, for any crimes she might want to commit in the future; at the same time, the Additional Solicitor General has just announced, correctly, but without regret or unease, that "the In-

David Selbourne, tutor in politics at Ruskin College, Oxford, has recently returned from India as Aneurin Bevan Memorial Fellow for 1975-76.



Out of the many, only 6 have been chosen.



Of the 41 nominees, only these 6 have won the

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dian citizen has absolutely no rig to his liberty, even if he is total innocent."

Yet the apologetics and gyratio continue unabated, and unabashe John Jacob, the president of the Si gapore Indian Congress—the effo to reinforce doublespeak is being a siduously internationalized—can d scribe, in a press release recentl distributed to the British press (b mercifully unprinted), the arrests tens of thousands of people, the su pension of all constitutional libertie and of the rule of law and parli mentary democracy, together wit the outright statutory abolition press freedom, as "the magnifice changes that have come upon Ind today," which "must be seen to b believed"; the people, meanwhil are "hopeful and cheerful, an prepared to do any work, anywher of their own free will." This include presumably, the Bombay dam pro ects.

Excess is heaped upon excess, P lion upon Ossa, and, to cap it all, th president of the Congress party d clares that Mrs. Gandhi's "name an deeds will be inscribed in the his tory books of the future, in lette of stone." Lest this be regarded a lèse majesté, he hastily adds that h spoke "of stone, not gold, becaus stone lasts longer than gold."

There is, moreover, an equal al dication of dignity and rationalit which is perhaps even graver in it implications and consequences amon many of the intelligentsia in the un versities—that is, the survivors, th unarrested. (The others, includin Prof. L. B. Kenny, the distinguishe Bombay historian—who in a lett sent to delegates from the Yervad Jail in Poona, regretfully bowed ou of the recent sessions of the India History Congress, at which he wa scheduled to read a paper—were eve taken away from their classroom and libraries during what is called with typical Indian euphemism, "th restoration of discipline in our un versities.") These days, you can hea a professor of political science sa that "civil liberties are a luxury w cannot afford"; a professor of con stitutional law, and vice-chancello of one of India's principal universi ties, blandly justifying the end o academic freedom on the groun that "politics" had intruded upo the campus, and needed "eliminat

g"; a philosopher expatiating on e "congenital unfitness of Indians r democracy," and so on, ad initum.

While their colleagues are "temrarily out of station" (another em of Orwellian newspeak), the normal life of the university continues," as a senior Delhi academic it it to me, strolling the faculty rridors, without batting an intelctual eyelid. The chancellor of Calitta University, A. L. Dias, has just plained everything to *The Hindu:* The tide of indiscipline has been rned; we have recovered our bright nage." Or, as we might restate his roposition, you can't make an omet of the universities without breakg a few eggheads.

Thus the structure of deference nd doublespeak is mutually reinrcing, a dire combination of crelity and sycophancy with verbal definitions and new turns of phrase dazzle the mind of the commentor. The ban on strikes is actually art of "the fight against fascism," hile, plainly, it is "to end the tax rivileges of the rich" that new tax oncessions have been extended to e wealthy in India's recent budget, nd the dumping of lepers in labor mps for dam construction represents "the struggle against the evil rces threatening India."

Obviously, once you get the hang it, you can master this new political vocabulary yourself; you can e that the punishment of pregnant omen who already have more than vo children is, in fact, part of the ruggle against the CIA. Your reonstructed reason will show you, dependently, that India's "march wards self-reliance" and her "struge against imperialism" are bound involve borrowing $1.7 billion ollars from the World Bank and her institutions in the current financial year. Once you have grasped at much, only a fool would fail to gree that "the advance of democra-" must necessarily entail "compulry tubectomy."

But who would have known that rs. Gandhi possessed "a dormant rpent-power, lying coiled in sleep the base of her spine, which is ow awakening in her, and carryg her into transcendence," if "Inia's Greatest Weekly," censor or no nsor, hadn't gone out of its way tell us? □

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United States Steel asks a prominent American to speak out.

"What makes America work?–education.

by Sidney P. Marland, Jr.,
President, College Entrance Examination Board

Since our earliest days as a nation, we have esteemed universal education. Our schools and colleges have been the rootstock of our democracy. Jefferson wrote:

"I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion."

Until very recent times our institutions of education were accepted as inviolable. Teachers and professors were held as the stewards of truth and beauty, and the rightness of education was taken for granted. Economists calculated as recently as the 1960's that between 23 and 40 per cent of our growth in real national income was attributable to education.

Yet the past twenty years have brought sharp criticism upon education. Schools and colleges are being held accountable for unfulfilled expectations that our society asks of its education system.

We in education must remind ourselves that this generation of critics is a product of our system. We taught them to question the status quo; we encouraged their hope and aspiration for all; we trained them to seek reform through the democratic process. We have let them abide with the myth that education conquers all.

When the democratic process seems unresponsive and frustrating, when deep social problems remain unconquered—education, we hear, has failed.

It is now time for reconciliation. The schools and colleges must listen more closely and respond more quickly to the evolutionary expectations of the American people and they must work harder, with a deeper sense of urgency to fulfill those hopes.

Education and work in the American society have become separate and alienated from each other. This divorcement, I believe, lies at the heart of our discontent. They must be



brought back together for all ages of learners, and for all kinds of educational institutions.

Today, enlightened leaders in business, labor and industry have begun to take part in the education of our people, not merely as taxpayers, advisors or consultants, but as *working companions* to teachers and professors.

The schools and college have no monopoly on the development of the young. But they are responsible for the transmission of our cul-

ut our system needs some important changes."



al and intellectual
itage, and the academic
lls necessary thereto.
ey must reaffirm and
tain the standards of
ellectual excellence which
ve been entrusted to them.
ey must find the
quisite balance between
luring and immutable
demic and social
ndards and the response
he call for reform.

This is not impossible, it is not easy. It is the lving nature of a free iety in which the job of *orming the discretion* of people is more complex than even the genius of Jefferson could have imagined.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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FEMINISTS AND OTHER USEFUL FANATICS

The politics of Crazy Jane

by Garry Wills

WHEN HARRIOT Stanton Blatch came back from England in 1906, she found that the suffrage movement, largely founded by her ɔther, had faded to a murmur and a tinkle ıid teacups. Opponents of the vote for wom- claimed it would make them less feminine, that members of the National American oman's Suffrage Association had become su- rladylike—and irrelevant.

Mrs. Blatch, a woman strong-willed enough boss Bernard Shaw around, had learned her ctics in England, where suffragists were on nger strikes in jail, and where—at political therings that forbade women to speak—the ffragists threw pebbles at orators, "voting" ently on what the men had to say. Mrs. Blatch cided she would have to rough up the Amer- ın ladies, to shock the public into noticing em. As she put it, the movement "bored its herents and repelled its opponents." She ınted to startle its adherents and infuriate its ponents; she did.

The "responsible" women's movement tried to tame Mrs. Blatch. It gave her money on condition that she would not open a vulgar headquarters at street level, like any ward boss (she soon circumvented that condition). When she called for a joint parade of all women's groups, the respectables refused to march—they were motored along the route in coiffed and parasoled dignity. Harriot fixed that next year when she called the march again, but decreed that only those on foot could participate. Then she offered free "classes in the art of walking" to those who objected. Classes would be conducted by "Josephine Beiderbasse, director of physical training of the Wadley High School."

She was a minority within her own minority at the start, but she did not let that bother her. She made nonnegotiable demands upon the suffragists, and put up with no nonsense about free discussion: "The Parade Committee would waste no time in the future in trying to have democratic control; it would waste no time trying to build up compromise agreements with

Garry Wills is adjunct professor of humanities at Johns Hopkins University.

Garry Wills

FEMINISTS AND OTHER USEFUL FANATICS

those who apparently had no idea what they were aiming at; it would not attend any more committee meetings to listen to long written communications setting forth the thesis that street meetings and parades would put suffrage back by fifty years."

Above politics

HERE MRS. BLATCH struck at the dilemma of the suffrage movement, and of all radical criticism within a liberal democracy. These intertwined problems were exacerbated, in the aftermath of the Gilded Age, by special circumstances. The women's movement had begun with support from the antimachine liberals. High-minde people, especially in the East, wanted to clea up the mess made of politics by men like Bo Tweed. They presented the women's vote as purifier of this vulgar world. Precisely becau women were "above politics," their presen was needed to shame the noisome world bought immigrants and lordly bosses.

Feminists were expected not only to be s perfeminine but to be superdemocratic in pr cedure. Since they were called on to clean u the foul political scene, they could not use ar of the questionable or undignified tactics male politics. Each of their meetings must l a model of the whole democratic process. If t women were not better than their foes—mo rational, disinterested, and calm—then ho



Suffragettes, New York City, 191

ould they purify the world they were trying o enter? If the perfume itself lose its savor, vherewith can it be perfumed? Reformers, vithout most of the advantages given to in-umbents, were expected to add all the proce-dural checks and minuetings of the liberal mys-ique to their other liabilities.

And that is just what turn-of-the-century suf-ragists did. A chairwoman of the New York uffrage assembly, testifying before a committee of the state legislature, tried to disarm her ene-mies with this schoolmarmism: "I do not want him [the chairman] or any of his fellow mem-bers [of the committee] to vote for reporting the [suffrage] measure until they are convinced that woman suffrage is a good and worthy cause."

crats marched with placards reading, "He Kept Us Out of War," Mrs. Blatch's troops followed right behind with signs reading, "He Kept Us Out of Suffrage." By this time Mrs. Blatch could hold her own against any of the torch-light-parade tricks of machine politicians. She defiantly had her marchers carry soapboxes, and get up on them when they were challenged or heckled by crowds. Her parades had taken on a pre-Yippie quality, with catchy floats, celebri-ties, marchers costumed as famous women from the past, and other crowd-gatherers.

What finally convinced politicians that Har-riot Blatch and her kind were serious, was this: she defied all the rules of polite liberal reform. The good-government types have always been told by others (when not saying it to them-

"All the initially unpopular political causes —labor, uni-versal suffrage, Prohibition, civil rights, the antiwar move-ment—had their origins in the streets, or in back alleys, not in electoral contests."



March 21-25, 1965: the Selma-to-Montgomery march

Likewise, when a delegation of New York women obtained an audience with President Theodore Roosevelt just before his 1904 cam-paign, the ladies told him they would not pester him while he was busy campaigning, but they would expect him to find time for their demands after the election.

Harriot knew a political runaround when she saw it. She had occasion for cynicism in her dealings with Woodrow Wilson, a Southerner no more interested in the rights of women than in those of blacks. Relations between Wilson and the feminists had been strained ever since the women held a march in Washington on the day preceding his 1913 inauguration. A mob spat on the women and shouted obscenities while police looked the other way. Mrs. Blatch sent the President a telegram contrasting this behavior with the protection given him and his male entourage the next day.

After an unsuccessful meeting with Wilson in 1916, Mrs. Blatch left the White House deter-mined to campaign against him in every state where women were already voting. When Demo-

selves) that the way to bring about change in a free society is to find a new candidate or form a new party so that they can place their issue before the electorate. Then, after free debate, they can hope to convince 50 percent, plus one, of the voters to accept their proposals.

Such advice is nonsense. For one thing, it treats a party or candidate as a single-issue phe-nomenon. But major candidates and parties in America represent coalitions of many interests, factions, and organizational ties—combinations in which competing issues have to be muted or compromised for the sake of winning. What critics of the women's movement were saying, in effect, was: Go build a coalition based on many things other than your pet issue—things to which that issue will have to be sacrificed—and only then will we listen to you. It was an impossible assignment. The compromises neces-sary to that effort would alienate Mrs. Blatch's most dedicated followers. She would soon be talking like Woodrow Wilson, and her sisters would walk out on her.

So she, far more consciously than most, set-



October 16, 1969: Moratorium Day, Boston

tled on the shortcut that violates all good-government sentiments. In 1916 she set out deliberately to punish politicians—to vote against men, good on other grounds, who would not respond to her group's solicitings. That meant, in 1916, Woodrow Wilson and the Democrats.

She was told, of course, what all such people are told, that Wilson was better on other reform issues than on suffrage, and that, by punishing the best disposed, she would put in office the worst disposed.

These arguments make sense to politicians, i.e., to those running for office. But Mrs. Blatch was not looking to that kind of reward for patience. The very principled cannot win in a game that demands the compromising of principle, but they can make sure that certain people lose. Mrs. Blatch cheerfully admitted that was her goal, and she scared many Democrats from the Western states where women voted. Wilson won the 1916 election by a plurality, not a majority; and even after the U.S. entry into World War I, when he needed a united country behind him, the women refused to give up their tactics. To aid the war effort, Wilson endorsed the women's suffrage amendment in a 1918 speech before Congress.

THE WOMEN HAD DISCOVERED an important truth about American politics. Creative change does not come about by the calm and open discussion of an issue on its merits, leading to a "verdict" by the judicious public. What happens is quite different: an intransigent minority makes a nuisance of itself until most of the public says, "All right, give them what they want, shut them up." Thus what is most often voted for is, paradoxically, the silencing of the triumphant faction. The reasoning of many voters was that, if women got the vote, most of them would not exercise their privilege, and the militants would have nothing to scream about any more. With the fanatics disarmed, a reaction would set in. This kind of reasoning often eases a politician's mind when he has to accept a change long resisted. He argues: "Give the blacks an open-housing law—they can't afford to buy the kinds of houses that matter, and we can always play a few tricks with the zoning laws." Change after change—the minimum-wage law, the voting-rights act—is admitted in order to be "tamed," to still the clamor around it and make its advocates less effective, not more.

But at this point the conservative tendency of our politics begins to work for the reformers. The new measure becomes part of the Establishment, praised on principle, taught in the schools. Its admission makes it unchallengeable, a plateau from which other actions can take off in time. Women were taught that they should vote, and eventually did.

Radicals are always told that their radicalism will hurt the cause of moderate reform. That is not often the case. Yesterday's radicalism becomes today's common sense. Mrs. Blatch's "wild" tactics became the norm from which others developed their own, more daring, plans. Many politicians honestly believe what they tell the radicals—for a very simple reason, convincing to them: idealists can "wreck" a

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principle's way into victorious coalition, but anyone who does that will never be allowed to speak for the whole coalition. Of course, most radicals did not ask for that honor in the first place.

Our politics is supposed to be "representative." Change should come about through the people's chosen representatives, who embody their will. Thus innovators are constantly urged to run for office, with the argument that this is the *real* way to have power and bring about change. Ralph Nader hears that all the time. But running for office is the worst way to bring about real change. Nader's freedom would be badly constricted if he had to tailor his efforts to please a specific constituency.

Politicians do not bring about change. Their effort, very useful in its way, is to prevent change—to slow it down, blunt it, absorb it. That is why they need such persistent prodding before they will respond at all. Martin Luther King, Jr., could never have been elected to the Presidency, no matter how long he had lived. Yet he, more than any other person of the twentieth century, changed domestic conditions in this country. His oratory lives, and inspires new generations, long after Kennedy's has faded to a hollow tinniness.

All the initially unpopular political causes—labor, universal suffrage, Prohibition, civil rights, the antiwar movement—had their origins in the streets, or in back alleys, not in electoral contests. They were of questionable legality at the outset, or of open illegality. The first organizers did not end up in electoral office, but in jail. Every strenuous moral effort begins with a handful of oddballs—the crazies, freaks, and street people; the prophets, the martyrs, the saints. And their cause only wins because these few had the courage to begin, against obloquy, ridicule, and persecution. The originating fanatics are mocked, threatened, jailed, beaten up, shot at—think of William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Bill Haywood, Eugene V. Debs, Margaret Sanger, Mary Church Terrell, A. J. Muste, Cesar Chavez, the Berrigans. Political change does not come easily, by way of campaign promises and Congressional log-rolling. It begins with the sweat and blood of the martyrs. By the time the passage of the 1964 and 1965 civil rights bills became feasible, they were eased through with sounding oratory. But a lot of people had to die to make that oratory possible—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner; Herbert Lee, Louis Allen, Medgar Evers; Jimmie Lee Jackson, James Reeb, Viola Liuzzo; Addie Mae Collins, Denise McNair, Carol Robertson, Cynthia Wesley—just to name some. Dr. King died in good company.

Prophets with honor

PROPHETS ARE A SCANDAL in democracies. They are not representative. They cannot be controlled or called off by their "constituents," because no constituency sent them. They create their audience, and compel it. They do not follow or submit to it. They make a claim because it is right, not because it is wanted, even by its putative beneficiaries—normally it is not wanted. The women of Canterbury beg Thomas, their archbishop, to *leave* and leave them alone; they do not want an awful freedom thrust upon them. Even the prophet is reluctant to make his awful claim upon his friends. Dr. King did not make Rosa Parks refuse to move further back in the black section of the bus when the driver told her to. He did not even want to lead the Montgomery boycott—that was thrust on him by Ed Nixon, a local Pullman porter. But once he spoke, he was trapped—he was the servant of his message. The God of the Bible's prophetic books directs history's most imperious press gang. Prophets try to escape, to run off—or throw themselves, like Jonah, "down to the bottoms of the mountains." where "the weeds were wrapped around my head." They would hide anywhere, even in Leviathan's belly—not seeing where it moves. For some, Leviathan gapes in a bottle's mouth, or a woman's. For most troublemakers in America, politics is the great soporific co-opter. *We* are the whale; we softly ingest our prophets with the massaging idea that we need them "within the system."

But the most useful people resist, fight our reasonableness, set up a clatter and threaten to kick out the system's belly slats—until we vomit them up on the shore where their work was set for them all the time. We vainly assure them that we need no prophets. After all, prophets used to be sent to accuse the king, to say he was misusing his power. The prophet spoke out where the people could not. But we no longer have a king. The people can and do speak their will in every election. Where does a prophet fit into this scheme? For whom could he speak—or against whom? Against the *people,* whose will is sovereign?

Exactly. Liberal reform in democracies is directed at the machinery of representation, at making it a more adequate reflection of the people's will. If that will is properly carried out, the government will be a good one. The prophet denies all that. If the people's will is evil, if the people have erred and strayed, then efficiency in carrying out that will can never be justified. The prophet will defy even the instruments of the people's will, break their laws. William

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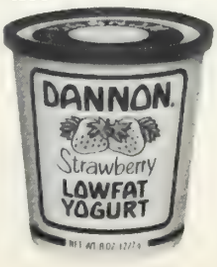
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It will give you more reasons why Dannon is the right thing to eat—whether you are counting calories or not.



Lloyd Garrison publicly burned the Constitution behind which slavery was hiding. The prophet is not bound by unjust laws, no matter how popular their backing, how proper their enactment, how strict their interpretation by the courts.

No wonder the prophet is feared. He cannot be bought off, or made to deal. There is no real way to stop him but to kill him. It is fortunate such people cannot trade their way into power, since they would make the worst of all possible rulers. They are rigid and unyielding, proud and self-righteous; they set impossibly high standards for the rest of us. They make us appreciate the purely political virtues of compromise, easily pleased vanity, and mediocre expectation—the virtues that make for continuity in society. Prophets would impose their message if they could—so it is lucky that they can't. Some realize this; some don't. The prophet's gifts are not those of the king.

But just as a democracy denies the need for prophecy, it reduces all public virtue to that of the politician. It finds that Mrs. Blatch is quick to set aside democratic procedure as an agitator, and concludes she would do the same thing if she were President—therefore, she cannot be allowed to do it as an agitator. If she is not qualified to be a politician, she is not qualified to play any role in society. The prophet armed is a terrifying thought, and men fear evil kings in the most lonely protesters. But most prophets do not want to be armed. John Brown's truth does *not* go marching on—William Lloyd Garrison's does, and Frederick Douglass's. Most prophets are made to suffer, and are willing to; but they feel obliged not to inflict suffering on their enemies. Their fidelity is to their message, whether it is heard or not. Radical reform in America has had a steady nonviolent base, symbolized by the prominence of Quakers in almost every reform movement.

THE POLITICIANS maintain our country, keep it running, make fine adjustments, conserve and react—"save" it in that sense. The prophets make it worth saving. They are the people who do not care how many votes they might get for their message; how justice is currently playing in Peoria; what truth Gallup finds acceptable today. George Washington, intent on forms and procedures, is rightly considered the father of our country, the best of our politicians; a Cunctator Fabius settling for what he could get. He bargained our way for us into history. But our founding saint was Anthony Benezet; and one of Washington's officers told Dr. Benjamin Rush, after Benezet's funeral, "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin than George Washington with all his fame."

Benezet was an ugly little Quaker who conducted schools in Philadelphia. He furtively taught slaves to read at night, and cared for the sick by day. His pamphlets, more sincere than learned, ignited the antislavery movement in England. His attacks on war reached kings and generals in Europe. He fought the rum trade. Benjamin Franklin dressed as a Quaker in Paris partly to share in the reputation of Benezet, who perfectly embodied the eighteenth century's ideal of *l'homme bienfaisant*. When Quaker friends sent Patrick Henry to meet Benezet, the plantation owner was lectured on the evils of slavery. When General Howe took Philadelphia, Benezet explained to him the evils of the military life. When Philadelphia's own Quaker rulers were treating Acadian refugees with less than perfect charity, Benezet committed civil disobedience to help them out. Benjamin Rush described how he would bustle about the streets of Philadelphia: "In one hand he carried a subscription paper and a Petition; in the other he carried a small pamphlet on the unlawfulness of the African Slave-Trade, and a letter directed to the King of Prussia upon the unlawfulness of war."

We are more likely to see another George Washington than another Anthony Benezet. The political system *is* a system; self-perpetuating. There are thousands of bright lawyers wanting to run for office. And thousands of professors wanting to write their speeches. The machinery is fueled with huge amounts of money, talent, and ambition. But there is no school for prophets, no office they get elected to, no way to produce a succession of them. Each is unique, a mystery of human freedom. Still, there is a line of obscure saints that descends from Benezet. Part of his mission is taken up again, decade after decade, by people like Jane Addams, Mary McLeod Bethune, Randolph Bourne, A. J. Muste, Dorothy Day. The national well-being, in practical as well as spiritual matters, owes more to these people than to the long line of politicians. The officer at Benezet's funeral was right—the saint matters more than the general—or the President.

Benjamin Rush, himself a radical, had a strange dream, showing how deep the fear of blacks is rooted in Americans' consciousness. He arrived alone on a strange shore peopled only by blacks who approached him with great suspicion. But suddenly their faces softened—he did not see why—and they embraced him. Then he looked around and understood. Benezet had appeared, and was standing there with him. That alone saved him. It is all that can save us. □

THE ANTI-SOCIAL CELL

An Inquiry Into the Nature of Cancer

Readers of the nation's press are beginning to realize what writers of its obituary pages have known for a long time, that more people are dying of cancer than ever before. With the announcement last February of a 5 percent increase in cancer mortality for 1975, cancer statistics have begun moving onto the front pages. Breast cancer is now the leading killer of women aged thirty-five to fifty-four, lung cancer the second leading killer after heart disease of men aged thirty-five to seventy-five. Cancer deaths last year outnumbered combat deaths in Vietnam and Korea combined; 650,000 new cases will be diagnosed this year. One in every four Americans falls victim to the disease, and one in every seven dies of it.

The theories purporting to explain the origin and nature of cancer change almost as regularly as the fashion in hairstyles or political ideas. At the moment the dominant opinion holds that cancer is environmental in origin, a notion which comes dressed with such phrases as "man-made epidemic," "tip of the iceberg," and "the disease of civilization." Every few months brings the news that yet another food, substance, or routine activity has been declared carcinogenic by independent scientists or the benevolent mandarins who administer the National Cancer Program. Cancer has long been a metaphor for the fear of pain, death, and whatever else people preferred to leave unsaid, but now it has become our best-reported war since Vietnam.

Harper's set out to assemble a collection of articles on cancer with the idea of approaching the truth about the disease and perhaps tempering the hysteria that undermines most discussions of the subject. We quickly came to appreciate the complexity of the task. The truth about cancer is as relative as the numbers of different people following different lines of research. *The* disease is actually a class of diseases, numbering more than 100, that exhibit common patterns and symptoms. Moreover, there was the question of breadth. Cancer is at once a major cause of human suffering, a most vexing scientific riddle, an active field of medicine, a source of difficult public policy questions, and a billion-dollar-a-year enterprise confounded by all the contradictory motives that come into play whenever federal grants, professional reputations, commercial interests, and public health intersect. A dramatist could find in this last arena material sufficient for a lifetime's work, without ever touching upon the more compelling dramas played out daily by cancer patients and their families.

At the expense perhaps of drama, the following pages contain a compendium of information. The first two sections focus on the science and medicine of cancer; the third section presents cancer in several of its political and emotional manifestations. Taken together, the material seems to suggest a number of implicit conclusions:

- Although no one fully understands what causes cancer, various scientists can speak authoritatively about separate aspects of the question.
- If there is a common denominator in most theories of causation, it is that cancer begins when a single cell undergoes a genetic mutation.
- Cancer medicine is at the painful stage in its development where it can prolong life without entirely resolving the disease or forestalling complications.
- Until more fundamental knowledge is achieved, cancer is best viewed as a problem of disease control and prevention.

CONTENTS

		Page
I.	**Toward an Understanding of the Problem**	
	The Anti-Social Cell, by Garth L. Nicolson	44
	Chemical Carcinogenesis: Who Is Susceptible? by Charles R. Shaw	45
	Living in a Sea of Carcinogens, by Philippe Shubik and Valerie Shubik	46
	The Imprint of Past Mistakes, by Irving J. Selikoff	47
	A Theory of Combination, by Melvin Calvin	48
II.	**The State of Cancer Medicine**	
	Chemotherapy: 50 Ways to Quell a Tumor, by Joseph R. Bertino	49
	The Most Common Cancers	50
	Chemotherapy II: In Search of a "Magic Bullet," by Christian de Duve	55
	Immunotherapy: contributions from Steven K. Carter and Peter Alexander	56
	Radiation Therapy: The Left Hand of Surgery, by Samuel Hellman	57
III.	**Cancer as a Mirror in Which We See Ourselves**	
	The Market in Nostrums, by Michael B. Shimkin	58
	A Defense of Unorthodoxy, by David Rorvik	58
	Mrs. Lasker's War, by Barbara Culliton	60
	Vitamin A and the Forces That Be, by Joseph Hixson	61
	The Long Goodbye, by Philip Nobile	61
	Glossary of Terms	62

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• Controlling and preventing a disease no one understands is not the kind of activity at which government can reasonably be expected to excel, but government is all we have.
• The rapid discovery of new environmental carcinogens is not to be taken as cause for despair. In part it reflects more, and better, testing.
• There are measures an individual can take to protect himself against cancer, but they are the fairly obvious ones: maintaining healthy living habits, having an annual checkup, and arming himself with knowledge. **—Michael Aron**

Michael Aron is an associate editor of Harper's.

A glossary of terms used in this section appears on page 64.

I. Toward an Understanding of the Problem

The Anti-Social Cell

The most frightening aspect of cancer is metastasis—the spread of tumor cells from their original site of growth to adjacent and even distant sites. Metastasis starts with the transformation of a normal cell to a cancer cell. Although specific information on how this is accomplished is lacking, cell interaction with chemical carcinogens, cancer-producing viruses, X rays, or even ultraviolet rays from the sun, can, under certain conditions, result in transformation to the cancerous state. Transformed or cancer cells have unique cell surface properties which distinguish them from their normal cell counterparts, and these properties contribute to tumor cell escape from many of the normal cellular controls and "social" restraints which regulate cell growth, position, and interaction. Tumor cells are therefore able to achieve varying degrees of autonomy from their host, and this is reflected in their uncontrolled proliferation and progressive enlargement of the primary tumor. Moreover, aberrant cell interactions can lead to escape from the control mechanisms which maintain proper cell positioning.

The loss of proper cell positioning can result in tumor invasion of surrounding normal tissues, the first observable cancer cell property which distinguishes metastatic from nonmetastatic tumors. Not much is known about the invasion process, but it is thought to occur because enzymes secreted by the tumor cells destroy surrounding extracellular matrix forming the "mortar" between normal cells. Also, enzymatic destruction or alteration of "receptors" on the cell surface may interfere with cell interactions, resulting in continued cell motility after contact, instead of the inhibition of cell movement that occurs when normal cells make contact. At this stage, known as local invasion, the tumor can be treated or removed by surgery with complete cure; however, if the tumor cells have invaded one of the body cavities, lymph ducts or blood vesicles, they can be transported to distant sites. (See illustration, page 48.)

The mere appearance of tumor cells in the lymph or circulatory system does not necessarily mean that metastases will ultimately form at distant secondary sites from the primary tumor. In order for secondary tumors to establish themselves, the transported tumor cells must implant in a suitable environment for survival. At the Salk Institute and the University of California, Irvine, we have been particularly interested in blood-borne metastatic spread, where tumor cells invade into the circulatory system, break away from the invading primary tumor mass and are taken to virtually every major organ and tissue location in the body. Although the circulating tumor cells visit a variety of potential secondary sites, for most circulating cancer cells, implantation, survival, and growth occur only at specific places. Unfortunately, these places tend to be the major organs such as the lungs, liver, and brain, but they can also be bone, colon, et cetera. The point here is that implantation, survival, and growth of secondary metastases is not a random process.

While in the circulation the tumor cells can interact with host blood cells, such as lymphocytes which are involved in immunity, and platelets which are involved in healing and repair processes. This interaction can enhance the rate of implantation, but it does not seem to affect the location of implantation. Once the tumor cells implant on the endothelial cells which line the walls of some capillary beds throughout the body, they must invade into the surrounding tissue to survive.

Obviously, the way to control metastatic spread and alter its frequency and preference for secondary colonization is to block one of the important steps in the metastatic process. One of our approaches has been to discover how tumor cells in the circulation can recognize when they are traveling within certain organs, and once recognition occurs, what means they use to implant on the surfaces of endothelial cells lining the circulatory vessels. We have found that these interactions between tumor cells and capillary endothelial cells probably result in successful implantation and comprise one of the most important processes in blood-borne metastatic tumor spread. If this interaction fails to occur, then the circulating cancer cells are doomed to eventually die from the repeated trauma of continuous circulatory passage.

The process whereby tumor cells specifically recognize and bind to other cells such as endothelial cells is called cell adhesion, and in many systems it seems to be abetted by cell surface proteins called glycoproteins (heavy sugar molecules attached to proteins which are embedded in the tumor cell membrane). If we can learn to modify the cell surface glycoproteins, we may be able to alter the process of cell adhesion and make it less likely that tumor cells will implant at distant sites. We are currently studying the biochemical nature of cell surface structures involved in the implantation process. In the future, we hope to be able to block the process and prevent tumor cells from colonizing disease-free areas of the body. **—Garth L. Nicolson**

Dr. Nicolson is head of the Cancer Biology Laboratory at the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in La Jolla, California, and professor of cell biology, University of California, Irvine.

Unfortunately, when it comes to cancer, American society is far from rational. We are possessed with fear. . . . But it is not only a matter of simple fear: cancerophobia has expanded into a demonism in which the evil spirit is ever present, but furtively viewed and spoken of obliquely. American cancerophobia, in brief, is a disease as serious to society as cancer is to the individual—and morally more devastating. —Editorial in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, December 18, 1975, signed by F.J. Ingelfinger, M.D., editor

Chemical Carcinogenesis: Who Is Susceptible?

Two steel-mill workers, Bill and Jack, worked side by side for many years near coke ovens, breathing the fumes of burning coal. Jack, age fifty-one, had a cough which had been part of his daily life for almost as long as he could remember, and it suddenly got worse. He began to cough up blood. X rays showed that he had lung cancer, and he was dead within a year. Bill continues to cough, but at the age of fifty-nine he is still healthy and looking forward to retirement. He may yet develop lung cancer, but this seems unlikely.

Two laboratory mice, one from the strain called DBA, the other C57, are each given a single injection of methylcholanthrene, a chemical derived from coal tar. After some weeks, the C57 mouse develops a skin cancer at the site of injection, which grows steadily and soon kills him. The DBA mouse shows no reaction at the injection site and eventually dies of old age.

Is there a connection between the above cases? That is, does susceptibility to a chemically induced tumor in a laboratory mouse bear any similarity to human cancer susceptibility caused by chemical pollutants in our environment? The answer is definitely yes, and research is beginning to uncover some of the answers about the long and complex chain of events leading from intake of a cancer-inducing chemical (carcinogen) to the final molecular event in a cell which causes it to become cancerous.

The fact that chemicals can produce cancers has been known for more than 200 years, the first such evidence being from the studies of a British surgeon, Sir Percival Pott, who in 1775 noted a remarkably high incidence of cancer of the scrotum among chimney sweeps; he correctly surmised that the cancers were caused by some effect of the soot, which tended to collect in the groin area. Experimental cancer research did not get under way until early in this century, when it was shown that cancers could be produced in laboratory animals by painting the skin with a variety of chemicals, including coal tar and some of its derivatives.

For years experimental carcinogenesis more or less floundered along, the list of carcinogens growing, but with little understanding of what happened between application of the chemical and appearance of the tumor. That some animals were more susceptible than others was early evident; indeed some strains of rats and mice were developed for their high susceptibility to tumors, making them useful for such research. But the mechanisms of tumor formation were not at all understood.

The pace of carcinogenesis research quickened in 1960, when it was shown that many of the chemicals must first be changed in the body cells before they become carcinogenic. These chemical changes, called metabolism, are carried out by enzymes produced in the cells. Moreover, there are other enzymes which further metabolize the active carcinogens so that they are no longer active and are excreted by the cells as harmless waste products. Thus, the carcinogen may exist in its active form in the body cell for only a very brief period.

Now, all enzymes are produced in the body under the control of the genes, and because of genetic variation, which is universal, the amounts of the enzymes vary widely among different people. Such genetic differences in the carcinogen-metabolizing enzymes explain, at least in part, the differences in susceptibility to cancer. A case in point are the two mice, the C57 and the DBA. Recall that both were injected with methylcholanthrene. The enzyme which converts methylcholanthrene to its active form has been identified and extensively studied. It is called aryl hydrocarbon hydroxylase (AHH). The C57, which contracted the skin cancer, has a high level of AHH, whereas the DBA mouse has much less. We hypothesize that the mouse with the high AHH develops the cancer because he converts more of the methylcholanthrene into the active form. In practice, and particularly in man, the situation is somewhat more complicated. For example, one person may have a high amount of AHH, which is known to convert many carcinogens—including benzopyrene, the major one in cigarette smoke—into their active forms; the same person might have a low amount of a second enzyme which inactivates the active carcinogen. Such a person would seem to be highly susceptible to a smoking-induced lung cancer. Another person might have the reverse situation—low levels of AHH and high levels of the deactivating enzyme—and he would seem virtually resistant to the same cancer.

Recent studies have shown that people differ considerably in their AHH activities. This can be measured by taking a small amount of blood from a person's vein, separating out the white blood cells and growing them for three days in an incubator, then measuring the amount of AHH in the cultured cells. The white-cell AHH level is thought to be an index of the level of AHH in the other body cells including the lungs, liver, and skin. Studies of persons with lung cancer indicate that they have, on the average, somewhat higher levels of AHH in their blood cells; these people would seem to be more susceptible to inhaled carcinogens such as those found in tobacco smoke and in the air of cities polluted by automobile exhausts and industrial effluents.

These preliminary findings in man, together with our growing knowledge of the mechanisms of carcinogenesis as elucidated in animal models, open the exciting possibility that tests can be developed to determine an individual's susceptibility to a wide variety of chemicals to which man is constantly being subjected. This information would contribute greatly to the prevention of human cancers, for it is estimated that about three-quarters of all cancers are now environmentally caused. In industry, for example, workers could be screened for susceptibility to the various chemicals in the workplace, and their jobs selected accordingly (what one scientist has called matching the genotype to the job). One can even imagine screening clinics for smokers, to help an individual know what degree of risk he runs.

Knowledge of the mechanisms of carcinogenesis also opens up the possibility of other approaches to cancer prevention. For example, some of the carcinogen-metabolizing enzymes can be reduced in amounts by certain chemicals, and a cancer-preventing drug is thus within the realm of possibility. However, we must move cautiously in this area, because most of these enzymes have multiple actions, some harmful, others beneficial, and we must not interfere with their balance without knowing exactly what we are doing. The problem is an enormously complex one, and I would not wish to leave the impression that solutions are just around the corner. To illustrate just part of the complexity, it is known that many of the carcinogens, when metabolized to the active form, can cause mutations in the genes, by damaging the cell DNA, which is the genetic material. Many of these damaging effects are quickly repaired by other enzymes in the cells, and some of these DNA-repair enzymes also vary from one person to another. We would want to be careful about doing anything that might alter the balance of these enzymes.

The goal is prevention of cancer. Cancer specialists have long recognized that this is the best approach to control of cancer. One often hears the question: "Do you think we'll come up with a cure for cancer soon?" There are many treatments available now, some of which are curative in some cases. But the more relevant question is "Do you think we'll come up with a prevention of cancer soon?" Understanding what causes cancer is the only route to prevention. We are taking the first few steps along that route.

—Charles R. Shaw

Dr. Shaw is professor of biology and chief of the medical genetics section at the University of Texas-M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute in Houston.

Living in a Sea of Carcinogens

In recent years, coincident with the environmental movement, the public has been made aware of chemical carcinogens and potential chemical carcinogens. These have been around, in many instances, for a long time and most people have not even known the term. Now, however, it seems as though we are surrounded by chemical carcinogens; new ones are being discovered daily—almost invariably in some new and objectionable synthetic item thrust into our lives for economic reasons benefiting only a small segment of our society. We overreact by seeking to remove even the minutest amount of these agents, so minute that we know of their existence only because of recent advances in analytical chemistry.

To those investigators long involved in studies in this field, there is good news and bad news here. It is, indeed, good news that at last a major avenue to the solution of the cancer problem has been accorded its proper status. It is bad news to overreact and to adopt a nihilistic attitude—negativism does not usually lead to imaginative research.

The knowledge that people will not give up smoking, although such a move would unquestionably control the lung-cancer epidemic and assist in lowering the incidence of other diseases, is disheartening to many of us. However, even this fact has its sunny aspect; we have been driven to scientific approaches to making "less hazardous cigarettes." The efforts of the National Cancer Institute's Tobacco Working Group will, we believe, lead the way to new approaches to the control of other carcinogenic chemicals.

For the moment it is largely true that we do not know how to set "tolerance levels" for carcinogens. Experimental data tell us that these may be very low indeed. However, in most other forms of toxicity we do not know how to do this with any greater accuracy, yet we settle for risk levels that are practical. In the instance of chemical carcinogens we are probably in the fortunate situation that a scientific approach will permit us to find methods that can either prevent the formation and/or occurrence of these compounds, or may enable us to design methods to counteract the activity of these compounds in the organisms.

While Dr. W. Lijinsky was at the Eppley Institute he discovered the frightening fact that the most nontoxic of antibiotics, tetracycline, could form one of the most potent carcinogens, dimethylnitrosamine, by interaction with nitrite in the acidity of the stomach. Nitrite is readily available from foodstuffs and even saliva. In repeating this study, another group at the institute discovered that this reaction—noted in a test tube—would not proceed when tetracycline in capsules from a pharmacy was substituted for the crystalline tetracycline used by Lijinsky. The reason for this, they discovered, was the presence of vitamin C used as an antioxidant in the pharmacy sample. Subsequent studies demonstrated that adding vitamin C to various drugs and products (e.g., preserved meats) could prevent the formation of nitrosamine carcinogens in the body—an important practical problem. This discovery does not solve all the problems, but it does point the way to an approach previously unconsidered.

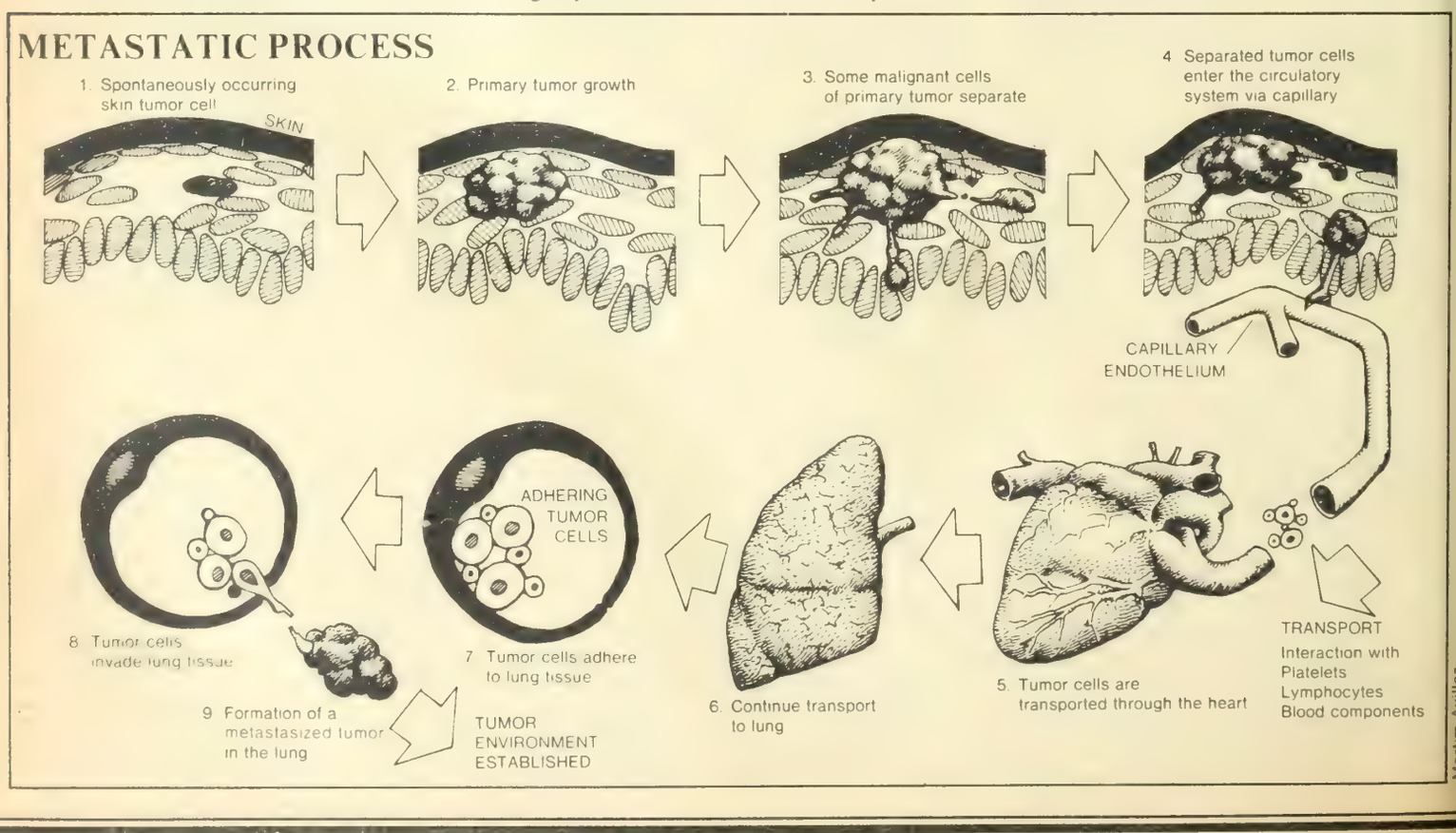
As one ascends the phylogenetic tree, the incidence of cancer also rises. Trees and crops may die of a kind of cancer but one that has trouble fulfilling the normal criteria of tumorization and metastasis. Actual tumors have been observed in tobacco plants, as well as in clams, frogs, numerous species of fish and birds. But cancer is primarily a mammalian disease. That is to say, dogs and cats die of it, too.

Similarly, some years ago with Lijinsky we discovered that charcoal broiling of meats resulted in the formation of large amounts of the carcinogen benzopyrene. The mechanism of formation of benzopyrene, in this instance, consists largely of fat dropping onto burning coals and returning in the smoke. In this instance a remedy is at hand; the smoke-oven version of this type of cooking eliminates a noxious agent.

The picture is not all hopeless. Everything is not going to turn out to be carcinogenic, and total removal will not be the only solution available to us.

—Philippe Shubik and Valerie Shubik

Philippe Shubik is director of the Eppley Institute for Research in Cancer at the University of Nebraska. Valerie Shubik teaches in the English Department of the University of Nebraska.



The Imprint of Past Mistakes

A curious characteristic of most human cancers is the long period of latency between exposure to the cancer-producing agent and first evidence of clinical disease. There are exceptions, but for many of these tumors the incubation period is twenty, thirty or more years. DuPont began its aniline dye production in 1915. The bladder cancers which resulted from exposure to the chemicals β-naphthylamine and benzidine were first diagnosed in 1931, and cases are still being seen. Asbestos workers join their trade at eighteen—and tend not to die of lung cancer or mesothelioma until they are fifty or sixty. The same quiet incubation period is probably responsible for the carefree initiation into cigarette smoking among adolescents; lung cancer at fifty or sixty is remote and barely to be considered. The vinyl chloride liver neoplasms we are now seeing had their roots in contact exposures in the 1940s and 1950s, and the difficulties of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are still with us. One could go on, with young women of seventeen to twenty suffering vaginal cancer from their mothers' use of DES during pregnancy, skin cancer in roofers forty years after they take up their work, and lung cancer striking only uranium miners of long experience.

This long latent period has been of interest, but of no great practical importance, until recently. Now, however, as we ferret out causes of cancer we simultaneously identify groups of people who have been exposed to these agents, some of them many years ago and some recently. We have unhappily learned that once a sufficient exposure has taken place, the exact level varying from agent to agent and, perhaps, from individual to individual, removal from further exposure does not necessarily erase the risk. One month in a shipyard in World War II can yield mesothelioma thirty or forty years later. Individuals once exposed to carcinogens become involuntary participants in high-risk groups.

There is, then, an important question on the scientific agenda. How can we intervene during the incubation period to break what would otherwise be inevitable progression from exposure to subsequent cancer? The matter is complicated by the fact that the initial cancer agent exposure is unlikely to be the only such exposure. As one goes through life in our increasingly complex environment, all sorts of things are met with, including other carcinogens in the work environment, diet, personal habits, air or water pollution. It may well be that the reason only some of the initial exposed group ultimately develop cancer is their varying later experience! Be that as it may, we all surely suffer sequential insults.

Recent observations suggest that these may not be only sequential but concurrent. It has been found that we may store in our tissues small amounts of known cancer-producing substances—benzopyrene, asbestos, vinyl chloride, polychlorinated biphenyls, and others. It is likely that we still know very little of the tissue burden we carry, because analytical studies have been meager and fragmentary. Further, there is little information on the potential multiple-factor interaction between low-level tissue residuals and other agents to which we may be exposed from time to time. The probabilities are that these effects can be quite subtle, but metabolically important, For example, polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) are known to be powerful inducers of enzymes in the liver. How might these affect a reaction when other carcinogenic chemicals are presented to the liver? We already know from epidemiological studies that an asbestos worker who smokes cigarettes runs eight times the risk of lung cancer of a smoker of the same age who does not work with asbestors, and ninety-two times the risk of men who neither smoke nor work with asbestos—what effects might a history of smoking have on a brief exposure to other carcinogens?

In our studies of plastics polymerization workers, we have found vinyl chloride in tissues of such workers at least as long as five years after they had left their jobs; current investigations have shown styrene, another probable carcinogen, to be present in their fat tissues as well. One must wryly note that we are now measuring PCB environmental contamination by analyzing the content of human tissues obtained at autopsy, and comparing the results with those obtained in previous years.

In addition to residual tissue content of carcinogenic agents, there is a further dimension to the problem. What cellular and tissue changes occur during ephemeral exposures even where there is no residuum? What is in the bladder mucosa of a worker once exposed to β-naphthylamine, or in the lung tissue of one who had been 1,000 meters from the Hiroshima epicenter? What tissue changes are there which lead to cancer decades later—and which might be altered?

Our mistakes in the past permitted many of us to be exposed to cancer agents. Our tissues bear the imprint of these mistakes. The markings are faint and difficult to decipher. Or does this only seem so, because we have hardly begun to look? If we can but identify the susceptible individuals in high-risk groups—those who will later develop cancer—perhaps we can undo the damage that has been done. Prevention of cancer should now take two directions: avoidance of exposure to carcinogens in the future and improved care of people in high-risk groups, to prevent otherwise inevitable disease.

—Irivng J. Selikoff

Dr. Selikoff is professor of medicine and community medicine at the Mt. Sinai School of Medicine in New York City, and director of the Environmental Sciences Laboratory at Mt. Sinai.

Burch and Burnet are numbered among a group of gerontologists (including this writer) who are searching for links between aging and the diseases which become increasingly prevalent as people grow older. There are several theories which link cancer with aging, including inherent changes in the hormonal environment or in the immune system. In general the view of this group of gerontologists is that the cells of the body are genetically programmed to self-destruct by a mechanism which gives rise to mutations similar to those produced by some environmental pollutants, and that this process becomes more prevalent and intense with advancing age. If one considers the possibility that at some point in life these two phenomena (one intrinsic and the other environmental) merge, then the problem of assessing environmental impact becomes much more complex. And if one accepts this thesis, the environmental pollutants may be considered an accelerator of aging, cancer, arteriosclerosis, et cetera, rather than a direct cause.

—Herman T. Blumenthal, M.D., Ph.D., Washington University, from a paper in preparation, 1976

Salem County, New Jersey, where 25 percent of the males work in chemical plants, has the highest rate of bladder cancer in the nation.

People who breathe the air of industrial cities such as St. Louis, Missouri; Richmond, Virginia; and Altoona, Pennsylvania; are exposed to the carcinogen benzopyrene in amounts equivalent to the smoking of five or six cigarettes a day.

A Theory of Combination

In the search for the cause, or causes, of cancer there has been a tendency to hunt for *the* virus, or *the* chemical or environmental condition as a single source. It appears much more likely that *both* an environmental stimulus and an oncogenic virus existing in the animal are required to trigger the disease.

For example, a cell damaged by tobacco smoke would normally repair that damage with its own repair mechanism. If in the course of the repair process a piece of viral information present in the cell was integrated and expressed, the immune system of a healthy animal would usually eliminate that cell as it eliminates other foreign bodies. If, however, many cells are damaged (by smoke, radiation, et cetera), the chance for the viral particles (which continually exist in all animals) to enter the genetic material of a cell and successfully avoid the immune mechanism is increased. If a transformed cell is successful, it will continue to reproduce itself without restraint, and cancer will exist.

The genetic information, which defines a cell's character, is contained in the DNA molecules of its chromosomes. These molecules are very long strands composed of four different kinds of units hooked together, as in a chain of links. It is the linear order of these four kinds of units which contains all the instructions for the construction and behavior of all cells. These linear arrays actually exist as paired strands in which each of these four different units on one strand is paired with a specific unit of the second strand.

It has been found that when a cancer-producing virus transforms a cell at least part of the linear array of information of the virus has been incorporated into the chromosomal linear array of the cell, and it is presumed that it is this new piece of viral information which changes the cell and its behavior and thus gives rise to its tumor-producing qualities.

An additional characteristic of cellular behavior must be introduced at this point. In general, in order to maintain the characteristics and integrity of a cell there exist cellular catalysts (enzymes) which behave as regulatory policemen. These policemen examine the structure of the DNA of the cell to determine whether it is normal or whether it contains recognizable defects. There are many varieties of recognizable mistakes: e.g., a linear array that has been broken, rearranged, or otherwise disturbed. The enzyme policemen set about to correct the mistake, in any of a wide variety of ways which are only just beginning to be understood. In general, these corrections require the removal of the mistake and its replacement with the corrected information.

How can environmental factors change the nature of the cell and its behavior? How can chemicals, or ionizing radioactivity or ultraviolet radiation, or the presumed mechanical effects of a substance such as asbestos introduce new oncogenic information into the chromosome? One chemical whose carcinogenic qualities have been known for more than 100 years but the mechanism of whose action is only recently beginning to be understood is benzopyrene. First observed as a component of chimney soot, it has been found as a product of all organic combustion—of coal, petroleum, tobacco, et cetera. The molecule itself is large and flat, resembling very much in shape and size a component in the structure of DNA. We now believe that the molecule (and others of similar chemical structure) plays its carcinogenic role at least in part because of this shape factor which allows it to find its way between linear arrays of molecules in the chromosome.

Its particular structure also allows the molecule to pass through a stage of high chemical reactivity when acted upon by the normal metabolic apparatus of the cell. If this happens at about the time the molecule inserts itself into the linear array, it can react with one of the structural units of the chromosome and thus seriously distort the double strand. This distortion will be recognized by the roving repair enzymes and attempts will be made to correct it. Most of the time it will be corrected. If, however, there is present in the cell any substantial amount of oncogenic information, such as might have been introduced by a viral infection transmitted from person to person, or residually from parent to child at conception, then there exists a certain probability that in the effort to correct the mistake some of this oncogenic information will be inserted into the chromosome. The oncogenic virus may have always been resident in the cell, but its genetic information was never expressed. Now it may become expressible and thus lead to the transformation of the cell. A similar sequence of events can be visualized for radiation damage and for mechanical disturbances of the genetic molecules.

There are some strains of mice and rats which respond every time to a chemical carcinogen and others which do not respond unless infected with an oncogenic virus. In an experiment with cells in tissue culture, if 1 million cells are treated with the chemical carcinogen only, no individual cells will be transformed into the tumor-producing cells. On the other hand, if these same 1 million cells are first infected with a cancer-producing virus, approximately seventeen of the cells will be transformed. If the cells are first treated with the chemical and then with the virus within a suitable period of time, as many as 500 cells will be transformed in the same time span, thus indicating that the chemical increases the probability of integration and expression of the tumor-producing information present in the virus.

It would seem, therefore, that most of the physical and chemical environmental carcinogens do not themselves contain the cancer-producing information but, rather, trigger the expression of this cancer-producing information which is already present in the cell from some other source.

Because of the universal distribution of these environmental carcinogens (naturally occurring chemicals and radiation, as well as man-made substances) and the unknown but undoubtedly widespread distribution of oncogenic viruses or their equivalent (in human populations, and in animal populations which now appear to be capable of infecting humans), it would seem a rather hopeless task to try to eliminate all these agents simultaneously from our environment.

Rather, it would seem that the approach more likely to succeed would be to discover what materials and processes these cancer-producing genes create and induce. Having done this, we may then have the possibility of controlling (inhibiting) the effects of these products and processes. This in turn would generate a more rational treatment for the relatively limited number of people in whom cancer appears, instead of trying to treat the entire population prophylactically.

—Melvin Calvin

Dr. Calvin is University Professor of chemistry at the University of California, Berkeley, and director of the Laboratory of Chemical Biodynamics. In 1961 he received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry.

Cancer Death Rate

Per 100,000 Population, All Sites

Country	Male	Female
United States	156	107
Canada	153	108
Mexico	73	55
England	186	119
West Germany	176	123
Italy	167	101
Portugal	121	86
Greece	121	73
Hong Kong	167	96
Japan	140	91
Philippines	43	38
Thailand	25	17
Israel	127	120
Egypt	42	21

II. The State of Cancer Medicine

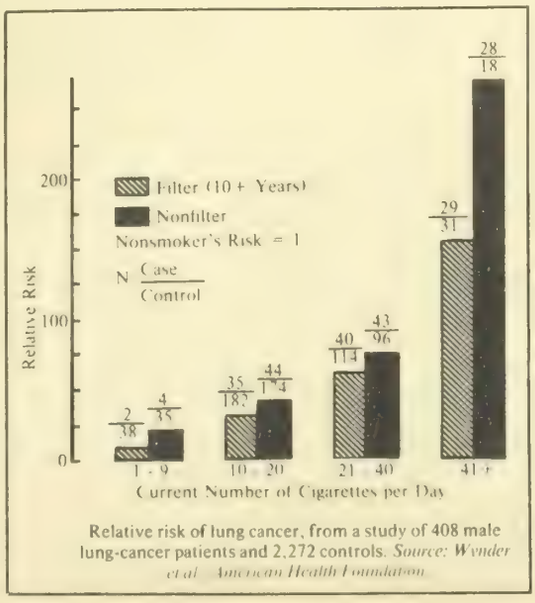
Chemotherapy: 50 Ways to Quell a Tumor

Despite the reservations expressed by several basic scientists over the years as to the potential of drug treatment of cancer—based mainly on the argument that "unless we really know what makes a cancer cell cancerous and how it differs from a normal cell, the cure of cancer won't be possible"—steady and impressive advances have been made over the past thirty years in the field known as chemotherapy. The road has not always been smooth; many promising drugs have had to be abandoned because of severe side effects, and other drugs with outstanding effectiveness against animal tumors (so-called screens) have not proved useful in the treatment of human cancer. Yet there is a growing list of drugs, now numbering fifty, that are *clinically* useful in the treatment of cancer; that is, they are capable of improving the life of the cancer patient. Thirty-six of these are now commercially available.

Only one in three patients who develop cancer is cured with present therapy. Although these figures are grim, twenty years ago only one in five patients was saved.* If we could get every individual to see a doctor as soon as one of the American Cancer Society's "seven warning signs" is evident, one in two patients might be cured by surgery and radiation therapy. These treatments would fail in the other 50 percent because certain cancers shed cells into the circulation that survive and set up new growth elsewhere—a process called metastasis. When this occurs, surgery and radiation therapy are rarely curative, especially if metastases develop in vital organs, such as the liver or lungs. Unlike surgery or radiotherapy, which focus on the exact location of the tumor, anticancer drugs may permeate the body and destroy cancer cells that may not be detectable.

Cancer drugs do not all act in the same way. There are different classes of drugs, and they vary in their specificity and toxicity. Most of the alkylating agents (drugs of the nitrogen mustard type) and the antimetabolites (such as aminopterin, amethopterin, and the folic acid antagonists) are not entirely specific to cancer cells. They attack certain normal tissues as well. These drugs will bind to any cells that are replicating rapidly—a characteristic of cancer cells but true also of cells in the bone marrow, the gastrointestinal tract, and hair follicles. Therefore, common side effects of these drugs are transient nausea and vomiting, lowering of the blood count, and temporary hair loss. Other drugs, more sensitive to biochemical differences between normal and cancer cells, kill only the cancer cells, e.g., hormones, vincristine (a drug developed from the periwinkle plant), and the enzyme L-asparaginase. The latter drug is of special interest in that it exploits the finding that leukemia cells, unlike normal cells, require the amino acid asparagine for growth. The enzyme L-asparaginase acts by depleting body pools of this amino acid, thus starving the leukemia cells while sparing normal cells.

Very few cancers respond well to treatment with one drug alone. Hertz and Li demonstrated in the late 1950s that choriocarcinoma, a highly malignant and rapidly fatal tumor of the placenta, could be eradicated in most patients by methotrexate, a folic acid antagonist. Almost all patients achieving a "complete remission" (loss of all tumor trace) have remained disease-free, and many have subsequently borne normal children. Another rapidly progressive and highly malignant tumor, the Burkitt lymphoma (named after the English epidemiologist Dennis Burkitt, who first described it), is also cured in a high percentage of cases by treatment with a single drug, cyclophosphamide, a nitrogen mustard derivative. This peculiar tumor, which often begins as a swelling in the jaw, is found commonly in Central Africa and New Guinea, and rarely in other countries.



Relative risk of lung cancer, from a study of 408 male lung-cancer patients and 2,272 controls. *Source: Wynder et al., American Health Foundation.*

Except for these two cancers, however, long-term control of other cancers cannot usually be obtained by single-agent therapy. Either the drugs are insufficient, or the tumor cells develop a resistance to them. When chemotherapy is indicated, multiple-drug treatment is usually employed.

An example of an effective drug combination is the four-drug regimen used to treat advanced Hodgkin's disease. This regimen, known as MOPP, an acronym for *M*ustargen (nitrogen mustard), *O*ncovin (vincristine), *P*rednisone (a hormone), and *P*rocarbazine, was first used at the National Cancer Institute ten years ago. Seventy to 80 percent of patients with advanced Hodgkin's disease respond to it with complete disappearance of disease, and more than half of these patients continue to remain disease-free. Effective drug combinations have been developed for other cancers, notably, testicular cancer, non-Hodgkin's lymphomas, and acute lymphocytic leukemia. (By effective, I mean that long-term remissions and some cures have been obtained.)

More and more, single- and multiple-drug treatments are being used in conjunction with surgery and/or X-ray therapy. This is the "combined modality" approach that is much written about these days. Following surgery or X-ray therapy to remove the bulk of a tumor, drug therapy is used to eradicate any residual tumor, or micrometastasis, which may be present. Like surgery and X-ray therapy, drugs are most effective when the tumor cell burden is small. The combination approach has been very successful in treating several childhood solid tumors, in particular Wilm's tumor (a kidney tumor), Ewing's sarcoma (a bone tumor), and embryonal rabdomyosarcoma (a primitive muscle cell tumor). Chemotherapy following surgery and X-ray therapy in patients *without* known tumor (but with the high probability of having microscopic or undetectable metastasis and thus a high probability of cancer recurrence) is known as "adjunctive therapy." Patients with a high risk of recurrence of respiratory tract cancer and gastrointestinal cancer may profit from adjunctive therapy in the near future. In the past three years exciting preliminary results have also been reported in osteogenic sarcoma and in breast cancer, and there is hope that a substantial number of these patients will be cured.

Current research in chemotherapy is

*The generally agreed-upon definition of "cure" is survival for five years after diagnosis.—Ed.

focused on finding additional drugs to test some of the more resistant tumors (lung, gastrointestinal tract), to find better drug combinations (the possible number of combinations is almost infinite), to develop drugs with less toxicity to the patient, and to learn to antidote the drug toxicities produced. It seems unlikely that a new drug or combination of drugs will ever be developed that will cure all cancers. In view of the 100 or more varieties of known human malignancies and our knowledge that these vary in their structure and biochemistry, it may well be that individual programs for each type and stage of cancer will have to be worked on.

So often in drug research, effective agents are developed long before their action, or even the mechanism of the disease process, is understood. This is no less true in cancer. Although chemotherapy research is intimately connected with cell behavior at the molecular level, we do not fully understand the biochemical nature of the cell. As we make improvements in drug design, our understanding increases. To quote my old friend Dr. George Hitchings, a scientist responsible for several anticancer drugs, "the potential rewards of such understanding are enormous, for application of the drug, the discovery of more selective agents, and for fundamental knowledge." **—Joseph R. Bertino**

Dr. Bertino is American Cancer Society Professor of medicine and pharmacology at Yale University School of Medicine.

The Most Common Cancers

Site	New Cases 1976 (est.)	Deaths 1976 (est.)	Change in Incidence Over Past 25 Years	5-Year Survival Rate* (All Stages)	5-Year Survival Rate* Localized**
Stomach	23,000	14,000	−62%	13%	41%
	Mortality rate has declined 40 percent over the past twenty-five years, for reasons unknown. High-risk groups: native Japanese; persons with close relatives who have had the disease; frequent consumers of smoked fish or meat, pickled vegetables, dried salted fish; some association with type A blood group. Symptoms: chronic indigestion.				
Colon-rectum	99,000	46,000	−3%	44%	71%
	Occurs more frequently in urban and developed countries. Suspected dietary influence. High risk groups: persons having ulcerative colitis for more than ten years, or with close relative having such genetically influenced conditions as familial polyposis. For earliest possible detection, digital exam and proctoscopy should be included in routine checkups, especially with persons over forty. Symptoms: change in bowel habits, rectal bleeding.				
Pancreas	22,000	20,000	+22%	1%	5%
	Seen most often in men fifty-five and older, particularly in blacks. High-risk groups: cigarette smokers; diabetics, especially women; professional chemists and chemical workers; persons with close relatives who have had pancreatitis. Is extremely difficult to cure because symptoms are not manifest until disease has already metastasized. Symptoms: pain in abdomen and back, weight loss, some jaundice.				
Lung	93,000	84,000	+129%	9%	33%
	Leading cause of cancer deaths among men; sharply rising mortality rate in women. Possibly 80 percent of lung cancer would be prevented if cigarette smoking were stopped. (Smokers also run a higher risk of getting cancer of the larynx, oral cavity, bladder, and pancreas.) Early detection: chest X ray, sputum exam, especially for men over forty-five who smoke. Symptoms: persistent cough, lingering respiratory discomfort.				
Breast, female	88,000	33,000	+4%	64%	84%
	Leading cause of cancer deaths in women. High-risk groups: women over age thirty-five, especially whites; women who have never had a child or who bore first child after age thirty; women with a mother, sister, or aunt who has had the disease; women with early menarche and/or late menopause. Cancer in one breast increases risk for other breast. Best detection: regular self-examination, annual checkup. Symptoms: lump or thickening in breast.				
Uterus	47,000***	11,000	−37%	64%	81%
	Mortality rate has declined 65 percent during the past forty years probably because of wider use of Pap test. Possibly associated with early and/or frequent sexual activity. High risk: women who had first child at an early age; seen more frequently in American blacks. Effect of birth-control devices is unknown. Early detection: postmenopausal women with abnormal bleeding should get exam; every woman should have an annual pelvic exam with Pap test. Symptoms: unusual bleeding or discharge.				
Ovary	17,000	11,000	−10%	32%	76%
	Mortality rate is down slightly over the past twenty-five years. Most common between ages 65-69; infrequent under 35. High-risk groups: women with close relatives who have had the disease. Symptoms: irregular menses.				
Prostate	56,000	19,000	+23%	56%	68%
	Rare in men under fifty; uncommon in Orientals, Indians, Mexicans, and Filipinos. Familial risk. For early detection, checkup should include urinalysis and palpation. Symptoms: urinary difficulty, bleeding, discharge.				
Bladder	30,000	10,000	+7%	61%	72%
	Over the past twenty-five years, incidence rate has increased 21 percent for men and decreased 26 percent for women. Strong association with industrial carcinogens. High risk groups: industrial chemical workers; cigarette smokers. Early diagnosis is by means of urinalysis. Symptoms: urinary difficulty, bleeding.				

* Adjusted for normal life expectancy.
** Localized refers to cancers caught before metastasis occurs.
*** Does not include carcinomas in situ (cervical cancer), which would add 40,000 cases to the figure.
Numerical data based on figures published by the American Cancer Society. Leukemias (21,000 new cases) and lymphomas (30,000) omitted.

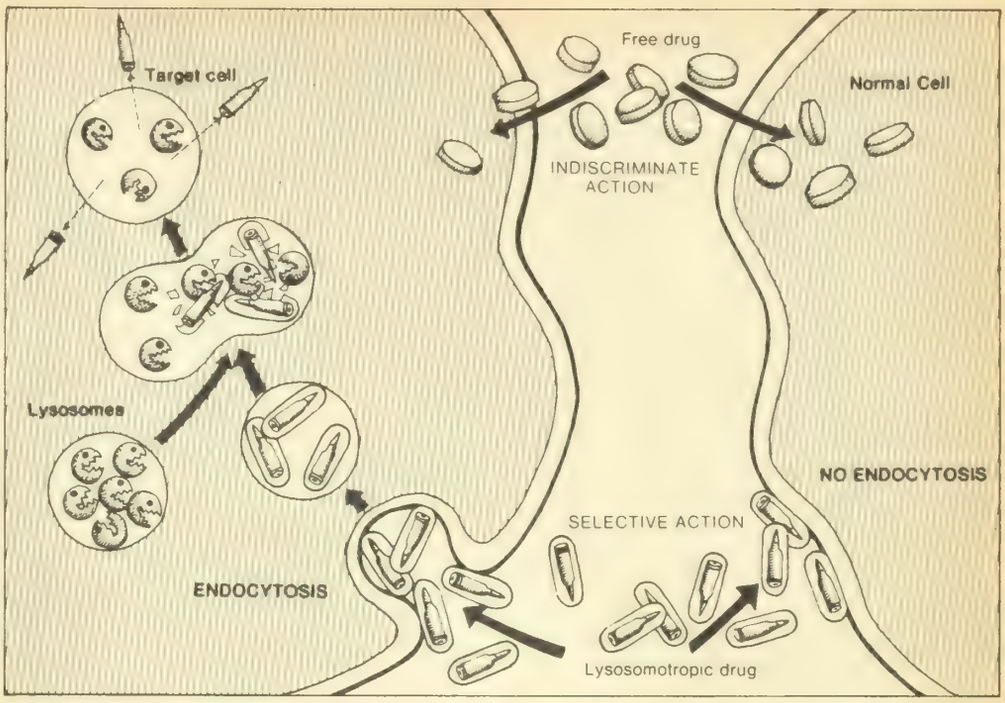
Chemotherapy II: In Search of a "Magic Bullet"

The aim of chemotherapy is to kill cancer cells by means of drugs. This in itself is not difficult to achieve. There is no lack of substances, both natural and artificial, capable of killing cells. The problem, of course, is to kill the cancer cells without killing the patient.

This is currently done with a measure of success by the use of antimitotic drugs, which block one of the steps needed for cell mitosis, or cell division. Such therapy addresses itself to the main harmful property of cancer cells—their unbridled multiplication—and leaves relatively undamaged the majority of normal cells, which either do not multiply or multiply very slowly. Some cell types do, however, share the rapid division rate of cancer cells and therefore also their sensitivity to antimitotic drugs. These are the stem cells, which give rise to blood cells in the bone marrow, and to epithelial cells in the skin and mucosae. In addition, many antimitotic drugs also exert some toxic effect on nondividing cells. The drug vincristine is damaging to nervous tissue; daunorubicin and adriamycin affect the heart. Were it not for these undesirable effects on normal cells, chemotherapy would be the ideal treatment, superior to the surgeon's knife and the radiologist's X rays because drugs, traveling through the bloodstream, can reach all cancer cells in the body.

Theoretically, chemotherapy would be harmless, and the number of usable drugs increased considerably, if some way could be found to send the drugs selectively to their target cells. Every investigator in the field has at one time or another dreamed of discovering this "magic bullet," and as yet no one has succeeded. With my colleague, André Trouet, and others at the International Institute of Cellular and Molecular Pathology in Brussels, I have begun to explore a new approach to the magic bullet which looks quite promising.

What we have done is attach a chemotherapeutic drug to a "carrier" molecule to form a stable complex that will not permeate cell walls. (We speak of this complex as being pharmacologically "inert.") It can enter a cell only by endocytosis, a process in which a cell takes in macromolecules and larger particles by engulfing them. Material "eaten" in this manner is channeled toward tiny intracellular "stomachs" called lysosomes, where it is digested. Our drug-carrier complexes are designed so that the drug is released from its carrier by lysosomal digestion and thus becomes free to act on (in this case, kill) the cell.



Martim Avillez

This kind of "lysosomotropic" therapy depends on our making the drug-carrier complex selective for cancer cells. And that can be achieved within any of three parameters: accessibility of the complex to cells, endocytic uptake (engulfing) of the complex by cells, or lysosomal digestion of the complex within cells.

Of these three, the second offers the most promise of drug selectivity. We know that different cell types differ greatly in their "feeding habits"; some are "greedier" than others. More important, some cells have the ability to take in specific substances from the nutrient environment thanks to the presence of appropriate binding sites (endocytic receptors) on the cells' peripheral membranes. These receptors vary from one cell type to another. Cancer cells tend to be greedy cells and are therefore likely to take in more "poisoned food" than many normal cells. What we still need to find out is whether there is an endocytic receptor on the surface of a cancer cell that does not exist—or exists in lesser amounts—on the surface of a normal cell. If so, we can poison cells very selectively by using a carrier for the drug-carrier complex that binds to that receptor and no other.

The third parameter, lysosomal digestion, is essential to releasing the drug from the complex, but is not likely to provide a basis for selectivity. This would require that lysosomes in cancer cells contain digestive enzymes that are absent or scarce in lysosomes of normal cells. So far, there is no evidence that this is so.

As for the first parameter, accessibility of the drug to the cell, we may have a two-edged sword here. Drug-carrier complexes that cannot permeate across membranes of normal cells may also be unable to permeate across the endothelial barriers that separate most cells from the circulating blood. Cells thus shielded from the drug would escape its effects. This would be fine if the protected cells were normal, but unfortunate if they were tumor cells.

To date, lysosomotropic therapy has been applied only in a rather crude form, with DNA serving as the carrier for such drugs as daunorubicin, adriamycin, and ethidium bromide, all of which bind tightly to DNA and can be released from the resulting complex by the action of a certain lysosomal enzyme (acid DNase). In experimental animal systems, these complexes have proved less toxic and more effective than the corresponding free drugs. The first two have been under clinical trial (i.e., in human patients) for three years in several Belgian and other European research centers. The results are very encouraging and prompt us to continue our search for more specific lysosomotropic complexes. Meanwhile, we are applying the same principle to the chemotherapy of parasitic diseases, designing a drug-carrier complex that will be picked up only by the invading organism. Preliminary experiments on mice infected with Chagas disease (a contagious disease of tropical America) have yielded rather dramatic results using a lysosomotropic form of ethidium bromide, again with DNA as carrier, as in our work on cancer.

—Christian de Duve

Dr. de Duve is president of the International Institute of Cellular and Molecular Pathology in Brussels, a permanent faculty member of Rockefeller University in New York City, and one of the recipients of the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine for 1974.

Immunotherapy: An Explanation

The concept of immunotherapy is to give the patient some treatment, be it a vaccine or a stimulating material, which will boost the patient's ability to make antibodies or send killer lymphocytes against the cancer cells. After the surgeon or radiotherapist has removed the bulk of the tumor, immunotherapy can be given, in addition to chemotherapy or alone, especially in those cancers that are particularly resistant to chemotherapy. Ideally the immune response will be sufficiently boosted to kill tumor cells, wherever they may be in the body.

What kinds of substances are being used?

The most commonly used and most interesting is BCG, a bovine bacterial vaccine that was used against TB for many years. It stimulates what is called a cell-medicated attack against tumor cells. Another vaccine being used is Corynebacterium parvum, or C. parvum. And a new, potentially more interesting, material is MER, a methanol-extracted residue of BCG first made in Israel. It's under extensive trial right now and has the advantage of not being a live bacterial vaccine. BCG is made of living organisms. C. parvum is a vaccine of dead organisms. MER, being a material extracted from the organisms, is more like an actual drug. There is also transfer factor, which represents an attempt to transfer tumor immunity from one person to another. After the donor's blood has been shown to kill tumor cells in culture, it is removed and the white blood cells are collected, then dialyzed, then transfer factor is collected from the dialysate and injected into the recipient who lacks tumor immunity. It's a bit like magic to me. . . .

There is a theory in immunology that says we may be forming cancer cells all the time but that most of us have the ability to destroy them before they get out of control and form a tumor. It's the cancer patient who has some defect, who can't destroy the cancer when it starts to grow, and so it grows out of control. It's one theory out of many, and at this point it's as good as any other.

—From an interview with Dr. Stephen K. Carter, deputy director of the Division of Cancer Treatment, National Cancer Institute, February 24, 1976

In a survey of 115 cancer patients, the average cost of illness was $21,718. Three patients spent under $5,000 and three spent over $50,000.

A Prognosis

The hope that immunological approaches may succeed where chemotherapy has failed in dealing with metastatic cancer is based on the belief that immunotherapy may be much more specific than chemotherapy, i.e., that its action on normal cells would be much lower. Such optimism is not new, and empirical attempts at immunotherapy have been made for nearly a century.

As evidence that most human cancers differ sufficiently from the normal tissues of the body to be recognized as foreign by the immune system, we have only the following clinical observations:

- The rare, although unquestionably real, instances in which tumors regress spontaneously.*
- The complete regression of some massive tumors, notably in choriocarcinoma (cancer of the placenta) and Burkitt's lymphoma, following chemotherapy. Since it is unlikely that the amount of drug administered was adequate to kill every tumor cell, it is plausible to assume that these patients have an intrinsic resistance to the disease, normally ineffective of itself but decisive in concert with chemotherapy.
- The interrupted growth of some tumors, as in certain malignant nodules which remain static for long periods, and in the simultaneous appearance and disappearance of melanoma deposits in the skin, a frequent occurrence.
- In experimental animals, data accumulated over the past fifteen years establishing without doubt that a tumor-bearing host responds to a specific tumor "antigen" by producing antibodies and white blood cells; moreover, that the investigator can augment these immune responses in various ways.

In man, experiments to detect tumor-responsive antibodies and white blood cells are technically difficult, and are frequently hard to interpret because the immune system may be responding to an infection or some other foreign presence. In experiments with animals which have been intensely immuno-suppressed, to the point where they can accept foreign grafts, and then exposed to chemical carcinogens, the incidence of tumors and the latent period required for their appearance differ only minimally from the patterns in a control group. (This would appear to conflict with the finding in man that the incidence of certain cancers is greater in recipients of kidney transplants, who are immuno-suppressed by drugs so as not to reject the graft. However, the pattern of malignant disease in kidney patients is unusual, and is not directly related to their immuno-suppressed state.) On the other hand, once tumors have arisen in experimental animals, it has been shown that the immune system does influence the growth pattern. Transplanted tumors which would not normally metastasize do so when they are grown in an immuno-suppressed host.

These findings only highlight the complexity of the interplay between immunity and tumor growth. The demonstration in experimental animals that immunological procedures can slow the growth of tumors has led to a resurgence of interest in immunotherapy as a treatment for human cancers. As yet, there is no clear evidence that immunotherapy is the treatment of choice for any solid tumor. Preliminary studies have frequently indicated promise, but when these were properly assessed in clinical trials no proven benefit has been demonstrated. Immunotherapy has been shown to prolong life in some malignant diseases, notably acute myelogenous leukemia, but even here it is not obvious that the form of treatment that includes immunotherapy is superior to the best form of chemotherapy.

Further progress may come when there is a better understanding of why tumor cells escape immune destruction by the host. We have a paradoxical situation in that there are cells and antibodies present in the body which will selectively kill tumor cells grown in the test tube, yet, in the body itself, the disease will progress relentlessly. Most types of immunotherapy seek to increase the magnitude of the host's immune reaction to a tumor, but what works in the laboratory may be frustrated in the body.

In the light of current knowledge, I do not share the enthusiasm of some that immunotherapy is likely to have a major impact on the control of cancer in the near future. It may be that immunotherapy will in time be shown to make a useful contribution in combined treatments for some tumors, but even this limited objective has not yet been reached. On the other hand, the study of tumor immunity is not irrelevant. A better understanding of the nature of immunologic defenses and mechanisms may, in fact, allow us to deploy existing modalities of treatment to better effect.

—Peter Alexander

Dr. Alexander is head of the Division of Tumour Immunology of the Chester Beatty Research Institute in London, and a professor at London University.

* The world's medical literature is said to contain about 500 cases of spontaneous tumor regression, i.e., complete disappearance of disease without treatment. —*Ed.*

Among the nations of the world, Scotland has the highest cancer death rate for males, Denmark the highest for females.

Radiation Therapy: The Left Hand of Surgery

One may consider the treatment of ncer in two parts: the treatment of the cal, primary tumor, and the treatment distant metastases. Other articles in is section have considered the use of stemic chemotherapy and immuno- erapy in destroying microscopic distant read. As these strategies become more fective, cure of the primary tumor by rgery or radiation becomes all the ore important.

Although X rays were discovered by Vilhelm Roentgen in 1895 and were sed for the treatment of patients with ncer by the turn of the century, they d not assume a prominent role in ncer management until the late 1950s, hen supervoltage radiation became idely available in the United States. he deeply penetrating high-energy diation produced by cobalt units, linear celerators, and betatrons is sufficiently owerful to destroy deep-seated tumors ithout damaging the overlying skin.

Radiation destroys the proliferative apacity of cells. The task in radiation erapy is to destroy masses of such tu- or cells without excessively damaging e surrounding tissues, to preserve rgan function and appearance while uring the cancer. Early tumors of the rynx are now highly curable without e loss of the voice. A variety of tumors f the head, neck, and skin can be cured ithout disfigurement. Excellent results re being seen in tumors of the uterine ervix, prostate, certain tumors of the stes, and, perhaps most dramatically, Hodgkin's disease, previously thought be a universally fatal illness. These are ut examples of a variety of tumors hich can now be cured in high propor- ons by radiation without loss of func- on or disfigurement.

There are a variety of other tumors in hich radiation plays a significant role ombined with other treatment meth- ds. Perhaps the best example is the ombined use of radiation with surgery and chemotherapy in many of the childhood tumors which are now being eradicated. Clinical studies in breast cancer suggest that the cancer can be treated locally by radiation while chemotherapy is used to destroy distant metastases, thus bypassing the need for mastectomy. This should result in more cures of breast cancer without the loss of the breast or chest muscles.

Radiation therapy is not applicable for all tumors, however, and in those for which it is, it occasionally fails. In certain instances the location of the tumor is not adequately appreciated and the cancer extends outside the area being irradiated. This problem should be minimized in the future, because great advances are being made in diagnostic X-ray devices and the use of ultrasound to delineate more accurately the location of the tumors. (Ultrasound is a kind of sonar for seeing through solids.) Specific drugs have also been found which sensitize tumors to radiation more than they do normal tissues. These agents are now being studied, both in animals and man, with preliminary results indicating marked increase in tumor sensitivity. New forms of radiation, such as neutrons and pi mesons, offer the advantage of destroying tumor cells which are resistant to X rays, thus increasing the range of radiation therapy's applications.

A further limitation in the efficacy of radiation therapy arises when a tumor and a vital organ are in contiguity, causing the radiation dose to be determined not by the level necessary to cure the tumor but by the tolerance level of this normal structure. New and complicated applications of radiation, using both computer control and forms of radiation which deposit most of their energy in limited areas, will allow greater concentration of the radiation to the tumor. Such methods are just becoming available for investigation. Another technique, available for a long period of time but now enjoying a renaissance, is the use of radioactive materials directly implanted into the tumor. Finally, it is frequently possible to employ surgery and radiation therapy in concert. Either before or after the radiation is administered, a small amount of tumor can be removed by conservative surgery, which does not cause functional loss or cosmetic damage.

Radiation has shown itself to be highly effective in achieving local control in a great variety of primary tumors. In combination with other treatments, it gives hope for improved cancer cure with the maximum preservation of normal tissues.

—Samuel Hellman

Dr. Hellman is Alvan T. and Viola D. Fuller-American Cancer Society Professor and chairman of the Department of Radiation Therapy at Harvard Medical School.

hange in bowel or bladder habits
sore that does not heal
nusual bleeding or discharge
hickening or lump in breast or elsewhere
ndigestion or difficulty in swallowing
bvious change in wart or mole
lagging cough or hoarseness

—The American Cancer Society's "Seven Warning Signals"

"(The doctor) must adjust his behavior to suit the temperament of the patient he is getting to know: be masterly with the indecisive and paranoid, communicative with the obsessed."

—Clinical Oncology, 1973

It has long been accepted that radiation can cause cancer. Thus there is some debate about how often a woman should have a mammography (breast X ray) as a method of detecting breast cancer. Radiation dosage is measured in rads. An article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* (February 12, 1976) estimates that approximately six radiation-induced tumors are produced per million women exposed to 1.0 rads per breast per year. The average exposure in low-dose film mammography, according to the article, is 1.5 to 2.5 rads per breast. However, in a survey conducted in Pennsylvania, dosages in that state's radiological facilities varied from a low of 0.25 rads to a high of 47.0 rads per breast per examination. Dosage, it turns out, is dependent on the skill of the radiologist and the sophistication of his equipment. Meanwhile, conventional wisdom holds that a woman should not receive a cumulative dose over her lifetime of more than 100 rads per breast. The article in the *NEJM* concluded, "The annual incidence of breast cancer in women under 35 years of age is less than two per 100,000. . . . The radiation danger of the examination for young women who are not at risk far outweighs the likelihood of the detection of a cancerous growth." For young women who are at risk by virtue of a family history of breast cancer, previous appearance of symptoms, previous exposure to radiation, or a first pregnancy occurring after age thirty, however, the benefits of a mammography would outweigh the dangers.

Thermography, a new technique that does not employ radiation, can detect breast cancer by measuring the infrared energy emanating from body surfaces. Says the article in *NEJM*, "Since approximately 45 to 70 percent of breast cancers cause an abnormal heat pattern on the skin surface, this technic is an effective adjunctive screening method for malignant lesions." It is "adjunctive" rather than primary because some noncancerous disorders also cause elevated temperatures over the breast. A positive thermogram merely indicates that further examination is necessary. *—Ed.*

Mortality rates are higher in urban than rural populations for twenty-seven of the thirty-two most common cancers in the U.S.

III. Cancer as a Mirror In Which We See Ourselves*

TWO VIEWS OF QUACKERY

The Market in Nostrums

On July 6, 1789, Dr. Benjamin Rush, physician of Philadelphia and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was consulted about George Washington's mother, who at age eighty-two was suffering from cancer of the breast. He advised against the use of Dr. Martin's powder, a supposed Indian vegetable cancer remedy that he knew contained arsenic. Rush emphatically repeated this advice in 1811 to his friend, John Adams, who asked about a movable lump in the breast of his daughter. "Let there be no delay in flying to the knife," urged Rush.

At the Bicentennial, the likes of Dr. Martin and his powder are still with us. This is because no disease lacking effective therapy, such as cancer, escapes folk and quack remedies. Some of these proposed remedies are well-intentioned responses to ignorance. Others are greedy exploitations of the helpless.

In cancer, therapies beyond the pale fall into two classes. The first involves local treatment of superficial lesions, purported to be cancer, by pastes and similar concoctions. The second encompasses potions and nostrums for the prevention and treatment of cancer, and ranges from diets and "health foods" to poisonous mixtures and nonsensical devices.

Escharotics, usually arsenic and other metal salts, disguised in secret plant pastes, have been used for external skin cancers since antiquity. Until the advent of anesthesia and antiseptic surgery in the nineteenth century, they probably were as effective or ineffective as the knife and the cautery.

In the field of general nostrums for cancer, the United States has been the home of many spectacular charlatans. The American Medical Association and the American Cancer Society provide informational services on unaccepted cancer remedies, and the Food and Drug Administration is responsible for protecting the public against their exploitation. But proponents exist, calling the nostrums "denied and suppressed remedies," and insisting with religious fervor that conventional medicine is engaged in a conspiracy against their use.

Earlier in this century, Koch's Synthetic Antitoxins and Glover's Anticancer Serum were particular nuisances, vying in the marketplace with Abrams's electric "Dynamizer" for the mechanically minded. Gerson's diet to adjust the internal balances in cancer was prominent during the 1950s. This was also the time of Reich's black box that supposedly accumulated a life force he called orgone.

More recently, there was Krebiozen, which was either essence of horseburger or pure mineral oil. It was introduced by a pair of enterprising Yugoslav brothers from Argentina, who are now enjoying the proceeds in Europe. Krebiozen was finally ruled fraudulent by complicated court action that did not satisfy its proponents. Several books and ruined careers of scientists who should have known better were left in its wake. Laetrile, a pseudovitamin and elixir of faith extracted from apricot pits, is a hardy perennial of international scope, used by some German and Mexican clinics of marginal reputation. It, too, has led to books, testimonials, and court cases. Wondrous devices and gadgets also continue to reappear. All lack scientific or clinical substantiation that would make them worthy of serious consideration.

The argument that irregular approaches to cancer therapy probably do no harm, and should be available to individuals who are convinced that they are being helped, may be defensible if limited to patients with terminal cancer. After all, stupidity is one of our inalienable rights under the Constitution. But to substitute useless nostrums for standard surgical or radiological treatment in patients with potentially curable cancer is tantamount to murder. Physicians and related professionals who use and espouse such nostrums should stand condemned for what they are—dangerous quacks.

Alas, reason is not effective against faith, or against searches for miracles by the desperate. In treatment, the good drives out the bad. And in cancer, research is still reaching for the good.

—Michael B. Shimkin

Dr. Shimkin is professor of community medicine and oncology at the University of California, San Diego, and the author of Science and Cancer *(Government Printing Office).*



Martim Avillez

"'The mechanism of carcinogenesis is a mirror into which we look and see ourselves.'—Dr. Charles Heidelberger, from a paper delivered in London, 1959

A Defense of Unorthodoxy

The American Cancer Society, designated by charter as an "emergency" organization which must disband the day a cure is found, has enjoyed its emergency status since 1913 and, by every indica-

)n, is determined to be its beneficiary ll in the year 2013. It defends with zeal e "proven cures" of orthodox radia-)n, surgery, and chemotherapy, de-ite the "awful numbers," the cancer atistics themselves, which prove yond doubt that the claimed "prog-ss," by which ever-greater funding is axed from the public, is a damned imera. Simultaneously, with its enor-ous propaganda machinery, it en-urages the Food and Drug Adminis-ation, various medical societies vhich eagerly take unto themselves nconstitutional powers of courts), the ederal Trade Commission, and, in-vitably, the Post Office, to harass,)und, and destroy the proponents of northodox, nontoxic, and often purely utritional anticancer therapies, for hich grandiose "cures" are seldom aimed—so that in the name of stamp-g out "quackery" federal agents feel emselves morally justified to raid the usinesses and homes of health-food dvocates, to engage in entrapment hemes, to censor, seize, and burn ooks, even to commit perjury, confi-ent that an apathetic, uninformed pub-c will accept it or even applaud.

The Oxford English Dictionary efines quack as "one who professes a nowledge or skill concerning subjects of hich he is ignorant." The quacks in the edical establishment issue *ex cathedra* enunciations of almost any cancer eatment that emerges from outside eir realm of vested interests, often ithout any substantive knowledge of hat they are condemning. In the 1950s, r example, Max Gerson, a respected .D., was maligned for his nutritional nticancer heresy, and declared a fraud the New York County Medical ociety and others who never fully in-estigated his work. His patients knew herwise; Albert Schweitzer, who cred-ed Gerson with saving his wife's life, lled him "a medical genius who alked among us."

In the 1960s Krebiozen was the prime rget of the Establishment quacks. Even day you will hear "respectable" re-archers clucking over the Krebio-n "fraud" which watchful Science nocked for a loop. Knowingly or norantly, they fail to add that despite e government's multi-million-dollar osecution, which lasted 289 days and cluded falsified testimony, later con-ssed by the government, the four efendants were acquitted on all 240 unts brought against them. The jury ent to the extraordinary length, oreover, of saying that it believed Kre-ozen had merit and should be tested, the basis of positive, often well-docu-ented testimony it had heard. But what couldn't do in the courts, the FDA car-ried off effectively enough in the press, persistently planting therein libels and distortions which, alas, have left the strong impression that the Krebiozen champion Dr. Andrew Ivy, theretofore one of the most respected men in orthodox medicine, was the very apotheosis of the cancer quack.

Now, in the 1970s, the Establishment claims to have disproved the efficacy of such nutritional anticancer agents as amygdalin, better known as vitamin B-17 or laetrile. Its initial and most important investigation tested amygdalin's effects on forty-four terminal cancer patients, and, although the raw data show that a substantial number derived dramatic benefits, the official "conclusion," authored by two "eminent" cancer specialists with strong links to the ACS (and neither of whom ever personally experimented with amygdalin), was that the substance evidenced no usefulness whatsoever. It is relevant, I believe, to note that the two specialists, one of whom was quoted in *U.S. News & World Report* (August 2, 1957) as saying that a pack a day keeps lung cancer away, were publicly accused of accepting from the tobacco industry $50,000 fees for testimonials—accusations which remain publicly unrefuted.

More recently, the National Cancer Institute sponsored a study which purportedly also found amygdalin without effect against cancer. But Dr. Dean Burk, a founder of NCI and then chief of its Cytochemistry Division, disowned the study's conclusions, observing that the raw data revealed "overwhelming" positive amygdalin effect. He went on to charge his own organization with willful fraud in suppressing the positive data. And at the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, the researcher who has been there the longest says he still believes amygdalin "cures metastases" in the experimental animals he has worked with for years, even though Sloan-Kettering administrators, juggling a hot potato, persist in presenting to the press a uniformly negative assessment of the substance. Meanwhile, an estimated 20,000 Americans, their number constantly swelling, stream to an amygdalin clinic in Mexico (presided over by Dr. Ernesto Contreras, who did postgraduate work at the Harvard Children's Hospital in Boston and who has served as a professor of histology and pathology at the Mexican Army Medical School), and to one in West Germany (operated by Dr. Hans Nieper, cobalt pioneer, a developer of one of the leading cancer chemotherapies in use throughout the world and a man whose very orthodox credentials are detailed in *Who's Who in World Science*).

James Watson, the Nobel Prize winner, has called our National Cancer Program, with its closed doors and minds, a "sham" and, in a less unguent mood, "a bunch of shit." I liken it, with its elaborate flow charts and nearly $1 billion a year funding, to those biblical "whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones." **—David Rorvik**

David Rorvik, an Alicia Patterson Foundation fellow, is writing a book on cancer research for Harper & Row.

Proponents of unproven methods of cancer management range from ignorant, uneducated, misguided persons to highly educated scientists with advanced degrees who are out of their area of competency. Some proponents hold Ph.D. or M.D. degrees. . . . Certain common features are noted among those with some scientific background or degrees:

- They tend to be isolated from established scientific facilities or associates.
- They do not use regular channels of communication for reporting scientific information. . . .
- They claim that prejudice of organized medicine hinders their efforts.
- They are prone to challenge established theories and attack prominent scientists with bitter criticism.
- They are quick to cite examples of physicians and scientists of the past who were forced to fight the rigid dogma of their day.
- They are often inclined to use complex jargon and unusual phraseology to embellish their writing.
- Their records are scanty or nonexistent. . . .
- They may use proven drugs or other methods of treatment as adjuvants to the unproven therapy, and if a favorable effect on cancer is shown, claim that it is the result of their unproven remedy.
- They may have multiple unusual degrees such as N.D. (Doctor of Naturopathy), Ph.N. (Philosopher of Naturopathy), or Ms.D. (Doctor of Metaphysics). These degrees may have been received from correspondence schools.
- Their chief supporters tend to be prominent statesmen, actors, writers, lawyers, even members of state or national legislatures—persons not trained or experienced in the natural history of cancer, the care of patients with cancer, or in scientific methodology.

—The American Cancer Society
Unproven Methods of Cancer Management, 1976

Mrs. Lasker's War

Men who allow the back of the neck to be exposed to the sun are three times as likely to develop skin cancer as men with shoulder-length hair.

On December 23, 1971, President Richard M. Nixon officially declared war on cancer with the signing of the National Cancer Act, pledging virtually unlimited resources and direct access to the White House to the soldier scientists who were now supposed to fight cancer with redoubled vengeance. The war on cancer, an aide said at the time, was the President's "Christmas present to the nation." The House of Representatives passed a bill mandating a cure for cancer by 1976, a present for the country's 200th birthday. The Senate refrained from such legislative foolishness, but in many quarters there were high hopes that the mighty United States could slay the cancer beast. The scientific community knew better, but its moderate words of caution caught no one's imagination.

From its inception, the war on cancer, also once formally called the "cancer crusade," was a political venture. It was conceived by New York philanthropist Mary Lasker and the coterie of scientists who advised her, and promoted on Capitol Hill by the Lasker forces and the American Cancer Society, whose chief lobbyist actually drafted much of the legislation. In many ways, the late 1960s and early 1970s were ripe for a cancer crusade. The space program was at its pinnacle, living proof that a targeted attack on a problem worked, and people were asking, Why, if we could land a man on the moon, can't we cure cancer? The question makes most biologists shudder. Getting to the moon was a matter of exploiting existing technology, whereas curing cancer requires fundamental knowledge we do not now have; it was hard to get that message across. Furthermore, it was a message with which Mrs. Lasker had little patience. Even without an absolute cure, there were areas in which there seemed to be progress in treatment—chemotherapy was one—and Mrs. Lasker, a woman of great compassion, fervently believed the National Cancer Institute was not doing enough. She resolved to do something about it.

The National Cancer Institute, which runs the war on cancer, is part of the National Institutes of Health (NIH) in Bethesda, Maryland, which supports more than 60 percent of all biomedical research in the United States. Back in 1971, before the cancer act was passed, Congress spent a lot of time fighting over whether the cancer institute should be taken out of NIH and given independent status. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.) favored cancer independence. Rep. Paul G. Rogers (D-Fla.) thought the cancer institute should stay within the NIH. In the end, a compromise was struck. The cancer institute would stay within the NIH but would have independent status as far as its budget was concerned. And, if the war on cancer became tied up in bureaucratic red tape, the institute could go straight to the Oval Office, where the President would untangle things. It was a scheme that satisfied the cancer lobby but deeply offended the rest of the biomedical community. Researchers in other fields began to feel like stepchildren in their own house, and they resented the money and attention that cancer was getting, especially because there was no scientific reason at all to think we were on the verge of understanding what makes a normal cell become malignant.

It has been five years since the war on cancer began. It is fair to ask how it is going and, particularly, what we are getting that we would not have gotten anyway. There is no easy way to draw conclusions, but it is clear that the infusion of vast sums of money into cancer research, in basic areas such as cellular genetics and virology, and in clinical care, has generated prodigious activity. In 1971 the National Cancer Institute's budget was around $230 million (compared to other NIH institutes, that was a large sum even then); today, its budget has soared to about $700 million a year. That may not seem like a lot to the Department of Defense, but for biomedical research it is an unprecedented sum of money. A lot of researchers who previously thought of themselves as noncancer scientists decided that their work on cells and membranes and DNA suddenly bore a direct relation to understanding cancer and began applying to the NCI for support. It is true that almost all good research in basic biology has at least potential relevance to cancer, but many investigators are distressed to see their colleagues flocking to cancer research as if it were the only work of importance. As the budget of the NCI grew by leaps and bounds, the budgets of other institutes—for example, those studying allergy, metabolic disease, and basic, not specifically disease-oriented, science—have barely kept up with inflation.

As for cancer research itself, the infusion of money has had at least two discernible effects. It has meant that studies of certain basic issues, such as the relationship between viruses and human cancer, have gone faster than they otherwise might. Investigators, for instance, have been able to discover more quickly when they are on the wrong track, because they can put several people to work on a given experiment and buy the equipment and the cells they need to carry it out. But, quite obviously, money has not bought a cure for cancer.

On the clinical side, the availability of lots of money has meant that the NCI has been able to devote more effort to cancer diagnosis and to disseminating widely the information it does have about new forms of treatment. There are, for example, twenty-seven centers in the country at which a total of 245,000 women over thirty-five years of age are being screened for breast cancer in an effort to find it early, and there are signs that the screening program is working. As far as patient care is concerned, the cancer institute has established 17 comprehensive cancer centers throughout the country and hopes to establish more on the theory that no one should be more than an hour's drive away from physicians whose full-time occupation is treating cancer. Although these so-called centers are merely existing institutions now called by a new name, an infusion of funds has enabled them to beef up their staffs and move toward establishing some form of community outreach to local physicians.

Arguments over how cancer money should be spent are endless. Putting money into diagnosis and cancer centers may help today's patients get treatment that is slightly better than they would otherwise receive, but in the end most cancer victims die of their disease. One can ask whether we should continue to appropriate federal dollars when we receive only marginal gains. On the other hand, one cannot put all the money into basic research while tens of thousands of persons die every year.

While the debate about *how* the money should be spent goes on, the Administration this year, for the first time, had something new to say about *how much* should be spent. When President Ford sent his budget to Congress a couple of months ago, he asked that spending for the war on cancer be kept at its present level. **—Barbara J. Culliton**

Barbara J. Culliton is a reporter on the News and Comment staff of Science *magazine, specializing in biomedical policy and research.*

"An effort to cure cancer at this time might be like trying to land a man on the moon without knowing Newton's laws of motion."

—Sol Spiegelman, M.D., Columbia University, testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on Health, on a bill that later became the National Cancer Act of 1971

Vitamin A and the Forces That Be

When periodicals as various as the *ational Enquirer,* the *New York Times, quire,* and the health-food magazine *t's Live* all carry reports on vitamin A d cancer within a month or so of each her, it would seem that something must stirring the oft-buried nutritional ashes.

The something turns out to be a plodng ten-year project by a National Cancer stitute scientist with impeccable credenls, Dr. Umberto Saffiotti. While still at e Pritzker Chicago Medical School in the id-1960s, Dr. Saffiotti worked out a ethod of inducing lung cancer in mmsters by exposing their lungs to fine ist particles coated with one of the leadg carcinogenic suspects in cigarette noke, benzopyrene. In 1967, at the inth International Cancer Conference in okyo, Saffiotti reported that huge doses vitamin A could prevent the develop- ent of the hamster lung tumors and ould reverse cancerous changes in amster lung cells already transformed by enzopyrene.

That was enough for Harald J. Taub, utrition columnist for *Let's Live* and a an with a cigarette habit of forty years. very day of his life Taub doses himself ith the fish-liver-oil equivalent of 50,000 nits of vitamin A, ten times the officially ecommended adequate intake. He's guring, he says, to give himself the best not at surviving that pack of coffin nails e's inhaling daily.

Meanwhile, a very cautiously worded tory in the *Times* of March 4, 1976, reorted that the National Cancer Institute as planning a study in which people with high risk of developing various cancers ould take a synthetic relative of vitamin , one of several variations of retinoic id. The story quoted Dr. Michael Sporn, junior associate of Dr. Saffiotti's, saying at animal tests indicated that retinoic id (specifically, the 13-cis isomer) could e taken in quantities large enough to ave anticancer activity but without proucing the liver, skin, and eye damage at normally occurs with high dosage of e standard form of the vitamin, the A almitate.

The timing of the Sporn revelation was urious. It came while the April issue of *Esquire* was still on the presses. In that ssue a very angry Patrick M. McGrady, r., son of the now retired American Cancer Society science editor, flays the ACS, the American cancer establishment n general, and the bureaucracies of the Food and Drug Administration and the National Cancer Institute for resisting more imaginative use of radiation and newer anticancer drugs. McGrady's ire originates in his enthusiasm for the results he found being achieved in terminal cancer cases at a modest-sized clinic-hospital in Bonn, West Germany, the Janker Radiation Clinic. There, well-accredited physicians are using large doses of cytotoxic drugs, judicious quanta of radiation, and a specially formulated emulsion of vitamin A. McGrady makes clear that, far from being a quack cancer mill, the Janker Clinic is simply oriented toward giving dying cancer patients their best chance of survival.

I don't know either Taub or McGrady, but it seems to me they have a point. When I called Dr. Saffiotti in Bethesda, he pointed out that the work on vitamin A originated with studies in the 1930s in Cambridge, England. This research had shown that the vitamin played an important role in the differentiation of the basal epithelial cell. As mammals, we derive our outer envelope, our skin, plus the lining of our mouth, throat, lungs, stomach, intestines and sexual and urinary plumbing, from the same embryonic tissue. These basal cells become either squamous, for skin (flat and capable of making waxy keratin), or they become columnar, for our interior (elongated and capable of secreting mucus). A majority of the worst lung cancers come about when basal cells in the bronchi fail to mature into mucus-making columnar cells and, instead, run wild as squamous units.

While ruminating on these biochemical niceties, it occurred to me that I had recently written something about vitamin A in my book *The Patchwork Mouse,* so I looked it up. Sure enough, a Danish pathologist had been awarded a belated Nobel Prize in 1926 for an explanation of the cause of stomach cancers in rats. Unhappily, his delayed Nobel came after his explanation had already been negated in the early 1920s by Japanese scientists who had shown that gastric tumors in rats, contrary to the Nobel laureate's assertions, could be produced by depriving the animals of vitamin A.

So much for history. Here we are half a century later losing more than 75,000 battles with lung cancer annually, with 14,000 deaths from stomach cancer, 50,000 from colon and rectal cancers, and 9,000 from bladder cancer. I asked Dr. Saffiotti how much NCI is now spending on the vitamin A-retinoic acid project. He replied that the total is around $1 million. That's about one-fiftieth of what's being spent on the now fashionable immunologic approaches to cancer. Why, if Mr. Taub is evidently surviving on his fish-liver oil without any toxicity worth mentioning, and why, if massive doses of A are being used in treatment in Bonn, and why, if every smoker in the U.S. winces every time he coughs, why doesn't our billion-dollar conquest-of-cancer program get a little more responsive to what the taxpayers want? I can't answer the question, but I have a strong suspicion. The doctors and scientists on our payroll just don't trust us. As long as cancer treatment involves giant radiation machines, toxic drugs that require not only a prescription but a highly trained medical team to administer, or the expert manipulation of a scalpel, we can't meddle in it. We must do as we are told. But, dear God, vitamin A and fish-liver oil are available cheap for the asking at your pharmacy or health-food store. Suppose the population started taking vitamin A by the ton the way it took to vitamin C a couple of years ago. That's the way the cancer people think. Maybe they're right and maybe they're wrong; it's true that vitamin A may be toxic in large dosages. Regardless, as a hooked smoker myself, I don't think a million bucks is enough.

—Joseph Hixson

Joseph Hixson is the author of The Patchwork Mouse: Politics and Intrigue in the Campaign to Conquer Cancer *(Anchor Press/Doubleday).*

The Long Goodbye

The malignancy of cancer cannot be appreciated unless it is lived or observed firsthand. A friend of mine calls the affliction God's custard pie. This description refers to the insult and the absurdity of the disease. Cancer must be a divine prank, a cosmic joke the Almighty forgot to call off. What else explains the intractability of the condition?

Etiology aside, cancer will eventually hit the majority of American families. It comes by surprise, lingers longer than wished, and usually leaves you for dead. Always expect the worst. You will never be disappointed. If cancer happens to spare you—like the concentration-camp guard who inadvertently fails to finish off everyone in the ditch—all the better. But don't count on it. Count on pain, misery, and sickness unto death.

Cancer's special terror is the waiting. You feel a lump, cough some blood, or perhaps your doctor spots a shadow on your X ray. Is this the beginning of the end? You can't help but wonder and be afraid. Until the pathologist puts part of you under a microscope, you live in fear for your life. John Wayne provides little consolation. If the news is bad, the fear turns into horror. The doctors offer a choice of weapons—knife, fire, poison. The guerrilla tactics of the wayward cells demand that you may be cut by a scalpel, burned by irradiation, convulsed by drugs—destroyed in order to be saved.

Still you wait. Your physician has no idea whether all the cancer has been expunged. Recurrence is the likely possibility. You watch in dread for a new

invasion. Malignancy wins your heart and mind. Cancer kills not once but a thousand times.

You read articles about cancer, scan newspapers for announcement of a cure. You learn that medicine hasn't settled on the best modality for specific types of tumors. Meanwhile, you find a surgeon, a radiologist, and a chemotherapist fighting to treat you. The agony of this decision at least allows a choice of side effects. You get to pick a lesser evil.

The hospital options are limited. In 1929 the Society for the Control of Cancer declared: "We have been forced to conclude that the treatment of many major forms of cancer can no longer be wisely entrusted to the unattached general physician or surgeon or to the general hospital as ordinarily equipped." In 1974 Benno Schmidt, chairman of the President's Cancer Panel, remarked: "If I had cancer, I would get to a medical center that specializes in that kind of cancer." So would you if there were more than a handful of hospitals in the country intimately familiar with the disease. Cancer, it turns out, is not a popular specialty. There is no cancer field in the medical-school curriculum. Ambitious doctors don't make reputations by burying most of their patients. Nonspecialists, who comprise the majority of practitioners, are famous for reaching for their referral pads. The American Cancer Society estimates that more than 100,000 cancer victims will die this year who might have been cured by earlier diagnoses and better treatment. Yet the ACS defines "cure" as simply being symptom-free after five years, as if cells complied with a statute of limitations.

My mother had lung cancer. Thirty years of smoking two packs a day created an inoperable three-centimeter tumor. She was fifty-four years old. A month of palliative radiation provided a two-month reprieve from suffering. After two more months she succumbed, in an irrational state, strapped to her hospital bed, crying to go home. Mother was aware of her fate, although she pretended the irradiation caught the tumor. I didn't tell her different. Her wasting body carried the message.

Despite the slow, agonizing course of this pestilence, let me not sell it completely short. Cancer can sweeten death by giving its victim and family survivors time to see it coming, time to love each other in a new way, time to reconcile old misunderstandings—time. A sudden stroke or heart attack prevents saying farewell. Cancer costs dearly in anguish and treasure but allows for a long goodbye. I hope mother thought it was worth the trouble. I did. There was time to wipe the pie from her face.

—Philip Nobile

Philip Nobile is the author of King Cancer *(Sheed & Ward), which is dedicated to his mother, Margaret.*

Glossary of Terms

THE FOUR TYPES OF CANCER:

Carcinoma: a solid malignant tumor originating from *epithelial* tissues, such as skin, the mucous membranes of glands, nerves, breasts, the lining of respiratory, gastrointestinal, urinary, and genital tracts; 80 to 90 percent of all cancers are carcinomas.

Sarcoma: a solid malignant tumor growing from connective tissues, cartilage, bone, muscle, fat, often highly malignant but accounting for only about 2 percent of all human cancers.

Leukemia: cancer of the organs that form the blood, such as the lymph glands and bone marrow, causing an overproduction of immature white blood cells (leukocytes); accounts for about 4 percent of all cancers; occurs in two forms—acute (very severe, most common in childhood), and chronic (less painful, an adult disease primarily).

Lymphoma: similar to leukemia, results from an abnormal production of immature lymphocytes (a type of leukocyte) by the spleen and lymph nodes; accounts for about 5 percent of all cancers, notably Hodgkin's disease.

Antigen: a substance, foreign to an animal's system, which stimulates an immune response.

Benzopyrene: the major chemical carcinogen in cigarette smoke.

Clinical: refers to the use of human subjects for treatment or experimentation, rather than animals (*in vivo*) or tissue culture (*in vitro*); the last two are designated by the term *experimental.*

Epidemiology: in cancer, the statistical study of cancer incidence, mortality, relationships between population groups and different cancers.

Epithelial: (see **Carcinoma**).

Etiology: the assignment of a cause or origin; the study thereof.

Melanoma: a malignant tumor of the skin, often arising from a mole; the fatal form of skin cancer.

Mesothelioma: cancer of the stomach cavity lining.

Mucosa: a mucous membrane.

Neoplasm: a malignant tumor; a synonym for cancer; technically, a relatively autonomous growth of tissue.

Oncogenic: capable of initiating the formation of a tumor.

Oncology: the study of tumors.

Regression: the decrease or disappearance of a tumor.

Remission: the decrease or disappearance of all evidence of disease.

Selective: in chemotherapy, refers to a drug that can distinguish cancer cells from normal cells; used interchangeably with *specific* and *sensitive.*

Toxic: in chemotherapy, causing side effects.

Tumor: a mass of abnormal tissue arising from preexisting cells, serving no known purpose and growing independently of surrounding tissue. Most tumors must contain more than 1 billion cells in order to be discernible. Benign tumors are slow-growing, resemble normal adult cells, and cause damage only when they interfere mechanically with an organ. Malignant tumors are fast-growing, resemble embryonic cells, and kill by *cachexia* (the generalized emaciation and ill health of the host). That is, they do not produce toxins or kill the host directly, but take a priority on the nutrients in the body, ultimately causing infections, hemorrhages, blood clots, organ failures, et cetera.

American cancerophobia . . . is a disease as serious to society as cancer is to the individual—and morally more devastating. For this state of affairs, many are to blame. . . . Among the guilty are the media. Because of our society's disease, any news about cancer, no matter how trivial, is ipso facto sensational. Whether it is the latest tentative suggestion that some agent or condition is oncogenic, or the most recent molecular definition of the cancer cell's wall, the media treat the tentative indictment as if it were an actual catastrophe, and the minor laboratory discovery is heralded as another "breakthrough" in our "war" against cancer. So the vicious circle spirals upward and outward: cancerophobia elicits sensationalist reporting, which in turn fosters the demonology of cancer.

—Editorial in the *New England Journal of Medicine,* December 18, 1975, signed by F.J. Ingelfinger, M.D., editor



CAIRO OBSERVED

Making a market between East and West

by Edward Hoagland

THE TRAFFIC GOING ROUND Liberation Square in the center of Cairo used to be described as the circles of hell; and it's not that it's no longer scary but that they've built a great circular walkway for pedestrians up above, where everybody afoot strides freely along. As in any metropolis when the traffic is somehow surmounted for the moment, it's an exuberant sensation being up there—seven-league boots and so on. To climb, anyway, is a triumph of Islam. The muezzin mounts high in his minaret to call the faithful to prayer, while the Christian sexton stands down below his church steeple, tugging a rope to ring the churchbell. Of old Egypt, too: for the first minaret is said to have been built in Cairo, and it was Cheops who in the twenty-ninth century B.C. conceived of his pyramid, not as a huge deadweight gravestone, but (changing in midplan) as a monument far up into which his architects climbed to construct a lofty burial chamber above the ground.

Cars seem to have just been invented here, mostly the so-called Nasser cars, a modified Fiat manufactured in Egypt. A tattoo of horns, silvery or peevish, "the music of Cairo," fills the air around the clock, like 10,000 weddings, 10,000 bridegrooms. Really the cars as well as the drivers are talking, and underneath all the emotional clamor are the other spirits of Africa's largest city: the roosters and goats people keep on their roofs, the painted tea carts, the roast-yam, roast-corn, sugar-cane vendors, the jingling horse wagons heaped up with olives, cabbages, oranges, leeks, or fuel oil, building stone—a glazier's wagon thrusting through a medieval dirt alley, mile upon mile of mud-brick houses baked from the hot silt of the Nile. A million babies a year are born in Egypt; and Cairo, like Mexico City or Jakarta or comparable cities, is jammed with youngsters. A few street dogs do stagger about, trying to live on the juices the garbage-pickers can't salvage, but in three weeks of walking I saw not much hunger. The government subsidizes by three-fourths the price of wheat, so that a filling flat breakfast loaf costs only the equivalent of about a penny, a bowl of beans another penny, and a little serving of tomatoes and onions to go with them another penny or two.

I was there during Courban Bairam, which is the annual occasion for pilgrimages and the sacred holiday when Moslems recapitulate the commitment to God that Abraham, "the first Moslem," made by sacrificing a sheep, after first having offered his son. Paddle-tailed sheep were tied up all over town; and citified men in blue suits and sun-whipped Bedouin in brown galabias were carrying these home on their shoulders for the ceremony, as we lug a Christmas tree. Some of the streets were lighted decoratively. Indeed, any time meat is on sale in Cairo there is a certain excitement. Because of the shortage of land for livestock it's sold only two days a week.

Ramadan, a fast-feast, though a lesser religious event, has a seesaw or frenzied edge, people sitting with a tumbler of orange juice, waiting for the cannon to boom over Cairo marking sunset, when they can quench their thirst. The fasting begins at dawn when one can distinguish a black from a white thread; and it's a month for parties, making the night day. The

Edward Hoagland is the author of seven books, of which the most recent is Red Wolves and Black Bears.





Photo Researchers/Georg Gerster

meals served then are the best of the year, a fast being a marvelous condiment. A good many offices close early (official Cairo goes home at 2:00 P.M. anyhow), so that everybody can catch up on his sleep and, as much as possible, escape from the irritable, hungry hours. The neighborhood fire-eater promenades down the street, along with a character balancing three chairs on his nose.

But Courban Bairam broadcasts a steadier din: the kids in new clothes with toy drums, cherry bombs, who ride the street swing that a dusty fat donkey hauls around, stopping at each market square where there is a piaster to be made, eating carrot tops in the interlude. There's a merry-go-round that a stick-boned man revolves by leaning his shoulder into a leather sling, while beating a pair of cymbals also. His old father, with an eye disease that means he can't blink, keeps the kids in line with a little stick. The donkey is beaten on the same muscles it pulls with, but is thriving, apparently. One proud man leads the big dog-tailed sheep he has bought to the bank of the Nile to wash it, washing his knife and butchering boots too. In the poorer quarters the meat sold is all legs and heads, of assorted lengths —both goat and cow. The butcher stews them in a black tub until he can scrape the hair off, then simmers them till a customer comes. Dealing with the heads, he cuts an animal's gums loose from its skull, and, putting his mouth to the goat's or cow's mouth, blows very hard, till the cheeks balloon free of the bone, then lets it quietly float and cook.

I sat with one such fellow for a couple of hours, next to a half-dozen vegetable stalls, a live-goat market, a merry-go-round, a peddler's cart of spaghetti and rice, and another of sweetmeats, yogurt, and cakes. We were in an open square in Bûlâq, a district of Cairo which likes to claim it's so tough it has been the flashpoint of revolution in Egypt. The elders leave several barbells outside on stools so the local young hardies can perform a few hefts each time they walk by. Two of the butcher's daughters were with us, just as girls will hang about their father's store anywhere, with some friends of theirs, around fourteen years old. We sat on crates, the sun was hot, and rancid garbage was heaped up nearby, and yet it seemed both natural and civilized to be sitting there, as though we were indoors. Talking to him, watching him work—a pleasant, bustly, middle-class sort of man—I kept thinking that, transposed to my own country, instead of selling cow shins and cheeks from a boiling cauldron set in a slum square, he might be managing a power substation for Con Edison or a small branch of a bank. On the other hand, the poverty wasn't so

d that anybody was hanging around to beg a
) of the bloody broth, which, when he'd fin-
ıed, he emptied onto the ground.

A woman was beating her rugs overhead.
ıd all over town, reverberating by loudspeak-
, the imams were beaming prayers from the
ıd-colored mosques to worshippers crouched
the street—mosques fort-walled among the
w buildings. In counterpoint, a whole fleet of
rs was wheeling about Cairo blaring a code
toots that identified them as for one or an-
her of the soccer teams playing in the sta-
um.

A view from the minaret

CAIRO IS A WALKER'S CITY, the two essential conditions for walking being well satisfied: that you can drink the water, and that no one in any neighorhood, although you may have what amounts a year's worth of wages in your pocket, is oing to knock you over the head. "What oesn't kill you will fatten you," the saying oes. The wheat beer is mild, the Nile has zig-g-masted feluccas on it, and white ibises and ack kites sailing overhead. The boxy, yellow-ıd-red, antique trolley cars roll you about for fare of a couple of cents, ending up eventual- in the desert sand, unless you drop off in the eantime and stroll. A pinkish young water uffalo is going to market—veal here is buf-lo veal. A taxicab passes by with a glass chan-elier mounted on the roof and a dead mon-oose lying on the back shelf. The hearses have ght wooden angels painted silver poised up ı top.

It's a magnificent city as seen from the min-ret of the Ibn Tūlūn Mosque. Below, a grown uffalo has got loose in the street, and meets an blivious camel loaded with cauliflower. The ew high buildings are isolated from each oth-· and airy and personable, and the earthen olors of the rest of the structures lend an aura f age or dignity to the nondescript sections. lost sections are nondescript, in the sense that ust blows and the houses are constantly being ebuilt or in need of repair. The people swarm -always the children, Cairo's triumph and ain. Pushing toward a population of 8 mil-on, many of them rubes from the delta, oth-·s refugees from the blitzed Suez region, this a city in which people don't yet know where ıey are or whether their lives are going to be ng or short. The poor have been inundated by ıore poor, and so the majesty of the place sim-ly consists of the heat and piled-up colors of much concentrated life, and, by implication, ll around, the loud, ringing ages of Egypt.



Photo Researchers/Hubertus Kanus

Edward Hoagland

CAIRO OBSERVED

Strange, narrow, tall, yellow-washed, arabesque tenements, with pigeons whirling above the dovecotes, and the battlemented, brown towers of a half-ruined mosque looming higher still. There is a mosque for every four buses in Cairo, and 1,300 years of hovels have been piled atop former hovels.

In the morning, a splat of rain and, briefly, a rainbow over the river. You wake to the jingle of harnesses. Turn a block or two almost anywhere and it's the fifteenth century—a close alleyway with leaning balconies, where the women let down a basket to shop. A man runs alongside his mare with a hand on her hip, a cartload of dried fish rattling behind, a mound of bananas coming his way, and another wagon loaded with chickens in crates, with turkeys tied individually by the feet on top—a boy and a hare-footed dog dodging past. A restaurateur has set up a bench at one side of the street and is serving buffalo liver with bran. Even camel is eaten, though it's full of water, by the hungry. Egyptians like to nibble when they can afford to. Another peddler is offering chick-peas in paper cones, and lupine, pumpkin, watermelon, and sunflower seeds nicely toasted.

There is a specificity to life in Islam that Christianity in different form used to have too. The month begins, not mathematically, but when two "reliable observers," now in Arabia but formerly in every area, can testify that they have seen the sliver of the new moon. And when the believer with a prayer callous on his forehead prostrates himself toward Mecca five times a day, he actually faces in that direction, although most of the rest of us would not be able to tell east from north nowadays.

Calcutta is the bugaboo my expatriate friends mentioned repeatedly—affectionate Arabists and Egyptologists, twenty-year veterans of Cairo's emergencies, who want the best for the country and hope to see it tip into equilibrium. The problem is that in the next quarter-century the population of Egypt will grow to something like 70 (from 39) million, with only an original skinny stripe of 6 million tillable acres along the Nile, desert everywhere else. Thanks to the dam at Aswan, a million-and-a-half more acres have been refurbished from the old floodplain by a laborious procedure of drainage or irrigation and rice-planting to remove the salts. Perhaps another 2 million can be reclaimed. Unfortunately most of this new land is marginal and eats up fertilizer, whereas some of the historic breadbasket of Egypt is being converted to urban sprawl—a projected loss of 20,000 to 60,000 acres a year, I was told. Nile wheat had been Egypt's bounty until the British administrators switched much of her wheat land to cotton during the nineteenth century to support England's textile mills, a priority Egypt has r tained because she now needs the foreign e change. Though the limited strip of black la irrigated by the river is extraordinarily produ tive—an average of 3,515 pounds of food grai per acre sown—the nation's industry must multiplied tenfold to buy enough food to fe all the people who will live here in twenty-fi years. Egypt's foreign policy is partly predica ed upon providing the urban poor with hu dreds of millions of dollars in "soft"-loan American grain; and the cotton, flax, fresh fru and flowers and onions and garlic which s exports are also buying time.

The Suez Canal is the chief hard-mon earner, apart from cotton, oil the second (ar will supplant it), then tourism, which can't he but expand if peace prevails. Dredging the c nal for bigger tankers may raise revenues l $600 million a year, and Egypt's own oil pr duction should reach $1 billion a day by 198 three-fourths of it to be shipped abroad. A war Sadat is described as a petit bourgeois l the radical Arabs, an appellation that som times seems fair when one trudges throug Cairo's traffic congestion—the private cars b longing to people who buried their money i the Nasser era, when the government woul have seized it, and have now dug it up. One the amazing, even "jolly," sights to a tourist i the city for the first time is the incredible scrim mage at every bus stop, morning and afternoo —the struggle to get on. During the worst co ple of hours only young men in their prim make it at all, and then only by sprinting alon side the bus for a block before it reaches th stop and vaulting against the jam of peopl already stuffed in the open door. They rid crabbed on the back bumper or half in, half ou of the windows; and the women, the older pe ple, sit on the curbstone into the evening hour It is their expressions, as one sees them co demned to sit there while their children an chores wait for them at home, that give a sa cast to Cairo.

Laborers, shop clerks earn perhaps $20 month; Ph.D.s, cabdrivers, $30; engineers, fu professors, $75. The government bureaucra whom one meets feel it necessary to save int their thirties before they have accumulate enough money to get married. The reason—an part of the impetus that produced Sadat's Ope Door policy toward the West—is of course tha there are far too few jobs for the numbers o people. Three helpers wait on you in a store where one would be plenty; three or four gov ernment workers, guaranteed jobs if they ar university graduates, occupy empty desks i every cubicle in the Mogamma, the huge cen tral office building downtown.

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Edward Hoagland

CAIRO OBSERVED

IT'S SAID THAT BOTH Sadat and Nasser, because of their rashness, "divided" and "united" the Arabs. Nasser inspired the radicals, who in Lebanon still act in his name, but Sadat brought around the then-leery oil monarchs and sheiks to an alliance with Egypt which finally made possible not only his own quasivictory in the October war but gave the royalists their worldwide leverage through OPEC in the years since. For Egypt it was essential that the 1973 war be fought and won, because the Israelis, sitting on the banks of the Suez Canal after a victory six years before that had been just as crucial for them, had formed the peculiar opinion that it was in their best interest to see Cairo gradually turn into Calcutta and starve.

Nasser had helped depose King Farouk in 1952, and decisively evicted the British, as the revolt of 1919 and the negotiations of 1936 had not been able to do. He redistributed landholdings of more than 200 acres into small plots, leveled the worst of the other social inequities and squeezed out the miscellany of Greek, Italian, and Lebanese businessmen who had dominated the economy before. The economy he organized on an austere basis leading toward self-sustainment—Egyptian ready-made suits, canned goods, refrigerators—away from dependence upon European imports. He built up the army, giving the nation a sense of destiny and pride, deemphasizing at the same time the narrower nationalism that had staked for Egypt simply the claim of being "oldest in the world." Though he is criticized now for wasting both blood and treasure in a war in Yemen ("In Yemen!" the Egyptians, who are terrible snobs, will exclaim) and tipping his country into the Six-Day War with Israel but not getting his Air Force off the ground, he was a pan-Arab figure who galvanized the imagination of people clear from Morocco to the Persian Gulf—the first such for many years.

Meanwhile, the Americans, who had befriended him by their neutrality during the Suez War, unaccountably conceived the idea that they could better maintain a position of influence in the Middle East from out at the perimeter, in wildest Baghdad, and accordingly dumped the Aswan Dam project (a painful bit of history which the Russians seem bent on repeating from their foothold in Damascus and Baghdad lately). Came the Russians. Came Sadat. Sadat saw that although only the Nasser connection with the Soviets had enabled Egypt to seize the east bank of the Suez, the West could do more for him now. Only the U.S. could provide the wheat he needed, and the Western powers, high-pressure, booster infusions of technology. This complicated changeover he accomplished with much finesse, with Henry Kissinger's assistance, patiently monitoring in th meantime the slide in Nasser's reputation. H still is dogged by a Nasserite-socialist elemer in the bureaucracy that is slow to cooperat with Western businessmen, but he made n impolitic moves, such as purging the Mogam ma offices of Nasser's picture. Instead, he sa installed as head of the mass-circulation news paper *Al Akhbār* a right-wing editor who ha been imprisoned and tortured by Nasser's po lice. Though Sadat may be remembered as national, not pan-Arab, leader vis-à-vis Nasse his best, or most interesting, hours occurred i those two early years when he was being mocke as a softie, a waffler, by the radical Arab gibed at by Golda Meir and some of his cour trymen, when he seemed to have nothing i mind at all, but was actually negotiating simul taneously with Syria's President Assad, wit the Kremlin, and Saudi Arabia's king.

The soldiers of Egypt's First Army, who stil believe it was American pilots, not Israelis, wh bombed them in the closing days of the Octo ber war, as the American resupply effort sur passed the Russians', will tell you that "Goo stood by." The tragic fascination of the conflic has been not only that each side regarded it a Biblical, a *jihad* fought across old battlefields but that these two peoples—unlike, for exam ple, the Greek and Turkish Cypriots—are no merely murderous in their regard for one an other. The Israelis have proven to be notably gentle conquerors. The Arabs—although they have everywhere made a habit of reducing Jew ish or Christian communities to second-class status with the Moslem state, like Egypt's pres ent Copts—do not seek final solutions. To pu the matter starkly, it can be said that if the Jews who went to Europe during the Diaspora had remained in the Arab countries, there would be 6 million more human beings alive.

Nobody can visit Israel without becoming pro-Israeli. No one with a neutral eye can look at the oddly serene and resilient nation they have built and not wish for it to survive. Bu the extraordinary empathy I felt in Egypt was significant too, as the Israelis I met in Jeru salem on the next leg of my trip who had served with the British in Cairo during World War II confirmed. The point about Cairo is the *throng ing*, the feeling of all humanity precariously rushing by. Copts with marvelously forceful disdainful, fastidious noses which center the face, as the noses of the pharoahs in funerary sculpture do; then the fellow who has flattened his nose by balancing chairs on it; and a desert rat with a slim wary face all eyes and ears un der his checkered kaffiyeh. The crowds pour down the street, shouting, or reverse directions,

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1976

Dear Mr. and Mrs. America,

As 1976, our country's Bicentennial Year, dawns, its sunrise is clouded by economic, social, foreign and internal political problems unprecedented in our time.

1976 should be a year of improvement in these four spheres and, given a continuation of the American spirit of determination to survive and cope with difficult national and world problems, the New Year probably WILL bring a steady improvement of a general nature in our national scene.

Through our voting mandate, we can demonstrate to those politicians who succeed in getting elected that the American people are not really "taken in" any more by divisive ploys and tactics, which have in the past been so successful in securing voting support.

The American people is aware that the chasm separating labor and capital is a politically perpetuated illusion. The hopes and aspirations of all Americans, capital and labor alike, are, fundamentally, the same. These two forces joined hands long ago to create and maintain the highest standard of living ever known in the history of civilized man. In so doing we have also created the greatest nation since the beginning of time.

Hopefully our new leaders will be statesmen first and politicians next at ALL levels regardless if they be Republican or Democrat. Perhaps they will recognize that our problems, whatever they may be, can be solved if we all pull together. Perhaps, too, they might abandon the idea that they can only be elected and reelected by maintaining the attitude that the free enterprise system needs to be tinkered with, over-regulated, over controlled and over restricted.

Inflation *can* be controlled. Massive reemployment can take place as industry is encouraged to *go ahead*. As jobs are provided, our institutions will be rededicated to the healthy principles of the free enterprise system.

Finally, the end will be in sight of the political murder of the good old American goose that has laid the golden eggs of national economic health and prosperity.

Sincerely,
CHROMALLOY AMERICAN CORPORATION

Joseph Friedman
Chairman

"... when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land"
Alfred Lord Tennyson

CHROMALLOY

Edward Hoagland

CAIRO OBSERVED

as the traffic does, and the traffic is such a happy great beast much of the time that one hardly resents it. Late at night, the only beggars are a few women making a bed of the sidewalk, each with her children around. She covers all of herself except one cupped hand and all but the children's sleeping faces with a black cloth, as if she had cast herself not at your feet but on the mercy of God.

An uneasy peace

MANY AMERICANS, who perhaps regard Jews as wogs, consider the Arabs even more woggish than Jews, and the result has been a danger that America's tilt toward Israel will become an excuse to shut our ears to the calls for help of dozens of poor nations, if they differ with us politically on the Middle East, and we are looking for a pretext to let them go hungry anyway. Some of the Israelis, too, because of their swift victories, had come to regard the Arabs as wogs. It may be that for Israel's well-being she needed to lose.

The Egyptians won back their self-esteem. Newsmen, businessmen, tourists flocked in. (The Bedouin at the Giza pyramids had started to kill off their camels for want of sightseers to ride them.) The columnist Joseph Kraft, who before the war had written in *The New York Times Magazine* about the menace of "Arabists" in the State Department who might have us take into account the Arab viewpoint, suddenly started filing columns from Beirut. Now the Egyptians could give expression to their irritation with the Palestinians and other shrill voices removed from the battlefront whose wars they were sick of fighting "to the last Egyptian," as they said. I heard this impatience so often I became convinced of the truth of what the officials told me: that Egypt accepts the existence of Israel, that "pushing the Israelis into the sea" is a notion discredited, that peace is possible between the two countries once the Israelis return the Sinai, but that since the Israelis cannot feel safe about doing so until they conclude what will remain an uneasy peace with the Palestinians by agreeing to a Palestinian state on the Jordan's West Bank, it will all take some time. When they are asked if an economic pact with Israel wouldn't help, the Egyptians say the bitterness is too sharp for that now, that Israel's technology is "derivative," besides, and why not go to the source.

A planner in the Ministry of Industry drew three boxes linked by a triangle to show me where his nation's hopes were pinned. One was labeled "Money (Oil States)." Another, "Technology," meant the West. The third, "People," was Egypt itself. Because the long interval of Turkish and British rule provided an umbrella of political stability here, as well as some rudimentary measures of public health, the population boom got a head start of about half a century on the rest of the Arab world. Egypt, five times as populous as Syria or Saudi Arabia, could provide an enormous market for goods and services if only its people can somehow be jacked into consumer status. As he spoke about that possibility, the pinch of the dilemma of feeding everybody went out of my planner friend's face. Egyptians are good metallurgists and electricians; they export air conditioners and TV sets already. With enough foreign help they could make their country the manufacturing center of the Middle East. The trouble is that Western businessmen find Cairo a madhouse personally and a bureaucratic morass. To reach Alexandria by telephone may take five hours, let alone trying to get through to London or New York. Even local phone service is apt to blank out by ten in the morning, with 200,000 users waiting for phones of their own and only 10,000 a year being installed.

There is a generic softness to the face of my friend, a remarkable look, as was the case with the other officials I met—you can see it in pictures of Anwar Sadat in conference with Kissinger—although because of the Egyptian penchant for wearing dark glasses, you must wait for the glasses to come off. Egyptians are a hierarchical people who take to a central authority, having had more than 3,000 years of that. They have known so many conquerors—Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander, plus Muslims like Amr, from Arabia, and Saladin, a Kurd—that they still seem to look for a man on horseback to show them the way, as Kissinger has, perhaps.

WELL-CUM!" Abousef the cabby exclaims. "Well-cum to Egypt!" as if there had been a radio campaign to teach him the words—but with enthusiasm. Even if he is hustling you, he will interrupt the hustle to announce "Well-cum to Egypt," as if to tell you, This hustle I am attempting to put over on you is one of the humiliations of poverty.

"They'll kill you there!" he says, glancing into the rearview mirror on the ride from the airport to see whether he is persuading you to cancel your reservations and come instead to the hotel he gets a cut from. Each traffic light is personally managed by a policeman, but somebody is always changing a tire at an intersection, and when the traffic stalls, Abousef backs up and turns right around against the

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ne-way stream to get clear of it. Some of the axis are flatbed wagons, twenty women shawled n black going to market. They are veilless ut bite their head shawls when a foreigner ooks at them, so as to have the reassuring feel f veil across the mouth again. Others side-sit donkey or balance a basket of figs on the head.

I walked till my legs swelled up and the grit plit the seams of my shoes, not learning much Arabic but learning its angry sound—like Hebrew gone angry—though in Egypt it isn't really so angry at all. "*Ma'alaysh*" ("Never mind") is the national expression. The Crusaders got to the Nile but didn't reach Cairo. It wasn't traded back and forth, as Jerusalem and Damascus were, and was never taken by Tamerlane or Hulagu Khan, who over on the Euphrates (now Iraq) constructed whole pyres of human skulls. Except for Napoleon and the British, after the original Muslim conquest of 639 its conquerors have been coreligionists—Fātimid, Mameluke, Turk.

Historically, Syria has been something of a sister country to Egypt, quarreling with her but otherwise leaning on her to countervail the powerful armies of the Tigris and Euphrates (now Iraq), which longed to gobble Syria up. Egypt's coherence was partly a gift of the Nile. Its people were settled farmers, taxed according to the river's level for centuries, who could easily be ruled from a single capital, first Memphis, then Thebes, then Alexandria. Syria, by contrast, consisted of a string of rival city-states —Aleppo, Damascus, Jerusalem, Jaffa—and still is bedeviled by fragmentation, although a certain democratic spirit results. The boss on a construction project will work right alongside his men, whereas in Egypt there is much bowing and salaaming to the "doctor" in a ministry office, the "director" of a business. A gentleman farmer in Egypt is likely to call himself an "agricultural engineer."

Egypt is 90 percent Sunni Moslem and 10 percent Christian, thereby escaping the divisive Sunni-Shi'ite split that plagues Iraq in particular and Lebanon and Syria also. Iraq, for all the fertility of its great river valleys, has always had feral mountain tribes like the Kurds to contend with, and was sandwiched between the Ottoman and Persian empires—unkindly foes who battled across it for 400 years—as if being on one of the Mongols' main routes weren't trouble enough. Iraq is frenetic still. Lebanon has constituted a juggler's joke of Sunnis, Shi'ites, Druzes, Kurds, Alaouites, Armenians, Circassians, Maronite Christians, Palestinian exiles, and half a dozen other occasionally inimical sects. Jordan is another deaccessioned slice of colonial geography; and Algeria and Morocco are an amalgam of feud-prone tribal groups, Berber versus Arab. Tunisia hasn't yet resolved the question of whether it is unqualified North African or partly French. Libya lies partly within Tunisia's sphere of influence, partially in Egypt's, and partly under the spell of the Sahara itself.

Because of this fractionation, and ever since the Mongols' destruction of Baghdad in the thirteenth century, Cairo has been the center of Islamic learning, the seat of Al-Azhar and now Cairo Universities. Iraq, Syria, the Sudan have no looming famine problem on the horizon, however—will have food surpluses—and needn't go hat in hand to the lending agencies for a loan, as Egypt does. In rural Egypt the peasants have learned to eat corn bread in lieu of wheat, and make do with overcooked tea for a narcotic, or bread beer, date wine, fermented potato skins. Water buffalo are the chief milk-meat animal, as well as turning the water wheels everywhere, but the fellahin are the despair of the Agriculture Ministry because for reasons of superstition they will not eat buffalo meat ("gamoose") which was butchered at more than forty days old. Beef is not subject to this taboo, and the authorities hope to develop areas of the western desert to a Texas-type cattle range if they can. They are bringing in Frisian dairy cows too, and plan to manufacture their own fertilizer and pesticides from local petroleum and phosphates, with Japanese help. The construction industry must be revolutionized, so that Egypt's bricks are not baked in primitive kilns from the richest topsoil laid down by the Nile, but out of waste sand in high-heat kilns. New rolling stock is needed for the railroad, and by the 1980s the power generated by the Aswan Dam will be fully utilized, so that the government's great pie in the sky has to do with a geological phenomenon called the Qattāra Depression. This is a Switzerland-sized Death Valley only forty miles from the Mediterranean which sinks more than 400 feet below sea level. In theory, a canal could bring seawater tumbling through a gigantic generator at a rate to just balance the evaporation, and power all Egypt.

But maybe 80 percent of the peasants still suffer from bilharzia, the weakening disease borne by snails in slow-moving irrigation water. Just as many can't read or write, though the proportion is lower among the young. In the decade from 1960 to 1970 the birth rate declined from 42 to 35 per thousand, but in a peasant society more children have always meant more hands in the fields, so to reverse this ancient concept of prosperity is going to take time. Islam proper must adjust to the idea that there are other things for women to do besides having children.

"Cairo is a walker's city, the two essential conditions for walking being well satisfied: you can drink the water, and no one is going to knock you over the head."

Edward Hoagland

CAIRO OBSERVED

Lovers of myths and bravery

SUCH ROCKY OBSTACLES, such urgent quandaries, when the present xenophobia within the U. S. about the "developing countries" has subsided, will draw many Americans to Africa. It used to be that we asked about an expatriate, what's the matter with him that he couldn't measure up to the mark back home. But rather soon, just as so many English are doing, we ourselves are going to be leaving in droves, looking for challenges that seem real, where life isn't so programmed.

I'd come from London and Rome, where the foreign communities are feeling dispirited, inclined to clear out. But the Americans in Egypt, from the sampling I met, feel vindicated and are remarkably united in rooting for the country. Whatever many of them came for originally—whether winter sunshine or pederasty—might have been found more conveniently in Italy, but they pressed on to Cairo and have a lighter step here. Their sympathies have taken root. Arabists are an intriguing lot. Some no doubt are anti-Semites—one hears an elderly fellow with a Germanic accent say that "for various reasons" he hasn't visited Jerusalem since it was captured by the Israelis, and one wonders what those reasons *are*. Others, by contrast, are Jews who may have begun their studies years ago with the hope of becoming a bridge between cultures, but who, disheartened, have now turned their scholarship quite frankly to propaganda and intelligence work. The Arabists in Cairo whom I took a liking to, had in common an element of Walter Mitty in them. They love the harsh-sounding vowelly syllables of the language, and patiently endure the "eight months of summer" and the bouts of "intestinal flu," as they like to call the various intestinal disorders that go with the privilege of using those vowels on native grounds. To hear such a scholar speak of the clash of Amr's 3,000 Arab invaders with the sedentary Christian husbandmen who till the seventh century had had the Nile to themselves is to see his eyes flash. His face lights wistfully, as if he yearned to have been there too.

Lovers of myths and bravery, these foreign Arabists, after years of feeling all but unrepresented in the American press (the bitterest among them speak of Israel as "Disneyland"), see their side beginning to surge. Neither in Egypt nor Israel did I run across anybody who indicated much understanding of the human claims of the other country. The Egyptians' response to mention of the Nazi holocaust is (brusquely) that while Westerners may consider it to be the great tragedy of Western civilization since slavery, it had nothing to do with Arab society, and Arabs, not Westerners, have been expected to pay for it. Israelis, for their part, because both Zionism and the Balfour Declaration preceded the holocaust, will often claim that guilt over the holocaust has had no bearing on the West's support for Israel, that fury over the holocaust, redirected, has not fired the special, uncompromising vividness with which Israelis battle the Arabs.

The Israelis properly complain that unexceptionable standards of international behavior are expected of them and of no one else. The Arabs rightly complain that among the major powers there has been a school of thought that has welcomed a tough, feisty Israel in their midst to whittle away their capacity to attain economic independence. The Arabs have indeed been the underdogs; but this is gradually changing, and because the Israelis, too, expect an enlightened sort of conduct from themselves, the nuclear punch they have been hoarding up seems somehow unconvincing: a holocaust visited upon peasant peoples by the survivors of a holocaust. What the Israelis declare privately when you ask where their hopes are fixed, is that as the Arabs gain the technology which might enable them to destroy Israel some day, they themselves will be altered in ways which will make them not aim for that. Along with the technological sophistication may come a "post-Koranic tolerance."

"Nobody likes a dictatorship," an Egyptian official told me wearily. His countrymen found the Soviets' governmental system nearly as unappetizing as their atheism—found them stolid personally, miserly as tourists (interested only in purchasing gold), and were driven to distraction by the Soviet practice of renegotiating any contract when the matter of spare parts came up. Compared to Iran, Morocco, or the several European dictatorships which first defined the term, Egypt is not now a "police state." The ordinary citizen is no more afraid of the ordinary police than in a democracy, and the activities of the plainclothes police have been shrinking, not expanding. Through the three "forums" of the Arab Socialist Union party—right, center and left, each with representation in the press—a path is being prepared for differing candidates to compete, to a limited extent, for seats in the parliamentary Assembly.

This is to say that Egypt—an ancient, poignant and fascinating nation—is teetering both on the edge of an experiment with "post-Koranic" democracy and on the brink of famine and total catastrophe; and that it behooves us to wish her well, as we have not always done. □



British Columbia, Canada.

These pictures are just a sample of what is waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. One of many intriguing shops that can be found throughout the Province. 2. Long Beach on Vancouver Island, 11 miles of unbroken beach on the Pacific Ocean. 3. The Williams Lake Stampede. Dozens of rodeos take place all summer long in British Columbia's cattle country. 4. An outdoor restaurant in Gastown, the original settlement of British Columbia's largest city, Vancouver. For more pictures and lots more information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2. Or see your local travel agent.







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SISYPHUS

A week in the corridors of bureaucratic futility



George Gardner

FOR A WEEK, NOT LONG AGO, I watched bureaucrats, a group of federal employees, working in the Fifth Region of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Of the ten divisions of the Department of HEW, the one centered in Chicago is the largest, with 170 of the 325 national programs and more urban areas with populations of 100,000 than any other region. There are eight metropolitan centers measuring at least 1 million people, among them Cleveland and Detroit, where severe social flus have long been known and poorly treated.

It's difficult to judge HEW's efficiency, since there's no finished product of calibrated dimensions. If the Defense Department's planes come in at twice the price, and their wheels fall off, you know that something is amiss. But how do you make an inventory of the HEW warehouses, counting out-of-date and overpriced social services?

"The code word is 'non-English'"

REGIONAL DIRECTOR Richard Friedman has a corner office on the top story of a thin black high-rise in the Loop. Its windows run north and west the length of his walls, so that if a wind blew the city's gases away for a day he could see into Wisconsin and out of town to the last plywood suburbs. It seems fitting that he should be able to view from his perch some of the geography he spends more than $19 billion annually attempting to improve.

Friedman is a thin, energetic man with black hair and a long, angular face. He has lived in Chicago all his life and in 1971 ran a bone-wearying and hopeless campaign for mayor against Richard Daley. He'd planned to practice law after the election, but Sen. Charles Percy recommended him for this job.

More than four years later, at 8:30 A.M., on a Monday morning, he convened his five top aides—his executive secretary and the assistant regional directors—for the regular meeting that structures each week. They entered with coffee cups in hand, suggesting that, unlike Friedman's, their own engines coughed and stammered at this hour.

"Good morning, everybody!" he said, his voice high with social greeting. He wheeled a chair into the center of their circle and, consulting a legal pad filled with numbered notations he called "action items," began to pass around portions of the week's business.

"Here's one that's really big potatoes," he began. "I want you to keep it in confidence for at least a day. Things will begin to bubble up tomorrow. As you know, we turned down the Chicago school district's application for ESAA money [the Emergency School Assistance Act, under which districts can receive special grants]

Douglas Bauer, a former editor of Playboy, *is writing a book about the Iowa farm village in which he lives.*

IN CHICAGO

y Douglas Bauer





ecause there was, first of all, discrimination
the assignment of classroom teachers. Black
achers going to black schools, white teachers
white schools. Also, because they weren't
ushing adequate non-English courses. Make
ure you call it 'non-English' courses, although
e're talking about Spanish courses. But the
ode word is 'non-English.'"

Friedman summarized the letter that was be-
g delivered to Chicago Superintendent of
chools Joseph Hannon, warning him of evi-
ence of even deeper discriminations and re-
lting in punishments that could take away
e final penny of federal aid, more than $147
illion.

"What the courts have determined," Fried-
an explained, "is that by being ineligible
r ESAA, the district is also in violation of
itle Six, Civil Rights Act of '64. You know
-thou shall not discriminate on the basis of
ce, color, or sex. So we could pull *all* their
oney. Nobody's in favor of that—blacks,
hites, whoever. But it's something we might
ventually have to do."

Friedman circled the item on his legal pad
nd continued down the list.

"George," he said, swiveling to the man on
is left, "educate me on the refugees."

George Bardahl had been assigned the task
f making room, drawing an office plan, and
rdering telephones for people who would su-
ervise the awesome task of settling Vietnam-
ese refugees in the rude and unremitting win-
ter of Chicago. Among other things, Bardahl had to locate among federal statutes a regulation that would allow him to employ these workers. In government one does not merely determine that the work would go more swiftly with new workers and proceed to hire them. A legitimizing statute must be found.

"It looks like, under Schedule A, we can call them temps," Bardahl said. "That's a 700-hour limit, although I'm sure they'll work more than that."

"Let's get out of the blocks fast on this one," Friedman said, urging that they hire the best talent from the State Department's list of Vietnamese who could fill the positions. "I know about one guy. His name is Mai. Looks just like General Ky. He was like the number-three guy in the Department of Commerce there. Speaks English with a heavy French accent."

Bardahl nodded. "He meets the Schedule A requirement."

"How many supervisors have you planned for?" Friedman asked.

"Our floor plan calls for five. That's what we're setting up for."

"Good. We need five. We can live with four, no less. I'll scream at three."

Friedman continued down his long list for an hour-and-a-half, mixing the most sober predicaments with the inevitable office minutiae.

Douglas Bauer

SISYPHUS IN CHICAGO

AFTER EVERYONE ADJOURNED, Friedman made phone calls while the assistant directors gathered their staffs. At 11:00 he met with Thomas Hadd, an Office of Management and Budget man from Washington and an ombudsman for the Federal Regional Council, which Friedman chairs. The FRC can most easily be thought of as a regional cabinet, filled by Friedman's counterparts in Transportation, Labor, Interior, et cetera. Hadd periodically brings word from home, and before each bimonthly meeting he sits with Friedman to construct the next day's agenda.

Hadd, a big, enthusiastic man wearing thick glasses, was plainly incapable of speaking the English language, having long ago adopted the glossary of government. He and Friedman discussed the Menominee Indians of Wisconsin. The Menominee had some years ago petitioned the government for recognition as a separate county and as such fell under HEW's umbrella. Lately, however, they had begun to see the advantages of reservation tribe status and were reconstructing their tribal government to meet Washington's requirements.

"The Indians have been very wary," Friedman said to Hadd. "About five years ago they decided they didn't want to have anything to do with regional people. They wanted to talk directly with Washington. That's where the power lay and I accepted that as a reality."

"But that ignored the potential intrastructure of the region vis-à-vis the Indians," Hadd said. "Our regional programs impacted favorably—the Indian centers, et cetera. Now they want to talk with the region again."

"Sure," said Friedman. "We promised very little and we made tribal relations one of our high-level initiatives. We have a good relationship with them now."

For a quarter-hour more, the two federal officials discussed the mood of the Indians, and whether they might look at white tongues and find them forked.

In and out of compliance

FRIEDMAN PLANNED to call Chicago School Superintendent Hannon Monday afternoon and officially lament the department judgment that his school system was violating the Constitution. But that would be mostly a formality. Months before, the Office of Civil Rights, an HEW agency, had determined that Chicago schools could not receive ESAA money. Kenneth Mines, who runs the OCR in Region Five, said that "in order to receive ESAA money, a school system must be able to show a plan—court ordered, HEW approved, or voluntary—which reduces racial isolation of students or faculty." Chicago was unable to offer sufficient evidence, and, as Friedman told his aides, that was potentially the smaller sin.

Mines explained, "A school district can technically be in compliance for ESAA but out of compliance for Title Six, because there are different standards for faculty assignment. But if it's out of compliance for Title Six, then you can't fund ESAA money. So what we've said here is that if a district is in compliance for ESAA, that suffices. But if they don't meet ESAA requirements then we apply the more difficult requirements when we review for Title Six violations."

After a morning of furious order in his office, Friedman paused to call the superintendent of schools. His manner changed immediately, slowing to deliberate procrastination. He found a sudden need for desk straightening and pencil arranging. Eerie quiet in the room. Then he quickly picked up the receiver and placed the call, talking his way through many strata of secretaries at the superintendent's office.

"No, I don't wish to speak to his assistant. . . . Friedman, Richard Friedman. I'm the regional director of HEW. . . . No, I'm not calling from Washington. . . . F-r-i-e-d-m-a-n."

After weeks of waiting for the appropriate moment to announce the letter to the school superintendent, Friedman found himself leaving a message.

Late afternoon. A meeting with Deputy Director George Holland to weigh the merits of long forms versus short forms. Friedman swung his chair to the west, placed his feet high on the air vents, and watched the sun fall behind pastel lines of smoke. Holland did too, summarizing "The state of Illinois claims that the forms we use when we check for nursing-home violations costs them an extra day of processing," said Holland. "They use short forms, and they want us to adopt the same form. Now, we made a study and the study came back with the recommendation that we keep our forms because Washington needs all the information on the forms before they can rule whether or not the homes are meeting all the regulations."

"So it's not just a matter of the shape of the form," said Friedman. "They really need the information."

"Right. There's no way you can get all the information you need on the short forms."

"Well, then let's keep the long forms. Tell the state, 'Sorry, we hate to cost you an extra day, but we need the longer forms.' "

"Right."

"It was an event of a certain moral splendor, but the witnesses to the scene could hear no golden trumpets sounding."



"The progress of the Bill of Rights into the world has been so long and wearisome that its birth last week seemed almost routine, like the approval of some measure to clean a public well."

The last moments before passage of the Bill of Rights were sheer semantic drudgery, the months of controversy winding down in the drone and murmur of deletions and word changes.

By now the Bill of Rights is so revered that we think of its birth as perfect and painless. Perhaps the greatest value of TIME's second Bicentennial Issue—the one for the week of September 26, 1789—is the evidence it gives that there was no magic in America's creation; only the capacities, which we still have now, to resolve discord and confusion with clear thinking and hard work.



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Douglas Bauer

SISYPHUS IN CHICAGO

THE REGIONAL COUNCIL met on Tuesday morning, on a lower floor in the building. Friedman rushed into the long conference room where the various department heads stood smoking and trading shoptalk. He sat at the end of a long table. On the wall were mounted large silhouettes of the six Region Five states—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio.

The Executive branch of the federal government has just recently begun to recognize the regional councils, although they were created in 1969. Until last year, they lay in a kind of chartered dormancy, meeting and discussing the familiar frustrations. Then they began to get honest assignments from Washington, which perhaps recognized at last that the councils should be used for their simple achievement of regularly gathering in one room. Among other responsibilities, Region Five Council has begun to hear and relay pleas for money when cities and states present plans that call for funds from more than one federal agency. Friedman began his meeting with a summary of one such summer visit from the mayor of Detroit, Coleman Young.

"Mayor Young came to see us in July and presented what I think of as a 'wish list,' totaling $3.5 billion in federal aid. The man thinks big. He came shopping. He's got a lot of problems and basically, what we said was, 'Hello, Mr. Mayor. You're a nice man. Let's let bygones be bygones and just attack what's on the plate. How can we help you in the future? Let's look at your proposal.'"

After a year and more in office, Coleman Young had taken his clipboard and pencil and made a thorough inventory of his city. He found many empty shelves. At that point, his staff put together a "Moving Detroit Forward" plan, concluding that Detroit needed everything from a $17 million riverfront park to $5 million crime-prevention units. The Regional Council, after meeting with Young, sent a letter that, gently, denied him funds.

Friedman did not see the mayor's effort as a formal application for funds so much as a first probing. "I think the mayor's representation was helpful for what it was," he said to me. "It was an exercise by the city administration to identify their problems and put a price tag on them. . . . I think they were well advised to do it this way. They knew we weren't going to fund them."

The council was adjourned at noon and, back in his office, Friedman took a call from Superintendent Hannon.

"Hi, Joe. I wanted to go over with you the basis for the letter, Joe. The data arranged for the ESAA grants showed that basically black teachers were being assigned to black schools, white teachers to white schools. Of course I'm oversimplifying it, but that's the essence of it.

"Now there are some subtleties in the letter I want to point out, Joe. Nowhere in there do we say that we're cutting off funds, and I want to be sure that you're reading that. Also, you should understand that this in no way relates to quality of education. It's not an opening salvo in any way." Friedman nodded and listened.

"You might want to initiate a small news conference, Joe. Say, 'Hi, everybody. We got this letter from HEW.' Then I'd follow with a response: 'We've gotten great cooperation from the school board. We'll be setting up a meeting.' That kind of thing."

Hannon decided to satisfy the press's curiosity simply, with a typed statement.

"Okay," said Friedman. "Then I'll go ahead with a press conference at four. They'll want to make a busing issue out of this. They'll ask if it means black teachers are inferior to white. We've got a lot of clarifying to do, Joe."

Friedman immediately dialed Kenneth Mines, at Civil Rights. "I got a hold of Hannon, Ken. His response will be, 'Yes, we've got a problem. We're looking forward to talking in detail with the staff of the department.' He's just going to issue a statement. I don't think he'll get away with it but I didn't say anything. The poor man's got enough trouble."

Had it been his decision, Kenneth Mines would have made no noise at all for now. For the Office of Civil Rights in Washington had already commenced a massive study of Chicago's school system that would require two years and might find some hard and tenacious racist roots that could not be removed by the remedies outlined in the letter to Dr. Hannon.

"I'd rather have waited, because if we find that black children are receiving inferior services to whites, we'll call for measures for which we're going to bring in psychologists, educators, statisticians, the whole thing," said Mines. "From those findings, we'll categorize the ability of the faculty and assign teachers in accordance to need—the greatest worth to the greatest need. It may come out that we'll end up with a school district that's got a 70, 80, 90 percent black staff. That's the very thing we're asking the district to reverse right now. But the difference is, that staff would come together because of need and ability. It would not have been selected on the basis of race.

"I think we're going to find that the entire educational delivery system in Chicago is discriminatory. And we're not talking about intent, just the result. What the remedies are—it's almost beyond my conception."

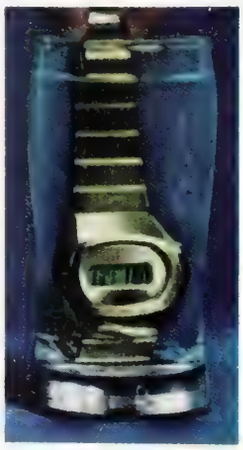




Laser Beam Digital Watch

Never press another button, day or night, with America's first digital watch that glows in the dark.

Announcing Sensor's new Laser 220—the first really new innovation in digital watch technology.



Would you do this with your solid-state watch? Of course not. Most solid-state watches require care and pampering but not the Sensor. You can dunk it, drop it and abuse it without fear during its unprecedented five-year parts and labor warranty.

It's ingenious, it's simple and it makes every other digital watch obsolete. Scientists have perfected a digital watch with a self-contained automatic light source—a major scientific breakthrough.

SELF-CONTAINED LIGHT SOURCE

The Laser 220 uses laser beams and advanced display technology in its manufacture. A glass ampoule charged with tritium and phosphor is hermetically sealed by a laser beam. The ampoule is then placed behind the new Sensor CDR (crystal diffusion reflection) display.

The high-contrast CDR display shows the time constantly—in sunlight or normal room light. But, when the room lights dim, the self-contained tritium light source automatically compensates for the absence of light, glows brightly, and illuminates the display.

No matter when you wear your watch—day or night—just a glance will give you the correct time. There's no button to press, no special viewing angle required, and most important, you don't need two hands to read the time.



Replace the battery yourself by just opening the battery compartment with a penny. Free batteries are provided whenever you need them during the five-year warranty.

A WORRY-FREE WATCH

Solid-state watches pose their own problems. They're fragile, they must be pampered, and they require frequent service. Not the Laser 220. Here are just five common solid-state watch problems you can forget about with this advanced space-age timepiece:

1. Forget about batteries The Laser 220 is powered by a single EverReady battery that will actually last years without replacement—even if you keep the 220 in complete darkness. In fact, JS&A will supply you with the few batteries you need, free of charge, during the next five years. To change the battery, you simply unscrew the battery compartment at the back with a penny and replace the battery yourself.

2. Forget about water Take a shower or go swimming. The Laser 220 is so water-resistant that it withstands depths of up to 100 feet.

3. Forget about shocks A three-foot drop onto a solid hardwood floor or a sudden jar. Sensor's solid case construction, dual-strata crystal, and cushioned quartz timing circuit make it one of the most rugged solid-state quartz watches ever produced.

4. Forget about service The Laser 220 has an unprecedented five-year parts and labor warranty. Each watch goes through weeks of aging, testing and quality control before assembly and final inspection. Service should never be required. Even the laser-sealed light source should last more than 25 years with normal use. But if it should require service anytime during the five year warranty period, we will pick up your Sensor, at your door, and send you a loaner watch while yours is repaired—all at our expense.

5. Forget about changing technology The Sensor Laser 220 is so far ahead of every other watch in durability and technology that the watch you buy today, will still be years ahead of all others.

THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT

Other manufacturers have devised unique ways to produce a watch you can read at a glance. The new $300 LED Pulsar requires a snap of the wrist to turn on the display, but the Pulsar cannot be read in sunlight. The new $400 Longine's Gemini combines both an LED and liquid crystal display. (Press a button at night for the LED display, and view it easily in sunlight with the liquid crystal display.) But you must still press a button to read the time. All these applications of existing technology still fail to produce the ultimate digital watch: one you can read under all light conditions without using two hands. Until the introduction of the Sensor.

PLENTY OF ADVANCED FUNCTIONS

Sensor's five time functions give you everything you really need in a solid-state watch. Your watch displays the hours and minutes constantly, with no button to press. But depress the function button and the month and the date appear. Depress the button again and the seconds appear. To quickly set the time, insert a ball-point pen into the recessed time-control switch on the side. It's just that easy

Sensor's accuracy is unparalleled. All solid-state digitals use a quartz crystal. So does the Sensor. But crystals change frequency from aging and shock. And to reset them, the watch case must be opened and an airtight seal broken which may affect the performance. In the Sensor, the crystal is first aged before it is installed, and secondly, it is actually cushioned in the case to absorb tremendous shock. The quartz crystal can also be adjusted through the battery compartment without opening the case. In short, your watch should be accurate to within 5 seconds per month and maintain that accuracy for years without adjustment and without ever opening the watch case.



The new exclusive laser-sealed tritium and phosphor light source is a thin solid-state tube that automatically illuminates the display when the lights dim.

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JS&A is America's largest single source of digital watches and other space-age products. We have selected the Sensor Laser 220 as the most advanced American-made, solid-state timepiece ever produced. And we put our company and its full resources behind that selection. JS&A will warranty the Sensor (even the batteries) for five full years. We'll even send you a loaner watch to use while your watch is being repaired should it ever require repair. And Sensor's advanced technology guarantees that your digital watch will be years ahead of any other watch at any price.

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Douglas Bauer

SISYPHUS IN CHICAGO

AT FOUR O'CLOCK Friedman, together with Mines and Commissioner of Education Mary Jane Calais, held a press conference. Reporters and electronic equipment filled the room, thick cables covered the floor. A writer from the *Sun-Times*, Chicago's morning daily, seemed the only member of the press even passingly familiar with the situation.

"It seems like there's just a lot of meetings and nothing ever happens," said an NBC reporter.

"I would differ with you," said Friedman calmly. "This is a very complex issue and one that requires us to proceed cautiously."

Everyone pressed for dollar signs. "How much does this mean in terms of money?" Mines said. "Eventually, assuming no corrective actions are taken—which is unlikely—the district stands to lose all its federal funding, which, if you base it on current figures, amounts to about $147 million."

Boom. Heads dropped to note pads as if felled by Mines's numbers.

"In reality, they don't stand to lose the money, do they?" asked a reporter. "I mean, as long as they make little moves along the way?"

Mines answered strongly, refusing the role of a powerless federal official. "The courts have ordered . . ." he said, and: "It's my duty to enforce . . ."

Afterward, in Friedman's office, everyone sighed with relief and satisfaction. Friedman said, "We moved information and that's the important thing. I simply wanted to allay the fear that the schools might close tomorrow."

Kenneth Mines left with the NBC reporter to appear on the five o'clock news. With perhaps ninety seconds to narrate the turns and corners of the problem, his interview gave viewers a hazy impression that the schools might be closing the next day.

While all this was going on, George Bardahl received a first response from his man at HEW in Washington who would shortly be sending thousands of Vietnamese. He told Bardahl that he was as yet uncertain how many supervisors Region Five could reasonably expect, but certainly they would not see five. Perhaps three.

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING I wandered into the office of a small, thin man with fine blond hair and slits of eyes behind thick glasses. He was a management analyst, one of the people who track the department's projects through the year. He composes Objective Statements, describes their Justification and Approach, and breaks each Objective into Milestones for concise observation.

After a few minutes of shy conversation, the sort of halting urgency in his voice that suggested a man more comfortable in the company of numbers than people, he began to explain his work. I paid attention, and as he talked his enthusiasm rose. He seemed pleased that someone else saw the beauty of his tedium.

"There are three kinds of objectives," he said. "Nationwide Objectives, Regional Specific Objectives, and Regional Administrative Management Objectives. Are you sure you're interested in this?"

He explained that each objective had a monitor, someone in the office responsible for the program, and that part of his job was to make sure all the aspects of an objective—the milestones—were completed according to a previously agreed date. If they were late, the monitor had to write a Problem and Variance Analysis Report, offering explanations.

"Then the work plan changes accordingly," he said. He was rolling now. He told me that as each milestone was achieved he colored in one of the little triangles on the chart attached to the Objective Sheet.

"Let me show you one," he said, reaching for a ring-bound notebook. "Here. Here's an example." He handed me four sheets of paper stapled together, the bottom sheet broken down into months, with empty milestone triangles scattered left to right, July to June, across the page.

Milestone One read, "Acquire 16 automated data files from Chicago School District and deliver to contractor." An empty milestone triangle lay below September. I noticed at the top of the page the words "OBJECTIVE: Comprehensive Compliance Review—Chicago Public School District."

I said, "This is the situation they were just talking about at the press conference."

"Oh?" said the management analyst. "Was there a press conference?"

"Yesterday. It was in the papers this morning, about the school district assigning teachers in a discriminatory way. You know, they're threatening to stop funding if things don't change."

"Oh, really?" said the management analyst. "I guess I didn't hear about that."

In further conversation with Washington, George Bardahl was told that, following the letter of Schedule A, refugee supervisors who'd not worked for the U.S. government could only be hired for sixty days. "We're talking about six months," he said, shaking his head. "That won't do. Our people in Washington are now negotiating with Civil Service to call them translators. We can hire translators."



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"Have a good flight," you reply.

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and after September, you'll have a better choice of plane reservations and accommodations.

It doesn't have to be scheduled entirely around business. If he can plan his meetings Wednesday through Friday, the two of you can stay over for the weekend. Or take a mini-vacation into Monday and Tuesday.

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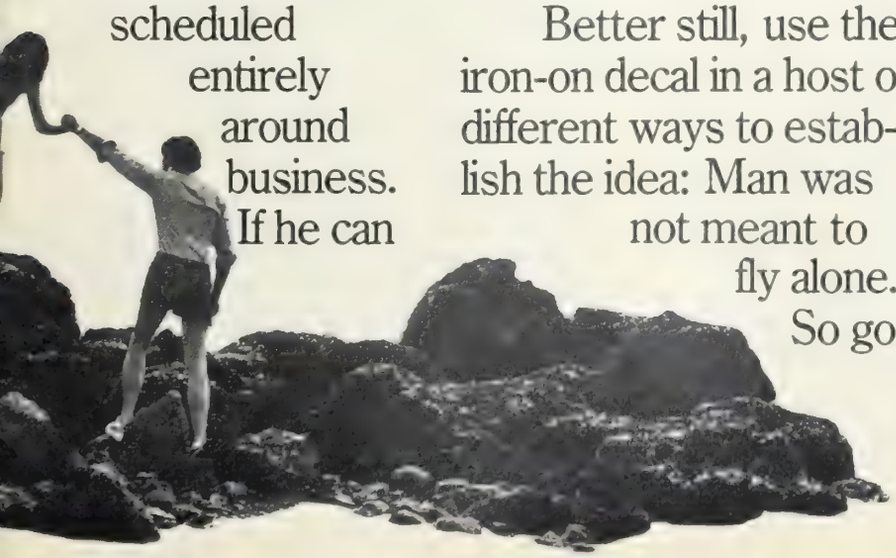
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Woman: unground thyself.

BOEING

Getting people together.

Douglas Bauer

SISYPHUS IN CHICAGO

Intramural warfare

RAY HRUSCHKA'S DESK was positioned at an angle to his office walls, the only desk on the thirty-fifth floor to flaunt such nonconformity. Hruschka is Assistant Regional Director for Intergovernmental Affairs—meaning he works with the six state governments—and has been employed by ten HEW secretaries. He has been a public servant most of his working life, for state governments as well as for "the goddamn feds," as he likes to say, and he ran a Department of Vocational Rehabilitation for Alaska before and after it became a state. Although he's worked for the government longer than anyone else in the office he seems the least bureaucratic in thought and word. He seldom uses the clangorous acronyms when discussing positions and programs and is able to keep his sense of humor.

The previous day, in a meeting he'd run, Hruschka had pronounced a concept titled "joint funding" not worth a damn and advised a visitor from HEW in Washington that he had chosen to ignore it. I was curious to know what it was and why he had judged it useless.

"Joint funding, as it was originally introduced by Senator Muskie, was a wonderful thing," he said. "The whole idea was to force federal agencies to cut red tape and use common applications. That way, a city could come to the feds and say, 'A pox on all your programs. I don't want to have fifty-nine evaluations. I want the government to give me a million dollars to help my city.'

"But," Hruschka said sadly, "as the legislation was passed, it said, 'Please.' And that's why it ain't worth a damn."

"If it's a good idea, why don't people follow the legislation, even if it only says 'Please'?"

"Because the guy in the next agency says, 'My program's more important than your program.' It's an extension of the kind of thinking that pervades federal government," Hruschka grew excited and the color in his face deepened. "It's a pathological possessiveness. You know: '*My* agency. This is *my* agency. *My* program. *My* budget. My *desk!*' for Chrissakes." He rose quickly and went to a table next to the wall. "Look at this," he said. "I drew this chart. It's an extraordinary chart." He showed me a neat composition of lines and boxes in an eight-by-eleven frame.

"This chart is extraordinary because it shows HEW in all its manifestations." He bent to the drawing to trace its lines. "Here's the Executive level at the top. The President. He has a cabinet. One member of his cabinet is the Secretary of HEW. The secretary has a cabinet, too, his agency commissioners in Washington—Social Security, Education, et cetera.

"Now," Hruschka said, "the secretary also has representatives in the field—the regional directors—and *they* have cabinets: the regional commissioners.

"But you see," he said, standing straight with evangelism, "not everyone conceives of HEW in this way. All of it's connected. All of it flowing in and out, back and forth, up and down. Fascinating! Yet most people who work here only think of their little corner, and that, in the worst sense of the term, is 'the bureaucratic mentality.' It's like someone saying, 'I'm an expert on Paragraph Two, Title One, Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Now, for God's sake, don't ask me about Title Three!' "

He returned to his desk. "Joint funding is a *spirit*, you see. What we need are feds with vision, with flexibility, ones who aren't so rigid and so goddamned in love with the regulations. I very rarely look at the regulations. Once in a while, if I really don't want to do something, I'll say, 'Find me something in the regs that makes it impossible for me to do this.' "

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK Thursday morning, everyone in the office met in the conference room for a staff meeting. Friedman, back from a day in Washington, turned first to Bardahl and asked, "George, what's the latest on our refugees?" Bardahl said, "Okay, I'm waiting to hear from Washington. The last time I talked with him, he said it looked like we'd be getting two people. Maybe three."

Friedman looked quizzically at Bardahl. "Two? Well, I'll have to look into this. First of all, we've got to get job descriptions written and sent in."

"I've done that," said Bardahl.

"Good. And what about the list of favored people in the area we're compiling?"

"That's also done and we'll get at least one of our choices, I'm sure of that."

"We'll have twelve to fifteen thousand people to settle here," said Friedman. "We need more than two supervisors."

"I understand they're allocating them strictly by percentage," Bardahl explained. "They figure other regions are going to get a lot more, so . . . "

"But other regions aren't as hard for Vietnamese to adapt to," said Friedman, irritated. "I'll have to make that very clear to someone."

Most weeks swell like a bell curve for Fried-

ıan, peaking on Wednesday and falling at both nds. This one did too, except for a small unulation of concern on Thursday afternoon, hen Illinois Rep. Ralph Metcalfe told Chicago ewspapers that an HEW neighborhood proram designed to give ghetto children preventve medical examinations had proven an utter ailure in his district. Services had not found ıe Congressman's constituents, and Metcalfe ad not been seeing healthier children on his lock. He attacked the program's cost and its ethargy. Soon after, reporters were calling 'riedman to hear what he had to say in its lefense.

"I'm going to personally review the proram," he said, "and I'm going to meet with Representative Metcalfe and hear him out."

Politicians and public servants must mumle those all-purpose lines in their sleep. Howver, Friedman was telling the truth. As soon s he hung up the phone he ordered all relevant material to his desk and then he called Metcalfe for lunch.

Friday afternoon, in his office, he spoke of he lunch from which he'd just returned, and f the week. He relaxed visibly for the first ime since the Monday morning meeting. His ie was pulled down to half-mast and his leg wung over the arm of his chair.

"The program Metcalfe was criticizing has been a problem for a long time," he said. 'We're going to have to make a hard reevalıation of the whole thing."

If it had been a concern for some time, I vondered, did it grow to a major problem beause Metcalfe had given it to the press?

"Yes," admitted Friedman, "but he's not imply looking for press. He's raised some vald points. What I suggested to him at lunch vas that the program was not designed to cover ome of the problems he listed. What he wants, quite properly, is a thorough health screening or the kids in his neighborhoods. On the other ıand, we've found that even though you might e able to identify the problem with a proram like this, it remains exceedingly difficult o get the kids to come in for treatment. This s a tough one that's going to be with us for ı long time."

How long would his list of action items run ıext Monday morning?

"Well, let's see," he said. "We had fiftyeven items on Monday. There's movement in ıll fifty-seven. We closed about twenty, and ve're fairly well along in another twenty-five. And we've accumulated about fifteen to eighteen new ones this week. So, if you wanted to keep a balance sheet, I guess we're a little ıhead of the game this week." He thought for ı moment, and added, "The thing that concerns me is that, over a period of time, three months, a year, the problems that come in exceed our ability to solve them by a constant factor of 10 percent. So that in the five years I've been here the velocity and quality and intensity of problems have shown a 50 to 75 percent growth. We get additional people, but that raises more problems. Government's getting more complex and more bureaucrats are brought in to meet more problems. We try to run as efficiently as possible, yet there's growth. The number of bureaucrats in my region has jumped from 8,000 to 12,000 in five years. So, if we've had a 50 percent growth, we've met it by hiring a third more people."

Friedman continues to be bothered by the casual ordering of new programs, the inertia of old ones.

"No one has stated what our social philosophy should be," he complained. "It troubles me. Should government be doing all these things? When I came to this job I was fiscally conservative. Now, I'm fiscally *very* conservative. The policy role at my level is very limited, even nonexistent. We can provide input for the policy people in Washington, and yet we have to be the ones to perform that policy."

I made one last tour of the office, bringing myself up to date with the events that had occupied the week. There had been no further news about the schools, the press having decided to leave things alone until after the staffs had met. Superintendent Hannon's press release had worked.

I walked down the west corridor from Friedman's office. The management analyst was at his desk, paralyzed with work, monitoring objectives, filling triangles. Further down the hallway, George Bardahl talked on the phone. After his most recent conversation with Washington, he'd written a note to Friedman informing him that they'd likely receive three refugee workers to settle Vietnamese.

"They're talking two," he told me. "But I think I'll get three. It looks like, for sure, we can't call them sixty-day emergency hirees. So, under Schedule A, we're trying for translators. Our guys are bargaining with the State Department. At this point, I'm just waiting for the word from Washington on how many positions we'll get. The man at HEW there said that if I haven't heard from him in seven to ten days, then I should call him back."

I left the building and walked into the Friday afternoon rush hour. People hurried by, dodging traffic and each other. Cars and cabs and buses jerked spasmodically down the streets. Horns blared. Never, I thought, had chaos looked so orderly. □

"Most people who work here think only of their little corner. It's like someone saying, 'I'm an expert on Paragraph Two, Title One, Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Now, don't ask me about Title Three!' "



THE HAUNTED WOOD

by Alison Lurie

The Uses of Enchantment, by Bruno Bettelheim. Alfred A. Knopf, $12.50.

One mark of a literary classic is that nobody can definitely say what it means. Every age, even every reader, reinterprets the story to suit the situation. In London recently I saw a production of *Henry IV: Part I* of which the point seemed to be that when the leaders of a country are divided and failing it is better to transfer power to ex-hippies than to ex-rockers. Prince Hal, dressed in an elegant period costume of denim patches, was the complete disaffected student, waking slowly from his experience with the counter-culture (Falstaff and company). At first he looked limp, freaky, and disoriented, but he turned out to be basically intelligent and courageous. Hotspur, in a sixteenth-century version of studded black-leather motorcycle jacket and jeans, seemed far more attractive at the start, full of energy and wit and passion, but later scenes brought out fatal flaws of character. You could see that he was a violent, impatient egotist, and a male chauvinist pig besides.

If this can happen to Shakespeare, no wonder that anonymous works should go through cycles of reinterpretation. Bruno Bettelheim is only the latest, though one of the most distinguished, in a parade of experts determined to explain for once and all what folk tales, and especially fairy stories, mean.

The news that such a famous child psychologist—author of *Love is Not Enough, The Empty Fortress,* and *Children of the Dream*—has turned his attention to fairy tales is bound to arouse high expectations. I am sorry to report that they are only partly fulfilled. *The Uses of Enchantment* is extremely interesting; it is also uneven and at times infuriating.

Bettelheim does not appear to realize how large and how long a parade of experts and would-be experts he has joined. Much of what has been written about fairy tales over the past hundred years, by psychologists as well as by folklorists, anthropologists, sociologists, and literary critics, seems to be unknown to him. For instance, he describes, with considerable indulgence, the so-called solar theory put forth in the late nineteenth century by Max Müller and other German writers. According to them, every folk tale was really just a silly poetic myth about the movements of the sun, moon, weather, and seasons. (Red Riding Hood, the red setting sun, and her grandmother, the elderly day, were devoured by the wolf, night, and rescued by the huntsman of the dawn, et cetera.) Bettelheim does not seem to have heard that this theory was laughed out of court more than seventy-five years ago by the English folklorist Andrew Lang, whom he mentions only as the compiler of collections of tales for children.

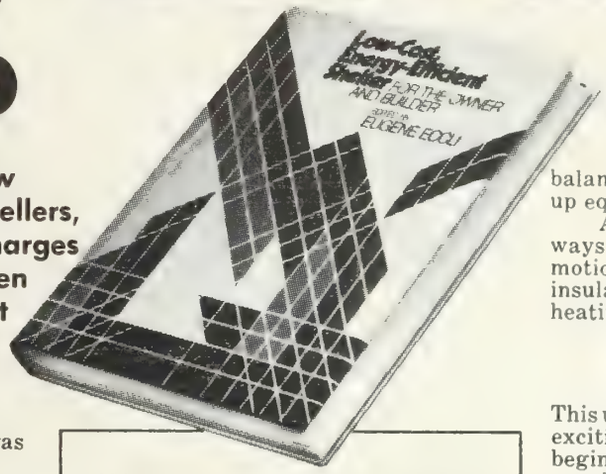
There are many other important studies which Bettelheim is unfamiliar with, or fails to mention—to the detriment of his own. He puzzles over the fact that most fathers in fairy tales are weak or ineffectual, without considering the belief of some anthropologists that these stories date from an early matriarchal culture, or the fact that they were handed on principally by women. There is no reference to the writings of the structuralists, including Vladimir Propp's central work on Russian fairy stories. The popular modern cautionary tale *Tootle,* by Gertrude Crampton, is discussed at length without any mention of David Riesman's famous and very similar analysis of it in *The Lonely Crowd;* and Erich Fromm's equally well-known *The Forgotten Language* is dismissed at the end of a long footnote with the slighting remark that it "makes some references to fairy tales, particularly to 'Little Red Riding Hood,'" although Bettelheim has

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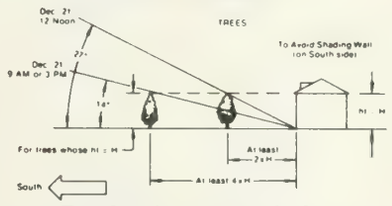
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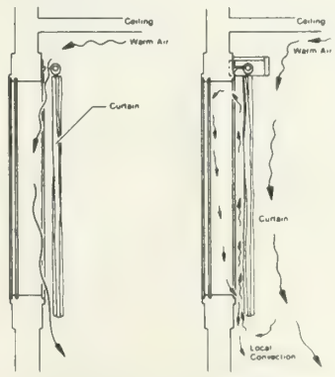
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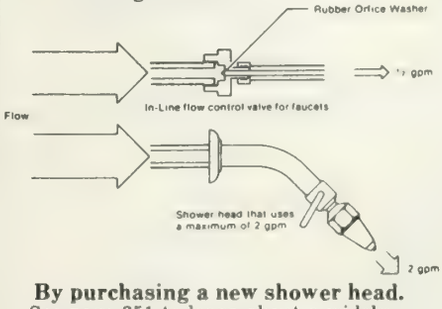
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repeated most of Fromm's points in his discussion of the story.

Even more surprisingly, there is no reference (even in the notes) to the extensive work on fairy tales done by transactional analysts such as Eric Berne, who see children's favorite tales as "scripts" for a future life story. (Jack the Giant-Killer, for instance, grows up to be Ralph Nader.) This last omission is especially irritating, since a combination of Berne's insights with Bettelheim's could have been tremendously productive.

THE FOLK TALE, of course, was one of the first subjects of applied psychoanalysis. Most of the early studies now seem rather simple-minded and reductive: eager Freudians saw every magic staff or sword as a penis, every castle or gingerbread house as a womb; Jungians found anima figures and alchemical symbols everywhere.

Though Bettelheim's style is often as clumsy and heavy with jargon as theirs, his own approach to the fairy tale is far more thoughtful, humane, and sensitive. The reader who perseveres past sentences like "As these stories unfold, they give credence and body to id pressures and show ways to satisfy these which are in line with ego and superego requirements" will be well rewarded. For instance, Bettelheim remarks that the various protagonists of a story often represent conflicting motives or emotions within a single individual. The ambitious, single-minded brother who has no time to waste on old beggar-women or wounded animals, and the good-natured simpleton who shares his last piece of bread are the same fellow on different days. The stepmothers and witches who appear in so many tales are really our mothers seen by black light after the blissful years of babyhood are over.

Bettelheim, however, is not only the analyst of fairy tales, but their champion, as one can see from the title of his book; he has set out to defend this literature against what he sees as a horde of hostile and disapproving colleagues. I have never met a psychologist who hated fairy stories, but perhaps they do exist. Certainly the complaint that such tales are bad for children—unrealistic, immoral, violent—has a long history. According to Bettelheim this prejudice can have serious and destructive social effects: "I have known many examples where, particularly in late adolescence, years of belief in magic are called upon to compensate for the person's having been deprived of it prematurely in childhood. . . . Many young people who today suddenly seek escape in drug-induced dreams, apprentice themselves to some guru, believe in astrology, engage in practicing 'black magic,' or who in some other fashion escape from reality into daydreams about magic experiences which are to change their life for the better were prematurely pressed to view reality in an adult way."

In my experience, it is not only adolescents deprived of fairy tales who take up with drugs and gurus. Still, if Bettelheim's long and well-argued defense convinces one parent to start telling his children bedtime stories, or persuades a single nervous teacher not to ban "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Snow White," we should be grateful. Yet to any reader who loves fairy tales for themselves, the idea that enchantment must be useful causes a small unpleasant shiver.

As we read further, this shiver develops into a severe chill. The principal use of fairy tales, according to Bettelheim, is to symbolize a child's unconscious psychological problems and suggest their solution. In his introductory chapters he tells us that a story may have many different meanings (or "uses") depending on the emphasis given to it by both teller and hearer. Yet later on, when he analyzes individual tales, each one tends to have a single meaning which more often than not illustrates some aspect of the "oedipus conflict." In "Cinderella," for instance, "sibling rivalry takes the place of an oedipal involvement that has been repressed." If we protest that we never saw it that way, we are told that because of our own repressions it is impossible for us "to recognize consciously that [Cinderella's] unhappy state is due to oedipal involvements." Catch-22.

One of the greatest shortcomings of psychoanalytic theory, it has been said, is that it is culture-bound, and the culture it is bound to is that of

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middle-class late-Victorian Europe. Though Bettelheim sometimes breaks away from orthodox Freudianism, all too often he slips back, telling us, for example, that we consider the passive and sexually ignorant Sleeping Beauty "the incarnation of perfect femininity," or that "in the typical nuclear family setting, it is the father's duty to protect the child against the dangers of the outside world, and also those that originate in the child's own social tendencies. The mother is to provide nurturing care and the general satisfaction of immediate bodily needs."

The European fairy tales that we know best today, and which Bettelheim analyzes here, are only a score or so of the literally thousands recorded by collectors all over the world. We know this handful of stories because they are the ones chosen from among those thousands by Victorian editors to suit a rigid, paternalistic, bourgeois society not unlike that of Freud's Vienna.

Yet we live in a changing world where passivity and ignorance are not the mark of a perfect woman, and where it is not necessarily only the father who protects and disciplines children and not only the mother who cares for their physical needs. Today the "nuclear family setting" itself is being destroyed, or, if you prefer, transformed. Perhaps for this world we need new fairy tales—or at least a new understanding of the old ones. □

Alison Lurie, coeditor of the Garland Library of Children's Classics, teaches children's literature at Cornell University. Her most recent novel is The War Between the Tates.

SOFT IN TOOTH AND CLAW

by Robert Stone

Doctor Rat, by William Kotzwinkle. Alfred A. Knopf, $7.95.

IN A WAY, William Kotzwinkle's latest novel is a further refutation of the claim, advanced during the Sixties, that the novel has survived its reason for being. The autopsists of the novel found it incapable of rendering contemporary reality, which they chose to see as unique in human experience. The world, it was said, had been shook up, turned on, and customized but fiction remained the creature of literal-minded beards who owed their perspective to Thomas Hardy and went around thinking they were in Paris and it was 1925. Popular journalists, among whom were some very good writers, began to insist that their own work had obviated all that; they themselves offered primary process. Instead of suffering some drone to make up phony stories that never happened to anyone, you could get encapsulated moments of reality—actual happenings to actual folks, delivered with all the insightful *frissons* your New Journalist could summon to his pen. Since the idea of progress was enjoying its very last days of general popularity, this was offered as a technological advance; the New Journalist provided the subjective authority of the novelist to communicate the essence of event and character combined with the objective, real-life authority of the working press. The real, as Aquinas had long before established, was superior to the imagined and thus constituted the only virile and worthwhile reading experience for busy contemporary minds.

While New Journalists struggled to resolve the groovy with the factual, novelists like Kotzwinkle were keeping the novel about its proper business. There is a close dependency between the human moral faculty and the human imagination; good fiction serves that faculty in the worst of times. The examination and reinvention of experience that occurs in myth is irreplaceable. The telling of stories that are meant to reverberate in the reader's inner life is a primary process of its own, an act against human isolation in a word-cheap, hype-happy world.

Doctor Rat is a very contemporary novel by a writer who knows what the contemporary novel is for, and it tries to deliver what the times demand—an examination of modern

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society and a little conscience-forging for the race. It's an unashamed moral statement which upends verismo to get at basic truths. Although it's often funny, it's a very serious work which demands to be taken seriously. In spite of the respect for the author's talent that reading it inspires in me, taking it seriously involves me in a fundamental quarrel with the validity of its posture.

IT'S A NOVEL about the Revolt of the Animals. Its principal character is a laboratory rat who has been castrated and driven mad by rat-running vivisectionists. (The experiments described in the book are reportedly real—let the busy contemporary mind take note—and they leave the scientists who experiment with live animals some gruesome cruelty to answer for.) He has totally identified with his faceless human tormentors and records their work with demented glee. Presently his adjustment is threatened by a mystical development in the outside world. Animals everywhere are in the grip of a cosmic impulse which wills the unity of all sentient beings. In enormous numbers, they muster on prairies, in forests, in the depths of the sea, to form the One Great Animal. Pets desert their households, cattle in the stockyard stampede.

In the lab, where oppression is most acute and the rat population highly socialized, something like a classical Marxist uprising takes place —and Kotzwinkle has a good time making some amusing comic analogies as the rats transform themselves into rodent *fidelistas* to smash the unspeakable status quo.

All this throws the insane and embittered Doctor Rat into paroxysms of antisocial reactionary rage, and he singlehandedly sets out to crush the life-affirming struggle of his fellow victims, with considerable energy and resourcefulness. Within the lab, he has the counterrevolution all to himself. Kotzwinkle is what would ordinarily be called a humanist and he does not want a full-scale horror story on his hands, so The Man never shows his hated face. Significantly, throughout the course of this universal mutiny of the brutes, not a single human is eaten, bitten, scratched, or stung.

In part, *Doctor Rat* is about the phenomenon of revolution—one might say it bears the same relationship to the revolt of the animals that *Man's Fate* does to the rise of People's China. Inside Doctor Rat's lab everything is quasipolitical and armed revolution is sympathetically parodied; outside it's the consciousness revolution. Each animal is transformed into a pacifist poet by the Oneness Beneath All and the beasts gather as though to the Ark, transcending the need for a speciesist Noah or an anthropomorphic God.

What I find particularly irritating about *Doctor Rat* is the way it seeks to gather to itself every loose piece of more or less revolutionary sympathy left lying about the ruins of Consciousness III. The book has a lot of humor, and the doctor himself is a good, funny creation, but there's no irony in its aggressively ingratiating point of view. Come on out there, you *bien-pensants,* it says. You cheered the mental patients, the prisoners, peasants, blacks, Indians. You cheer all that is intuitive, liberating, spontaneous and trippy in its heroic struggle against the well-known forces of Moloch robot industrialist statist capitalist Amerika. Now it's time to climb down on all fours and cheer the very beasts of the field as they get their shit together.

In *Styles of Radical Will,* written back in 1969, Susan Sontag called the white race "a cancer on human history." *Doctor Rat* follows through with the ultimate reductio, the final payoff on the same number—every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

Because humans are oppressors by their very nature, right? The cruelty inflicted by vivisectionists is only one aspect of the arrogance with which the humanoid colossus squats astride the fair face of biology, enslaving and destroying life forms older and finer than itself. Our very languages are oozing with injustice. Terms like "lower animals," the "evolutionary scale," "bestial," "varmint," "pest" all betray the cunning with which we have deadened our sensibilities to our own tyranny.

If this is not the moral that I'm meant to take, I find myself led toward it by the relentlessness with which the author introduces every artifact of man's inhumanity to man —from cyclon-B gas to tactical air strikes—for service as reference

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points. And even though I know I'm not supposed to, I object to the way all the animals are equipped with human emotions, human speech, and human mystic speculations to demonstrate their superiority to people.

In the sections set outside the lab, there are fanciful descriptions of animals which are often genuinely poetic and sometimes moving, but their cumulative effect is sentimental in the extreme. For one thing, they are anthropomorphized to a degree beyond anything Thornton W. Burgess or Ernest Thompson Seton ever attempted. These animals, as has been noted, talk—and when they talk, they sometimes sound like characters out of Pearl Buck. ("May I drink beside you?" "Please, Limping Bull. I'm honored . . . honored.")

As a result, sympathy fails progressively and when the mother bear and her chirpy cub are about to be search-and-destroyed we find ourselves confronted with the imminence of Bambi-time, the whole parable trembling on the brink of ecological Disneyana.

Kotzwinkle is a good writer, and he is not afraid to take the kind of risks that are necessary for the production of a serious novel. But, taken on its own terms, *Doctor Rat* does not deliver, and the reasons it does not will be plain to any sympathetic reader. It's too contrived, too ingratiating, too soft at the center to carry the weight of its own intentions. □

Robert Stone is the author of the novel Dog Soldiers, *which was awarded the National Book Award for Fiction in 1975.*

BUSINESS NO LONGER AS USUAL

by Tibor Scitovsky

Business Civilization in Decline, by Robert L. Heilbroner. W. W. Norton, $6.95; paper, $3.95.
The Twilight of Capitalism: A Marxian Epitaph, by Michael Harrington. Simon and Schuster, $9.95.

IT IS HUMAN NATURE to take things for granted when they go well but to look for causes and laws of change when they go badly. The reason is obvious. We would like to reform what is not good, and knowledge is a prerequisite of reform.

Things certainly have gone badly in recent years. Unprecedented inflation throughout the Western world, the highest unemployment since World War II, the first sizable fall in per capita real income in forty years; and added to those economic ills the deterioration of our physical, moral, and political environment, and the specter of the exhaustion of energy resources. No wonder many of us are seeking the source of our miseries and their portent for the future.

Few professional economists are among the seekers for a cause of our troubles; and those who are soon find themselves disowned by their colleagues. One reason is that our present troubles go beyond the purely economic, and most economists are loath to mix economic with extra-economic judgments lest they compromise the purity and scientific objectivity of their economic expertise. Another reason is that economists have never found a fully satisfactory explanation for the ups and downs of the business cycle: when Keynes provided a cure without bothering to explain the cause, the whole profession heaved a sigh of relief and felt free to abandon its unsuccessful search. In that sense, "We are all Keynesians now," to quote Milton Friedman, the most anti-Keynesian among economists. Unfortunately, Keynes only taught us how to fight the Depression of the 1930s, not that of the 1970s, when inflation and unemployment first became bedfellows. Hence the present disarray among economists and the bewildering variety of nostrums they advocate. The fact that our economic miseries go hand in hand with so many noneconomic ones is a good reason for paying renewed attention to Marx, who stressed the interdependence of cultural, political, social, and economic factors, and chided economists for wearing blinkers and looking at the economic factors in isolation. Almost everybody's search for the causes of our troubles has a Marxist flavor, just as every economic-policy adviser today is a Keynesian, though he may be left or right, right or wrong.

Of the authors of two recent books on the subject, Harrington considers himself a Marxist, Heilbroner only sounds like one; their books, very different in style, size, and approach, are nevertheless quite similar in the questions they ask and the way they answer them. Heilbroner's is a short book, smooth, lively, easy to read in one sitting. To read it after a good dinner, curled up in an easy armchair, is an excellent way of enjoying an evening of unrelieved gloom.

Heilbroner pries into the future, and his simple, plausible arguments lead him to predict, for the short run, a drift toward an increasingly planned business-government state, and (if we are lucky enough to avoid a nuclear holocaust) the end of capitalism by the time of our grand- or great-grandchildren and its replacement by an authoritarian regime—with a parallel displacement of our capitalist calculus of selfishness by a quasireligious concern for the collective and communal destiny of man.

More interesting than the forecasts themselves is the marshaling of evidence, its interpretation and analysis. Heilbroner's argument is short and impressionistic. He expects the increasing scarcity of energy and other natural-resource supplies greatly to slow economic growth and thereby lower profits and sharpen conflicts—between labor and property on the domestic front, between rich and poor countries on the international front. He also expects the increase in business concentration to erode the functioning of markets, necessitating ever more "planification of capitalism"—and this at the very time when the spirit of capitalism is waning with the decline of its promise (due to slower growth) and the public's disillusionment with its achievement and hollow values. So short a summary does less than full justice to Heilbroner's book; but that too does less than full justice to the momentous issues involved. His argument is convincing if one accepts its premises—the slowing of growth and in-

ased business concentration—both them plausible, but the former far m certain and the latter unproved. For a discussion in depth one must n to Harrington, who at four es the length says no more, and her less, than Heilbroner, but does with such erudition and attention detail that the information and ce of argument sustain the read- s fascination throughout. Half the ok is taken up with the author's esentation and interpretation of e Marxist conceptual framework, ich he needs to analyze our woes the book's second half. That mework turns out to be very dif- ent from what most people under- nd by Marxism. He presents it in polemic against the vulgar Marx- n of most others, be they harmless holars or Communist bureaucrats, ough he reserves most of his scorn r the latter's "Communist Marx- n," which he calls "a language of wer . . . a cover for their ruling ss policy," "the ideology of a state at stood over the workers." One is unged deep into the confusing rld of Marxist scholarship, bedev- ed by the availability in print of ery change, every nuance, every iver in the development of Marx's inking. Marx was a prolific writer d note-taker and his disciples have blished almost every sentence, and lf sentence, to flow from his pen. it is a tribute to Harrington's dgment and writing skill that the ader reemerges alive and the wiser.

ACCORDING TO MARX, capitalism in its heyday had its good sides along with the bad. On the bad side, Harrington lists great inequalities of income and wealth and the tendency to achieve equilibrium . . . by means countless failures and crises." On e good side are social progress, he development of the productive wers of societal relations," and the ct that "capitalism separates polit- l and economic power, and thus ens up the way for the *relative* au- nomy of the former." As a result, he state is *not* the instrument of a ss . . . it is the state of a society vided into classes"; the capitalist lass is itself anarchic and competi- e." "Capitalism's unique quality s] that it does not resort . . . to bul- ng"; indeed, it was "the only mode of production in which domination did not involve personal relationships of dependence."

That characterization of "capitalism at its best"—which strikes me as Harrington's more than Marx's—is the standard by which Harrington condemns the welfare state of today's postindustrial society and calls it twilit capitalism. It is full-bodied capitalism as far as the bad side is concerned, but it is increasingly devoid of those good features that have made it viable in the past.

To show that "the welfare state follows capitalist priorities," Harrington quotes official data on the persistence of inequalities of wealth and income. He adds Brookings Institution estimates of the utter failure of our tax system to mitigate those inequalities, and of the extent to which income inequalities turn out to be very much greater than they appear in official statistics when income is defined, as it should be, to include capital gains. He then documents how the logic of capitalism forced sincere men—Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy—to "bow to the economy's power relationships" and act against their convictions on crucial issues so as to be "kind to executives" and "pamper the rich."

His discussion of U.S. food and housing policies, of Medicaid and other social services, is low-keyed, kinder than some of the recent exposures of fraud and corruption by the daily press, though it fully substantiates Senator Proxmire's judgment "that many subsidy programs do not work well economically, . . . redistribute income to the affluent, and in many cases their costs far exceeded their benefits."

The most detailed and thorough are Harrington's analyses of defense production, tax policies, and other stabilization measures over the past decade, and U.S. oil policy since the war—all of it documented from official publications, Brookings studies, and similar impeccable sources, with the conclusions often stated in the words of Congressional committee chairmen and *Time* or *Wall Street Journal* editorialists. Pieced together, like a mosaic, out of solid evidence and conservative judgment, the overall picture carries conviction; and it shows both the strength of capitalism's priorities and the erosion of its virtues. Gone are the days when the capitalist risked his own stock and used his best judgment to achieve success. Our prosperity still hinges on high investment; we still want that investment to be private; but we stimulate investment when insufficient by government subsidies, and by underwriting risks out of taxpayers' pockets. That is Keynesian medicine: good but addictive, with bad side effects, some of which are cumulative. Harrington records these side effects, among them the escalation of social costs, the increasing demand for social services, the increasing interdependence of economic and political power and interests, and the tremendous and costly mistakes committed when there is a division of labor between the corporations that make investment decisions and reap the profits and the public purse that pays the costs and losses. Harrington's horrendous example of this last is the oil crisis, whose origins he traces to a variety of tax, quota, and anti-antitrust policies under successive administrations from Truman to Nixon. As *The Wall Street Journal* put it, "prior and present mismanagement by the Western governments themselves" is largely to blame.

Much of the material in this half of the book will be familiar to careful readers of the daily press. Harrington recalls it, fills in the gaps, and integrates it into a coherent picture of our economy, which, he argues, is beset by too many conflicts and contradictions to last. At the same time, Harrington is too careful a scholar to make predictions. He sees collectivism on the ascendant, perhaps only because we seem to lack precedent for preserving individual freedom without the capitalist calculus of selfishness (though not for preserving capitalism without freedom). However, he is not the vulgar Marxist who would automatically expect capitalism to be replaced by something better. "Whether the totalitarian or the authoritarian or the democratic-socialist variant of the collectivist future will prevail is a question" he poses but does not answer. He believes in the necessary demise of capitalism; but all he and his readers gain from "the foreknowledge of necessity [is] an informed helplessness." □

Tibor Scitovsky, professor of economics at Stanford University, is the author of The Joyless Economy.

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Solution to the May Puzzle Notes for "Antigone and Creon"

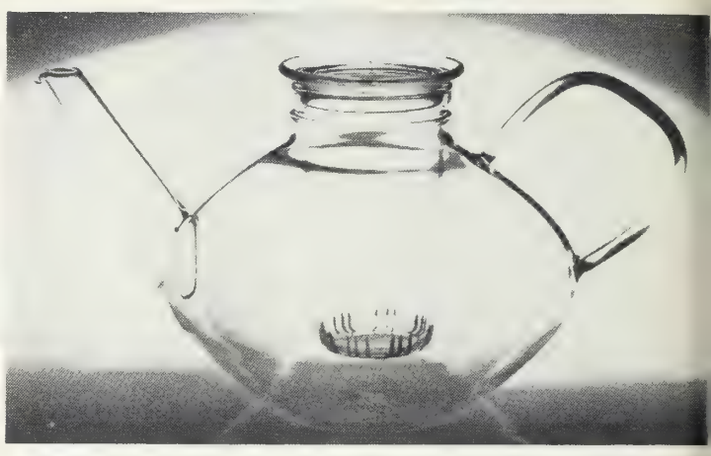


Of the fourteen answers to italicized clues, seven had "anti," gone and seven had "cre" on before being entered as lights.

Across: 1. homonym; 8. ANT-I-PHONY; 12. hidden in reverse; 13. (M)ELBA; 14. W(E)STERN, anagram; 15. S.(U.N.)S.; 16. MATCH-BOOK; 18. anagram; 19. V-ICE; 22. homonym, "IN DECKS"; 24. anagram; 27. anagram; 28. GERM(AN); 29. SEA-CO.-A-ST.; 31. anagram; 34. AM-P; 37. anagram; 38. two meanings; 39. anagram; 40. "AUNTIE"-BODIES; 41. *TIME*-piece; 42. anagram; 43. anagram. *Down:* 1. STING(Y); 2. TRUER(anagram)-NEE; 3. EVE-DEN(reversal); 4. homonym; 5. anagram; 6. "ROE"(reversed) around "LEAN" (*with little fat*); 7. NE(X)T; 8. anagram; 9. HER-B.; 10. OLE-O; 11. pun; 17. two meanings; 19. anagram; 20. anagram; 21. CU(B)ES; 23. reversal; 25. hidden; 26. AT-TESTS; 29. ANTI(SEPT. I)C; 30. hidden; 31. CHIL(LE)D; 32. RODE-O; 33. two meanings; 34. AG-O; 35. ME-AID(reversal); 36. NI(E.)CE; 38. anagram; 40. BEE(N).

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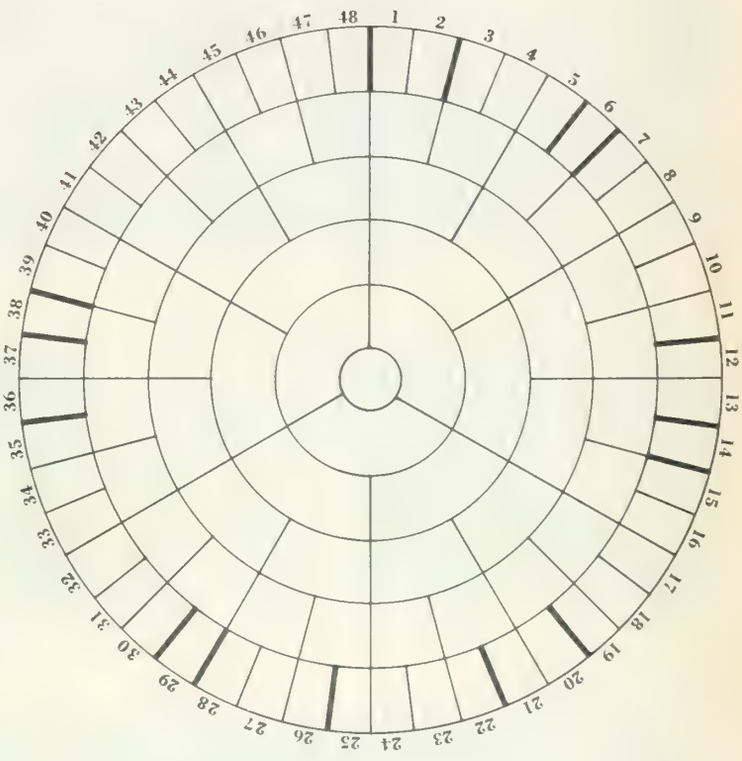
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PUZZLE

VICIOUS CIRCLES

by Richard Maltby, Jr. (with acknowledgments to Trochos of *The Listener*)



This month's instructions: The answers to all clues are of six letters. They are to be entered radially—that is, from the circumference to the center of the diagram—but *in mixed order.*

When the diagram is complete, the first (i.e., outer) circle will contain a literary quotation, reading from 1 to 48. Heavy lines indicate the separation of words.

The second circle will contain the letters necessary to spell the otherwise useless phrase PANDAS LOVED IT—THINK IT OVER.

The third circle will contain, clockwise, the name of the quotation's author.

The fourth circle will contain six different letters.

The letter in the center circle is common to all answers. Clue answers include two proper names and two common foreign words. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 106.

CLUES

1. Sprinkled a bit of nutmeg right in the goulash first
2. Deteriorate, like old clothes half-sewn inside
3. Wrenches—for moments of relaxation, I hear
4. Move in a direction we stereotyped from the outset
5. Change is found in always being reactionary
6. Flying geese ram in the sky, causing changes
7. Ceremony in Shakespeare's pens
8. Sally's a type that is short
9. Change livers?
10. It's revolutionary to auction off four French localities
11. Digs little people who have died first
12. Taxes certain banks, so they say
13. Ira and Meyer, the writers, return to complain pathetically
14. Runaway slave holds one in grip
15. Gauntlets your mother's sister rented out, holding a passion for gauntlets
16. You is not good lovers
17. Retain damaged eye part
18. More forklike weer . . . ?
19. . . . can turn fiery?
20. Head of paper group rioted
21. I'm remote, embracing the sire
22. Listen to Eliot in a suit
23. Oriental fighting a king about a shrew? Just the reverse!
24. Ship containing Sun King and Virgin Queen
25. Former rot
26. Porter pursues return of gypsy spirit
27. One who is dreamy no more, being set free
28. Docked in low lake
29. A tenor in a South African straw hat
30. Botcher doesn't have heart trouble
31. There's more fat in beer so brewed
32. Person who's dull as the North Wind
33. Foolish talk preceding line drive
34. Left sort of down from art song
35. Fallen derelict enthralls Shylock, for example
36. Told another tale that's counted on?
37. He procures through outside and inside
38. Display advertising cut down outside
39. Draftsman's vague reward
40. Cockney's harried—could be attacker
41. Do these basketball players form pools?
42. Ducks down with lechers
43. Circus group freely speaks on the periphery
44. Killy, e.g., loses one without the French thirst-quencher
45. Hero destroys hides, disintegrates
46. Sheep inroads? It's wives again
47. Stern cut east
48. Waiter who gives you due process?

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to "Vicious Circles," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by June 7. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's.* The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "Diametricode," are E.V. Reyes, Madison, Wisconsin; Lloyd F. Botway, Columbia, Missouri; and Len Elliott, Auburn, Washington.

Note for beginners: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For the complete introduction to clue-solving, which appeared in the January 1976 issue, write to The Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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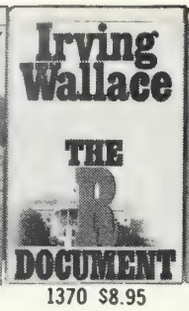
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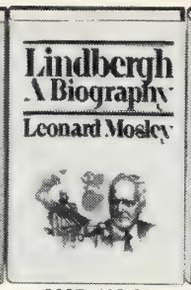
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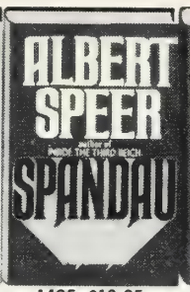
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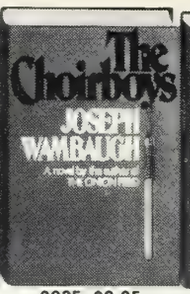
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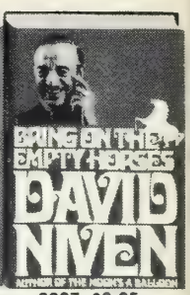
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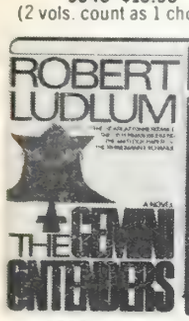
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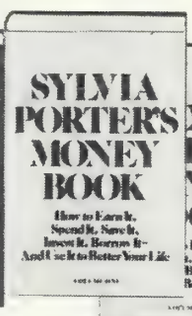
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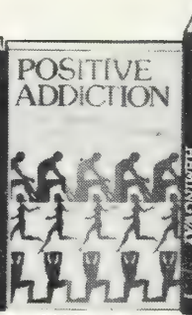
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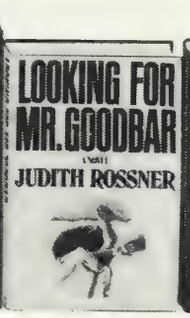
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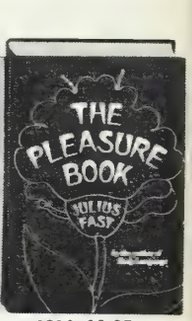
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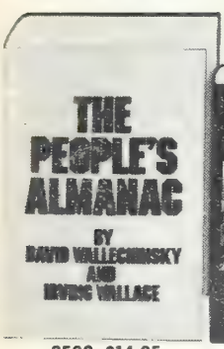
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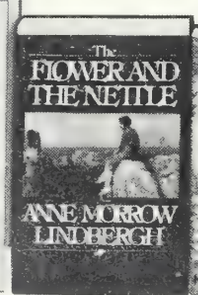
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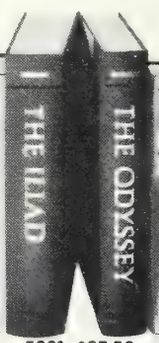
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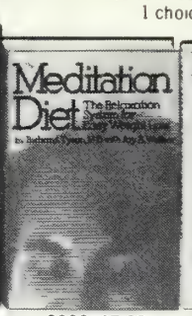
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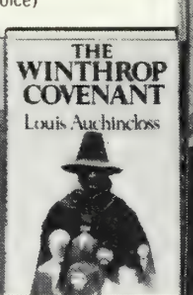
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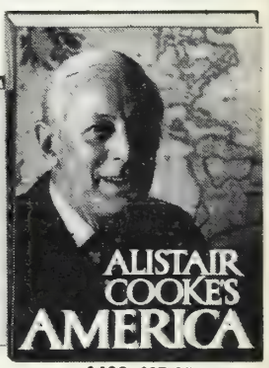
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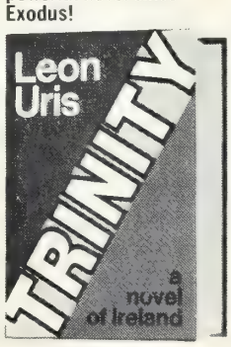
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